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THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.



OLD SERIES, COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. XII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1870.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 108 FULTON STREET.

1870.

Reg no.
Shelf no. 5027-12

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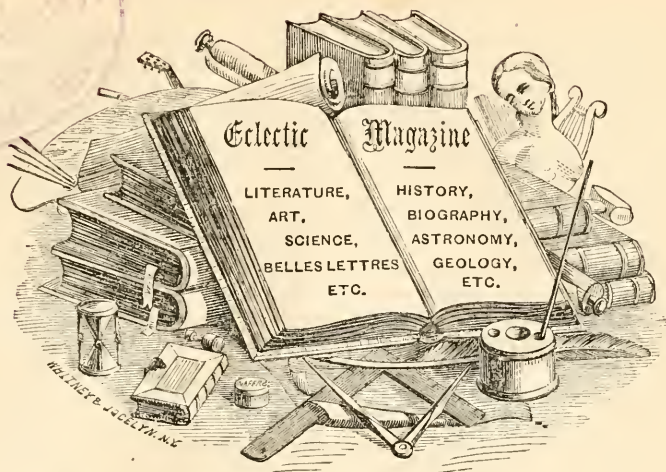
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. XII., No. 1. }

JULY, 1870.

{ Old Series Com-
plet: in 63 vols. }

The Quarterly Review.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.*

It is not creditable to the scholarship of this country that, until within the last few years, so little was done towards a thorough investigation of the external history of the English Bible, and that its internal history was suffered to remain almost unknown. It could not have been that the subject was devoid of interest or importance. To the Bible we owe most that ennobles us; and the story of our English Version is inter-

woven with the rise and progress of our civil and religious liberties, and with the establishment and consolidation of our Protestant Constitution. It is intimately associated also with the lives and labors of the greatest and best of England's worthies. Patriotism, apart from other considerations, ought to have made the history of the Book dear to us; and it is almost a national reproach that it has been so long neglected, and that even yet, in the works of our standard modern historians, such as Hallam and Froude, blunders are perpetuated on points which ought to be familiar to every educated Englishman. We are glad, therefore, to welcome the advent of a new era, and to give our meed of praise to Canon Westcott, and to the learned editors of Wycliffe's Bible, who have so propitiously opened the way for what we trust will eventually prove a complete elucidation of the origin and history of the English translations of the

* 1. *A General View of the History of the English Bible.* By Brooke Foss Westcott, B.D., &c. London and Cambridge, 1868.

2. *The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocryphal Books; in the Earliest English Versions made from the Latin Vulgate by John Wycliffe and his followers.* Edited by the Rev. J. Forshall, F.R.S., &c., and Sir Frederick Madden, K.H., F.R.S., &c. Oxford, 1850.

3. *On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in connexion with some recent Proposals for its Revision.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London, 1859.

Bible, and a systematic critical examination of the sources, claims, and defects, of our Authorized Version, with a special view to a judicious and scholarly revision.

The earliest notice hitherto discovered of a translation of any portion of the Sacred Scriptures into Anglo-Saxon is in the seventh century. Towards the close of that century there lived in the Convent of Streaneshaleh (Whitby) a monk called Cædmon, the father of English poetry. He exercised his poetical powers chiefly in composing a version of the narratives of the creation, the Exodus, and the Incarnation and Passion of our Lord.* The poem has nothing of the character of an accurate translation, though a few detached passages of Scripture are rendered with tolerable fidelity. About the same period, or perhaps a few years later, Guthlac, or Gurthlake, the first Saxon Anchorite, wrote a Version of the "Psalms" in Anglo-Saxon, which, it has been conjectured, is that found between the lines of a very ancient Roman "Psalter" now among the Cottonian Manuscripts of the British Museum.† Baber says of the MS. that, "it has well-grounded pretension to be one of the books which Pope Gregory the Great sent to Augustin, first Archbishop of Canterbury, soon after his arrival in England."‡ The fact that it is a *Roman* "Psalter" confirms this view; for, while the Roman was introduced in Canterbury, the Gallican was used in other parts of England.

About the year 706, Aldhelm,§ Bishop of Sherborn, translated the "Psalter." He was among the first of the Saxon ecclesiastics who was distinguished for learning. In his treatise "De Laudibus Virginitatis" he praises certain nuns for

their daily study of the Holy Scriptures, a fact which seems to indicate that there was then extant a vernacular translation of the Bible. "The Anglo-Saxon version, discovered in the Royal Library at Paris about the beginning of the present century, has been supposed to be, at least in part, Aldhelm's production. The first fifty Psalms are in prose, the others in verse."*

Twenty-six years after the death of Aldhelm the Venerable Bede translated another portion of Scripture into his native language. The story of its completion is told by St. Cuthbert. At that period there stood on the south bank of the Tyne, a little to the west of the modern town of South Shields, a monastery called *Jarrow*. The surrounding country was then thinly peopled. The river flowed silently between wooded banks and long reaches of moorland, past the towers of the Roman Wall and the cliffs of Tynemouth. On the evening of the 26th of May, 735—Ascension Day, as St. Cuthbert informs us—an unusual stillness pervaded the sacred retreat. The monks spoke in anxious whispers. On a low bed in one of the cells lay an aged priest. His wasted frame and sunken eye told that death was near. His breathing was slow and labored. Near him sat a young scribe, with an open scroll and a pen in his hand. Looking with affectionate tenderness in the face of the dying man, he said, "Now, dearest Master, there remains only one chapter; but the exertion is too great for you." "It is easy, my son, it is easy," he replied; "take your pen, write quickly; I know not how soon my Maker will take me." Sentence after sentence was uttered in feeble accents, and written by the scribe. Again there was a long pause. Nature seemed exhausted. Again the boy spoke:—"Dear Master, only one sentence is wanting." It, too, was pronounced slowly and painfully. "It is finished," said the scribe. "It is finished," repeated the dying saint; and then added: "Lift up my head. Place me in the spot where I have been accustomed to pray." With tender care he was placed as he desired. Then,

* Bede, "Hist. Ec." xxiv. A manuscript of the poem was given by Archbishop Usher to Francis Junius, a learned Dutchman, who published it at Amsterdam in 1655. A new edition was printed in 1832, under the editorial care of Mr. Benjamin Thorpe.

† Vesp. A. 1. It was edited for the Surtees Society by Rev. J. Stevenson, in the "Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter." 1843.

‡ Account of the Saxon and English Versions of the Scriptures, prefixed to Wycliffe's "New Testament," p. lviii.

§ Also written Adhelm and Ealdhelm. He was educated in Kent, under Adrian, the emissary of the Pontiff Vitilian, and was for a time Abbot of Malmesbury.

* Wycliffe's "Bible," Preface, p. i. This interesting relic of Anglo-Saxon literature was published at Oxford in 1835, by Mr. Thorpe ("Liber Psalmorum Vers. Ant. Lat., &c.).

clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes heavenward, he exclaimed, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and with the last word his spirit passed away. Thus died the Venerable Bede; and thus was completed the first Anglo-Saxon translation of the Gospel of St. John.*

Bede also translated the Lord's Prayer, and apparently the Psalter, with other select portions of Holy Scripture, to which he added glosses and comments for the use of both clergy and people. None of these works, however, are now extant.

In the ninth century Alfred the Great placed an Anglo-Saxon version of the Ten Commandments, "With such of the Mosaic injunctions in the three following chapters of Exodus, as were most to his purpose," at the head of his Code of Laws. His biographer tells us it was the desire of this good monarch that "All the free-born youth of his kingdom should be able to read the English Scriptures." Towards the close of his reign he began a translation of the Psalms,† but did not live to complete it.‡

Among the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum § is a beautiful Latin copy of the Gospels, called "The Durham Book." It is said to have been written by Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in the seventh century. Two centuries later, Aldred, a priest, of Holy Isle, added an interlinear Anglo-Saxon version. Another translation of the Gospels, apparently of the same age, and executed in the same way, the Anglo-Saxon words being written between the lines of the Latin text, is in the Bodleian Library, and is called the "Rushworth Gloss."|| It is so named because it was the property of a Mr. Rushworth.

* "Epistle of St. Cuthbert."

† Asser, "Life of Alfred;" first published by Archbishop Parker in 1574; reprinted at Oxford, 1722; William of Malmesbury "De Gest. Reg. Angl."

‡ It may be the same which was published, with the Latin interlineary text, in 1640, by John Spelman, under the title "Psalterium Davidis Latino-Saxon. Vetus." Similar glosses on the Psalter, the Lord's Prayer, the Book of Proverbs, and other portions of Scripture, exist in our public libraries. Some of them were published by the Surtees Society in 1840.

§ Nero, D. 4.

|| Rushworth, 3946.

At the end of the volume are these words:—"Pray for Owun that this book glossed, and Farnen priest at Harewood." The authors of the version thus give their names, but nothing farther is known of them.

The celebrated Anglo-Saxon scholar Ælfrie, who became Abbot of Peterborough in 1004, and Archbishop of York in 1023, translated considerable portions of the Bible, and wrote an abridgment of Old and New Testament history. His Biblical translations, including the greater part of the Pentateuch, and the books of Joshua, Judges, Job, Kings, and Esther, were published by Thwaites, from a MS. in the Bodleian, with the title "Hep-tateuchus, Liber Job," &c., Oxon. 1698.*

The existence of so many different translations, made during one of the darkest periods of our country's history, shows that there must have been some desire on the part of a section of the English people to possess the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue; and that learned ecclesiastics were found willing to gratify them. It does not appear, however, that any of the above works had an extensive circulation. Some were evidently prepared for private use; others, perhaps, for a little circle of friends and associates; others for instruction in the public service of the church. To the people at large they were little known, and they had, therefore, little influence on the national mind. It is greatly to be regretted that our knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon translations should still be so very imperfect. No critical examination of the numerous and interesting Manuscripts contained in our public libraries has yet been made. The authorship and age of some of the most important are doubtful. Even over the life of Ælfrie much obscurity is thrown, owing to his being so generally confounded with Alfrie, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1005. The Preface to Wycliffe's Bible is, upon this department, far too brief, and, in some respects, vague; the notices in the his-

* His Scripture history was published by L'Isle in 1623, entitled "A Saxon Treatise concerning the Old and New Testament;" and his other works, which illustrate the history of Holy Scripture during the Anglo-Saxon period, were edited by Mr. B. Thorpe for the Ælfrie Society (2 vols. London, 1843-46).

torical account prefixed to Bagster's "Hexapla" are confused, and not always trustworthy; and the works edited by Mr. B. Thorpe are very unsatisfactory. A systematic description of the extant Anglo-Saxon translations, accompanied by a critical collation, is still a felt want in English Biblical Literature.

Soon after the Conquest an author called Orme wrote a paraphrase of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles in blank verse, which is now known as "The Ormulum." The MS. is in the Bodleian; and it was edited by Dr. White in 1852. In the same library is a large manuscript in Anglo-Norman, or English,* containing a metrical summary of the leading events of Bible history, under the quaint name *Sowlehele*, "In Latyn tonge Salus Animae." Its date is uncertain, but it may be ascribed to the 13th century. Towards the close of the same century a metrical version of the Psalms was made by an unknown author, and apparently circulated widely, as six copies of it are still extant.† In the early part of the following century (cir. 1320) a translation of the entire Psalter in Latin and English was written, probably by William of Schorham, vicar of Chart-Sutton in Kent. It was intended for church service, as it contains the usual Canticles, with the Te Deum and the Athanasian Creed.‡ In the middle of the 14th century, Richard Rolle, better known as the Hermit of Hampole, wrote an English translation of the Book of Psalms with a Commentary. Many manuscript copies of it are in the public libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, and London; and their state proves that the work had not only been widely circulated, but repeatedly and carefully revised.§ In the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries numerous other fragments of English Psalters are preserved of the same or an earlier date. At first the Normans, when consolidating their new conquests, gave little thought to the Bible. Their invasion checked rather than advanced the progress of Scriptural knowledge for a time. But

after two centuries of stagnation a revival took place. A spirit of inquiry began to spread among the clergy. Their attention was turned to the Scriptures, and they showed their desire to instruct the people by translating the Lessons ordinarily read in the public services of the Church. Portions of the Gospels of Mark and Luke and of Paul's Epistles also exist in manuscript. But, so far as our researches have gone, it would seem that down to the year 1360, the Psalter was the only book of Scripture entirely and literally translated into English. There are some short lessons from other parts of the Bible correctly rendered, but all the longer works are loose paraphrases, poems founded on Bible narratives, or abridgements of the Sacred text. None of them were literal versions, and none of the versions or paraphrases were founded on the Hebrew or Greek originals. The Vulgate version alone was used, and most of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman translations of the Psalms follow the Gallican Psalter.

The 14th century introduced a new era in Biblical translation. At that time the power of Rome in England was all but supreme. The clergy of every rank and class were devoted subjects of the Pope, and their name was legion. The whole country swarmed with them. They were watchful and energetic. The laws of their Church required them to withhold the Word of God from the laity. According to the Papal system, the infallible authority of the Church alone is fit to determine the meaning of Scripture. To exercise private judgment upon it is presumption and rebellion. By maintaining these views with an authority stern, cruel, and uncompromising, Rome attempted to rob England of both patriotism and liberty. The people were taught, under pain of the Church's dread anathema, to bow submissive to a foreign potentate, and, not only so, but to commit mind and conscience alike to his keeping. The first man whose eyes were thoroughly opened to the degradation of his country, and who had the courage to resolve upon her emancipation, was JOHN WYCLIFFE.

Wycliffe was born in 1324, in the parish of Wye-cliffe, situated on the banks of the river Wye, in Yorkshire

* Bod. 779.

† Preface, Wyc. "Bible," p. iii. *note*. It was published in Stevenson's "Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter" (1843).

‡ Ibid., p. iv.

§ Preface, Wyc. Bible, p. iv.

He was educated at Oxford, having entered Queen's College in 1340, the very year it was founded.* He became Fellow of Merton, and, in 1361, Master of Balliol. In the year 1356 he wrote a tract entitled "Last Age of the Church,"† in which he laments the decay of religion, the gross ignorance of the people, and the insolence of the clergy. His ardent, thoughtful mind was then turned to the great want of the age—the right means of instructing the masses. He resolved to supply the want by giving them the Word of God in their own tongue. But before doing so the people needed to be roused from the apathy which ignorance had induced; they required to be made conscious of their real state. A favorable opportunity offered in the scandalous practices of the order of Mendicant Friars, who then overran England, perverting the minds of the populace, exciting their fanaticism, and robbing them of their property. In public lectures at Oxford Wycliffe openly attacked them, exposing with unsparing eloquence and withering sarcasm their immorality, their lies, and their craft. The truth of his charges was too evident to be questioned. The eyes of the people were suddenly opened to a system of delusion and extortion. Stung by a sense of their wrongs, they were ready to listen to a remedy. Wycliffe saw the time had arrived for proclaiming a new and great doctrine. He therefore declared that the principles of the order of Friars, and of the whole system on which Popish despotism was based, were opposed to the teaching of God as recorded in the Bible. The appeal to the Bible as the sole standard of truth was the inauguration of a new era in England. At that moment Wycliffe laid the foundation of liberty of conscience. Very soon the eyes of the greatest and best in the country were turned to him. A circumstance which then occurred contributed much to aid his work. The Pope demanded of the King payment of the annual tribute formerly given to the Holy See, with all arrears. This was a noble opportunity for Wycliffe. He urged King and Par-

liament to resist the claim, mainly upon the ground that there was no authority for it in the Bible.

But the nation as a whole was not yet prepared for such a revolution, because to them the Bible was an unknown book. Wycliffe determined to remedy this evil by giving them the Bible in their own language. He began his work at Oxford in 1356, by translating the book of Revelation, to which he added a brief Commentary. Several copies of it are extant in manuscript, and exhibit remarkable variations both in text and commentary, as if there had been a series of thorough revisions.* It was followed after an interval by a version of the Gospels, with an exposition, made up chiefly of extracts from the exegetical writings of the Fathers.

In 1375 Wycliffe was presented to the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. There, in the old parish church of St. Mary, which still stands, he preached with faithfulness and power the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. A single sentence from one of his sermons will show his views regarding both Church and State at that period:—"All truth is contained in Scripture. We should admit of no conclusion not approved there. There is no court besides the court of heaven. Though there were an hundred Popes, and though all the friars in the world were turned into Cardinals, yet we could learn more from the Bible than from that vast multitude." In his quiet parish he labored incessantly at the translation of the Scriptures. He completed the New Testament in 1380. The version was not perfect. It was made from the Latin Vulgate; yet it set forth substantially the fundamental doctrines of Revelation. The printing-press was then unknown. Every copy had to be written by hand. Wycliffe appears to have employed a number of scribes, but they were not able to supply the growing demand. Foxe tells us that some of the yeomen were so anxious to obtain the Word of God, that they often gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or St. Paul.

Having completed the New Testament, Wycliffe arranged with his friend Nicholas of Hereford to undertake a

* His name appears on the register as *Johan de Wycliffe*.

† Edited by Dr. Todd, and published in Dublin in 1840.

* Preface to Wyc. Bible, p. viii, *note*.

translation of the Old Testament. It was at once commenced, but ere it was completed the Romish prelates were informed of the design. Nicholas was suddenly summoned before a synod of preaching friars, held in 1382, and on the 1st of July was excommunicated. He appealed to the Pope; went to Rome; was tried and imprisoned, but soon effected his escape. He does not seem to have returned to England again during the life of Wycliffe. Wycliffe himself, therefore, took up again the work of translation, and had the satisfaction of finishing it before his death in 1384. The manuscript of Nicholas's translation is still extant in the Bodleian Library. It ends at Baruch iii. 20, in the middle of a sentence.*

Immediately on the issue of his New Testament Wycliffe was charged with heresy, and cited before an ecclesiastical convention which assembled at Oxford in 1382. The charge in some way failed. It does not appear that any attempt was made to substantiate it. Probably they feared the effects of such a defence as the bold reformer would have made; yet he was banished from the University. He was afterwards summoned to Rome to answer before the Pope for crimes laid against him. He was physically unable, had he even been willing to go. His health was fast failing, and his Heavenly Master soon took him away from a world that was not worthy of him. He died in 1384. Even then his persecutors were not satisfied. The enmity of Rome followed him to the tomb. In the year 1415, the Council of Constance—the Council that burned John Huss—decreed that the ashes of the English heretic should be cast out of consecrated ground. It was thirteen years later ere the decree could be carried into effect. At length, forty-three years after his death, all that remained of Wycliffe was gathered up by impious hands from the cemetery of Lutterworth, burned on the arch of a neighboring bridge, and the ashes thrown into the river Swift, which, as Fuller says, “conveyed them into the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they to the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wy-

cliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all over the world.”

While Wycliffe was engaged in his translation others were prosecuting a similar work in different parts of England. There is a manuscript translation of portions of the Epistles, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Gospel of Matthew, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.* It is in the western dialect. In the same library is a complete version of Paul's Epistles.† The authors are unknown, and probably they concealed their names for the purpose of escaping persecution.

Wycliffe's translation was revised and much improved by others who outlived him, the most celebrated of whom was John Purvey, a clergyman, who officiated as curate at Lutterworth, and lived with Wycliffe during the closing years of his life.‡ It is an interesting fact that Purvey's copy of Wycliffe's original translation of the New Testament is still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; and attached to it is a Prologue, in Purvey's hand, explaining fully the plan adopted by him in revising the version, and showing that his revision was very thorough.§

Wycliffe's Bible appears to have had a large circulation, considering the character of the times, the difficulty and expense of transcribing, and the intense hostility of the clergy. Upwards of one hundred and seventy manuscript copies, more or less complete, are still in existence; and the names upon some of them show that they belonged to the highest personages in the land. We

* MS. 434.

† MS. 32. See Preface, Wyc. “Bible,” p. xiii.

‡ So far as we have been able to ascertain, Purvey's is the only *complete* revision; and any student can see by consulting the work of Forshall and Madden that there is no ground for the statement of Mr. Froude that it was “tinted more strongly with the peculiar opinions of the Lollards.”—“Hist. of England,” iii. 77.

§ The Prologue was first printed separately in 1536, with the title, “The Dore of Holy Scripture.” It is prefixed to the edition of Wycliffe's Bible by Forshall and Madden. It was Purvey's revised edition of the New Testament, and not the original version of Wycliffe, which was published by Lewis in 1731, and again by Baber in 1810, and in Bagster's “Hexapla.” Both versions are given complete for the first time in the magnificent work of Forshall and Madden.

find the following, among others:—Duke of Gloucester, Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VII., Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, Bishop Bonner. Besides complete copies of the “Bible,” the Epistles and Gospels of the Church Service were transcribed separately, so that thus important parts of the version had a wider circulation, and were made more accessible to the humbler classes of the English people.

Wycliffe’s work was a noble one. His translation prepared the way for, and gave a distinctive character to, the Reformation in England. The Reformation in other countries—in Germany, Switzerland, and Scotland, was largely produced and directed by men of commanding genius. England had no Luther, Calvin, or Knox; its reformation was mainly the result of the circulation of a vernacular Bible. Wycliffe’s Bible was not perfect. He did not translate from the original languages. Probably he had not the qualifications for such a task. The Latin Vulgate was the basis of his version, and it is followed with almost slavish literality, all its corruptions and interpolations being scrupulously retained. The style is rugged and homely; in fact the language in which it is written was yet in its infancy. The version, therefore, was not fitted to occupy a permanent place.

In 1523, nearly a century and a half after the publication of Wycliffe’s Bible, a small party assembled on a spring evening, in the dining-hall of Sudbury-Manor, near Bristol. It consisted of Sir John Walsh, lord of the manor, his lady, several children, and two priests. One of the priests was a man of distinguished appearance. He was in the prime of life. His forehead was broad, high, and prominent. When at rest, his eye was steady and thoughtful; but when excited by conversation or controversy, it flashed with extraordinary brilliancy. Compressed lips, and deep lines round the mouth indicated great firmness and decision. He occupied the humble place of tutor in the knight’s family. The other priest was a man of high social standing, and much scholastic learning. During dinner the conversation turned on those theological questions which were then moving England

and Germany. The advantages to be gained by Church and nation from the diffusion of Scriptural knowledge were freely canvassed. The conflicting views of the speakers soon became apparent. After some sharp passages, the strange priest exclaimed:—“Better be without God’s laws than the Pope’s.” The tutor, turning suddenly upon him with a look of great dignity and determination, replied:—“In the name of God, I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years, I will cause the boy that drives the plough to know more of God’s law than either you or the Pope.”* The tutor was WILLIAM TYNDALE.

TYNDALE was born at Hunt’s Court, Gloucestershire, in 1484, or perhaps a few years earlier. He was a scion of a Baronial family which took its name from ancestral possessions in *Tynedale*, Northumberland. He entered the University of Oxford at an early age, and devoted himself to Scriptural and classical studies, in which he made rapid progress. About the year 1512,† he removed to Cambridge, attracted apparently by the celebrity of Erasmus, who was then Greek Lecturer in that University. At Cambridge Tyndale began his version of the New Testament, probably stimulated by Erasmus, whose first edition of the Greek was published in 1516, and immediately imported into England, where it made a profound sensation, especially among the thoughtful youth of the Universities. It would seem, however, that long previous to his acquaintance with Erasmus, and before he met Frith, who was subsequently such a faithful assistant, Tyndale’s mind was turned to the translation of the Scriptures. There was recently extant a manuscript containing passages from the New Testament in English, with the date 1502, and signed with the well-known initials W. T. The translation was excellent, and showed an extensive and accurate knowledge of Greek. The manuscript has unfortunately perished, and some able antiquaries now deny its genuineness.

When Tyndale removed to Sudbury he prosecuted his work with renewed vigor until the occurrence of the inci-

* Foxe, V. p. 117.

† Westcott, p. 31.

dent above narrated. Feeling himself no longer safe in the house of Sir John Walsh, he went to London, hoping to obtain the protection and patronage of Bishop Tunstall, who was an admirer of Erasmus, and to whom he was recommended by Sir H. Guildford. Protection was refused; but he found a generous friend in Humphrey Munmouth, a city merchant, in whose house he resided for a year, laboring, as his kind host afterwards testified, day and night. Tyndale's comment on this period of his life is worthy of record:—"I found not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England." Munmouth was imprisoned for his generous act of hospitality; but he soon regained his freedom, and lived to attain one of the highest offices in the city.

In 1523, or the beginning of 1524, Tyndale left England and sought an asylum in Hamburg, where he spent a year, and published the first part of the Holy Scriptures ever printed in the English language, the Gospels of Matthew and Mark.* From Hamburg he went to Cologne, then famous for its printing establishments. His translation of the New Testament was now complete. It was entirely his own. There is no evidence that he was assisted by Luther or any other, or that he had even seen the German Reformer, or visited Wittenberg, as affirmed by Froude.† It was made from the original Greek, of which language he had, during his residence at Oxford and Cambridge, acquired a profound knowledge. At Cologne the work was immediately put to the press, in the printing establishment of P. Quentel. Three thousand copies were to be issued in a quarto form, with notes and marginal glosses. But unfortunately two of the printers were addicted to both wine and controversy. A wily priest called Cochläus took advantage

of their weakness, and joined in their revels for the purpose of worming out of them the secrets of the printing-house. He encouraged the discussion of theology, while he plied them with wine. The printers were Lutherans, and advocated the circulation of the Bible in the language of the people. By skilful management Cochläus learned from them the startling fact that an English New Testament was in the press. He at once communicated with the authorities, and after some negotiation obtained an order to seize Tyndale, Roye his assistant, and all their books and manuscripts. They were, however, apprised of their danger in time, and hastily collecting their precious treasures, they entered a boat, and escaped up the Rhine to Worms. In that city Tyndale was safe. Luther had been there before him; and Protestantism had planted on its battlements the banner of freedom. Cochläus had meantime written to England, informing the King, Cardinal Wolsey, and the Bishop of Rochester, that the New Testament was being printed. He minutely described the form and character of the book, so as to facilitate its seizure at the seaports. A few sheets of the quarto edition had been struck off at Cologne. But Tyndale now, being informed of what Cochläus had done, thought it best to delay the issue of this quarto edition, and to publish another which might more easily escape notice. The first complete copy of the New Testament in English was, therefore, printed at Worms, and not at Antwerp, as stated by Mr. Froude and Mr. Smiles.* It appeared in 1525, *in octavo*, without note or comment, and was executed in the press of Schöffer, son of the Associate of Faust and Gutenberg, the inventors of printing. The title-page did not give the name of either translator or printer, and with the exception of a brief epistle "To the Reder" at the end, the book contained nothing but the sacred text. Three thousand copies of it were printed; and these were immediately followed by an equal number of the quarto edition, with marginal

* They appear to have been printed separately. See Anderson's "Annals," i. 51, 153.

† Mr. Froude says "Tyndal saw Luther, and under his immediate direction translated the Gospels and Epistles while at Wittenberg. Thence he returned to Antwerp," &c. These statements are not borne out by any sufficient evidence, and they are opposed to Tyndale's own express declaration.—Tyndale's "Works," ed. Walter, i. p. xxvi; iii. 147.

* Froude, "Hist. of England," ii. 31; Smiles, "The Huguenots," p. 15. The evidence for the facts stated above may be seen in Tyndale's "Works," i. pp. xxvi.-xxx. Anderson's "Annals," i. 45 *seq.*

glosses and a Preface. They were all sent to the coast and shipped to England; but the news had gone before. The Romish hierarchy condemned the book, and all in whose possession it should be found. Not content with this, active emissaries were sent by Cardinal Wolsey to various towns on the coasts of England and Holland, to search out and buy up copies. These were collected and burned in the presence of the Cardinal and his clergy, before the gate of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, February 11, 1526.* So successful was the work of destruction that, at the present time, of the quarto edition only a fragment is known to exist. It is in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum. Of the octavo edition there are but two copies known, both imperfect; one in the Baptist College, Bristol, complete with the exception of the title-page; the other in the Library of St. Paul's, London. The former was reprinted in 1836, with a valuable Memoir of Tyndale, by G. Offor. It is a literal copy of the original, and has fac-similes of the wood-cuts and ornaments. The epistle "To the Reder" is appended, and is very interesting. After speaking of the difficulty of the work, and of the rudeness of a first attempt at translation, Tyndale says:—"Count it as a thyng not havyng his full shape, but as it were borne afore hys tyme, even as a thyng begonne rather than fynnesshed." Between 1525 and 1530 six editions of Tyndale's New Testament were printed, three of them at Antwerp being surreptitious, and containing many errors. It is probable that the six editions included not less than 18,000 copies; yet the demand was so great that they were all readily sold. The English hierarchy were furious. They used all the means in their power, by seizure and purchase, to obtain possession of the books. Tunstall, Bishop of London, when on his way to Cambray in 1529, passed through Antwerp. There he arranged with a London merchant, called Packington, to buy up Tyndale's Testaments, at whatever cost, that he might burn them at Paul's Cross. This was done. But Packington was obliged to pay large prices and ready

money. Tyndale, before harassed with debt, contracted in a noble enterprise, now found himself in possession of a little fortune. He paid his debts, revised his translation, and in due time issued a far larger and more accurate edition.*

Having completed the New Testament, Tyndale began to translate the Old. The Book of Genesis was "*emprinted at Marlborow, in the land of Hesse, by me, Hans Luft,*" on 17th January, 1530.† It was soon followed by Deuteronomy, Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, each published separately, and having a distinct Prologue. Genesis and Numbers are in *black letter*; the others in Roman letter.‡ In the following year the whole Pentateuch was published with a general preface. *This was the first portion of the Old Testament translated into English out of the Original Hebrew.* Tyndale appears to have been its sole author, for though he may have met both Frith and Coverdale at Hamburg, while engaged in his work, there is no evidence of their having given him any assistance. Besides, in the assembly convened at London by Bishop Warham on May 24th, 1530, the versions both of the Old Testament and the New there condemned, are distinctly said to be Tyndale's.§ After an interval of three years, Tyndale printed a version of the Book of Jonah, made from the Hebrew, which was reprinted *in fac simile* in 1863 by Mr. Fry.

The fierce hostility of the King and clergy of England, and the public burning of so many of Tyndale's books in May, 1530, appear to have checked the sale of the Scriptures. No new edition was published between the years 1530 and 1534. But Tyndale was not idle. His whole time and energies were devoted to the revision of the New Testament, and to the translation of the remaining books of the Old. In August, 1534, an edition of his New Testament was published in Holland, edited by George Joye, a native of Bedfordshire, educated at Cambridge, who made serious changes in the text, and introduced errors

* Anderson's "Annals," i. p. 214.

† "Bibliothec. Grenvil.," ii.; Tyndale's "Works," ed. Watton, i. p. xl.

‡ One perfect copy is in the Grenville library, and there are besides several fragments, one being in the Bodleian.

§ Collier, iv. 140; Anderson, i. 257.

* Anderson's "Annals," i. p. 106; Foxe.

and corruptions from the Latin.* Joye's edition gave great dissatisfaction to Tyndale. But in November of the same year he issued a new and revised edition of his own, with short marginal notes and Prologues to the several books, chiefly compiled from those of Luther.† It is the first edition containing the name of the translator. In the preface he says, "Here thou hast the New Testament or Covenant made wyth us of God in Christes bloude. Which I have looked over agayne (now at the last) with all dyligence, and compared it unto the Greke, and have wedded oute of it many fautes, which lacke of helpe at the begynninge and oversyght did sone therein." Every chapter bears testimony to Tyndale's industry, and conscientious desire to produce a perfect translation. He not only re-examined the Greek text with critical minuteness, but he manifestly consulted the German of Luther, and Latin of Erasmus, on all doubtful passages. He also improved the style of the English, making it in many places more vigorous and idiomatical. His marginal notes are brief, but terse and thoughtful; never failing to elucidate the word or phrase commented on. In addition to the New Testament, this volume contained a translation of the Epistles from the Old Testament and Apocrypha, read in the Church on certain days, "after the use of Salisbury." These embrace a few verses from each of fourteen canonical, and three Apocryphal books; they were evidently translated from the Hebrew and Greek originals, and are characterized by all the vigor and critical acumen of Tyndale. A copy of this edition, printed on vellum, and splendidly illuminated and bound, was presented by Tyndale to Anne Boleyn, as a testimony of his gratitude for the protection she afforded one of his persecuted friends.‡

In November, 1534, Tyndale's revised

New Testament was printed at Antwerp; and in the same month he was basely betrayed by a man named Phillips, who had been specially sent to Antwerp for that purpose by the King of England and his Popish council. Tyndale was dragged away to the castle of Vilvoord, near Brussels, where he remained a prisoner for two years. He appears to have employed the whole of that time in the work of translation and revision. In 1535, a new edition of his Testament, the last revised by himself, was published at Antwerp. It was without note or comment, but the text exhibits many important changes and emendations. "Sometimes the changes are made to secure a closer accordance with the Greek, sometimes to gain a more vigorous or a more idiomatic rendering; sometimes to preserve a just uniformity; sometimes to introduce a new interpretation. The very minuteness of the changes is a singular testimony to the diligence with which Tyndale still labored at his appointed work. Nothing seemed trifling to him, we may believe, if only he could better seize or convey to others the meaning of one fragment of Scripture."* Tyndale's work was finished, and his noble life was now drawing to a close. On the sixth day of October, 1536, he was executed in the town of Vilvoord. His last words were worthy of the cause for which he lived, and for which he died. Standing beside the stake, he lifted up his hands and prayed—"Lord Jesus, open the eyes of the King of England!"

Tyndale's translation, so far as it goes, is the basis of our English Bible. "In it," says Westcott, "the general character and mould of our whole version was definitely fixed. The labors of the next seventy-five years were devoted to improving it in detail." Any one can now see this for himself by a glance at the "English Hexapla." Tyndale's sole object manifestly was to place the English reader in direct contact with the sacred writers. He had no party purpose to serve, for he belonged to no party. He was a student of God's Word, and not of the schools of human philosophy or ecclesiastical theology. He used all means of gaining a profound knowledge

* The book is now very rare. A perfect copy is in the Grenville collection, British Museum.

† It was printed at Antwerp, by "Martin Emperowr," in 12mo, with the following title—"The newe Testament dyligently corrected and compared with the Greke by Willyam Tindale."

‡ It is now in the library of the British Museum, and bears the simple legend *Anna Regina Anglie*. It is the edition of 1534, which is printed with such care and neatness in Bagster's "English Hexapla."

* Westcott, "History of English Bible," p. 190.

of Greek and Hebrew, that he might be able to go to the fountain head of Revelation. He studied Greek at Oxford and Cambridge, and Hebrew under the Jewish Rabbins of Germany; and he studied with such success, that his scholarship was lauded even by his bitterest enemies. Spalatin thus wrote of him in 1526: "Six thousand copies of the English Testament have been printed at Worms. It was translated by an Englishman, who was so complete a master of seven languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, French, that you would fancy that whicsoever one he spoke in was his mother tongue."* He was entirely free from prejudice. He cast aside all the ecclesiastical and theological glosses and dogmas that had, during later ages, become incrustated upon the words of Scripture. He employed a vigorous and graceful Saxon style and idiom. He adopted the language of the English people—that noble language which Shakspeare has placed on a level with the choicest literature of Greece and Rome. Throughout his whole translations there is the stamp of truthfulness. No word is selected to please the ear of royalty, to advance the cause of party, or to favor a particular dogma. With perfect sincerity and truth, Tyndale was able to say, "I call God to witness that I never altered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience."

Before his imprisonment, Tyndale had formed a close friendship and alliance with a man of kindred spirit—John Rogers, the Reformer and martyr. Rogers was educated at Cambridge, where he was distinguished for classical scholarship. Having taken orders, he was appointed chaplain to the company of English merchants at Antwerp. There he met Tyndale, was convinced of the errors of Rome, and became an ardent student of Scripture. He appears to have assisted Tyndale in the work of revising his translation for the press, and in the preparation of the Old Testament. The version of the Pentateuch was, as has been shown, published in 1530; that of Jonah appeared three years later; and we have evidence that Tyndale, before his death, had completed a translation

from the Hebrew as far as the end of the Second Book of Chronicles. After his death, Rogers determined to prosecute the noble work, and publish a complete English Bible. His name, however, had been associated with Tyndale's, and would therefore naturally be displeasing to that section of the English people who had persecuted Tyndale; he consequently published under the feigned name of *Thomas Matthew*. This fact, affirmed by Foxe, has been questioned; and it may be that Thomas Matthew was a real person, an assistant of Rogers. Be this as it may, the English Bible was put to press. It was made up of Tyndale's published Pentateuch and New Testament, Tyndale's new translation of Joshua to 2 Chronicles, and Coverdale's version of the remaining books of the Old Testament. It does not appear that Rogers attempted more than a cursory revision of the translations already in his hands. He adopted Tyndale's latest corrected edition of the New Testament, published in 1535. His object was, as stated by Westcott, "to present the earlier texts in a combined form, which might furnish the common basis of later revisions."* When the printing had advanced as far as Isaiah, funds failed. Application was then made to Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch, merchants in London, afterwards celebrated as printers. They supplied the necessary money, and the book was completed. Through Grafton's influence with Cranmer and Cromwell, the King's license was obtained; and in 1537, not quite a year after Tyndale's martyrdom, a complete English version of the Bible was freely distributed in this country by Royal authority. Tyndale's last prayer was answered.

The title of this volume, which may be regarded as the basis of our Authorized Version, is as follows:—"*The Byble, which is all the Holy Scripture. In whych are containyd the Olde and Newe Testament truly and purely translated into Englysh.*" By Thomas Matthew. 1537. Set forth with the Kinges most gracyous licece." It is a large folio, in German type, and was printed probably either at Marburg or Hamburg. At the beginning of Isaiah, where Grafton and

* Westcott, p. 42.

* Westcott, p. 231.

Whitechurch took it up, there is a new title, "*The Prophetes in Englishe*," and on the next page is a large wood-cut, with the initials R. G. at the top, and E. W. at the bottom, indicating the sources from which the funds came for the printing. The Dedication to King Henry and Queen Jane is subscribed with the initials T. M.; but a Preface, entitled "An Exhortation to the Study of the Holy Scripture, gathered out of the Bible," is subscribed J. R.; and at the end of the Old Testament, in very large characters, are the well-known initials, W. T.

Two years previous to the publication of Matthew's Bible, and one year before Tyndale's martyrdom, an English version, bearing the name of MILES COVERDALE, was printed at Zurich, and distributed in this country. It was the first complete English Bible ever printed. But the translation was not original. Coverdale was not qualified for such a task; his knowledge of Hebrew appears to have been limited. He states, with great simplicity and commendable honesty in his Dedication to the King: "I have faithfully translated this out of five sundry interpreters." These were probably—1. The German of Luther; 2. The Swiss-German of Leo Juda, published at Zurich, 1525–29; 3. The Latin of Sanctes Pagninus; 4. The Vulgate; 5. The English Pentateuch, Book of Jonah, and New Testament of Tyndale. One characteristic of Coverdale's, as compared with Tyndale's translation is, that it manifests a strong sympathy for ecclesiastical terms, which it embodies freely from the Vulgate, such as "penance," "priest," "church," "confess," &c. Another characteristic is, that smoothness and rhythm of language are studied more than exact literality in rendering. Some of his phrases, however, are very happy. Coverdale followed Tyndale's version closely in the Pentateuch and New Testament, and any changes he introduced are taken either from the German or Vulgate. In his version of the prophetic books, as he had no English guide, he translated almost verbatim from the Swiss-German Bible. The title of the book states the plain truth; it is as follows:—"Biblia. The Bible, that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament faithfully and truly translated out of

the Douche and Latyn in to Englishe," 1535. It has been stated already that in Matthew's Bible, the Old Testament books from Ezra to Malachi were taken wholly from Coverdale, and in this way Coverdale's version contributed in some degree to the formation of the text of our present English Bible. In it, too, various renderings of difficult words and phrases are placed on the margin, and here we see the origin of that system of marginal readings or glosses, which has been so judiciously followed in the Authorized Version.

Coverdale's Bible was freely admitted into England. It was dedicated to Henry VIII., and it was unquestionably sanctioned and patronized by Crumwell and Cranmer, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1533; but it does not appear to have received any formal royal license. At a meeting of Convocation of the province of Canterbury, held December 19th, 1534, it was agreed to request the King to decree that a translation of the Scriptures into English should be made.* Intelligence of this was conveyed to Coverdale, and probably encouragement and aid were given him by Cranmer to prosecute the work of translation. After the Bible appeared and began to be circulated in England, it was thought prudent to print a new title-page and prologue, to render it more acceptable to the people. The new title-page was not so honest as the original one, for it made no mention of the sources of the version, and merely said "*faithfully translated into English.*" In 1536 an injunction was issued by Crumwell to the effect—"That every parson, or proprietary of any parish church within this realm, shall on this side of the feast of St. Peter ad vincula (Aug. 1) next coming, provide a book of the whole Bible in Latin, and also in English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein.† Coverdale's was the only English Bible then extant, and consequently it may be regarded as the first authorized version. In 1536 a new and revised edition was issued, "*Imprynted in Southwarke for James Nycolson,*" and was the first English Bible printed

* Strype's "Memorials of Cranmer," i. 35.

† Foxe, v. p. 167; Anderson, i. 509.

in England; at the foot of the title-page are these important words,—“Set forth with the King’s most gracious licence.” Though this was the first *Bible* printed in England, it was not the first sacred volume. Tyndale’s New Testament was printed in London by Berthelet in 1536.*

The authorities in England were not satisfied with either Coverdale’s or Tyndale’s version, both of which were in circulation in 1537; consequently Crumwell and others resolved to have a new English translation prepared. Considerable obscurity exists both as to the way in which it was prepared, and the parties who originally planned, and aided in carrying out the work. Some say Rogers bore a leading part in it. It seems, however, that Coverdale was selected as editor, and Grafton as printer; and that it was commenced at the close of 1537 or early in 1538. Matthew’s Bible was adopted as the basis; but the whole text was carefully, though, as will be shown, not very judiciously, revised and compared with the Hebrew and Greek. Coverdale states in letters to Crumwell how the work of revision was conducted:—“We follow,” he says, “not only a standing text of the Hebrews, with the interpretation of the Chaldee and the Greek; but we set also in a private table the diversity of readings of all texts, with such annotations in another table as shall doubtless delucidate (*sic*) and clear the same.” Coverdale may at this time have had some knowledge of Oriental languages, or he may have had learned assistants; but even without a knowledge of Hebrew, he might have effectively carried out his plan, for he had in his hands the “Complutensian Polyglott,” which contains a Latin translation of the Chaldee Paraphrase, and he had also the very accurate and literal version of the Old Testament by Sebastian Münster, which was published at Basle in 1534–5. The corrections made in Tyndale’s Pentateuch and historical books are chiefly after Münster; but some are from the Vulgate. In the New Testament Tyndale’s version is considerably modified, so as to bring it into closer conformity to the Vulgate version. “An analysis of the

variations in the First Epistle of St. John may furnish a type of its general character. As nearly as I can reckon there are seventy-one differences between Tyndale’s text (1534) and that of the Great Bible; of these forty-three come directly from Coverdale’s earlier revision (and in a great measure indirectly from the Latin): seventeen from the Vulgate, where Coverdale before had not followed it; the remaining eleven variations are from other sources.”* A large number of words and short phrases, like glosses, have been introduced into the text, especially in the New Testament, from the Vulgate, which have no equivalents in the original.† Some erroneous renderings also were adopted from the same source, one of which may be mentioned, as it is unfortunately retained in our Authorized Version. It is in St. John x. 16, which Tyndale translates thus—“And other shepe I have which are not of this *folde*. Them also must I bringe, that they maye heare my voyce, and that ther maye be one *flocke* and one *shepeherde*.” In the new Bible this was rendered, “And other shepe I have, which are not of this *fold*. Them also must I bring, and they shall heare my voyce, and ther shall be one *folde* and one *shepeherde*.” The force of the passage is here lost by confounding the Greek words *αὐλή*, “a fold,” and *ποιμνὴ*, “a flock;” both are rendered “fold,” though Tyndale was right in his translation. The reviser followed the Vulgate, which has *ovile* in both places.

The Book of Psalms appears to have been revised with more care and success than any other part of the Bible. This did not result so much from a stricter adhesion to the Hebrew text, as from a careful study of Luther’s version and the German-Swiss. Both of these versions are distinguished by a regard to the spirit more than to the mere letter and idiom of the original. Their language is smooth, flowing, and therefore often paraphrastic. So also is the Eng-

* Westcott, p. 257.

† Among the most remarkable is 1 Tim. iv. 13, where the following words are interpolated “*by the auctoryte of presthode*,” other examples may be seen in 1 John i. 4; ii. 23; iii. 1; v. 9; Matt. xxvi. 53; xxvii. 8; Luke xxiv. 26; Acts xv. 34, 41; Rom. i. 32; James v. 3; 2 Peter i. 10; ii. 4, &c.

* A copy of this rare edition is in the Bodleian. Anderson, i. 549.

lish version ; and it is, perhaps, for this reason, better adapted for chanting, and for the public services of the Church than any version which has hitherto appeared.* The Psalter, as originally published in this Bible, is still retained in the Liturgy of the Established Church.

The printing of the Bible was begun in Paris by royal license ; but before it was quite completed the license was withdrawn, and the sheets seized and condemned to the flames by the Jesuits.* Many were actually burnt ; but a considerable number were sold, as Foxe informs us, “to a haberdasher to lap caps in.” These were afterwards rebought by Grafton, and in the end imported to England. Before the seizure some copies appear to have been sent to Crumwell through the Bishop of Hereford, then Ambassador at Paris ; and after much trouble Grafton succeeded in bringing over the workmen, presses, type, and paper to London, where THE GREAT BIBLE was published in April, 1539.† As first issued, there was no Prologue ; but some copies have been found, which contain a Prologue written by Archbishop Cranmer in November, 1539. The explanation of this seems to be that the copies printed and completed in London, in April, were issued at once, before the Prologue was written ; but afterwards, on the recovery of the sheets saved from the flames in Paris, they also were completed in London, a Prologue was prepared for them by the Archbishop, and then they were published and circulated. The Prologue is important, as containing some historical references to the early circulation of the English Bible, a defence of the policy of printing and distributing the Scriptures in the language of the people, and a strong recommendation to every man to read for himself at home ; “for,” says Cranmer, “the Holy Spirit hath so ordered and attempered the Scriptures, that in them as well publicans, fishers, and shepherds may find their edification, as great doctors their erudition.” A sec-

ond edition, printed in London, appeared in April, 1540, and on its title-page mention is made of Cranmer's Prologue ; a third edition was published in July, and a fourth in November of the same year.*

The demand for the Bible among the English people at this period was so great that it was found almost impossible to supply it. Edition after edition issued from the press. The following facts will give some idea of the extent to which the Scriptures were circulated. In 1534, five editions of the English New Testament were printed at Antwerp, and one of the Pentateuch at Marburg. In 1535 there were four editions of the New Testament, and one of the whole Bible. In 1536, ten editions of the New Testament and one of the whole Bible. In 1537, two editions of the Bible. In 1538, seven editions of the New Testament. In 1539, four of the New Testament, and four of the Bible. In 1540, four of the Bible, and three of the New Testament. In most of the editions the copies were large and expensive, and yet they were bought up and read with extraordinary avidity. From the time of the printing of Tyndale's New Testament in 1525 till 1542, no less than *thirty-nine* editions of the New Testament and *fourteen* of the whole Bible were issued. The effect of the circulation of the Scriptures was wonderful. People of every age, rank, and class seemed animated by an irrepressible desire to read or hear the Word of God. Those who had the means bought it ; those who were able and willing to read in public had crowds of eager listeners always round them. Boys and old men, girls and matrons, flocked to the churches, where ponderous Bibles, chained to the massive pillars, lay open upon stands for the use of the public. Bishop Bonner, afterwards one of the most active of Queen Mary's persecuting agents, set up six large Bibles in St. Paul's. A still more remarkable example of prelatial inconsistency occurred in the same year. Bishop Tunstall, who had been one of the prime movers in the bonfire of Tyndale's Testaments at St. Paul's Cross, was ordered

* This occurred on the 17th of December, 1533.

† Its title is as follows:—“*The Byble in Englyshe, that is to saye the content of all the holy Scripture, both of y^e olde and newe testament, truly translated after the veryle of the Hebreue and Greke textes, by y^e dylygent studge of dyverse excellent learned men, expert in the forsayde longes.*”

* This Bible is sometimes called *Cranmer's*, either because he wrote the Prologue, or because he was one of the originators of the scheme ; it is also called, from its size, *The Great Bible*.

by the King, in 1540, to prepare a new edition of the very book he had helped to burn. He did so. It was completed in November, and has on the title-page these words:—"The Byble in Englishe . . . to be frequented and used in every Church in this sayd realme . . . Oversene and perused by the Rt. Rev. fathers in God Cuthbert (Tunstall) Byssshop of Durresme," &c.

In 1542, however, a change took place. The papal party had for a time been gaining influence in the country, and their rule now became paramount. Tyndale's Bible was proscribed; and no person, unless of noble or gentle birth, was permitted to read the Scriptures under pain of imprisonment. On the death of Henry VIII., in 1547, the reforming party again rose to power. His

successor, Edward, inaugurated a new era in the history of our country. He ordered the Bible to be carried before him at his coronation, uttering as he did so these remarkable words:—"That book is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these swords. Without that sword we are nothing, we can do nothing, we have no power; from that we are what we are this day." During his short reign of six years, no less than *thirty-five* editions of the New Testament and fifteen of the entire Bible were published. It is interesting to observe how the sterling qualities of Tyndale's version now recommended it to the English people. It was far more popular than any of the others, as proved by the fact that of the thirty-five editions of the New Testament printed, twenty-five were Tyndale's.

(To be concluded.)

Fraser's Magazine.

A FORTNIGHT IN KERRY.

WE have heard much of the wrongs of Ireland, the miseries of Ireland, the crimes of Ireland: every cloud has its sunny side: and when all is said, Ireland is still the most beautiful island in the world, and the Irish themselves, though their temperament is ill matched with ours, are still among the most interesting of peoples. If the old type of character remains in many of its most unmanageable features, they are no longer the Paddies of our childhood. Wave after wave of convulsion has been rolling over them for hundreds of years past, distinct eras of social organization, with special elements of good and evil in them. The last of these waves, the great famine of 1846, swept over the country like a destroying torrent, carrying away millions of its peasantry, clearing off the out-at-elbows duel-fighting squireens, and paralyzing if it has not extinguished the humor and the fun which made the boy that carried your game-bag or fishing basket the most charming of companions.

The farmer, however seemingly prosperous, carries sadness in his eyes and care on his forehead. If he is thriving himself, his family is broken up: his sons

or his brothers are beyond the Atlantic, and his heart was broken in parting with them. The evictions which followed the potato failure have left their marks in a feeling of injustice, of which Fenianism is the fruit and the expression.

This too, however, is passing away or will pass when the Administration recovers courage to combine firmness with justice; and meanwhile, in spite of outrages and assassinations, every one who has watched the Irish character during the last quarter of a century must have felt that it is fast altering, and altering immensely for the better. "We are all changed," said one of the people to me. "You know yourself the landlords are changed, and we are changed, too, if you would only believe it. We have all learnt our lesson together." Where the beneficial influences have been the strongest, that is to say, where there has been no cruelty and the tenants have been kindly used, there is growing up a life in all parts of Ireland, with more subdued grace about it, more human in its best features, than is to be found in any other part of these islands. I had an opportunity of seeing something of

this, last summer, under its most favorable aspect. A friend who had taken a place for a season or two in the Kerry mountains, invited me to spend a fortnight with him; and, careless of the warnings of acquaintances who feared that I should not come back alive, I took my place in the Holyhead mail. It was the second week in August. We left London at night. In the morning we were in Kingstown Harbor, and a few hours later I was deposited at the railway station at Killarney. Derreen—so I will call the house to which I was bound—was still nearly forty miles distant. The train was late, but the evening promised well. I put myself in the hands of Spillane, the most accomplished of bugle-players, and the politest of hotel managers; and after a hasty dinner I was soon rattling along beside the lake in a jaunting car, with a promise of being at my journey's end if not before dark, yet at no unreasonable hour. An exquisite drive of three hours brought me to Kenmare, a town at the head of one of the long fiords running up from the Atlantic, which readers of Macaulay will remember as the scene of a brilliant defence made by a small body of Protestant settlers against the Irish insurgents. It was not my first visit to the place. Thirty years before I had passed through it from Glengariff in a long vacation holiday. The Lansdowne Arms was still in its old place; but the generation which frequented it had passed away. The "boy" who was then driving me called my attention, as I remember, to a group of gentlemen at the door. There were two O'Connells, consins of the Liberator, at that time in the zenith of his glory. There was Morty O'Sullivan and another whose name I forget. The point about them was that each had killed his man in a duel, and Morty had killed two. He was one of the old fire-eaters, a spare, well-dressed, refined looking person, a descendant of the old chiefs of Berehaven, ruling the wreck of his inheritance with an authority scarcely less despotic as far as it extended; like his ancestors, in perpetual feud with his neighbors, and settling his quarrels with them in the field or in the law courts. He had lived—I should say "reigned," for that is still the word—at Derreen it-

self. He had screwed his tenants, drunk whiskey enough daily for ten degenerate mortals, such as now we know them, turned his house into a pigstye, and been loved and honored throughout the valley. Morty the Good he was called, the king of the golden age of Kerry, and unhappy only in the incapacity of one of his sons, whom he never could teach to handle a pistol like a gentleman. The young O'Sullivan took kindly to the ways of the family; quarrelled with a companion before he was out of his teens, and went out to settle the dispute in legitimate fashion. But Morty augured ill for the result. He ordered the wake beforehand, and was disappointed, it was to be hoped agreeably, when the object of his care was brought home only shot through the foot.

Morty had been now long in his grave. Litigation had crippled his fortune and the famine finished it. His boys were scattered over the world and his place knew him no more. Morty was gone, and the fighting squirearchy to which he belonged was gone also, extinct like the dodo; and in the place of the group which I remembered, one or two harmless clerks belonging to the town stores were lounging at the porch in the summer gloaming, comparing salmon flies, or talking about the cricket club which had been set on foot there by some neighboring gentlemen.

Besides these were a couple of smart-looking boatmen, one of whom, after ascertaining who I was, informed me that my friend had sent up his yacht, a smart cutter of twenty tons, and that if I preferred a sail to a longer drive they were ready to take charge of me. The wind was from the east, light but fair, and they believed that it would not drop till midnight. But we had still seventeen miles to go. I inquired what would happen if it did drop, and as the answer was vague I determined to stick to my car and to lose no time, for it was growing dark. My driver declined a change of horses. The small well-bred Irish car horse does his forty miles a day through the season with only an occasional rest, and seems little the worse for it. Away we went again after a halt of three-quarters of an hour, and three minutes brought us to the suspension bridge

crossing the head of the fiord, one end of which rests on the peninsula where the Protestants were besieged. That, too, with its traditions, was a thing of the past, and might have furnished a text at any other time for its appropriate meditations. But the scene was too beautiful for moralizing. The pink evening-light had faded off the mountains, but the tints which lingered in the western sky were reflected faintly on the glimmering water. The cutter was clearing out of the harbor with her big gaff topsail set and her balloon jib, and as she slid away the men tauntingly hailed us and promised to tell my friends that we were coming.

The mare received an intimation that she must put her best foot forward; we struck off to the right on crossing the bridge and entered a long fir wood which skirts the river, catching glimpses at intervals of the shining water through gaps in the trees.

By and by we emerged into open ground. The road was level, following the line of the bay for eight or nine miles, and crossing the mouths of valley after valley where the streams which drain the hills run into the sea. It was now dark so far as a summer night is ever dark. The cutter still kept ahead of us, shimmering ghost-like in the uncertain light. Sometimes we seemed to be gaining on her,—then as a fresh puff of air overtook her she stole away. At last our ways parted; she held on towards a headland far down the bay which she was obliged to round before she could enter Kilmakilloge, the harbor on which Derreen is situated. The road, to avoid a long circuit, strikes upwards over a pass in the hills, to descend on the other side into the head of the valley.

The ascent now became tedious: we had lost the cutter, and were climbing the broken side of an utterly barren mountain. The distant view was hidden by the darkness, and the forms immediately round us had nothing striking about them, beyond a solitary peak which shot up black and gloomy-looking into the sky. Two miles of walking ground made me impatient to be at my journey's end, and I was unprepared for the scene which was immediately about to break upon me.

We reached the crest at last—rounded

a corner of rock, and were at once in another world. The moon had risen, though concealed by the hill which we had been ascending, and burst upon us broad and full as we turned to descend. Below us was a long deep valley losing itself to the left in the shadows in the Glengarriff mountains; opening to the right in the harbor of Kilmakilloge, which lay out like a looking-glass in the midst of the hills in which it is landlocked. Across, immediately before us, was a gorge, black and narrow, the sides of which in the imperfect light appeared to fall precipitously two thousand feet. Beyond, at the head of the harbor, was a second group of mountains shaped in still wilder variety, while the bottom of the valley was traversed by a river divided into long shining pools suggestive of salmon and sea trout, and broken at intervals with cascades, the roar of which swayed up fitfully in the night air.

These glens and precipices had been the retreat of the last Earl of Desmond in the closing summer of his life. The long peninsula shut in between the fiords of Bantry and Kenmare was then covered from end to end with forest, inaccessible except by water, or penetrated by a few scarce discoverable horse-tracks; inhabited only by wolves, and by men who were almost as wild, and were human only in the ineffable fidelity with which they concealed and shielded their hunted chief. The enormous trees which lie in the bogs, or the trunks which break on all sides out of the ground, prove that once these hills were as thickly wooded as those which have escaped the spoiler, and in their summer livery delight the tourist at Killarney. Now, the single fault of the landscape is its desolation. Sir William Petty, who obtained the assignment of the principality of Kerry, on terms as easy as those on which the Colonial Office squandered millions of the best acres in Canada, considered the supply of fuel to be practically as inexhaustible as we now consider our coal measures. He set up refining works on the shore of the harbor, and tin and copper ore was brought over there, till the last available stick had been cut down to smelt it. Nature still struggles to repair the ruin, and young oaks and birches sprout of

themselves, year after year, out of the soil,—but the cattle browse them off as they appear; and the wolves being destroyed which once scared the sheep out of the covers, and gave them time to renew their natural waste, civilization itself continues the work of the destroyer, and dooms the district to perpetual barrenness. Of the forests of oak and arbutus and yew which once clothed the whole of Kerry, the woods at Killarney have alone escaped; those and some few other scattered spots, which for some special reason were spared in the general havoc.

At one of these, the "domain" as it is called of Derreen, I have by this time arrived. Two miles of descent balanced the climb on the other side. We are again in the midst of trees. Level meadows beside the river are dotted with sleeping cattle, we have passed a farm-house or two, and now a chapel handsome and new, at a meeting of cross roads. We turn into a gate, a gravel drive leads us to where lights are shining behind overhanging branches. The harbor is close below us; a four-oared boat is going out for a night's fishing; the cutter is at this very moment picking up her moorings; we have not beaten her, but we are not disgraced ourselves. In another minute we are in the broad walk which leads to the house. The night was hot, my friend's party were on the lawn; some of them had been dining on board a yacht, the lights of which were visible as she lay at anchor, a mile from the windows. They had come on shore in the yacht's gig, and were standing about reluctant to go in-doors from the unusual loveliness of the evening.

They proposed a stroll round the grounds, to which I was delighted to consent. The house stood in the middle of a lawn, shut in on all sides by woods, through which however openings had been cut in various places, letting in the view of the water. The original building, which had been the residence of Morty and his sons, was little more than a cottage. It had been enlarged by a straggling wing better suited to the habits of modern times. Morty, who cared little for beauty, had let the trees grow close to the door. He might have shot wood-cocks from

his window, and I dare say he did; while the close cover had served to shelter and conceal his considerable operations in the smuggling line. This more practical aspect of things had been superseded by the sentimental, and by lopping and clearing, full justice had been done to the beauty—I may say, the splendor—of the situation. The harbor of Kilmakilloge forms a branch of the Kenmare River, from three to four miles deep, and pierced on both sides by long creeks, divided by wooded promontories. On the largest of these, some ninety acres in extent, the house had been placed. Two acres had been cleared to make a garden. Four or five more formed a field running down to the sea. The rest was as Nature made it, the primeval forest, untouched save for the laurels and rhododendrons which were scattered under the trees where the ground was dry enough to let them grow. Two rivers fell into the harbor at the upper end, one of them that along which I had just been driving, the other, the larger, emerging out of a broad valley under a bridge which, with the water behind, showed clear and distinct in the moonlight. All round us rose the wall of mountains, the broken outline being the more striking, because at night the surface details are lost and only the large forms are visible. The sky line on three sides was from two to six miles distant. On the fourth side, towards the mouth of the harbor, it was more remote; but here, too, the rim of mountains continued to the eye unbroken. The ocean was shut off by the huge back-bone of hills which stretches from Macgillieuddy's Reeks to the Atlantic. To all appearance Derreen was cut off from the world as effectually as the valley of Rasselas; and, but for the intrusion of the postman, made evident by my friend's inquiries as to the last division and the whitebait dinner, but for the croquet wires which I stumbled over on the lawn, we might have seemed divided as utterly from all connection with the world and its concerns. We wandered through the woods and along the walks which followed the shore. The wind was gone: the last breath of it had brought the yacht to her moorings. The water was like a sheet of pale gold, lighted in the shadows by phosphores-

cent flashes where a seal was chasing a mullet for his supper. Far off we heard the cries of the fishermen as they were laying out their mackerel nets, a heron or two flew screaming out of some large trees beside the boat-house, resentful at the intrusion on their night's rest; and from overhead came a rush of wings and the long wild whistle of the curlew.

One of the ladies observed that it was like a scene in a play. She was fond of theatres herself; she was a distinguished artist in that line—or would have been had she been bred to the trade; and her similes followed her line of thought. It sounded absurd, but I remembered having myself experienced once an exactly similar sensation. I was going up Channel in a steamer. It was precisely such another warm, breathless moonlight summer night, save that there was a light mist over the water which prevented us from seeing very clearly objects that were at any distance from us. The watch on the fore-castle called out, *A sail ahead!* We shut off the steam, and passed slowly within a biscuit's throw of an enormous China clipper, with all her canvas set, and every sail drooping flat from the yards. We heard the officers talking on the quarter deck. The ship's bell struck the hour as we went by. Why the recollections of the familiar sea moonlight of Drury Lane should have rushed over me at such a moment I know not, unless it be that those only who are rarely gifted feel natural beauty with real intensity. With the rest of us our high sensations are at best partly artificial. We make an effort to realize emotions which we imagine that we ought to experience, and are theatrical ourselves in making it.

A glance out of the window in the morning showed that I had not over-rated the general charm of the situation. The colors were unlike those of any mountain scenery to which I was accustomed elsewhere. The temperature is many degrees higher than that of the Scotch highlands. The Gulf Stream impinges full upon the mouths of its long bays. Every tide carries the flood of warm water forty miles inland, and the vegetation consequently is rarely or never checked by frost even two thousand feet above the sea-level. Thus the mountains have a greenness altogether

peculiar, stretches of grass as rich as water-meadows reaching between the crags and precipices to the very summits. The rock, chiefly Old Red Sandstone, is purple. The heather, of which there are enormous masses, is in many places waist deep.

The sky was cloudless, and catching the chance of performing my morning's ablutions in salt water, I slipped into the few indispensable garments, and hurried down to the front door. My host's youngest boy, a brown-cheeked creature of six, who was playing with the dogs on the steps, undertook to pilot me to the bathing-place, a move not wholly disinterested on his part, as the banks on either side of the walks were covered with wild strawberries and whortleberries. Away we went through the woods again, among the gnarled and moss-clothed trunks of oaks hundreds of years old, and between huge boulders, draped with ferns and London pride, which here grows luxuriantly wild. The walk ended at a jutting promontory of rock, where steps had been cut, leading to the water at a soft spot where a dike of slate had pierced a fault in the sandstone. The water itself was stainless as the Atlantic. I jumped in carefully, expecting to touch the bottom, yet I could scarcely reach it by diving. I tried to persuade my companion to take a swim upon my back, but he was too wary to be tempted. He was a philosopher, and was speculating on making a fortune out of the copper veins which were shining in the interstices of the slate. Our friend the seal, whom we had seen at supper, seemed disposed to join me. A shiny black head popped up from under the surface thirty yards off, and looked me over to see if I was one of his relations; but after a careful scrutiny he disliked the looks of me, dropped under, and disappeared. The seals once swarmed upon this coast under shelter of popular superstition. "The sows of thim that were drowned at the flood" were supposed to be enchanted in their bodies, undergoing water purgatory. At times they were allowed to drop their skins, and play in human form upon the shore, and the mortal who was bold enough to steal the robe of some fish-maiden whom he could surprise, might win her and keep her for his bride. They are yield-

ing slowly before what is called education and civilization, and the last of them will soon be a thing of history like the last wolf; but the restriction upon firearms in Ireland still acts as a protection, and a few yet loiter about the quiet nooks where they find themselves unmolested.

Before I was dressed we heard a sound of oars; a boat came round the corner, rowed by the men belonging to the cutter. They had been out early to take up the fluke nets and overhaul the lobster pots, and were bringing in what they had caught to the house. A dozen plaice, two or three pairs of large soles, and a turbot twelve pounds weight, made up rather more than an average night's haul, obtained by the rudest of methods. The nets are of fine twine with a large mesh. They are from fifty to a hundred fathoms long, five feet deep, and held perpendicularly on the sand at the bottom, by a line of leads, just sufficient to sink them, and a line of small corks to keep them in an upright position. In these the flat fish entangle themselves—such of them as are stupid enough to persevere in endeavoring to push through, and are without the strength, like the conger and dog-fish, to break the net, and tear a way for themselves. Huge rents showed where creatures of this kind had escaped capture; but the holes are easily mended, and so many fish can be taken with so much ease, that the people do not care to improve on their traditionary ways. It is not for want of ingenuity or industry. The Pat of Kerry is either unlike his kindred in the rest of the island, or they are a calumniated race altogether. On Kilmakilloge, he makes his own boats, he makes his own nets, he twists his own ropes and cables out of the fibre of the bog pine which he digs out of the peat. He wants but a market to change his skiff into a trawler, and to establish a second Brixham at the splendid bay of Ballinskelligs.

Half a dozen skate were lying on the bottom boards among the nobler fish, here used only to be cut up for bait; these, and a monster called an angel shark, begotten long ago, it would appear, from some unlawful concubinage between a dog-fish and a ray. There were three enormous lobsters besides, better in my experience to look at than

to eat. On these coasts it seems as if the young vigorous lobsters kill their own prey without trouble in finding it, and the bait in the wicker pots tempts only the overgrown and aged, whose active powers are failing them.

I was to make the best use of my time, and at breakfast we talked over our plans for the day. Picnics, mountain walks, antiquarianizing expeditions, fishing, salt or fresh, were alternately proposed. The weather luckily came to the assistance of our irresolution. It was still intensely hot. The rivers were low and clear as crystal, so it was vain to think of the salmon. The boatmen reported that the easterly wind was still blowing, but that from the look of the sky, and the breaking of the swell outside the harbor, they expected a shift in the evening, so we agreed to run down the bay in the yacht as long as the land breeze held, and trust to the promised change to bring us back. The ladies declined to accompany us, the ocean roll and a hot sun being a trying combination even to seasoned stomachs. So my friend and I started alone with the boys, with a packed hamper to be prepared against emergencies. The cutter was large enough for its purpose, and not too large. Though we did not intend to court bad weather, we could encounter it without alarm if it overtook us. We had a main cabin, with two sofas and a swing table; a small inner cabin with a single berth, with a kitchen forward, where the men slung their hammocks. We slipped our moorings, and ran out of the harbor, passing the Cowes schooner, which lay lazily at anchor. Her owner and his party were scattered in her various boats, some had gone up to Kenmare marketing, some were pollock fishing, others were engaged in the so-called amusement of shooting the guillemots and the puffins, which unused to firearms sate confidently on the water to be destroyed: beautiful in their living motion, worse than useless when dead. We flung our half uttered maledictions at the idiots, who were bringing dishonor on the name of sportsmen. For a week after the bay was covered with wounded birds, which were dying slowly from being unable to procure food.

Before we turned into the main river

we passed an island on which was a singular bank of earth, wasting year by year by the action of the tide, and almost gone to nothing: it was the last remains of a moraine, deposited who can guess when, by a glacier which has left its scorings everywhere on the hill sides. The people call it Spanish Island, and have a legend that one of the ships of the Armada was wrecked there. It is an unlikely story. No galleon which had doubled the Blaskets would have turned out of its course into the Kenmare river, nor if it had wandered into such a place could easily have been wrecked there. More likely it was a fishing station at a time when Newfoundland was undiscovered, and fleets came annually to these seas from Coruña and Bilbao, for their bacalao—their Lenten cod and ling. As many as two hundred Spanish smacks were then sometimes seen together in the harbor at Valencia.

The breeze freshened as we cleared out of Kilmakilloge. The main bay is here four miles broad, and widens rapidly as it approaches the mouth. We saw the open Atlantic twenty miles from us, and we met the swell with which we had been threatened, but so long and easy that we rose over the waves, scarcely conscious of motion, and rattled along with a three-quarter breeze and every sail drawing, seven knots through the water. We were heading straight for Scarriff, a rock eleven hundred feet high, which, though several miles from the mainland, forms the extreme point of the chain which divides Kenmare river from Ballinskelligs bay. Thousands of sea birds wheeling and screaming over the water showed that the great shoals of small fish which frequent these bays in the autumn had already begun to appear. Gannets, towering like falcons, shot down three hundred feet sheer, disappeared a moment, and rose with shiny sprats struggling in their beaks. Half a dozen herring hogs were having a pleasant time of it, and besides these, two enormous grampuses were showing their sharp black fins at intervals, one thirty feet long, the other evidently larger, how much we could not tell, for he never showed his full length, though he rolled near us, and we could judge his dimensions only from the width across the shoulders. The sprats

were in cruel case. The whales and porpoises hunted them up out of the deep water. The gurnet caught them mid-way. The sea birds swooped on them as they splashed in terror on the surface. They too had doubtless fattened in their turn on smaller victims. Our boys avenged the shades of some of them on one set at least of their persecutors. They threw over their fishing lines, and six or seven big gurnet were flapping in the basket before we had cleared the edge of the shoal.

Creeks and bays opened on either side of us, and closed again as we ran on. As we neared the mouth of the river we saw the waves breaking furiously on a line of rocks some little distance from the north shore. We edged away towards them for a nearer view, when it appeared that the rocks formed anatural breakwater to a still cove, a mile long and half a mile deep, which lay inside. There was a narrow opening at either extremity of the reef. The entrance looked ugly enough, for the line of foam extended from shore to shore, and black jagged points showed themselves in the hollow of the boiling surge, which would have made quick work with us had we grazed them; but my friend knew the soundings to a foot, and as the place was curious he carried me inside. Instantly that we were behind the reef we were in still water three fathoms deep, with a clear sandy bottom. We ran along for a quarter of a mile, and then found ourselves suddenly in front of one of the wicked-looking castles of which so many ruins are to be seen on the coasts of Cork and Kerry. They were all built in the wild times of the sixteenth century, when the anarchy of the land was extended to the ocean, and swarms of outlawed English pirates had their nests in these dangerous creeks. They formed alliances with the O'Sullivans and the McCarties, married their daughters, and shared the plunder with them which they levied indiscriminately on their own and all other nations. While the kingdom of Kerry retained its privileges under the house of Desmond, the Irish Deputies were unable to meddle with them by land, while no cruiser could have ventured to follow them by water through channels guarded so perilously as that by which we had entered.

If the walls of that old tower could have spoken it could have told us many a strange tale, of which every vestige of a legend has now disappeared. We know from contemporary records that the pirates were established in these places. The situation of the castle which we were looking at told unmistakably the occupation of its owner. A second deep creek inside the larger one, sheltered by a natural pier, led directly to the door-step. A couple of miles inland there are traces of a still earlier stratification of sea rovers—in one of the largest and most remarkable of the surviving Danish forts. The Danes, too, had been doubtless guided there by the natural advantages of the situation. I would gladly have landed and looked at it, but time pressed. We left the little bay at the far end of the reef, and half an hour later we were rising and falling on the great waves of the open ocean.

Having been dosed with hard eggs at breakfast I found sickness impossible. They act like wadding in a gun, keeping the charge hard and tight in its place; and after a qualm or two, my stomach finding further contention would lead to no satisfactory result was satisfied to leave me to enjoy myself. The mainland ends on the north side at the Lamb Head, so called perhaps because it is one of the most savage-looking crags on which stranded ship was ever shattered. Outside it are a series of small islands from a few acres to as many square miles in extent, divided from each other by deep channels, a quarter or half a mile in width. It is a place to keep clear of in hazy weather. Irish boatmen may be trusted while they can see their landmarks, but my friend told me that he was caught by a fog in this very place the first time that he had ever been near it. He had a chart and a compass, and had turned in as it was night, leaving the tiller to his captain. Luckily he was not asleep. The roar of the breakers becoming louder he went on deck to look about him, and he found that the fellow knew no more of a compass than of a steam engine, and that he was steering dead upon the rocks. To-day, however, we ran in and out with absolute confidence, and we threaded our way to the splendid cliffs of Searríf, the last of the group, which towered up towards the

sea a thousand feet out of the water. On the land side the slope was more gradual; it was covered with grass and dotted with cattle; in a hollow we saw the smoke of a solitary house; we heard a cock crow and the clacking of a hen, and wild and lonely and dreary as the island seemed the people living there are very reasonably happy and have not the slightest wish to leave it.

From the description given of the scene by Walsingham the historian, Searríf is not improbably the place where a Cornish knight in the time of the second Richard came to a deserved and terrible end. It was a very bad time in England. Religion and society were disorganized; and the savage passions of men released from their natural restraints boiled over in lawlessness and crime. Sir John Arundel, a gentleman of some distinction, had gathered together a party of wild youths to make an expedition to Ireland. He was wind-bound either at Penzance or St. Ives; and being in uneasy quarters, or the time hanging heavy on his hands, he requested hospitality from the abbess of a neighboring nunnery. The abbess, horrified at the prospect of entertaining such unruly guests, begged him to excuse her. But neither excuses nor prayers availed. Arundel and his companions took possession of the convent, which they made the scene of unrestrained and frightful debauchery. The sisters were sacrificed to their appetites, and when the weather changed were carried off to the ship and compelled to accompany their violators. As they neared the Irish coast the gale returned in its fury. Superstition is the inseparable companion of cowardice and cruelty, and the wretched women were flung overboard to propitiate the demon of the storm. "*Approbatum est non esse curæ Deis securitatem nostram, esse ultionem.*" If Providence did not interfere to save the honor or the lives of the poor nuns, at least it revenged their fate. The ship drove before the south-wester, helpless as a disabled wreck. She was hurled on Searríf or possibly on Cape Clear, and was broken instantly to pieces. A handful of half-drowned wretches were saved by the inhabitants to relate their horrible tale. Arundel himself being a powerful swimmer had struggled upon

the rocks alive, but he was caught by a returning wave before he could climb beyond its reach, and he was whirled away in the boiling foam.

With us too the sea was rising heavily. The wind had shifted to the west as the boatmen had foretold, and though as yet there was but little of it, the mercury was falling rapidly. A dark bank of clouds lay along the seaward horizon, and the huge waves which were rolling home and flying in long green sheets up the side of the cliff implied that it was blowing heavily outside. My friend had intended to take me on to the Skelligs, two other islands lying ten miles to the north-west of us, on the larger of which are the remains of a church and of three or four beehive houses which tradition says were once occupied by hermits. The Irish hermits as we know located themselves in many strange places round the coast, and may as well have chosen a home for themselves on the Skelligs as anywhere else. But it is to be noticed also, that even hermits unless supported like Elijah by the ravens must have found food somewhere. During the winter communication with the mainland must have been often impossible for weeks together, and as there is scarcely a square yard of grass on the whole place, they could have kept neither sheep nor cattle. Whoever dwelt in those houses must have lived by fishing. The cod fishing round the rocks is the very best on the whole coast, and remembering how indispensable the dried cod had been made by the fasting rules to the Catholic population of Europe, I cannot help fancying, however unromantic the suggestion may sound, that something more practical than devotion was connected with the community that resided there. We were obliged, however, to abandon all idea of going there for the present. Could we have reached the islands we could not have landed. The cutter was already pitching so heavily that the top of Scarriff, though immediately over us, was occasionally hidden by the waves. If we ventured further we might have found it impossible to recover Kenmare bay and might have been obliged to run for Valencia: so we hauled our wind, went about, and turned our bows homewards. The motion became more easy as we fell off before the

rollers. My friend gave up the tiller to one of the men, and we got out our hamper and stretched ourselves on deck to eat our dinner, for which the tossing, strange to say, had sharpened our appetite. There is no medium at sea. You are either dead sick or ravenous, and we, not excluding the two boys, were the latter.

Among human pleasures there are few more agreeable than that of the cigar which follows a repast of this kind, the cold chicken and the claret having been disposed of, when St. Emilion has tasted like the choicest Lafitte, the sun warm and not too warm, the wind at our backs, and the spring cushions from the cabin tossed about in the confusion which suits the posture in which we are most at ease. As we lay lazily enjoying ourselves, my host pointed out to me one more of the interesting features of the coast. Round the Lamb Head to the north, facing the islands among which we had been dodging, was another small bay, cut out by the action of the waves, at the bottom of which we saw the water breaking on a white line of sand. Behind the sand two valleys met, the slopes of which were covered prettily with wood; and among the trees we could see the smoke and the slated roof of the once famous Derrynane Abbey. There was the ancestral home of the world-celebrated Daniel O'Connell, the last of the old Irish. Dan the First, the Liberator's father, had laid the foundation of the fortune of the family by a handsome smuggling trade. Cargoes of tea and tobacco run on those sands were enclosed in butter casks and sent over the hills on horses' backs to Cork to the store of a confederate merchant, and thence shipped for London as Irish produce. On those moors, Dan the Great hunted his harriers. In the halls of that abbey he feasted friend or foe like an ancient chieftain, and entertained visitors from every corner of Europe. All is gone now. The famine which broke O'Connell's heart lies like an act of oblivion between the Old Ireland and the New, and his own memory is fading like the memory of the age which he represented. Some few local anecdotes of trifling interest hang about the mountains. They say of Dan, as they said of Charles II.: he was the father of

his people, and by the powers 'twas a fine family he had of them. But Ireland has ceased to care for him. His fame blazed like a straw bonfire, and has left behind it scarce a shovelful of ashes. Never any public man had it in his power to do so much real good for his country, nor was there ever one who accomplished so little.

The Lamb Head once more closes in. The wind is fast rising; the crests of the rollers are beginning to break; the yacht flies down the slopes, and steers hard as the pursuing wave overtakes and lifts her. Down comes the topsail; we do not need it now; more than once we have plunged into the wave in front of us, and shipped green water over our bows. The clouds come up with occasional heavy drops of rain. Macgillicuddy's Reeks are already covered; and on the lower mountains the mist is beginning to form. It will be a wet night, and the rivers will fish to-morrow. The harbor has been alive with salmon for the last fortnight waiting for a fresh to take them up. We have still an hour's daylight when we recover the mouth of Kilmakilloge, and are in sight of the woods of Derreen again. As we turn into the harbor the wind is broken off by the land. We are almost becalmed, and the yacht drags slowly through the water. Towards evening the whiting pollock take freely, so the lines are laid out again, and we trail a couple of spinners. One is instantly taken. A small fellow—three pounds weight—comes in unresistingly, and is basketed. A minute after the second line is snatched out of the hands of my young bathing companion, who had hold of it. One of the boatmen catches it, but is unused to light tackle, and drags as if he was hauling up an anchor. He gathers in a yard or two, and then comes a convulsive struggle. Each side pulls his best. One moment of uncertainty, a plunge and a splash at the end of the line in our wake, and then all is over; and we can imagine, without fear of contradiction, that we had hold of a conger eel at least, if not the sea serpent himself.

The rain came down as we expected; rain like the torrents of the tropics, such as we rarely see in these islands outside Kerry. The mountains arrest the wet-laden currents as they come in from the

Atlantic, condensing the moisture into masses of cloud, which at once discharge themselves in cataracts. We spend the evening hunting out our fishing-boxes, sorting flies, and trying casting-lines. The sky clears soon after sunrise. The keeper has been down early to examine the condition of the water, and is waiting for us with his report on the rock outside the hall door after breakfast.

There is no haste. The rivers are still coming down brown and thick, and though the floods run off rapidly there will be no fishing till towards noon. We look about us, and the rock on which we are standing is itself a curiosity. The surface of it has been ground as smooth as a table. In the direction of the valley, and crossing the lines of cleavage, it is grooved by the ice-plane which has passed over it. The pebbles brought down from the hills and bedded in the under surface of the glacier have cut into the stone like chisels, and have left marks which the rain of unnumbered years has failed to erase. Such is the modern theory, which is accepted as absolutely proved because we are at present unable to conceive any other agency by which the effect could have been brought about. Yet the inability to form another hypothesis may arise, it is at least possible, from limitations in ourselves, and attends as a matter of course every generally received scientific conjecture. The theory of epicycles was once considered to be proved, because no other explanation would then be offered of the retrogression of the planets; and when we consider the fate of so many past philosophies, accepted in their time as certain, and made the ridicule of later generations, misgivings obtrude themselves that even the glacier theory a hundred years hence may have gone the way of its predecessors, and that the ice may have become as mythical as the footprints of the fairies.

But the rock has a later and more human interest. The fortunate Englishman to whom at the close of the seventeenth century these vast estates passed by confiscation, was contented to leave the heads of the old families shorn of their independence, but still ruling as his representatives on the scene of their ancient dominions. So matters continued for

more than a century. The O's and the Mac's retained their place even under the penal laws; and the absentee landlord was contented with his rent and asked no questions. A change came after the Union. The noble owner of the Kenmare mountains awoke to the value and perhaps to the responsibilities of his inheritance. He prepared to draw his connection closer with it and to resume the privileges which had been too long spared. Macfinnan Dhu, the black Macfinnan, the predecessor of Morty, was then ruling at Derreen. The lord of the soil, to soften the blow which he was about to administer, sent Macfinnan a present of wine, which arrived duly from London in a large hamper. Macfinnan carried it to the top of the rock on which we were standing, called up every Irish curse which hung in song or prose in the recollection of the valley, on the intruding stranger who was robbing the Celt of the land of his fathers. At each imprecation he smashed a bottle on the stone, and only ceased his litany of vengeance when the last drop had been spilt of his infernal libation. Such is the story on the spot: true or false, who can tell? My host said that in the unusual heat of the summer before last the turf which covers the side of the rock had shrunk a foot or two beyond its usual limits, and that fragments of broken bottles were indisputably found there; but whether they were the remains of Macfinnan's solemnity or were the more vulgar relics of a later drinking bout, we are left to our own conjecture.

But I must introduce my readers to the keeper, who is a prominent person at Derreen. He is a Scot from Aberdeen, by name Jack Harper, descendant it may be of the Harper who called "time" over the witches' caldron, but himself as healthy a piece of humanity as ever stood six feet in his stockings, or stalked a stag upon the Grampians. He was imported as a person not to be influenced by the ways and customs of the country. The agent, however, forgot to import a wife along with him. It was not in nature that a handsome young fellow of twenty-five should remain the solitary occupant of his lodge, and he soon found an Irish lassie who was not unwilling to share it with him.

Jack was a Protestant and obstinate in his way, and declined the chapel ceremonial, but the registrar at Kenmare settled the legal part of the business. The priest arranged the rest with the wife, and a couple of children clinging to the skirts of Jack's kilt showed in face and figure the double race from which they had sprung: the boy thick-limbed, yellow-haired, with blue eyes and a strong Scotch accent, which he had caught from his father, while the girl with dark skin, soft brown curls, and features of refined and exquisite delicacy, showed the blood of the pure Celt of Kerry, unspoilt by infiltration from Dane or Norman. Being alone in his creed in the valley, Jack attends chapel, though holding the proceedings there in some disdain. He does not trouble himself about confession, but he pays the priest his dues, and the priest in turn he tells me is worth a dozen watchers to him. If his traps are stolen on the mountains, or a salmon is made away with on the spawning beds, he reports his grievances at the chapel, and the curses of the Church are at his service. Religion down here means right and wrong, and materially, perhaps, not much besides.

But the morning is growing on. I am left in Jack's hands for the day, my host having business elsewhere. He takes charge of rod and landing net, slings a big basket on his back, and whistling his dogs about him, and with a short pipe in his mouth he leads the way down the drive to the gate. We halt on the bridge of the little river, but a glance at the bridge pool shows that we shall do no good there. The water is still muddy and thick, and not a fish will move in it for two hours at least. We must go to the second river where the mountain floods are first intercepted by the lake: in this the dirt settles, and leaves the stream that runs out of it to the sea comparatively clear. We have a mile and a half to walk, and I hear on the way what Jack has to tell about the place and people. Before the famine the glen had been densely inhabited, and had suffered terribly in consequence. Ruined cottages in all directions showed where human creatures had once multiplied like rabbits in a warren. Miles upon miles of unfin-

ished roads, now overgrown with gorse, were monuments of the efforts which had been made to find them in work and food. But the disaster was too great and too sudden and too universal to be so encountered. Hundreds died, and hundreds more were provided with free passages to America, and the valley contains but a fourth of its old inhabitants. Its present occupants are now doing well. There are no signs of poverty among them. They are tenants at will, but so secure is the custom of the country that they have no fear of dispossession. An English political economist had once suggested that they should be all got rid of, and the glen be turned into a deer forest. But the much-abused Irish proprietors are less inhuman than the Scotch, and here at least there is no disposition to outrage the affection with which the people cling to their homes. There is, however, no wish among them to return to the old state of things. When a tenant dies his eldest son succeeds him. The brothers emigrate where friends are waiting for them in America, and they carry with them a hope, not always disappointed, of returning when they have a balance at the bank, and can stock a farm in the old country on their own account.

We pass a singular mound covered with trees at the road side, with a secluded field behind it sprinkled over with hawthorns. The field is the burying-place of the babies that die unbaptized, unconsecrated by the Church but hallowed by sentiment, and treated seemingly with more reverence than the neglected graveyard. The mound is circular, with sloping sides twenty feet high, and sixty feet in diameter at the top. It is a *rath* of which there are ten or twelve in the glen, and many more in other parts of Kerry. This one has never been opened, being called the Fairy's house, and is protected by superstition; another like it, at the back of Derreen, has been cleared out, and can be entered without difficulty. The outer wall must have been first built of stone. The interior was then divided into narrow compartments, ten or twelve feet long by five feet broad, each with an air-hole through the wall, and communicating with one another by low but

firmly constructed doors. Massive slabs were laid at the top to form a roof, and the whole structure was finally covered in with turf. They were evidently houses of some kind, though when built or by whom is a mystery. Human remains are rarely found in any of them, and whether these chambers were themselves occupied, or whether they were merely the cellars of some lighter building of timber and wicker-work raised above them, is a point on which the antiquarians are undecided. Whatever they were, however, they are monuments of some past age of Irish history; and the stone circles and gigantic pillars standing wild and weird in the gorges of the mountains, are perhaps the tombs of the race who lived in them. No one knows at present, for Derreen lies out of the line of tourists. By and by, when the feeling of respect for burial places, however ancient, which still clings to Kerry, has been civilized away, the tombs will be broken into and searched, and then as elsewhere the curious antiquary will find golden torques and armlets among the crumbling bones of the chiefs of the age of Ossian.

But here we are at the river; we have passed two salt lagoons surrounded with banks of reeds, which are the haunts in winter of innumerable wild fowl, and even now are dotted over with broods of flappers which have been hatched among the flags. At the top of the farther of these we cross a bridge where the river enters it, for the wind is coming from the other side and is blowing three quarters of a gale. We follow the bank for half a mile, where the water is broken and shallow, and the salmon pass through without resting. Then turning the angle of a rock, we come to a pool a quarter of a mile long, terminating in a circular basin eighty yards across, out of which the water plunges through a narrow gorge.

The pool has been cut through a peat bog, and the greater part of it is twenty feet deep. A broad fringe of water-lilies lines the banks, leaving, however, an available space for throwing a fly upon between them. This is the great resting-place of the fish on their way to the lake and the upper river. The water is high, and almost flowing over on the bog. The wind catches it fairly,

tearing along the surface and sweeping up the crisp waves in white clouds of spray. The party from the yacht was before us, but they are on the wrong side, trying vainly to send their flies in the face of the south-wester, which whirls their casting lines back over their heads. They have caught a peal or two, and one of them reports that he was broken by a tremendous fish at the end of the round pool. Jack directs them to a bend higher up, where they will find a second pool as good as this one, with a more favorable slant of wind, while I put my rod together and turn over the leaves of my fly-book. Among the marvels of art and nature I know nothing equal to a salmon-fly. It resembles no insect, winged or unwinged, which the fish can have seen. A shrimp, perhaps, is the most like it, if there are degrees in utter dissimilarity. Yet every river is supposed to have its favorite flies. Size, color, shape, all are peculiar. Here vain tastes prevail for golden pheasant and blue and crimson parroquet. There the salmon are as sober as Quakers, and will look at nothing but drabs and browns. Nine parts of this are fancy, but there is still a portion of truth in it. Bold hungry fish will take anything in any river; shy fish will undoubtedly rise and splash at a stranger's fly, while they will swallow what is offered them by any one who knows their ways. It may be something in the color of the water; it may be something in the color of the banks: experience is too uniform to allow the fact itself to be questioned. Under Jack's direction, I select small flies about the size of green drakes: one a sombre gray, with silver twist about him, a claret hackle, a mallard wing, streaked faintly on the lower side with red and blue. The drop fly is still darker, with purple legs and olive green wings and body.

We move to the head of the pool and begin to cast in the gravelly shallows, on which the fish lie to feed in a flood, a few yards above the deep water. A white trout or two rise, and presently I am fast in something which excites momentary hopes. The heavy rod bends to the butt. A yard or two of line runs out, but a few seconds show that it is only a large trout which has struck at the fly with his tail, and has been hooked

foul. He cannot break me, and I do not care if he escapes, so I bear hard upon him and drag him by main force to the side, where Harper slips the net under his head, and the next moment he is on the bank. Two pounds within an ounce or so, but clean run from the sea, brought up by last night's flood, and without a stain of the bog-water on the pure silver of his scales. He has disturbed the shallow, so we move a few steps down.

There is an alder bush on the opposite side, where the strength of the river is running. It is a long cast. The wind is blowing so hard that I can scarcely keep my footing, and the gusts whirl so unsteadily that I cannot hit the exact spot, where if there is a salmon in the neighborhood he is lying.

The line flies out straight at last, but I have now thrown a few inches too far; my tail fly is in the bush dangling across an overhanging bough. An impatient movement, a jerk, or a straight pull, and I am "hung up" as the phrase is, and delayed for half an hour at least. Happily there is a lull in the storm. I shake the point of the rod. The vibration runs along the line; the fly drops softly like a leaf upon the water—and as it floats away something turns heavily, and a huge brown back is visible for an instant through a rift in the surface. But the line comes home. He was an old stager, as we could see by his color, no longer ravenous as when fresh from the salt water. He was either lazy and missed the fly, or it was not entirely to his mind. He was not touched, and we drew back to consider. "Over him again while he is angry," is the saying in some rivers, and I have known it to answer where the fish feed greedily. But it will not do here; we must give him time; and we turn again to the fly book. When a salmon rises at a small fly as if he meant business yet fails to take it, the rule is to try another of the same pattern a size larger. This too however just now Jack thinks unfavorably of. The salmon is evidently a very large one, and will give us enough to do if we hook him. He therefore as one precaution takes off the drop fly lest it catch in the water-lilies. He next puts the knots of the casting line through a severe trial; replaces an un-

sound joint with a fresh link of gut, and finally produces out of his hat a "hook"—he will not call it a fly—of his own dressing. It is like a particolored father-long-legs, a thing which only some frantic specimen of orchid ever seriously approached, a creature whose wings were two strips of the fringe of a peacock's tail, whose legs descended from blue jay through red to brown, and terminated in a pair of pink trailers two inches long. Jack had found it do and he believed it would do for me. And so it did. I began to throw again six feet above the bush, for a salmon often shifts his ground after rising. One cast—a second—another trout rises which we receive with an anathema, and drag the fly out of his reach. The fourth throw there is a swirl like the wave which arises under the blade of an oar, a sharp sense of hard resistance, a pause, and then a rush for the dear life. The wheel shrieks, the line hisses through the rings, and thirty yards down the pool the great fish springs madly six feet into the air. The hook is firm in his upper jaw; he had not shaken its hold, for the hook had gone into the bone—pretty subject of delight for a reasonable man, an editor of a magazine, and a would-be philosopher, turned fifty! The enjoyments of the unreasoning part of us cannot be defended on grounds of reason, and experience shows that men who are all logic and morals, and have nothing of the animal left in them, are poor creatures after all.

Any way I defy philosophy with a twenty-pound salmon fast hooked and a pool right ahead four hundred yards long, and half full of water-lilies. "Keep him up the strame," shrieked a Paddy, who, on the screaming of the wheel, had flung down his spade in the turf bog and rushed up to see the sport. "Keep him up the strame, your honor—bloody wars! you'll lost him else." We were at fault Jack and I. We did not understand why down stream was particularly dangerous, and Pat was too eager and too busy swearing to explain himself. Alas, his meaning became soon but too intelligible. I had overtaken the fish on the bank and had wheeled in the line again, but he was only collecting himself for a fresh rush, and the next minute it seemed as if the bottom had been

knocked out of the pool and an opening made into infinity. Round flew the wheel again; fifty yards were gone in as many seconds, the rod was bending double, and the line pointed straight down; straight as if there was a lead at the end of it and unlimited space in which to sink. "Ah, didn't I tell ye so?" said Pat; "what will we do now?" Too late Jack remembered that fourteen feet down at the bottom of that pool lay the stem of a fallen oak, below which the water had made a clear channel. The fish had turned under it, and whether he was now up the river or down, or where he was, who could tell? He stopped at last. "Hold him hard," said Jack, hurling off his clothes, and while I was speculating whether it would be possible to drag him back the way that he had gone, his pink body flashed from behind me, bounded off the bank with a splendid header and disappeared. He was under for a quarter of a minute; when he rose he had the line in his hand between the fish and the tree.

"All right!" he sputtered, swimming with the other hand to the bank and scrambling up. "Run the rest of the line off the reel, and out through the rings." He had divined by a brilliant instinct the only remedy for our situation. The thing was done, fast as Pat and I could ply our fingers. The loose end was drawn round the log, and while Jack was humoring the fish with his hand and dancing up and down the bank regardless of proprieties, we had carried it back down the rings, replaced it on the wheel, wound in the slack, and had again command of the situation.

The salmon had played his best stroke. It had failed him, and he now surrendered like a gentleman. A mean-spirited fish will go to the bottom, bury himself in the weeds, and sulk. Ours set his head toward the sea, and sailed down the length of the pool in the open water without attempting any more plunges. As his strength failed he turned heavily on his back, and allowed himself to be drawn to the shore. The gaff was in his side, and he was ours. He was larger than we had guessed him. Clear run he would have weighed twenty-five pounds. The fresh water had reduced him to twenty-two, but without softening his muscle or touching his strength.

The fight had tired us all. If middle age does not impair the enjoyment of sport, it makes the appetite for it less voracious, and a little pleases more than a great deal. I delight in a mountain walk when I must work hard for my five brace of grouse. I see no amusement in dawdling over a lowland moor where the packs are as thick as chickens in a poultry-yard. I like better than most things a day with my own dogs in scattered covers, when I know not what may rise, a woodcock, an odd pheasant, a snipe in the outlying willow-bed, and perhaps a mallard or a teal. A hare or two falls in agreeably when the mistress of the house takes an interest in the bag. I detest battues and hot corners, and slaughter for slaughter's sake. I wish every tenant in England had his share in amusements, which in moderation are good for us all, and was allowed to shoot such birds or beasts as were bred on his own farm, any clause in his lease to the contrary notwithstanding.

Anyhow I had had enough of salmon fishing for the day. We gave the rod and the basket to Pat to carry home, the big fish which he was too proud to conceal flapping on his back. Jack and I ate our luncheon and smoked our pipes beside the fall, and Jack, before we went home, undertook to show me the lake. The river followed the bend of the valley. We took a shorter cut over a desolate and bare piece of mountain, and as we crossed the ridge we found ourselves suddenly in the luxuriant softness of a miniature Killarney. The lake was scarcely a mile in length, but either the wood-cutters had been less busy there, or nature had repaired the havoc that they had made. Half a dozen small islands were scattered on it, covered with arbutus and holly. The rocks on one side fell in grand precipices to the water. At the end was the opening of Glanmore valley, with its masses of forest, its emerald meadows and cooing wood-pigeons, and bright, limpid river reaches. For its size there is no more lovely spot in the south of Ireland than Glanmore. It winds among the mountains for six miles beyond the lake, closed in at the extremity with the huge mass of Hungry Hill, from the top of which you look down upon Berehaven. Here too the idea of sport pursued us—stray

deer wandered over now and then from Glengariff—and my companion had stories of mighty bags of woodcocks made sometimes there when the snow was on the hills. My eye however was rather caught by a singular ruin of modern, unvenerable kind on the largest of the islands. Some chieftain's castle had once stood there, as we could see from the remains of massive walls on the water-line; but this had been long destroyed, and in the place of it there had been a cottage of some pretensions, which in turn was now roofless. The story of it, so far as Jack could tell me, was this.

Forty years ago or thereabouts a Major —, who had difficulties with his creditors, came into these parts to hide himself, built the cottage on the island, and lived there; and when the bailiffs found him out held them at bay with pistol and blunderbuss. The people of the glen provided him with food. The Irish are good friends to any one who is on bad terms with the authorities. Like Goethe's elves—

Ob er heilig, ob er böse,
Jammert sie der Unglücksmann—

So here Major — fished and shot and laughed at the attempts to arrest him. His sin however found him out at last. You may break the English laws as you please in Ireland, but there are some laws which you may not break, as Major — found. In the farm-house which supplied him with his milk and eggs, was a girl who anywhere but in Glanmore would have been called exceptionally beautiful. Major — abused the confidence which was placed in him, and seduced her. He had to fly for his life. Such is the present legend, as true, perhaps, as much that passes by the name of history. Major — himself might tell another story.

My space has run out. My tale is still half told. The next day was Sunday. The day following was August 20, when Irish grouse-shooting begins. If the reader's patience is unexhausted he shall hear of the scratch-bag we made in a scramble of thirty miles; of the weird woman that we saw among the cliffs; of the "crass bull" that we fell in with, and the double murder in

Coomengoura. I have to tell him too how the grandson of Macfinnan Dhu was caught red-handed spearing salmon, and how the bloody Saxon had to stand between him and eviction. How we held a land court in the hall at Derreen, and settled a disputed inheritance. How we went to the Holy Lake and saw the pilgrims from America there, and how when mass was over they made a night of it with the whiskey-booths and the card-sharpers. How we had another sail upon the river, how we attended a tenant-right meeting at the board of guardians at Kenmare, and how the chairman floored the middle-man there,

to the delight of all his audience—the chairman, the brightest of companions, the most charming of men of business, the hero of the seal fight in Mr. Trench's *Realities of Irish Life*. All this the reader shall hear if his curiosity leads him to wish for it. If he is sick of this light fare and desires more solid pudding, we will dress our dishes to his mind, and the rest of my pleasant memories shall abide with myself, woven in bright colors in the web of my life by the fingers of the three sisters—my own, and never to be taken from me, let the future bring what fate it will.

J. A. F.

Macmillan's Magazine.

ON DESCARTES' "DISCOURSE TOUCHING THE METHOD OF USING ONE'S REASON RIGHTLY AND OF SEEKING SCIENTIFIC TRUTH."

An Address to the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY. ¶

It has been well said that "all the thoughts of men, from the beginning of the world until now, are linked together into one great chain," but the conception of the intellectual filiation of mankind which is expressed in these words may, perhaps, be more fitly shadowed forth by a different metaphor. The thoughts of men seem rather to be comparable to the leaves, flowers, and fruit upon the innumerable branches of a few great stems, fed by commingled and hidden roots. These stems bear the names of the half-a-dozen men, endowed with intellects of heroic force and clearness, to whom we are led, at whatever point of the world of thought the attempt to trace its history commences; just as certainly as the following up the small twigs of a tree to the branchlets which bear them, and tracing the branchlets to their supporting branches, brings us, sooner or later, to the bole.

It seems to me that the thinker who, more than any other, stands in the relation of such a stem towards the philosophy and the science of the modern world is René Descartes. I mean, that if you lay hold of any characteristic product of modern ways of thinking,

either in the region of philosophy, or in that of science, you find the spirit of that thought, if not its form, to have been present in the mind of the great Frenchman.

There are some men who are counted great because they represent the actuality of their own age, and mirror it as it is. Such an one was Voltaire, of whom it was epigrammatically said, "he expressed everybody's thoughts better than anybody."* But there are other men who attain greatness because they embody the potentiality of their own day, and magically reflect the future. They express the thoughts which will be everybody's two or three centuries after them. Such an one was Descartes.

Born, in 1596, nearly three hundred years ago, of a noble family in Touraine, René Descartes grew up into a sickly and diminutive child, whose keen wit soon gained him that title of "the Philosopher," which, in the mouths of his noble kinsmen, was more than half a reproach. The best schoolmasters of the day, the Jesuits, educated him as well as a French boy of the seventeenth

* I forget who it was said of him: "Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a."

century could be educated. And they must have done their work honestly and well, for, before his schoolboy days were over, he had discovered that the most of what he had learned, except in mathematics, was devoid of solid and real value.

"Therefore," says he, in that "Discourse"* which I have taken as my text, as soon as I was old enough to be set free from the government of my teachers, I entirely forsook the study of letters; and determining to seek no other knowledge than that which I could discover within myself, or in the great book of the world, I spent the remainder of my youth in travelling; in seeing courts and armies; in the society of people of different humors and conditions; in gathering varied experience; in testing myself by the chances of fortune; and in always trying to profit by my reflections on what happened . . . And I always had an intense desire to learn how to distinguish truth from falsehood, in order to be clear about my actions, and to walk surefootedly in this life."

But "learn what is true, in order to do what is right," is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are unable to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority; and to those of us moderns who are in this position, it is one of Descartes' great claims to our reverence as a spiritual ancestor, that, at three-and-twenty, he saw clearly that this was his duty, and acted up to his conviction. At two-and-thirty, in fact, finding all other occupations incompatible with the search after the knowledge which leads to action, and being possessed of a modest competence, he withdrew into Holland; where he spent nine years in learning and thinking, in such privacy and retirement that only one or two trusted friends knew of his whereabouts.

In 1637 the first-fruits of these long meditations were given to the world in the famous "Discourse touching the Method of using Reason rightly, and of seeking Scientific Truth," which, at once an autobiography and a philosophy, clothes the deepest thought in lan-

guage of exquisite harmony, simplicity, and clearness.

The central propositions of the whole "Discourse" are these. There is a path which leads to truth so surely, that any one who will follow it must needs reach the goal, whether his capacity be great or small. And there is one guiding rule by which a man may always find this path and keep himself from straying when he has found it. This golden rule is—give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted.

The enunciation of this great first commandment of science consecrated Doubt. It removed Doubt from the seat of penance among the grievous sins to which it had long been condemned, and enthroned it in that high place among the primary duties, which is assigned to it by the scientific conscience of these latter days. Descartes was the first among the moderns to obey this commandment deliberately; and, as a matter of religious duty, to strip off all his beliefs and reduce himself to a state of intellectual nakedness, until such time as he could satisfy himself which were fit to be worn. He thought a bare skin healthier than the most respectable and well-cut clothing of what might, possibly, be mere shoddy.

When I say that Descartes consecrated doubt, you must remember that it was that sort of doubt which Goethe has called "the active scepticism, whose whole aim is to conquer itself;" and not that other sort which is born of flippancy and ignorance, and whose aim is only to perpetuate itself, as an excuse for idleness and indifference. But it is impossible to define what is meant by scientific doubt better than by Descartes' own words. After describing the gradual progress of his negative criticism he tells us: "For all that, I did not imitate the sceptics, who doubt only for doubting's sake, and pretend to be always undecided; on the contrary, my whole intention was to arrive at certainty, and to dig away the drift and the sand until I reached the rock or the clay beneath."

And further, since no man of common sense, when he pulls down his house for the purpose of rebuilding it, fails to pro-

* "Discours de la Méthode pour bien conduire sa Reason et chercher la Vérité dans les Sciences."

vide himself with some shelter while the work is in progress; so, before demolishing the spacious, if not commodious, mansion of his old beliefs, Descartes thought it wise to equip himself with what he calls "*une morale par provision*," by which he resolved to govern his practical life until such time as he should be better instructed. The laws of this "provisional self-government" are embodied in four maxims, of which one binds our philosopher to submit himself to the laws and religion in which he was brought up; another, to act, on all those occasions which call for action, promptly and according to the best of his judgment, and to abide, without repining, by the result; a third rule is to seek happiness in limiting his desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them; while the last is to make the search after truth the business of his life.

Thus prepared to go on living while he doubted, Descartes proceeded to face his doubts like a man. One thing was clear to him, he would not lie to himself—would, under no penalties, say, "I am sure" of that of which he was not sure; but would go on digging and delving until he came to the solid adamant; or, at worst, made sure there was no adamant. As the record of his progress tells us, he was obliged to confess that life is full of delusions; that authority may err; that testimony may be false or mistaken; that reason lands us in endless fallacies; that memory is often as little trustworthy as hope; that the evidence of the very senses may be misunderstood; that dreams are real as long as they last, and that what we call reality may be a long and restless dream. Nay, it is conceivable that some powerful and malicious being may find his pleasure in deluding us, and in making us believe the thing which is not, every moment of our lives. What, then, is certain? What even, if such a being exists, is beyond the reach of his powers of delusion? Why, the fact that the thought, the present consciousness, exists. Our thoughts may be delusive, but they cannot be fictitious. As thoughts, they are real and existent, and the cleverest deceiver cannot make them otherwise.

Thus, thought is existence. More than that, so far as we are concerned,

existence is thought, all our conceptions of existence being some kind or other of thought. Do not for a moment suppose that these are mere paradoxes or subtleties. A little reflection upon the commonest facts proves them to be impregnable truths. For example, I take up a marble, and I find it to be a red, round, hard single body. We call the redness, the roundness, the hardness, and the singleness, "qualities" of the marble; and it sounds, at first, the height of absurdity to say that all these qualities are modes of our own consciousness, which cannot even be conceived to exist in the marble. But take the redness, for example. How does the sensation of redness arise? The waves of a certain very attenuated matter, the particles of which are vibrating with vast rapidity, but with very different velocities, strike upon the marble, and those which vibrate with one particular velocity are thrown off from its surface in all directions. The optical apparatus of the eye gathers some of these together, and gives them such a course that they strike upon the surface of the retina, which is a singularly delicate apparatus, connected with the termination of the fibres of the optic nerve. The impulses of the attenuated matter, or ether, affect this apparatus and the fibres of the optic nerve in a certain way; and the change in the fibres of the optic nerve produces yet other changes in the brain; and these, in some fashion unknown to us, give rise to the feeling of consciousness, of redness. If the marble could remain unchanged, and either the rate of vibration of the ether, or the nature of the retina, could be altered, the marble would seem not red, but some other color. There are many people who are what are called color-blind, being unable to distinguish one color from another. Such an one might declare our marble to be green; and he would be quite as right in saying that it is green, as we are in declaring it to be red. But then, as the marble cannot, in itself, be both green and red at the same time, this shows that the quality "redness" must be in our consciousness and not in the marble.

In like manner, it is easy to see that the roundness and the hardness are forms of our consciousness, belonging to

the groups which we call sensations of sight and touch. If the surface of the cornea were cylindrical, we should have a very different notion of a round body from that which we possess now ; and if the strength of the fabric, and the force of the muscles, of the body were increased a hundredfold, our marble would seem to be as soft as a pellet of bread-crumbs.

Not only is it obvious that all these qualities are in us, but, if you will make the attempt, you will find it quite impossible to conceive of "blueness," "roundness," and "hardness" as existing without reference to some such consciousness as our own. It may seem strange to say that even the "singleness" of the marble is relative to us ; but very simple experiments will show that such is veritably the case, and that our two most trustworthy senses may be made to contradict one another on this very point. Hold the marble between the finger and thumb, and look at it in the ordinary way. Sight and touch agree that it is single. Now squint, and sight tells you that there are two marbles, while touch asserts that there is only one. Next, return the eyes to their natural position, and having crossed the fore-finger and the middle finger, put the marble between their tips. Then touch will declare that there are two marbles, while sight says there is only one ; and touch claims our belief, when we attend to it, just as imperatively as sight does.

But it may be said, the marble takes up a certain space which could not be occupied, at the same time, by anything else. In other words, the marble has the primary quality of matter, extension. Surely this quality must be in the thing, and not in our minds ? But the reply must still be ; whatever may, or may not, exist in the thing, all that we can know of these qualities is a state of consciousness. What we call extension is a consciousness of a relation between two, or more, affections of the sense of sight or of touch. And it is wholly inconceivable that what we call extension should exist independently of such consciousness as our own. Whether, notwithstanding this inconceivability, it does so exist, or not, is a point on which I offer no opinion.

Thus, whatever our marble may be in itself, all that we can know of it is under the shape of a bundle of our own consciousnesses.

Nor is our knowledge of anything we know or feel, more, or less, than a knowledge of states of consciousness. And our whole life is made up of such states. Some of these states we refer to a cause we call "self ;" others to a cause or causes which may be comprehended under the title of "not-self." But neither of the existence of "self," nor of that of "not-self," have we, or can we by any possibility have, any such unquestionable and immediate certainty as we have of the states of consciousness which we consider to be their effects. They are not immediately observed facts, but results of the application of the law of causation to those facts. Strictly speaking, the existence of a "self" and of a "not-self" are hypotheses by which we account for the facts of consciousness. They stand upon the same footing as the belief in the general trustworthiness of memory, and in the general constancy of the order of nature—as hypothetical assumptions which cannot be proved, or known with that highest degree of certainty which is given by immediate consciousness ; but which, nevertheless, are of the highest practical value, inasmuch as the conclusions logically drawn from them are always verified by experience.

This, in my judgment, is the ultimate issue of Descartes' argument ; but it is proper for me to point out that we have left Descartes himself some way behind us. He stopped at the famous formula, "I think, therefore I am." But a little consideration will show this formula to be full of snares and verbal entanglements. In the first place, the "therefore" has no business there. The "I am" is assumed in the "I think," which is simply another way of saying "I am thinking." And, in the second place, "I think" is not one simple proposition, but three distinct assertions rolled into one. The first of these is, "something called I exists ;" the second is, "something called thought exists ;" and the third is, "the thought is the result of the action of the I."

Now, it will be obvious to you, that the only one of these three propositions

which can stand the Cartesian test of certainty is the second. It cannot be doubted, for the very doubt is an existent thought. But the first and third, whether true or not, may be doubted, and have been doubted. For the assessor may be asked, How do you know that thought is not self-existence; or that a given thought is not the effect of its antecedent thought, or of some external power? and a diversity of other questions, much more easily put than answered. Descartes, determined as he was to strip off all the garments which the intellect weaves for itself, forgot this gossamer shirt of the "self;" to the great detriment, and indeed ruin, of his toilet when he began to clothe himself again.

But it is beside my purpose to dwell upon the minor peculiarities of the Cartesian philosophy. All I wish to put clearly before your minds thus far, is that Descartes, having commenced by declaring doubt to be a duty, found certainty in consciousness alone; and that the necessary outcome of his views is what may properly be termed Idealism; namely, the doctrine that, whatever the universe may be, all we can know of it is the picture presented to us by consciousness. This picture may be a true likeness—though how this can be is inconceivable; or it may have no more resemblance to its cause than one of Bach's fugues has to the person who is playing it; or than a piece of poetry has to the mouth and lips of a reciter. It is enough for all the practical purposes of human existence if we find that our trust in the representations of consciousness is verified by results; and that, by their help, we are enabled "to walk surefootedly in this life."

Thus the method, or path which leads to truth, indicated by Descartes, takes us straight to the Critical Idealism of his great successor Kant. It is that Idealism which declares the ultimate fact of all knowledge to be a consciousness, or, in other words, a mental phenomenon; and therefore affirms the highest of all certainties, and indeed the only absolute certainty, to be the existence of mind. But it is also that Idealism which refuses to make any assertions, either positive or negative, as to what lies beyond consciousness. It accuses the subtle Berkeley of stepping beyond

the limits of knowledge when he declared that a substance of matter does not exist; and of illogicality, for not seeing that the arguments which he supposed demolished the existence of matter were equally destructive to the existence of soul. And it equally refuses to listen to the jargon of more recent days about the Absolute, and all the other hypostatized adjectives, the initial letters of the names of which are generally printed in capital letters; just as you give a Grenadier a bearskin cap, to make him look more formidable than he is by nature.

I repeat, the path indicated and followed by Descartes which we have hitherto been treading, leads through doubt to that critical Idealism which lies at the heart of modern metaphysical thought. But the "Discourse" shows us another, and apparently very different, path, which leads, quite as definitely, to that correlation of all the phenomena of the universe with matter and motion, which lies at the heart of modern physical thought, and which most people call Materialism.

The early part of the seventeenth century, when Descartes reached manhood, is one of the great epochs of the intellectual life of mankind. At that time, physical science suddenly strode into the arena of public and familiar thought, and openly challenged, not only Philosophy and the Church, but that common ignorance which passes by the name of Common Sense. The assertion of the motion of the earth was a defiance to all three, and Physical Science threw down her glove by the hand of Galileo.

It is not pleasant to think of the immediate result of the combat; to see the champion of science, old, worn, and on his knees before the Cardinal Inquisitor, signing his name to what he knew to be a lie. And, no doubt, the Cardinals rubbed their hands as they thought how well they had silenced and discredited their adversary. But two hundred years have passed, and however feeble or faulty her soldiers, Physical Science sits crowned and enthroned as one of the legitimate rulers of the world of thought. Charity children would be ashamed not to know that the earth moves; while the Schoolmen are forgotten; and the Cardinals—well, the Cardinals are at

the Œcumenical Council, still at their old business of trying to stop the movement of the world.

As a ship, which having lain becalmed with every stitch of canvas set, bounds away before the breeze which springs up astern, so the mind of Descartes, poised in equilibrium of doubt, not only yielded to the full force of the impulse towards physical science and physical ways of thought, given by his great contemporaries, Galileo and Harvey, but shot beyond them; and anticipated, by bold speculation, the conclusions, which could only be placed upon a secure foundation by the labors of generations of workers.

Descartes saw that the discoveries of Galileo meant that the remotest parts of the universe were governed by mechanical laws; while those of Harvey meant that the same laws presided over the operations of that portion of the world which is nearest to us, namely, our own bodily frame. And crossing the interval between the centre and its vast circumference by one of the great strides of genius, Descartes sought to resolve all the phenomena of the universe into matter and motion, or forces operating according to law.* This grand conception, which is sketched in the "Discours," and more fully developed in the "Principes" and in the "Traité de l'Homme," he worked out with extraordinary power and knowledge, and with the effect of arriving, in the last-named essay, at that purely mechanical view of vital phenomena towards which modern physiology is striving.

Let us try to understand how Descartes got into this path, and why it led him where it did. The mechanism of the circulation of the blood had evidently taken a great hold of his mind, as he describes it several times, at much length. After giving a full account of it in the "Discours," and erroneously ascribing the motion of the blood, not to the contraction of the walls of the heart, but to the heat which he supposes

to be generated there, he adds: "This motion which I have just explained is as much the necessary result of the structure of the parts which one can see in the heart, and of the heat which one may feel there with one's fingers, and of the nature of the blood, which may be experimentally ascertained; as is that of a clock of the force, the situation, and the figure of its weight and of its wheels."

But if this apparently vital operation were explicable as a simple mechanism, might not other vital operations be reducible to the same category? Descartes replies without hesitation in the affirmative. "The animal spirits," says he, "resemble a very subtle fluid, or a very pure and vivid flame, and are continually generated in the heart, and ascend to the brain as to a sort of reservoir. Hence they pass into the nerves and are distributed to the muscles, causing contraction, or relaxation, according to their quantity."

Thus, according to Descartes, the animal body is an automaton, which is competent to perform all the animal functions in exactly the same way as a clock or any other piece of mechanism. As he puts the case himself: "In proportion as these spirits (the animal spirits) enter the cavities of the brain, they pass thence into the pores of its substance, and from these pores into the nerves; where, according as they enter, or even only tend to enter, more or less, into one than into another, they have the power of altering the figure of the muscles into which the nerves are inserted, and by this means of causing all the muscles to move. Thus, as you may have seen in the grottoes and the fountains in royal gardens, the force with which the water issues from its reservoir is sufficient to move various machines, and even to make them play instruments, or pronounce words according to the different disposition of the pipes which lead the water.

"And, in truth, the nerves of the machine which I am describing may very well be compared to the pipes of these waterworks; its muscles and its tendons to the other various engines and springs which seem to move them; its animal spirits to the water which impels them, of which the heart is the spring; while

* "Au milieu de toutes ses erreurs, il ne faut pas méconnaître une grande idée, qui consiste à avoir tenté pour la première fois de ramener tous les phénomènes naturels à n'être qu'un simple développement des lois de la mécanique," is the weighty judgment of Biot, cited by Bouillier (*Histoire de la Philosophie Cartésienne*, t. i. p. 196).

the cavities of the brain are the central office. Moreover, respiration and other such actions as are natural and usual in the body, and which depend on the course of the spirits, are like the movements of a clock, or of a mill, which may be kept up by the ordinary flow of water.

"The external objects which, by their mere presence, act upon the organs of the senses; and which, by this means, determine the corporal machine to move in many different ways, according as the parts of the brain are arranged, are like the strangers who, entering into some of the grottos of these waterworks, unconsciously cause the movements which take place in their presence. For they cannot enter without treading upon certain planks so arranged that, for example, if they approach a bathing Diana they cause her to hide among the reeds; and if they attempt to follow her, they see approaching a Neptune, who threatens them with his trident; or if they try some other way, they cause some monster who vomits water into their faces, to dart out; or like contrivances, according to the fancy of the engineers who have made them. And lastly, when the *rational soul* is lodged in this machine, it will have its principal seat in the brain and will take the place of the engineer, who ought to be in that part of the works with which all the pipes are connected, when he wishes to increase, or to slacken, or in some way to alter, their movements."*

And again still more strongly: "All the functions which I have attributed to this machine (the body), as the digestion of food, the pulsation of the heart and of the arteries; the nutrition and the growth of the limbs; respiration, wakefulness, and sleep; the reception of light, sounds, odors, flavors, heat, and such like qualities, in the organs of the external senses; the impression of the ideas of these in the organ of common sense and in the imagination; the retention or the impression of these ideas on the memory; the internal movements of the appetites and the passions; and lastly the external movements of all the limbs, which follow so aptly, as well the action

of the objects which are presented to the senses, as the impressions which meet in the memory, that they imitate as nearly as possible those of a real man; * I desire, I say, that you should consider that these functions in the machine naturally proceed from the mere arrangement of its organs, neither more nor less than do the movements of a clock or other automaton from that of its weights and its wheels; so that, so far as these are concerned, it is not necessary to conceive any other vegetative or sensitive soul, nor any other principle of motion, or of life, than the blood and the spirits agitated by the fire which burns continually in the heart, and which is nowise essentially different from all the fires which exist in inanimate bodies."†

The spirit of these passages is exactly that of the most advanced physiology of the present day; all that is necessary to make them coincide with our present physiology in form, is to represent the details of the working of the animal machinery in modern language, and by the aid of modern conceptions.

Most undoubtedly, the digestion of food in the human body is a purely chemical process; and the passage of the nutritive parts of that food into the blood, a physical operation. Beyond all question, the circulation of the blood is simply a matter of mechanism, and results from the structure and arrangement of the parts of the heart and vessels, from the contractility of those organs, and from the regulation of that contractility by an automatically acting nervous apparatus. The progress of physiology has further shown, that the contractility of the muscles and the irritability of the nerves is purely the result of the molecular mechanism of those organs; and that the regular movements of the respiratory, alimentary, and other internal organs are governed and guided, as mechanically, by their appropriate nervous centres. The even regularity of the breathing of every one of us, depends

* Descartes pretends that he does not apply his views to the human body, but only to an imaginary machine which, if it could be constructed, would do all that the human body does; throwing a sop to Cerberus unworthily; and uselessly, because Cerberus was by no means stupid enough to swallow it.

† "Traité de l'Homme," p. 427.

* "Traité de l'Homme" (Cousin's Edition), p. 347.

upon the structural integrity of a particular region of the medulla oblongata, as much as the ticking of a clock depends upon the integrity of the escapement. You may take away the hands of a clock and break up its striking machinery, but it will still tick; and a man may be unable to feel, speak, or move, and yet he will breathe.

Again, in entire accordance with Descartes's affirmation, it is certain that the modes of motion which constitute the physical basis of light, sound, and heat, are transmuted into affections of nervous matter by the sensory organs; and these affections are, so to speak, a kind of physical ideas, which are retained in the central organs, constituting what might be called physical memory, and may be combined in a manner which answers to association and imagination, or may give rise to muscular contractions, in those "reflex actions" which are the mechanical representatives of volitions.

Consider what happens when a blow is aimed at the eye.* Instantly, and without our knowledge or will, and even against the will, the eyelids close. What is it that happens? A picture of the rapidly advancing fist is made upon the retina at the back of the eye. The retina changes this picture into an affection of a number of the fibres of the optic nerve; the fibres of the optic nerve affect certain parts of the brain; the brain in consequence affects those particular fibres of the seventh nerve which go to the orbicular muscle of the eyelids; the change in these nerve-fibres causes the muscular fibres to change their dimensions, so as to become shorter and broader; and the result is the closing of the slit between the two lids, round which these fibres are disposed. Here is a pure mechanism, giving rise to a purposive action, and strictly comparable to that by which Descartes supposes his waterwork Diana to be moved. But we may go further and inquire whether our volition, in what we term voluntary action, ever plays any other part than that of Descartes' engineer, sitting in his office, and turning this tap or the other as he wishes to set one or another machine in motion, but exercising no direct

influence upon the movements of the whole.

Our voluntary acts consist of two parts: firstly, we desire to perform a certain action; and, secondly, we somehow set a-going a machinery which does what we desire. But, so little do we directly influence that machinery, that nine-tenths of us do not even know its existence.

Suppose one wills to raise one's arm and whirl it round. Nothing is easier. But the majority of us do not know that nerves and muscles are concerned in this process; and the best anatomist among us would be amazingly perplexed, if he had to direct the succession, and the relative strength, of the multitudinous nerve-changes, which are the actual causes of this very simple operation.

So again in speaking. How many of us know that the voice is produced in the larynx, and modified by the mouth? How many among these instructed persons understand how the voice is produced and modified? And what living man, if he had unlimited control over all the nerves supplying the mouth and larynx of another person, could make him pronounce a sentence? Yet, if one has anything to say, what is easier than to say it? We desire the utterance of certain words; we touch the spring of the word-machine, and they are spoken. Just as Descartes' engineer, when he wanted a particular hydraulic machine to play, had only to turn a tap, and what he wished was done. It is because the body is a machine that education is possible. Education is the formation of habits, a superinducing of an artificial organization upon the natural organization of the body; so that acts, which at first required a conscious effort, eventually become unconscious and mechanical. If the act which primarily requires a distinct consciousness and volition of its details, always needed the same effort, education would be an impossibility.

According to Descartes, then, all the functions which are common to man and animals are performed by the body as a mere mechanism, and he looks upon consciousness as the peculiar distinction of the "*chose pensante*," as the "rational soul," which in man (and in man only, in Descartes' opinion) is superadded to

* Compare "Traité des Passions," Art. XIII. and XVI.

the body. This rational soul he conceived to be lodged in the pineal gland, as in a sort of central office, and here by the intermediation of the animal spirits it became aware of what was going on in the body, or influenced the operations of the body. Modern physiologists do not ascribe so high a function to the little pineal gland, but, in a vague sort of way, they adopt Descartes' principle, and suppose that the soul is lodged in the cortical part of the brain—at least this is commonly regarded as the seat and instrument of consciousness.

Descartes has clearly defined what he conceived to be the difference between spirit and matter. Matter is substance which has extension, but does not think; spirit is substance which thinks, but has no extension. It is very hard to form a definite notion of what this phraseology means, when it is taken in connection with the location of the soul in the pineal gland; and I can only represent it to myself as signifying that the soul is a mathematical point, having place but not extension, within the limits of the pineal gland. Not only has it place, but it must exert force; for, according to the hypothesis, it is competent, when it wills, to change the course of the animal spirits, which consist of matter in motion. Thus the soul becomes a centre of force. But, at the same time, the distinction between spirit and matter vanishes; inasmuch as matter, according to a tenable hypothesis, may be nothing but a multitude of centres of force. The case is worse if we adopt the modern vague notion that consciousness is seated generally in the gray matter of the cerebrum; for, as the gray matter has extension, that which is lodged in it must also have extension. And thus we are led, in another way, to lose spirit in matter.

In truth, Descartes' physiology, like the modern physiology of which it anticipates the spirit, leads straight to Materialism, so far as that title is rightly applicable to the doctrine that we have no knowledge of any thinking substance apart from extended substance, and that thought is as much a function of matter as motion is. Thus we arrive at the singular result that, of the two paths opened up to us in the "Discourse upon Method," the one leads, by way of

Berkeley and Hume, to Kant and Idealism; while the other leads, by way of De La Mettrie and Priestley, to modern physiology and Materialism.* Our stem divides into two main branches, which grow in opposite ways, and bear flowers which look as different as they can well be. But each branch is sound and healthy, and has as much life and vigor as the other.

If a botanist found this state of things in a new plant, I imagine that he might be inclined to think that his tree was monœcious—that the flowers were of different sexes, and that, so far from setting up a barrier between the two branches of the tree, the only hope of fertility lay in bringing them together. I may be taking too much of a naturalist's view of the case, but I must confess that this is exactly my notion of what is to be done with metaphysics and physics. Their differences are complementary, not antagonistic; and thought will never be completely fruitful until the one unites with the other. Let me try to explain what I mean. I hold, with the Materialist, that the human body, like all living bodies, is a machine, all the operations of which will sooner or later be explained on physical principles. I believe that we shall, sooner or later, arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat. If a pound weight falling through a distance of a foot gives rise to a definite amount of heat, which may properly be said to be its equivalent; the same pound weight falling through a foot on a man's hand gives rise to a definite amount of feeling, which might with equal propriety be said to be its equivalent in consciousness.† And as we already know that there is a certain parity between the

* Bouillier, into whose excellent "History of the Cartesian Philosophy" I had not looked when this passage was written, says very justly that Descartes "a mérité le titre de père de la physique, aussi bien que celui de père de la métaphysique moderne" (t. i. p. 197). See also Kuno Fischer's "Geschichte der neuen Philosophie," Bd. i.; and the very remarkable work of Lange, "Geschichte des Materialismus."—A good translation of the latter would be a great service to philosophy in England.

† For all the qualifications which need to be made here, I refer the reader to the thorough discussion of the nature of the relation between

intensity of a pain and the strength of one's desire to get rid of that pain; and secondly, that there is a certain correspondence between the intensity of the heat, or mechanical violence, which gives rise to the pain, and the pain itself; the possibility of the establishment of a correlation between mechanical force and volition becomes apparent. And the same conclusion is suggested by the fact that, within certain limits, the intensity of the mechanical force we exert is proportioned to the intensity of our desire to exert it.

Thus I am prepared to go with the Materialists wherever the true pursuit of the path of Descartes may lead them; and I am glad, on all occasions, to declare my belief that their fearless development of the materialistic aspect of these matters has had an immense and a most beneficial influence upon physiology and psychology. Nay more, when they go farther than I think they are entitled to do—when they introduce Calvinism into science and declare that man is nothing but a machine, I do not see any particular harm in their doctrines, so long as they admit that which is a matter of experimental fact—namely, that it is a machine capable of adjusting itself within certain limits.

I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer. The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to anybody who will take it of me. But when the Materialists stray beyond the borders of their path and begin to talk about there being nothing else in the universe but Matter and Force and Necessary Laws, and all the rest of *their* "grenadiers," I decline to follow them. I go back to the point from which we started, and to the other path of Descartes. I remind you that we have already seen clearly and distinctly, and in a manner which admits of no doubt, that all our knowledge is a knowledge of states of

consciousness. "Matter" and "Force" are, so far as we can know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness. "Necessary" means that we cannot conceive the contrary. "Law" means a rule which we have always found to hold good, and which we expect always will hold good. Thus it is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world; and as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body. If I say that impenetrability is a property of matter, all that I can really mean is that the consciousness I call extension, and the consciousness I call resistance, constantly accompany one another. Why and how they are thus related is a mystery. And if I say that thought is a property of matter, all that I can mean is that, actually or possibly, the consciousness of extension and that of resistance accompany all other sorts of consciousness. But, as in the former case, why they are thus associated is an insoluble mystery.

From all this it follows that what I may term legitimate materialism, that is, the extension of the conceptions and of the methods of physical science to the highest as well as the lowest phenomena of vitality, is neither more nor less than a sort of shorthand Idealism; and Descartes' two paths meet at the summit of the mountain, though they set out on opposite sides of it.

The reconciliation of physics and metaphysics lies in the acknowledgment of faults upon both sides; in the confession by physics that all the phenomena of nature are, in their ultimate analysis, known to us only as facts of consciousness; in the admission by metaphysics, that the facts of consciousness are practically interpretable only by the methods and the formulæ of physics: and, finally, in the observance by both metaphysical and physical thinkers of Descartes' maxim—assent to no proposition the matter of which is not so clear and distinct that it cannot be doubted.

When you did me the honor to ask me to deliver this address, I confess I was perplexed what topic to select. For you are emphatically and distinctly a *Christian* body; while science and

nerve-action and consciousness in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," p. 115 *et seq.*

philosophy, within the range of which lie all the topics on which I could venture to speak, are neither Christian nor Unchristian, but are Extra-christian, and have a world of their own, which, to use language which will be very familiar to your ears just now, is not only "unsectarian," but is altogether "secular." The arguments which I have put before you to-night, for example, are not inconsistent, so far as I know, with any form of theology.

After much consideration, I thought that I might be most useful to you, if I attempted to give you some vision of this Extra-christian world as it appears to a person who lives a good deal in it; and if I tried to show you by what methods the dwellers therein try to distinguish truth from falsehood, in regard to some of the deepest and most difficult problems that beset humanity, "in order to be clear about their actions and to walk surefootedly in this life," as Descartes says.

It struck me that if the execution of my project came anywhere near the conception of it, you would become aware that the philosophers and the men of science are not exactly what they are sometimes represented to you to be; and that their methods and paths do not lead so perpendicularly downwards, as you are occasionally told they do. And I must admit, also, that a particular and personal motive weighed with me,—namely, the desire to show that a certain discourse which brought a great storm about my head some time ago contained nothing but the ultimate development of the views of the father of modern philosophy. I do not know if I have been quite wise in allowing this last motive to weigh with me. They say that the most dangerous thing one can do in a thunderstorm is to shelter one's self under a great tree, and the history of Descartes' life shows how narrowly he escaped being riven by the lightnings, which were more destructive in his time than in ours.

Descartes lived and died a good Catholic, and prided himself upon having demonstrated the existence of God and of the soul of man. As a reward for his exertions, his old friends the Jesuits put his works upon the "Index," and called him an atheist; while

the Protestant divines of Holland declared him to be both a Jesuit and an atheist. His books narrowly escaped being burned by the hangman; the fate of Vanini was dangled before his eyes; and the misfortunes of Galileo so alarmed him that he well-nigh renounced the pursuits by which the world has so greatly benefited, and was driven into subterfuges and evasions which were not worthy of him.

"Very cowardly," you may say; and so it was. But you must make allowance for the fact that, in the seventeenth century, not only did heresy mean possible burning, or imprisonment, but the very suspicion of it destroyed a man's peace, and rendered the calm pursuit of truth difficult or impossible. I fancy that Descartes was a man to care more about being worried and disturbed, than about being burned outright; and, like many other men, sacrificed for the sake of peace and quietness, what he would have stubbornly maintained against downright violence.

However this may be, let those who are sure they would have done better throw stones at him. I have no feelings but those of gratitude and reverence for the man who did what he did, when he did; and a sort of shame that any one should repine against taking a fair share of such treatment as the world thought good enough for him.

Finally, it occurs to me that, such being my feeling about the matter, it may be useful to all of us if I ask you, What is yours? Do you think that the Christianity of the seventeenth century looks nobler and more attractive for such treatment of such a man? You will hardly reply that it does. But if it does not, may it not be well if all of you do what lies within your power to prevent the Christianity of the nineteenth century from repeating the scandal?

There are one or two living men who, a couple of centuries hence, will be remembered as Descartes is now, because they have produced great thoughts which will live and grow as long as mankind lasts.

If the twenty-first century studies their history, it will find that the Christianity of the middle of the nineteenth century recognized them only as objects of vilifi-

cation. It is for you and such as you, Christian young men, to say whether this shall be as true of the Christianity of the future as it is of that of the present. I appeal to you to say "No," in your own interest, and in that of the Christianity you profess.

In the interest of science, no appeal is needful; as Dante sings of Fortune—

"Quest' è colei, ch'è tanto posta in croce
Pur da color, che le dovrian dar lodo
Dandole biasmo a torto e mala voce.
Ma ella s' è beata, e ciò non ode
Con l' altre prime creature lieta
Volve sua spera, e beata si gode;"*

so, whatever evil voices may rage, Science, secure among the powers that are eternal, will do her work and be blessed.

Cornhill Magazine.

PRINCE MOLESKINE'S CONSPIRACY.

A RUSSIAN SOCIALIST BUBBLE.

I.

AND so it was announced in all the newspapers of Paris, that Prince Moleskine, having seen all that there was to see in the Capital of capitals, was about to return to his own country to accept a high post under Government.

The journal which first spread the tidings was the world-known and fashionable *Gazette des Boulevards*. Thence the news was copied into most of the London papers, one of which, in the letter of its Paris correspondent, added a few particulars which I may as well transcribe *verbatim* :—

Prince Moleskine, that elegant and accomplished cavalier, with whom more than one of my lady-readers has certainly danced at the Court Balls of the Tuileries, is one of the wealthiest landowners of the Muscovite Empire. We must go back in recollection to the magnificent era of the Grand Monarque to find in France anything approaching in splendor to the estate and château of Moleskine. I, who frequently dine with the Prince at his sumptuous mansion in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, can speak, from experience, of the exquisite urbanity of my noble host, of the delicate and *recherché* fare of his table, and of the never-ceasing flow of affability and wit, which makes the banquets of the Hôtel Moleskine recall the dazzling feasts of Alcibiades and Lucullus. But what pen can worthily describe the ancestral domain of the Moleskines, situated on the River Kama, in the Province of Teheremiss, and extending so far in its fertile expanse of field and pasture, wood and hill, that it would need the swiftest horseman seven days to traverse it? Ah reader mine! let those who will rejoice over the Revolution of 1793 and gloat over the downfall of the fairest nobility in Europe, but suf-

fer—yes, suffer—one whom party prejudice has never blinded, nor republican fallacies deceived, to give a short sigh of regret to those courtly times when chivalrous France—the France of Saint Denis, the lilies, the oriflamme, and the white banner—was not obliged to look abroad to behold baronial castles and princely manors. Up, shades of Robespierre and Marat! Up, rabble sans-culottes! and chuckle over your work! What are the riches of the wealthiest of your nobles, now—of a Montmorency, of a Luynes, of a La-rochefoucauld—as compared with the wealth of Prince Moleskine? Like that scion of the House of Esterhazy, who, in reply to the British nobleman who had boasted of having three thousand sheep, answered calmly: "And I, my lord, have three thousand shepherds," so likewise could Monsieur de Moleskine say to the wealthiest of France's degenerate nobles: "For every acre of land you possess, I own a village; for every cottage, a farm; for every farm, a palace!" Ah! gentlemen of the nineteenth century! Ah! citizen-bourgeois! you have fallen upon fine times, when the state and luxury that were wont to find their homes on the banks of the Seine have taken refuge on the frozen shores of the Neva! No wonder the Boyard Moleskine should be impatient to return to his own land. No wonder he should yearn to be rid of our pinchbeck civilization, with its cheap restaurants, cheap politicians, cheap coats, and cheap talents! He must feel himself stifling in this paltry, middling atmosphere of ours. *Bon voyage*, Prince! my

* "And this is she who's put on cross so much,
Even by them who ought to give her praise,
Giving her wrongly ill repute and blame.
But she is blessed, and she hears not this:
She, with the other primal creatures, glad
Revolves her sphere, and blessed joys herself."
Inferno, vii. 90—95 (W. M. Rossetti's
Translation).

respectful sympathies are with you; my best, most deferential wishes will follow you.

This effusion was much relished by the readers of the paper in question, who almost felt as if they knew the Boyard themselves upon hearing him alluded to so familiarly. It is not very certain, by the bye, whether the versatile correspondent just quoted had really ever sat in person at Prince Moleskine's table; but, if he had not, it is of no great consequence. A writer whose occupations take him constantly into the *Grande Monde* is naturally too well bred to draw any distinction between the houses where he has actually dined and those where he would like to dine. His account of the Russian Prince was read by a countless number of good-natured folk, who imbibed it all as gospel truth, and fell to wondering naïvely whether the Prince's estate was as big as Yorkshire, or as big as Yorkshire and Lancashire both together. The women opined that it must be in size and beauty something like the Principality of Wales, and, though some of them marvelled that the high-toned journalist should call Paris a city of cheap restaurants, yet they thought it quite natural that a man who had such a prodigiously fine property as the Prince should find the French capital rather small, and should be in a hurry to get home again. Amongst those of the Paris public, however, who were not indebted for their acquaintance with Russia or with Prince Moleskine to imaginative "Own Correspondents," a quite different version prevailed as to the Prince's reasons for departing. It was pretty well known in the clubs and drawing-rooms which the Prince frequented, that he was in not the slightest haste to be off—nay, that, far from contemning our pinchbeck civilization with its cheap coats, cheap talents, &c., he had the highest opinion both of the civilization and of the coats, and would gladly have remained in Paris until the end of his days, but for the awkward fact that he had run through every rouble of his money, and could no longer afford to live in our atmosphere, paltry and middling though it might be.

As for the ancestral domain of the Moleskines situated on the river Kama, in the Province of Tcheremiss, and ex-

tending so wide that no horseman could cross it in seven days, the Prince himself was the first to laugh at it: "For," said he, ruefully, "it is true enough that it would take a horseman a week to ride through my estate, but the reason is, that there is not a road in the place, and that half the property is composed of quagmires. And as regards the farms and villages," added he more ruefully still, "I daresay something might be made of them in good hands, but up to the present I have never been able to persuade my tenants to pay their rents, so that I do not think I should be much the worse off without them."

"Then you mean to say you are entirely ruined, my poor Prince?" observed the young Count de Lamotte de Beurre, examining his friend compassionately through his eyeglass.

"Very nearly," answered the Prince, twirling a cigarette with melancholy composure. "Six years of Paris, London, Baden, and Homburg have run through all my stock of ready money. My agent writes to say he can't raise another kopeck, so that unless I manage to get a place out of Government, I must shut myself up on my estate, and eke out an existence on our national *tstchi*, or cabbage-soup."

"That won't last long!" interposed the joyous Marquis de l'Aumelette-Soufflée: "you will point out to your tenantry the reciprocal advantages of Quarter Day, and, when you have enlightened their understanding and eased their purses, come back to us here in better spirits and stouter than ever."

"Mercury, the God of rent, hear you!" replied Prince Moleskine piously. "Though how to touch the understanding of a Russian peasant, now that our holy father the Czar has abolished the knout, I confess seems to me a mystery."

The foregoing conversation was being held in a saloon of the Café Anglais preparatory to one of the five or six farewell suppers which Prince Moleskine intended giving to different batches of his friends before bidding adieu to France. He was not in a particularly festive mood—no Russian ever is when about to return to his native land—but he did the honors of his table with a becoming show of unconcern, and towards 2 A.M.,

when the product of Madame Clicquot's vines had been round some ten or eleven times, rallied sufficiently to take a hopeful view of his position. He had an uncle who was Cabinet Minister at St. Petersburg, a statesman of the old Russian school, strong upon protocols, and devoted to the interests of his family. He had never kept up much intimacy with this relative, whom, to tell the truth, he had always considered a bore; but he resolved that, on the next day, he would despatch him a few Mayence hams, a Strasburg pie or two, and a case of *Château Lafite*. These delicacies would be sure to soften the Minister's heart, and might enable him to discover some snug sinecure where his nephew would be spared the humiliation of eating cabbage-soup and the painful necessity of retrenchment. Pleased enough with himself for having imagined this plan, Prince Moleskine adjourned with his friends to the club of the Rue Royale to finish the night—or, rather, to begin the morning—with a little *trente et quarante* at five napoleons the stake. When he returned home, precisely as the big bell of Notre Dame tolled six o'clock, he was still in a sanguine vein. He had lost three thousand francs, but this was a trifle. He remembered some fine sinecures under the Russian Government, which were worth ten or twelve thousand roubles a year, and he felt, no doubt, that his uncle would have the good taste to put him in possession of one of them.

A few hours later, however, when Prince Moleskine had slept, dreamed, got up, and breakfasted, he found himself out of sorts and despondent again. The morning's post had brought him a budget of letters from friends who had seen announced his departure in the papers, and wrote, some to condole with him and others to congratulate him on that high post under Government, which he was popularly supposed to have obtained. There were a good many tradesmen's bills, too, and these were not calculated to raise his spirits; for a man never sees so clearly how foolish a thing it is to ruin himself as when he contemplates the memoranda of his purveyors, and asks himself how much real enjoyment he has had for his money. As the Prince desired that his exit from Paris

should be as dignified as possible—in other words, as he had no wish to go off clandestinely with the reputation of being beggared, he had appointed a fixed date for settling his debts and leaving France; and, upon consulting his almanac, he now perceived that he had only six days left him. He took up a packet of visiting-cards and sat down to write in the corner of each of them, very moodily and reluctantly, the letters P.P.C. It is incredible how sorrowfully a Russian traces these letters when he is anywhere west of the Danube. And yet in Russia, as elsewhere, small boys are taught the virtue of patriotism; and Prince Moleskine, when at school, had been made to write from copy-book texts: "*Moscovia is the pearl of nations. Our Czar is the Father of his people.*"

Towards four o'clock, having dressed himself and filled his card-case, Prince Moleskine put a cigar into his mouth and went out on foot to take a turn down the Boulevards. The air of the Boulevards is the quintessence of that Parisian atmosphere which Russians so love, and which poor Prince Moleskine had but a week more to breathe. Besides, on this occasion he had a particular object in selecting this walk. He possessed a good many literary and artistic acquaintances whom he wished to invite to his farewell suppers; and the Boulevards are a place where every Parisian who holds a pen or a pencil may be seen on business or otherwise between four and six.

As the Prince debouched on to the Boulevard des Italiens, the pavements and cafés were teeming with bustle. It was just the hour when the evening papers come out, and when editors and journalists, delighted to have got their work over, desert the dozens of offices in the Rue du Croissant and the Rue Montmartre, and spread in thirsty hordes along the whole line of thoroughfare between the Théâtre des Variétés and the Grand Hôtel. It should be mentioned, by the way, that a wonderful amount of good-fellowship exists between French journalists, notwithstanding the spirit with which they abuse each other from the columns of their respective papers. The fact that the *Feuille de Chou* is at daggers drawn

with the *Feuille de Radis* does not prevent the writers of those interesting prints from fraternizing very amicably when they have wiped their pens. They sit cheek by jowl in the same cafés; and though the *Feuille de Chou* has frequently accused the *Feuille de Radis* of being supported out of the secret-service funds, and though the *Feuille de Radis* has retorted the accusation with bitter irony, yet the combatants seem to think none the worse of one another, and will often take their absinthe peacefully and like good Christians at the same table.

Prince Moleskine had not walked far when he ran almost into the arms of a small, dapper man, who was scurrying along at a racing speed with a glass in his left eye, and a large bundle of papers under his arm.

"I beg your pardon," said the latter rather testily, in the tone of one whose meaning is "Confound you!" and he was about to start off again when, catching sight of the Prince's face, his own features cleared, and he exclaimed, holding out his hand:—"Oh, it's you, Prince. How do you do? You see before you one of the most unlucky men in Christendom."

"Unlucky, my dear Monsieur Roquet!" answered the Prince, laughing. "I can hardly believe that; I always see you so cheerful. What's the matter?"

"Ah! yes, unlucky and indignant too," continued the little man, beginning to gesticulate. "Look here!" and he drew from amidst his papers a long proof-slip covered with corrections. "I declare it's infamous," he cried, "infamous and disgusting. There's no living in such a country as this any longer. But, stay, we shall be able to talk better in a café. Come along: here are two seats vacant."

And, without further ceremony, the little M. Roquet, who appeared very friendly with Prince Moleskine, pushed him towards one of the tables outside the *Café Riche*, and shouted to a waiter to bring two glasses of absinthe.

"We can talk at our ease here," he proceeded, laying down his papers, and gabbling so fast that his words appeared to jostle and run over each other in issuing from his mouth. "I've told you already it's infamous and disgusting, and

I repeat it. This is not a civilized country; we're worse off than you, Prince; Siberia's nothing to it. Ah! the brigands, with their press laws, and fines and imprisonments, and judges sold by the pack! Thought is fettered, sir; our tongues are padlocked, our pens loaded with chain-shot! You don't believe it? You smile! Look at this, then, and see. I've never written a better article than this in my whole life. It's brilliant, caustic, witty. Oh, yes, witty: for I know my merits, and I'm not ashamed to own them. It's the wittiest thing that's been printed for this many a day; for, betwixt you and me, there's not a man in France that can hold a candle to me in irony; and yet you perceive how the simpletons have hacked it about! And who do you imagine it is who has done this? Who, should you think, has been Vandal enough to run his pen through such passages as this, and this one again, and that one there? The Censorship? Not a bit of it; there is no censorship for papers. The editor? No, for I am the editor. Who then? Why, the proprietor, Prince, my own partner, my friend—hang him! Yes, you stare! No wonder, so did I. Isn't it enough to make one go mad and tear one's hair, and howl and emigrate to the end of the earth, and found a newspaper amongst the crabs and tadpoles?"

The little man stopped to take breath, gulped down a large draught of absinthe, and then started off again like an express train, his two eyes gleaming with the brightness of a couple of lanterns, and his voice growing shrill and sharp as an engine-whistle.

"But all this is just my luck, Prince. Fortune has played tricks with me ever since I was fool enough to buy an ink-pot, a pen, and a ream of paper. Never yet have I met with an editor whom I could convert to my views. Every one of them, without exception, has grown scared, shied, and finally thrown me over. The first I wrote under was poor Griffon—he's dead now, and I'm sorry for it, for I bear no malice. Before I had been a fortnight on his paper, I got him six months' imprisonment, and the printer too. They ought both to have been uncommonly grateful, for it established the success of their business, and made the paper sell like bread in famine

time. But they weren't. When Griffon was sentenced, he said: 'If it was you who had the imprisonment, Roquet, I should see no objection; but you've got off with six days; and what with fine expenses, and fees for defence, this affair has cost the paper 20,000 francs. Try and see if you can't tone down a little.' Of course I made an effort to do what he called 'tone down,' but I couldn't manage it. He used to shred my articles into ribbons. 'That'll never do,' said I. 'I'm a Republican, and must speak plain.' 'So am I a Republican,' answered Griffon; 'but that's no reason why I should ram my head against a stone wall. Our press laws are too hard for us, man; you must keep clear of them. It's a suicidal plan to tilt headlong against them as you're doing.' Well, the upshot of it was, that Griffon and I parted, and I went over to a new paper that had just been founded. I remained there exactly six weeks, and then an article of mine got the paper suppressed. The proprietor and editor cursed as I've never heard men curse before or since; so that I got disgusted and sent them both a challenge. We fought with pistols. I winged the proprietor, but got winged by the editor, and we had a month's imprisonment all round for fighting. I don't believe they were true Republicans, though; I suspect they were subsidized by the police. The editor used to cut the most telling hits out of my papers, and the article that sent us into court would never have crept in at all, had he not been absent the day it appeared. After this, I went about from paper to paper, but it was everywhere the same. My style was too sharp for them. Egad! I was not the man to mince matters. If Government had a sore place anywhere, I laid my finger on it at once, and made them shriek. The Ministers hated me like pitch. They tried to buy me. They had a special and particular spy to dog me about. Ah! you don't know what are the persecutions that a man of genius has to suffer in spreading the holy light of truth! But dear Republic!" (here the little M. Roquet uncovered himself). "I bore it all for thy sake. Yes; one of these days when thou hast broken the sceptre of the usurper in thy strong fair hands; when thou hast shat-

tered the throne into faggots to make fire for the poor; when the palace of the tyrant has become an asylum for the homeless sick, and the drum of the prætorian no longer beats in our streets to remind us of our slavery; then—yes, then, thou wilt remember how thy devoted child endured affliction for thee, how he loved thee, how he proclaimed thee, even in the face of the myrmidons of oppression, to be ever sacred, beautiful, and peerless!"

M. Roquet delivered this apostrophe with the same volubility as if he had learned it all out of a book. A stranger hearing him for the first time might have fancied the honest little man's abstinence was too strong for him; but the Prince, who appeared to know him well, listened with quiet attention, and made no effort to interrupt him.

"And now," went on M. Roquet, taking a new gulp out of his glass, and catching up his mangled proof again—"And now you want to know what this is. Look at these erasures, Prince; look here, and look there, and tell me whether you don't think, upon your honor and conscience, that a man who could have marked out such passages must be sold to the police. The man who did it is Potiron, my partner; for I scorn now to call him my friend. Six months ago, seeing that the Government and all the editors together were in league against me, I went to Potiron, who was once a grocer, and has money, and proposed that we should found a paper together. He was to find the funds and I the talent. Said I, 'You'll be aiding in a glorious work, and you'll have tickets for all the theatres gratis; my name will soon raise the circulation to fifty thousand, and we'll share the profits.' Nothing could be fairer, and Potiron accepted. *La Carmagnole* came out, price three sous, and with me as editor. The first week we sold ten thousand, the next week twenty, the third week Potiron and I were in prison; but I edited the paper all the same at Sainte Pélagie, and the circulation went on rising and rising until we had reached fifty thousand, and the Government was half crazy. Well, would you believe it, Potiron was no sooner out of prison than he declared he had had enough of it? It is true we had had forty thou-

sand francs' worth of fines laid upon us in instalments; but what of that? weren't we suffering for the good cause? I put it in this light to Potiron, and appealed to his manliness. But he said, 'Damn the good cause! if it goes on in this way I shall be ruined.' And this morning, when I came down to the office, what should I see but a barrister, whom the poltroon had hired to revise my writings and see that there was nothing actionable in them? You observe what a fine hash the two between them have made of my article; there's not a sentence they've left untouched. By heaven! they've pared down my ideas until there's not so much as the rind remaining of them. But this was too much. I lost patience. I told Potiron to his face that I had found him out; that he was in the pay of the Rue de Jérusalem; and that he was playing into the hands of despotism. I threw down my keys—for I can no longer associate with venal individuals whom I despise—and here I am."

"And what are you going to do now?" asked the Prince.

"To-morrow morning, at six o'clock, I am going to fight Potiron in the Bois de Vincennes, with foils," answered M. Roquet, simply. "After that I think I shall go abroad for a year or two, and travel. France is not a country where a man of large views, like me, can live. The eternal truths of liberalism are trampled down on our shores. Genius writes its leading articles with a sergent-de-ville on its right hand and a gendarme on its left. I am sick of it; I must have change of scene. I must try and forget that my country has given birth to such men as Potiron."

"What do you say to coming with me to Russia?" asked Prince Moleskine, smiling.

"Ah!" exclaimed the little journalist, looking up enthusiastically, "that's an idea! Russia is a virgin soil—at least, virgin for such a purpose as mine. The seeds of liberty have never been scattered there; the whole intellect of the nation lies fallow. I might find a paper, title, *The Harbinger*—harbinger of truth, you know; price ten kopecks, published weekly in French, with cheap edition in Russian for the native workmen. You provide the funds and I furnish the talent."

"But," expostulated the Prince, who had not expected to be taken at his word, and was as much astonished as amused at the small man's earnestness—"But, my dear Monsieur Roquet, you will find gendarmes and police spies as plentiful in my country as here, and even more so: our press laws, too, are much less pleasant than yours."

"Ah, yes, but there will be the glory of apostleship. Do you count for nothing the triumphs of John Huss, of Savonarola, of Luther? the pride of being the first to spread light among a benighted people! I shall send my name down to posterity in the annals of your national history, Prince; and I shall write a book in three volumes on the social condition of Russia, octavo size, bound in red, price five francs, six editions in the first month."

He had already drawn a pencil from his pocket and was rapidly making an inventory of the things he was likely to want for his journey. M. Roquet was one of those men whose brains appear to be perpetually simmering, like the kettles of Cornish housewives. He bounced about with the restless activity of a fly in a drum. As soon as he had a scheme in his mind—and he had about twenty a day—he was for putting it into execution at once, and it cost him no more hesitation to set off for Russia at a week's notice than it would have done to go on a pleasure trip to St. Cloud or Asnières. There was no question about his being a man of talent; but his talent was of that peculiar sort which is always getting its possessor into trouble. All government would be impossible if there were many such good-natured, wayward, feather-brained subjects as he. Opposition to constituted authority was with him a creed, as well as an instinct. Had France been governed by a Royalty he would have been an Imperialist; as it happened to be ruled by an Emperor, he was a Republican. Very conscientious withal, he had fought half-a-dozen duels with brother journalists who had taunted him with having no settled convictions, and he would have fought half-a-dozen more had anybody ventured to insinuate that he was bigotedly devoted to any particular party. Everybody in Paris knew him, and most people liked him, for he was generous with his money,

wrote very drolly, and praised himself with so much naiveness that it was impossible to suspect his good faith. In his private conviction he esteemed himself not only the first journalist in France but the first in Europe; and the Government had done not a little to foster this opinion in his mind by the foolish way in which they had persecuted him. It was, perhaps, a failing in M. Roquet that he looked upon all who were not of his way of thinking as police spies; but we are none of us perfect. Taken all in all, he was a pleasant tempered, obstinate, kind-hearted fellow, and the fact that he always took the part of oppressed factions was proof enough that, whatever may have been his other defects, truckling to people in power was not one of them.

The Prince had frequently met him out, and thought him amusing and quaint; but the idea of taking a journey across Europe in the company of such a man was not one he seriously entertained, and he began to grow somewhat alarmed on observing how firmly the notion had seized hold of his excited friend's imagination. He tried to throw out a few hints as to the uncivilized character of the Russian police and the utter want of ceremony displayed by the Czar's Government in its relations with subversive prints; but this in nowise damped the little man's ardor. "Oh," said he, with a wave of the hand, "forewarned is forearmed. I know I shall be persecuted: so was Alexander Herzen, who founded the *Kolokol*, but after all what do I care? They won't suppress me at once; and before I am compelled to hold my tongue I shall have made my name as famous among your poor *moujiks* as it is among our own unfortunate, downtrodden proletaries."

(Proletary, by the way, was the word M. Roquet invariably employed in alluding to the working classes. His readers of the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Quartier Moutetard felt rather flattered by it. They fancied it was a synonym for "injured innocents," and it is not very certain M. Roquet did not think so too; he found little time to consult dictionaries.)

"But I have an uncle who is a Minister," ejaculated the Prince, looking rather blank, "and I am afraid he would not

thank me, Monsieur Roquet, if he knew I was connected with an opposition paper."

"I am glad you've an uncle who is a Minister," rejoined the journalist, complacently; "for that will save us from flea-bite vexations. Open persecution I don't mind, but petty annoyances, such as the police heap upon one here, always puts me out of temper. It's well to have a friend in a high place; he acts as lightning conductor. As to your uncle not liking the opposition, that, of course, is prejudice; we'll write him out of it, we'll convert him to our side. By the way, where do you live?"

"In the most desolate spot of all Russia," groaned Prince Moleskine, hoping to disenchant his tenacious friend. "I am two hundred and fifty leagues from a railway station. The postman only comes near us once every ten days. There's not a man who can speak French within a week's journey of me."

"That's capital," exclaimed little M. Roquet, rubbing his hands. "To be sure, I should have been glad to publish *The Harbinger* at St. Petersburg, but I shall learn more of Russian life by being right in the centre of a peasant district. Besides, if we are so far away from a railway station, I shall be able to bring out a dozen numbers or so of the paper before the Government hears anything about it. I suppose there's a printing-press in one or other of the country towns near you? I'll write the paper and you shall translate it into Russian. A dozen numbers will be enough to revolutionize the whole district. Egad! we'll have a rising like those of Stenko-Razin and Pougatcheff. The other provinces will take fire. There will be some fighting, castle-burning, a general insurrection of the peasantry; the Government will be frightened into giving reform, and perhaps a constitution, and you and I shall both have a statue. Waiter! two more glasses of absinthe."

"You go and be hanged," Prince Moleskine felt tempted to say, but he refrained himself, and remarked grimly, "I see you are bent on it, my dear Monsieur Roquet; but I warn you it's a dreary hole, and the cookery is detestable; we shall have nothing to eat but cabbage-soup."

"Prince," rejoined the small journalist,

drawing himself up to his full height and laying his hand on his heart, "I am the son of my own works. My father sold shoestrings at a street corner, and many's the time when I've gone to bed without so much as a crust of bread under my waistcoat. Do you think the fact of being obliged to eat cabbage-soup would deter me from undertaking the regeneration of a country? The Spartans lived on rancid broth and black bread, and yet Sparta begat Lyeurgus and Leonidas."

"But I'm not of your opinion in politics," protested Prince Moleskine, getting desperate; "I'm not a republican."

"No, I don't suppose you are," rejoined M. Roquet, indulgently, "for I don't suspect you've any political opinions at all as yet. You're a Prince, you're not thirty years old and you've been amusing yourself all your life; what can you possibly know of politics? But I'll instruct you. I'll prove you that my doctrines are the only ones compatible with common sense, and you'll soon fall in with my views, for I observe you've a fair amount of intelligence."

After this flattering prediction there was nothing for it but to give in. Prince Moleskine shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Well, I start on Thursday next," he said.

"I shall be ready," answered the journalist. "Here's the list of things I shall want; I am going to order them to-night."

"You seem to make very light of your duel with M. Potiron," observed the Prince, good-humoredly, as he rose to go. "Mind he doesn't run his foil through your plans!"

"No danger," answered M. Roquet. "He can't fence: we shan't hurt each other. By the way, I've not sent him my seconds yet: will you be one? And yet no," he added, quickly: "you're a nobleman—it wouldn't do. If my poor proletarians were to hear that I asked a Prince to second me, they'd fancy I had turned my coat."

"But what will they say, then, when they learn that you have gone to Russia with me?"

"Oh, in your country it doesn't matter. East of the Vistula every gentleman is a

prince. Besides, who knows? we may convert Russia into a republic. Masaniello turned Naples upside down, and he was less of a man than I am."

Upon this the small journalist shook hands confidentially with the Boyard, and hurried away in the direction of the Rue Montmartre to hunt up two seconds, whilst Prince Moleskine, considerably astonished at the results of his afternoon's walk, strolled off to Chevet's to order some Mayence hams and some Strasbourg pies for his uncle the Minister.

II.

A fortnight later the two fellow-travellers were at St. Petersburg. We have not wasted time by describing the farewell entertainments which the Prince gave his friends, nor the exemplary manner in which he paid all his bills, nor the regrets with which his tradesmen saw him depart, nor the graphic style in which the fashionable reporters descanted on his splendid estate in the province of Tcheremiss, and the yet more splendid post which the Government of his country had begged him to accept. We have not dwelt, either, on the duel, in which M. Jean-Jacques Roquet wounded M. Théophile Potiron in the fleshy part of the leg, and was himself transfixed by that gentleman through the fleshy part of the right arm. All these events were duly chronicled by the Gazettes, most of which furthermore stated that M. Jean-Jacques Roquet had accompanied Prince Moleskine to Russia to enjoy the pastime of bear-hunting, a sport in which he was known to be proficient. Our friend, the Paris correspondent, wrote to his paper as follows:—

I see that some of your contemporaries edit an absurd rumor that the Russian Boyard Moleskine has been ruined, and is leaving Paris for economical reasons. You may deny this on my authority; there is not a word of truth in it. I was dining with the Prince last night, and he assured me that his crops had been excellent and that sales of his short-horns (the Prince is a great cattle-breeder) were better this year than they had ever been before. He also gave me some valuable information as to the policy of Russia in the Himalaya question, which I reserve for another letter. The Prince was very pressing in his invitation to me to come and take a

month's bear-shooting with him, but, of course, I was obliged to decline this. I am expected at the palace of Compiègne next week, and could not for the world disappoint my august Host and Hostess. You may insert confidently that the post to which Prince Moleskine has been appointed is that of High Archi-Chamberlain to H. I. H. the Grand Duchess Basilika-Petrowna; I have it from the Prince's own lips. Prince Moleskine is accompanied to Russia by a brilliant and distinguished circle of friends who are going to enjoy his hospitality. Amongst them, I quote from memory, the Duke de G—, the Duke de H—, the witty Count de X—, and my friend the celebrated journalist Jean-Jacques Roquet, who has promised me a bear-skin.

Whilst these veracious particulars were being set up in print, Prince Moleskine and his companion were being whirled across the Continent, dreaming very little of bear-shooting. The enterprising M. Roquet had set out on his journey with his arm in a sling, and with an imposing quantity of luggage. When once the train had started, he informed his friend that one of his boxes was full of works on political economy, and that another contained a small portable printing-machine, bought in case there should be any difficulty in finding a printer for *The Harbinger*. This said, he lost no time in beginning the political education of the Prince, and treated him to vivid running commentaries on the manners, customs, institutions, and future prospects of the different peoples through whose countries they were passing. He was not effectually silenced until the Polish frontier, where the custom-house officers, notwithstanding his indignant protests, confiscated his printing-machine, his box of works on political economy, a number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which he carried in his hand for desultory reading, the manuscript of a novel of his three parts finished, and a copy of the *Journal des Débats*, discovered by one of the officials in the tail pocket of his coat. As he made a good deal of noise at first, and talked of liberty, the rights of man, and other odd things, a functionary took down his name in a note-book, and telegraphed it to St. Petersburg; so that poor M. Roquet, who had been exceedingly glum during the last four-and-twenty hours of his journey, found a gentleman in a braided cap on the look-

out for him when he reached the capital, and was followed to his hotel by this attentive person, who was good enough to dog him wherever he went for the first few days after his arrival. As ill-luck would have it, the two travellers alighted in St. Petersburg on a day when there was a grand review of troops. The hotel where they put up was the best in the Newski Prospect; and M. Jean-Jacques Roquet, as he looked out of his window, beheld the entire length of that enormous thoroughfare, as well as the whole of the immense square of St. Isaac, filled with compact masses of soldiery marching in full uniform, and with a stiffness which only Russian warriors have, to the Imperial Park, where the reviews take place. There might have been fifty thousand soldiers or more, and very tough they looked. "Dear me!" muttered M. Roquet, "that's an amazing number of men, isn't it?" "Oh, that's nothing," answered Prince Moleskine, significantly. "It's not half the garrison of St. Petersburg." And upon this M. Roquet could not help thinking that he had perhaps made an unfortunate choice in selecting Russia as the birthplace of his *Harbinger*.

By the way of acquainting himself with the periodical literature of the country he asked for a native paper, and a waiter in red plush breeches and a laced coat brought him up on a silver tray the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, in the chief column of which he read this:—

The day before yesterday His Imperial Majesty the Czar deigned to go out shooting in the woods of Czarskoe-Selo, and met with an accident, the branch of a tree falling on his august head and prostrating him to the earth. Dr. Oiloff, the court physician, was at once on the spot, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to allow his head to be rubbed with an embrocation, after which he deigned to feel better, and by the end of the day was graciously pleased to feel no more pain at all.

Whilst the French journalist was occupied, very much to his stupefaction, in conning over this and other like paragraphs, Prince Moleskine was getting ready for a visit to his uncle. Out of courtesy he had sent to the Minister's mansion immediately on his arrival to beg the favor of an audience, and had received the verbal reply, that he might

come when he pleased. This seemed to him kind, for it does not take much to set a man hoping; and he started out rather cheerfully, attired in a dress-coat, white gloves, and a white cravat, as if he were going to the opera. The broad, empty, wind-swept streets of St. Petersburg had, however, an unconsciously bleak look to him as he rolled through them in the rumbling landau of his hotel. He mentally compared the shabby crazy *droshkis* plying for hire down the roadway, the dirty, howling, bearded *izvostshicks*, the small, greasy tea-shops, and the dumpy, hard-featured Russian tradeswomen, with the smart cabs, coachmen, cafés, and shopkeepers of the pleasant city he had just left, and he prayed from the depths of his heart that his powerful relative might have some lucrative post to dispose of which would enable him—Prince Moleskine—to live six or seven months a year out of his native land—pearl of nations though it was. At his uncle's mansion, in front of which were two mounted sentries armed to the teeth, Prince Moleskine was kept an hour and a half in an anteroom; after that twenty minutes in a corridor; and it was not until he had seen some two score petitioners of various degree file before him that his own turn came. An usher with a gold chain round his neck led him silently down a long succession of passages, and showed him into a large, warmly carpeted room, where a thin man with gold spectacles and a face wrinkled like a baked apple, was writing letters at a table, and looking uncommonly sour and sulky.

Prince Moleskine had not seen his uncle, Prince Shepskine, for seven or eight years, and was a few seconds recognizing the unaffectionate individual who did not so much as hold out a hand to him, but addressed him abruptly in a snappish tone without even looking up from his papers.

"So you've come back to Russia, have you, Paul-Petrowich,* and you've run through your last rouble of course, else I shouldn't see you here? I bet a

thousand ounces of gold to a brass kopeck that you've called to ask me for a place!"

This was as unsatisfactory a commencement as could have been imagined. Prince Moleskine had expected something quite different. He stammered, blushed red, and looked foolish.

"Don't try and tell a lie," pursued the statesman, taking a pinch of snuff. "Lies are in excessively bad taste, especially when they are useless. When I saw your Strasburg pies last week, I said Paul Petrowich will follow soon after, and sure enough here you are. Now, what is it you want me to do?"

Paul Petrowich, who had not been prepared for such a summary method of conducting the conversation, found nothing to answer, and gazed fixedly at his own hat.

The Minister eyed him with apparent curiosity for a moment or two, then took out a roll of parchment from a drawer in his table, and pushed it towards his nephew:

"There," said he: "I knew you'd be here soon, so I made out your appointment on the day the pies came. You will be good enough to start to-morrow, and alone, please, for you've brought a jackanapes of a Frenchman with you, who had better go back to his country without loss of time. Your place is a very good one: Deputy-governor of Leghis, in the Caucasus. The salary is not large, but the emoluments are worth five or six times the actual pay; and if you're clever,—which I don't believe you are, by the way, else you'd have married a girl with money, and not come back begging places of Government;—if you're clever, I say, you ought to build up your fortune again in a few years' time, and then we'll make a Governor of you."

"The Caucasus!" exclaimed Prince Moleskine, who had turned pale at the dreaded name and was staring blankly at the parchment. "But you really can't be in earnest, sir; it's as bad as sending me to Siberia!"

"Do you mean to say you refuse?" asked the Minister, in a tone of anger and surprise.

"I can never go to the Caucasus," said the young man doggedly; "your excellency knows you would never have gone

* Paul Petrowich means "Paul, son of Peter." Russians always address each other in this way, that is, by adding the name of a person's father to his, or her, own Christian name. In speaking to a woman, one would say, "Paulina-Petrowna," i. e. "Pauline, daughter of Peter."

there yourself, had you been in my place, and I in yours. What is the use of being born in the nineteenth century if one is to eke out one's days amongst a herd of cut throat barbarians? Frankly, sir, I should not have troubled you if I had foreseen such an offer as this."

"Confound you, you forget to whom you're speaking!" shouted the little apple-faced statesman with indignation.

"No, I know I am speaking to my uncle," answered Prince Moleskine naively, "though I confess you have shown little feeling of kinship for me in this circumstance. All our other relatives have been enriched by you. It would have cost you nothing to give me a good place. It isn't out of your purse that the salaries are paid." The poor fellow's disappointment was so keen that he was uttering his thoughts with a frankness upon which he would never have ventured had he taken time to reflect what a very sorry helpmate is plain speaking.

"Hark you, my nephew," said the Minister, throwing a furious glance at the young man, "I advise you to keep a look-out over that tongue of yours, otherwise it will be getting you into trouble. What have you ever done for me, I should like to know, that I should take you in hand, and enrich you? I am not speaking here of affection, for affection is a commodity which we Ministers learn to dispense with. But you might have been of use to me. A man with the fortune and position which you had, can always make himself serviceable, even when he throws his money out of the window. You have been six years in Paris and have been spending at the rate of a million francs a year. What have you to show for your money? Have you a single friendship that can help either of us, have you acquired a grain of influence in diplomatic circles, have you taken a lead in French society and made yourself a name, have you secured any allies for me in the Paris press? God knows you could have coaxed half the journalists of the capital over to our side had you chosen to try! But no, you have made a fool of yourself, and that is all. I have watched you narrowly; you have never laid out a son that can bring you in any

interest. You have stupidly frittered away every kopeck of a fortune that could have made you one of the most popular gentlemen of Europe had you invested it adroitly. Your habitual associates have been simpletons; you have never courted the society of respectable women, so that there is not a drawing-room in Paris where you can be said to have any footing. If I send you back to France as secretary of legation, or to one of the small courts of Germany as envoy, we should both of us be laughed at, for you enjoy the reputation of being a noodle. Here is this Himalaya question in which we are involved. Is there a single newspaper in Paris that would publish a leading article for you, taking our view of the case? No, the whole Paris press is dead against us; the only intimate acquaintance you seem to have amongst journalists is this crack-brained M. Roquet, who has so high an opinion of your intelligence that he hopes to make a red republican of you after a few weeks' intercourse."

"And what if he does? I don't think I have much inducement to be an Imperialist," muttered Prince Moleskine, bitterly, though he marvelled that his uncle should be so well informed as to the designs of the Frenchman. "Before this Emperor of ours emancipated the serfs, my estate was one of the most flourishing in the country. Now half my fields lie fallow; my tenants are emigrating to the south. The agent writes to say that he can get nobody to work, and not a kopeck of rent. I ought to be in the receipt of half a million roubles a year, and I am a beggar."

"Do you think any of us liked the emancipation of the serfs?" hissed the Minister, rising and speaking close to his nephew's ear. "I, too, should have been beggared if I had not been where I am. But the thing is done now, and neither you nor I can undo it. Don't be a fool, Paul Petrowich; take this place I offer you. There's many a man better off than you are who would go down on both knees to have it. In a few years, I tell you, it will make you rich, and then we can see and give you something better."

"I won't go to the Caucasus," replied Prince Moleskine, out of temper and unreasonable from his disappoint-

ment. "I'd rather go and live on my estate, hole as that is."

"Then go to your estate," said the Minister, in a rage. "Only, I will tell you what, my nephew. So long as you were cutting your capers in Paris you didn't hurt me. Here it is different. I've as many enemies as white hairs on my head; and if you were to play any tricks in this country, or talk liberal trash within earshot of anybody, some of the responsibility would be sure to fall upon your relatives, myself amongst the number. Now you've ruined yourself, but I'm determined you shan't ruin me. You can go back to your estate; but I shall have a sharp watch kept over your actions and speeches; and as for that M. Roquet, he shall be conducted back to the frontier this very day. He can mean no good by coming here, and we've enough Radicals of our own without being in need of foreign importations. That's all I've got to say. Good-morning."

"You can do your worst," said the Prince, defiantly. "I will do what I please, and say what I please, and have what friends I please."

The Minister shrugged his shoulders and rang the bell; and with this exchange of amenities the interview terminated.

III.

The Minister did his best to have M. Jean-Jacques Roquet conveyed under escort to the frontier, but it was much less easy than he had thought. M. Roquet screamed and barricaded himself in his room, and harangued the hotel waiters. Prince Shepskine was not so firmly rooted in the favor of the Court as to risk doing an arbitrary act without a shadow of pretext. His main objection to the Frenchman was, that, being a notorious republican, his intimacy with the nephew of a Minister might give rise to unpleasant gossip amongst the crowd of envious folk who lie in ambush round men in high places to traduce and supplant them. But when he saw what a noise the man of letters was disposed to make, he thought it prudent to let him alone, or, rather, to reserve the persecution of him for some more convenient opportunity. Prince Moleskine stuck valiantly by his friend,

though, in his heart of hearts,—having nothing but trouble to expect in his company,—he wished him at Kamtschatka. The police were instructed to offer an apology, and to declare that they had mistaken M. Roquet for somebody else—which they did with extraordinary good grace and civility. M. Roquet seized upon the occasion to ask for his printing-press, his works on political economy, his manuscript and his *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The police gave him a blank form of petition to fill up, and after driving to seven different Government offices and conversing with twenty-three clerks, the journalist was assured that inquiries would certainly be made, and that he might call for an answer in six or seven weeks' time.

Prince Moleskine, however, was in a hurry to be off, and hastened his preparations for that purpose. St. Petersburg is only supportable to those who have money. The Prince's ruin was better known among his own countrymen than it was in Paris, and it is never particularly agreeable to be stared at and pointed at, and even tittered at, as poor Prince Moleskine apprehended he would be, if he ventured to go into society. As for M. Roquet, the sedulous attentions of the man in the braided cap, who followed him closely wherever he went, had ended by giving him the nightmare. He, too, was anxious to be gone, and he heaved a sigh of relief when he found himself in the heavy landau that was to bear him away to the province of Tcheremiss. In addition to the Prince's valet, groom, and cook, who journeyed everywhere with their master, the travellers were this time accompanied by a house-steward, who had been engaged at St. Petersburg. He was recommended by the landlord of the hotel, and was a Pole, with a shock of red hair, and a surprising talent for murdering every language in Europe. He talked to the Prince's valet in German; to his cook in Italian; to his groom in English, and completely ingratiated himself with M. Jean-Jacques Roquet, by declaring that though his—M. Stanislas Milkiewickz's—body was in Russia, yet his heart was in France, in the land of Danton and Roquet! The journey was as painful a pilgrimage as any man could

wish to his bitterest foe, as an expiation for a life of sin. Save in winter, when the roads are frozen, and one can ride in sledges, heaven help the bones of the Russian traveller! Ruts two feet deep; branches of trees lying across the roadway; huge flints as big as cannon-balls; and every couple of hours a breakdown, with no houses or light, no wheelwrights within twenty miles to set matters straight, and a fierce howling savage wind sweeping up clouds of dust to blind the horses, and choke the passengers. Here, the landau comes to a dead standstill, embedded up to the axletrees in slush, and the travellers have to get out and push and tug, and perspire until they are wet through, and covered from top to toe with mud. Further on, the harness breaks in two or three places at once, and has to be mended with bits of string, pocket-handkerchiefs, braces, or with one's necktie. One of the horses then lies down in the dirt, and refuses to move on. The Russian driver takes to coaxing: "My little father, my pigeon, my pretty cousin, don't lie down so and break the heart of your poor *isvostshick*." This occupies about half-an-hour, during which the travellers blow on their finger-tips, and flatten their noses against the window-panes, to see if there is a village within view. The roadside inns have nothing to offer one but a brick floor to sleep on. People take their own provisions with them; if not, they must put up with bread, a few shades darker than the *schwarz-brod* of Germany, and infinitely more sour. Perhaps also they may get a piece of raw ham, derived from a gaunt, thin pig, tough and stringy; but this is problematical. To crown the pleasures of the voyage, one must exhibit one's passport and road-bill five or six times a day at the posting-houses; and if one has let either of them drop in one of the numerous breakdowns, there is nothing for it but to go back all the way and get another. A Russian postmaster would allow himself to be hashed into mince-meat sooner than allow you to pass without the written official order.

It was exactly five weeks after setting out from St. Petersburg, that the Prince, his friend, and suite, drove up the moss-grown avenue, which led to Moleskine

Hall, or Moleskine Castle, eighty-three versts from the town of Oufa, and twenty from the River Kama. The house had an imposing appearance, and gave the beholder an idea of regal pomp, until he got inside and saw the faded furniture, damp walls, cracked ceilings, and general look of desertion and squalor that hung about the old place, which had not been inhabited by a Moleskine since the time of the Emperor Paul. It took the two friends a week to organize themselves comfortable quarters, by selecting the best of the chairs and tables, the carpets and curtains with fewest holes in them, and the rooms which had least suffered from decay. Prince Moleskine was evidently humiliated at showing himself so considerably reduced from his Parisian splendor; but he was no longer sorry that M. Jean-Jacques Roquet had accompanied him, for life would have been simply unbearable in such a place without a companion. The journalist on his side bore everything remarkably well. Before leaving Paris, he had obtained a commission as travelling correspondent to a daily paper, and he was no sooner settled in his new abode, than he fell to work writing astonishing letters upon the things he had seen and passed through. Editors were only afraid of M. Roquet when he took to handling French affairs. There was no objection to his abusing Russia, and the Russian Government, so that M. Roquet gave his pen and imagination full play. Unfortunately, as we shall see by and by, all his letters were stopped by the police; whence posterity has been deprived of the pleasure of reading many pleasant chapters, and doubtless of acquiring much novel information.

Three months passed in an uneventful manner, the days succeeding each other monotonously. Up to mid-day the Prince was generally busy with his agent, either riding about the estate, or going over accounts with him to see what could be made of his dilapidated budgets. M. Roquet during the same time wrote, with admirable care and zeal, the letters which were never to reach their destination, or busied himself about the first chapters of his work in three volumes on the *Social Regeneration of Russia*. In the afternoons the friends used often to go out shooting, the game on the estate being

as abundant as if a gun had never been fired in the district. However, there is the stuff of a conspirator in every radical Frenchman, and M. Roquet was not the man to confine himself to exploits entirely harmless and peaceful. He had not come to Russia to enjoy himself, he was bent on dabbling in political achievements of some sort, and he had by no means abandoned his idea of preaching what he called his doctrines of truth among the *moujiks*. Unfortunately, there was no possibility of starting the light-disseminating *Harbinger* in the district. In the first place there was no printer within four-and-twenty hours' journey, and in the next, none of the peasants, with the exception of the priest, the postmaster, and the tax-gatherer, could read.

M. Jean-Jacques Roquet was rather of the opinion of Cæsar, that it is better to be first at Moleskine than second at Rome. The little man could not do without his incense, and the homage of a posse of worshippers. He longed to see the honest, squab faces of the peasants gathered round him admiringly, and he cursed the difficulties of the Russian language which stood in the way of his addressing them on topics political and social, and awakening them to a sense of their degradation. He did not confide any of his sentiments on this point to his host, for he had noticed with chagrin that the Prince was less amenable than he had hoped to the language of truth and liberty; but he took into his confidence the excellent Pole, Milkiewicz, who appeared filially devoted to him and expressed his readiness to abet him in any schemes he might form for overturning anything or overthrowing anybody.

It was a great comfort to the zealous Frenchman to have this faithful Pole with him. M. Stanislas Milkiewicz agreed with everything he said, and was the person who always rode with his letters to the post, so that they might be in safe hands. When pressed to it by the journalist, M. Milkiewicz would tell a heart-rending tale of the afflictions which his family had endured at the hands of the Russians. At certain passages he used to tear his red hair out in large bunches, and run his head against the wall with avowed intention of putting an end to his miserable life. It took

M. Roquet an immense deal of bodily strength and oral persuasion to reconcile him with existence: on a certain occasion the two fell into one another's arms and wept. How not feel confidence in such a man? One day M. Roquet revealed to him an scheme for holding secret socialist meetings among the peasantry of a neighboring landholder, with an ulterior view to provoking an agrarian revolution.

The landholder upon whose tenants M. Roquet proposed to begin his work of enlightenment was a wealthy prince, who lived in St. Petersburg in winter, at Baden or Gastein in summer, and, like most Russian noblemen of fortune, never came near his estate save once in the course of every five years, to levy extra supplies of money. Of course M. Jean-Jacques Roquet could not do his friend Prince Moleskine the ill-service of exciting his peasantry to sedition, but he had no terms to keep with Prince Moleskine's neighbor, and it pleased him to think he might organize a rising by means of occult meetings held after nightfall in caverns or out-of-the-way barns, like the early Christians of yore, and the Albigenses. It was arranged that the Reformer should write his *Harbinger* in manuscript, and that Stanislas Milkiewicz should translate it into Russian, read it aloud to the peasants, and give copies of it to the two or three cultivated *moujiks* who could read.

It should be mentioned that the peasants were in as hopelessly miserable a condition as it is possible for human beings to be. The emancipation had not done them much good,—rather the contrary; for whilst they had been serfs they had always had food enough and clothes enough, whereas ever since they had been set free they had thought it better to remain idle than to work, and had borne the inevitable consequences. As far as it was possible to understand their ideal of a perfect social system, they expected their landlord to feed and clothe them for nothing, that is, without exacting labor or rent. They were very drunken, and, of course, servile beyond conception. On first arriving at Moleskine, M. Roquet had turned red with indignation on seeing that a peasant who brought him a letter knelt down in the mud on both knees to deliver it. He

had gesticulated to the peasant to rise, but the man, thinking he was going to be beaten, had crouched down and whined. "Just heaven!" exclaimed the apostle of liberty, "is this possible?" And his devoted friend, the Pole, answered, "Alas! it is. But we will enlighten them, Monsieur, and then they shall walk proudly like you and I——"

It was a grand day, therefore, for M. Jean-Jacques Roquet when, after six weeks of secret meetings in caverns and barns, he was set upon one afternoon by twenty *moujiks*, who carried him in triumph round a field, pawed him all over, kissed him, and then forced a pint of the national *vodka* (whiskey) down his throat as a token of their esteem. The cavern meetings had been a success. M. Roquet stood on a stool and preached in French, whilst M. Stanislas Milkiewicz translated his utterances into Russian. When any sentiment unusually fine left the lips of M. Milkiewicz, the peasants pounded their boots on the floor and threw up their hats. The passages best appreciated were those in which the iniquity of levying rent was exposed and reviled with bitter invective. "No landlords!" thundered M. Roquet. "No landlords!" echoed M. Milkiewicz, in a shrill falsetto. "No landlords!" roared the *moujiks*. "Every man earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow!" continued M. Roquet. "Yes, by the sweat of his brow!" clamored the overjoyed peasants; "and when the crops fail, then the landlords must nourish us!"

After every one of the meetings, and every week when the *Harbinger* appeared, M. Milkiewicz used to write a long letter to "a cousin" of his who lived at St. Petersburg. M. Roquet often wondered at the epistolary fervor of his confidant; but the Pole had such a good heart! He and his cousin had been brought up together, and the latter would be sure to fall ill, he said, if he did not receive four pages of close writing two or three times a week.

Things were at this juncture when throughout all the district it was rumored that Prince Moleskine's neighbor, the Prince Roubeloff, was going to pay a flying visit to his estate, to raise money as usual. On like occasions it had been the antique usage of the peas-

ants to groan, weep, and bury their earnings in the ground, whence they were only dragged out eventually by dint of menaces from the Prince's agent. On this occasion it struck M. Roquet that it would be a noble sight and a startling if the peasants, instead of groaning and hiding their money, were to gather boldly together in front of Prince Roubeloff's castle, to groan at that nobleman as he drove up to his door, to pelt him with a few stones, and obstinately to refuse paying rents. He consulted with M. Stanislas Milkiewicz, who waxed enthusiastic at the idea, and withdrew soon after to write a longer letter than ever to his cousin at St. Petersburg. The peasants were all sounded, and not a dastard heart found among them. The preaching of M. Roquet had given them courage. If he would only consent to head them, they, their wives, and their children would follow him wheresoever he chose to lead them, and break all the windows of Prince Roubeloff's castle if he liked. M. Roquet was transported. He began to feel like Tiberius Gracchus and Masaniello.

Meanwhile Prince Moleskine had been growing a little astonished at the numerous goings to and fro of his friend. M. Roquet would disappear at unaccountable times and return home excited and muddled at strange hours in the night. He never said anything to the Prince as to where he went nor how he busied himself, and when pressed very hard with questions would only answer mystically that he had the regeneration of a great people at heart. This alarmed Prince Moleskine, who had no great passion for regenerating, and one afternoon (it was on the eve of the day when Prince Roubeloff was expected) he asked his friend point-blank where on earth he spent his time when he went out of nights?

"Prince," answered the small man, who was flushed and looked unusually joyous—"Prince, there's no reason why I should conceal it from you any longer. If you come with me by-and-by you shall see."

This was all the Prince could extract until nightfall, but when dusk had set in M. Roquet took his host to a barn, at the door of which, to his considerable surprise, he made him swear eternal

secrecy. This done, he pushed open the door, and the mystified Prince found himself in a large place, lighted by two flickering rushlights, but with not a human being visible. "There are three hundred regenerated peasants there," exclaimed M. Roquet triumphantly, but saying this he stopped short and looked blankly round the deserted room.

"Hullo!" he shouted, "what's this? Hi! Milkiewickz, why are they not here?"

The faithful Milkiewickz had followed the two gentlemen to the door; but he had disappeared of a sudden and was not to be seen. The Frenchman went out to look into the dark, but as he set his foot on the threshold six men surrounded him with lanterns. "In the Czar's name I arrest you," cried one, stepping forward. And another walking up to the Prince said: "Prince Moleskine, you must come with us to St. Petersburg."

"To St. Petersburg!" exclaimed the Prince astonished. "What for?"

"To answer the charge of having organized a Socialist conspiracy with the aid of your accomplice, this Frenchman."

IV.

A few days later all the papers of Europe printed this telegram:—

A formidable Socialist conspiracy has just been discovered near Oufa, in the Province of Teheremiss. Some thousands of peasants are said to be implicated in the affair, one of the objects of which was to assassinate the Senator Prince Roubeloff, to burn his castle, and then to provoke a general agrarian rising. The ringleader is Prince Moleskine, nephew of the Minister Shepskine; and it is supposed

that several leading members of the aristocracy are amongst his accomplices.

Soon after there was a trial, and the principal witness was the honest Milkiewickz, who turned out to be a police spy. His testimony was conclusive. M. Jean-Jacques Roquet and Prince Moleskine were, along with some two score of regenerate peasants, found guilty of conspiring to undermine society, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Prince Moleskine, however, as being a Minister's nephew, was secretly pardoned and ordered out of the country. On the "letters of mercy" which were delivered him in prison he found written, in his uncle's hand: "Paul-Petrovich, this is in acknowledgment of the Strasburg piés. I think you will agree with me, that you would have done as well to go to the Caucasus."

As for M. Roquet, on hearing that the Prince had been amnestied, he exclaimed at once: "Ah! I knew it. He was sold to the police, he and Milkiewickz together. When I get out of prison I shall send a challenge to them both. They have betrayed me; but, what is worse, they have betrayed their country." And with grave indignation he added: "And to think that if it had not been for them Russia might now have been a Republic!" Needless to say that amongst the general public Prince Moleskine was credited with having contrived and organized the whole affair, and that amongst journalists, historians, and all who plume themselves upon a knowledge of politics, the plot will be known to the end of time as "Prince Moleskine's Conspiracy."

Fraser's Magazine.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

SECOND LECTURE,

[Delivered at the Royal Institution, February 26, 1870.]

THERE is no lack of materials, and there is abundance of work for the student of the Science of Religion. It is true that, compared with the number

of languages which the comparative philologist has to deal with, the number of religions is small. In a comparative study of languages, however, we find

most of our materials ready for use; we possess grammars and dictionaries. But where are we to look for the grammars and dictionaries of the principal religions of the world? Not in the catechisms, or the articles, not even in the so-called creeds or confessions of faith which, if they do not give us an actual misrepresentation of the doctrines which they profess to epitomize, give us always the shadow only, and never the soul and substance of a religion. But how seldom do we find even such helps!

Among Eastern nations it is not unusual to distinguish between religions that are founded on a book, and others that have no such vouchers to produce. The former are considered more respectable, and, though they may contain false doctrine, they are looked upon as a kind of aristocracy among the vulgar and nondescript crowd of bookless or illiterate religions.

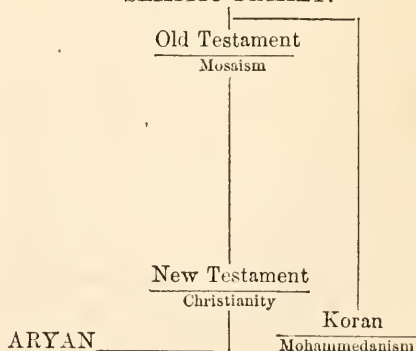
To the student of religion canonical books are, no doubt, of the utmost importance, though he ought never to forget that nearly all canonical books give the reflected image only of the real doctrines of the founder of a new religion, an image always blurred and distorted by the medium through which it had to pass. But how few are the religions which possess even a sacred canon, how small is the aristocracy of

real book-religions in the history of the world! Let us look at the two families that have been the principal actors in that great drama which we call the history of the world, the *Aryan* and the *Semitic*, and we shall find that two members only of each family can claim the possession of a sacred code. Among the *Aryans*, the *Hindus* and the *Persians*; among the *Shemites*, the *Hebrews* and the *Arabs*. In the Aryan family the *Hindus*, in the Semitic family the *Hebrews*, have each produced two book-religions; the *Hindus* have given rise to Brahmanism and Buddhism; the *Hebrews* to Mosaism and Christianity. Nay, it is important to observe that in each family the third book-religion can hardly lay claim to an independent origin, but is only a weaker repetition of the first. Zoroastrianism has its sources in the same stratum which fed the deeper and broader stream of Vedic religion; Mohammedanism springs, as far as its most vital doctrines are concerned, from the ancient fountain-head of the religion of Abraham, the worshipper and the friend of the one true God. If you keep before your mind the following simple outline, you can see at one glance the river-system in which the religious thought of the Aryan and the Semitic nations has been running for centuries—of those, at least, who are in possession of sacred and canonical books.

ARYAN FAMILY.



SEMITIC FAMILY.



While Buddhism is the direct offspring, and, at the same time, the antagonist of Brahmanism, Zoroastrianism is rather a deviation from the straight course of ancient Vedic faith, though it likewise contains a protest against some of the doctrines of the earliest worship-

pers of the Vedic gods. The same, or nearly the same relationship holds together the three principal religions of the Semitic stock, only that, chronologically, Mohammedanism is later than Christianity, while Zoroastrianism is earlier than Buddhism.

Observe also another, and, as we shall see, by no means accidental coincidence in the parallel ramifications of these two religious stems.

Buddhism, which is the offspring of, but at the same time marks a reaction against the ancient Brahmanism of India, withered away after a time on the soil from which it had sprung, and assumed its real importance only after it had been transplanted from India, and struck root among Turanian nations in the very centre of the Asiatic continent. Buddhism, being at its birth an Aryan religion, ended by becoming the principal religion of the Turanian world.

The same transference took place in the second stem. Christianity, being the offspring of Mosaism, was rejected by the Jews as Buddhism was by the Brahmans. It failed to fulfil its purpose as a mere reform of the ancient Jewish religion, and not till it had been transferred from Semitic to Aryan ground, from the Jews to the Gentiles, did it develop its real nature and assume its world-wide importance. Having been at its birth a Semitic religion, it became the principal religion of the Aryan world.

There is one other nation only, outside the pale of the Aryan and Semitic families, which can claim one, or even two book-religions as its own. China became the mother, at almost the same time, of two religions, each founded on a sacred code—the religion of Confucius, and the religion of Lao-tse, the former resting on the Five King and the Four Shu, the latter on the Tao-te-king.

With these eight religions the library of the Sacred Books of the whole human race is complete, and an accurate study of these eight codes, written in Sanskrit, Pāli, and Zend, in Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic, lastly in Chinese, might in itself not seem too formidable an undertaking for a single scholar. Yet, let us begin at home, and look at the enormous literature devoted to the interpretation of the Old Testament, at the number of books published every year on controverted points in the doctrine or the history of the Gospels, and you may then form an idea of what a theological library would be that should contain the necessary materials for an accurate and

scholar-like interpretation of the eight sacred codes. Even in so modern, and, in the beginning, at least, so illiterate a religion as that of Mohammed, the sources that have to be consulted for the history of the faith during the early centuries of its growth are so abundant, that few critical scholars could master them in their completeness.*

If we turn our eyes to the Aryan religions, the sacred writings of the Brahmans, in the narrowest acceptance of the word, might seem within easy grasp. The hymns of the Rig-Veda, which are the real bible of the ancient faith of the Vedic Rishis, are only 1,028 in number, consisting of about 10,580 verses.† The commentary, however, on these hymns, of which I have published four good-sized quarto volumes, is estimated at 100,000 lines, consisting of 32 syllables each, that is at 3,200,000 syllables. There are besides, the three minor Vedas, the Yagurveda, the Sāmaveda, the Atharvaveda, which, though of less importance for religious doctrines, are indispensable for a right appreciation of the sacrificial and ceremonial system of the worshippers of the ancient Vedic gods.

To each of these four Vedas belong collections of so-called *Brāhmanas*, scholastic treatises of a later time, it is true, but nevertheless written in archaic Sanskrit, and reckoned by every orthodox Hindu as part of his revealed literature. Their bulk is much larger than that of the ancient Vedic hymn-books.

And all this constitutes the text only for numberless treatises, essays, manuals, glosses, &c., forming an uninterrupted chain of theological literature, extending over more than three thousand years,

* Sprenger, *Das Leben des Mohammed*, vol. i. p. 9.

† Die Quellen, die ich benutzt habe, sind so zahlreich, und der Zustand der Gelehrsamkeit war unter den Moslimen in ihrer Urzeit von dem unsrigen so verschieden, dass die Materialien, die ich über die Quellen gesammelt habe, ein ziemlich belebtes Bändchen bilden werden. Es ist in der That notwendig, die Literaturgeschichte des Islām der ersten zwei Jahrhunderte zu schreiben, um den Leser in den Stand zu setzen, den hier gesammelten kritischen Apparat zu benutzen. Ich gedenke die Resultate meiner Forschungen als ein separates Werkchen nach der Prophetenbiographie herauszugeben."

† Max Müller, *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 220.

and receiving new links even at the present time. There are, besides, the inevitable parasites of theological literature, the controversial writings of different schools of thought and faith, all claiming to be orthodox, yet differing from each other like day and night; and lastly, the compositions of writers, professedly unorthodox, professedly at variance with the opinions of the majority, declared enemies of the Brahmanic faith and the Brahmanic priesthood, whose accusations and insinuations, whose sledge-hammers of argument, and whose poisoned arrows of invective need fear no comparison with the weapons of theological warfare in any other country.

Nor can we exclude the sacred law-books, nor the ancient epic poems, the Mahābhārata and Rāmāyana, nor the more modern, yet sacred literature of India, the Purāṇas and Tantras, if we wish to gain an insight into the religious belief of millions of human beings, who though they all acknowledge the Veda as their supreme authority in matters of faith, yet are unable to understand one single line of it, and in their daily life depend entirely for spiritual food on the teaching conveyed to them by these more recent and more popular books. And even then our eye would not have reached many of the sacred recesses in which the Hindu mind has taken refuge, either to meditate on the great problem of life, or to free itself from the temptations and fetters of worldly existence by penances and mortifications of the most exquisite cruelty. India has always been teeming with religious sects, and as far as we can look back into the history of that marvellous country, its religious life has been broken up into countless local centres which it required all the ingenuity and perseverance of a priestly caste to hold together with a semblance of dogmatic uniformity. Some of these sects may almost claim the title of independent religions, as, for instance, the once famous sect of the Sikhs, possessing their own sacred code and their own priesthood, and threatening for a time to become a formidable rival of Brahmanism and Mohammedanism in India. Political circumstances gave to the sect of Nānak its historical prominence and more lasting fame. To the student of religion it is but one out of

many sects which took their origin in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and attempted to replace the corruptions of Hinduism and Mohammedanism by a purer and more spiritual worship. The Granth, i.e. the Volume, the sacred book of the Sikhs, is full of interest, full of really deep and poetical thought: and it is to be hoped that it will soon find an English translator. But there are other collections of religious poetry, more ancient and more original than the stanzas of Nānak; nay, many of the most beautiful verses of the Granth were borrowed from these earlier authorities, particularly from Kabir, the pupil of Rāmānand. Here there is enough to occupy the students of religion: an intellectual flora of greater variety and profuseness than even the natural flora of that fertile country.

And yet we have not said a word as yet of the second book-religion of India—of the religion of Buddha, originally one only out of numberless sects, but possessing a vitality which has made its branches to overshadow the largest portion of the inhabited globe. Who can say—I do not speak of European scholars only, but of the most learned members of the Buddhist fraternities—who can say that he has read the whole of the canonical books of the Buddhist Church, to say nothing of their commentaries or later treatises? The text and commentaries of the Buddhist canon contain, according to a statement in the Saddharma-aṅkāra,* 29,368,000 letters. Such statements do not convey to our mind any very definite idea, nor could any scholar vouch for their absolute correctness. But if we consider that the English Bible is said to contain about three millions and a half of letters † (and here vowels are counted separately from consonants), five or six times that amount would hardly seem enough, as a rough estimate of the bulk of the Buddhist scriptures. The Tibetan edition of the Buddhist canon, consisting of two collections, the Kanjur and Tanjur, numbers about 325 volumes folio, each weighing in the Pekin edition from four to five pounds. ‡

* Spence Hardy, *The Legends and Theories of the Buddhists*, p. 66.

† 3,567,180.

‡ *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i. p. 193.

Apparently within a smaller compass lies the sacred literature of the third of the Aryan book-religions, the so-called Zend-Avesta. But here the very scantiness of the ancient text increases the difficulty of its successful interpretation, and the absence of native commentaries has thrown nearly the whole burden of deciphering on the patience and ingenuity of European scholars.

If lastly we turn to China, we find that the religion of Confucius is founded on the Five King and the Four Shu—books in themselves of considerable extent, and surrounded by voluminous commentaries, without which even the most learned scholars would not venture to fathom the depth of their sacred canon.*

Lao-tse, the contemporary or rather the senior of Confucius, is reported to have written a large number of books:† no less than 930 on different questions of faith, morality, and worship, and 70 on magic. His principal work, however, the Tao-te-king, which represents the real scripture of his followers, the Tao-sse, consists only of about 5,000 words,‡ and fills no more than thirty pages. But here again we find that for that very reason the text is unintelligible without copious commentaries, so that M. Julien had to consult more than sixty commentators for the purpose of his translation, the earliest going back as far as the year 163 B.C.

There is a third established religion in China, that of Fo; but Fo is only the Chinese corruption of Buddha, and though the religion of Buddha, as transferred from India to China, has assumed a peculiar character and produced an enormous literature of its own, yet Chinese Buddhism cannot be called an independent religion, any more than Buddhism in Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, or in Nepal, Tibet, and Mongolia.

But after we have collected this library of the sacred books of the world with their indispensable commentaries,

are we then in possession of the requisite materials for studying the growth and decay of the religious convictions of mankind at large? Far from it. The largest portion of mankind,—ay, and some of the most valiant champions in the religious and intellectual struggles of the world, would be unrepresented in our theological library. Think only of the Greeks and the Romans; think of the Teutonic, the Celtic and Slavonic nations! Where are we to gain an insight into what we may call their real religious convictions, previous to the comparatively recent period when their ancient temples were levelled to the ground to make room for new cathedrals; and their sacred oaks were felled to be changed into crosses, planted along every mountain pass and forest lane? Homer and Hesiod do not tell us what was the religion, the real heart-religion of the Greeks, nor were their own poems ever considered as sacred, or even as authoritative and binding, by the highest intellects among the Greeks. In Rome we have not even an Iliad or Odyssey; and when we ask for the religious worship of the Teutonic, the Celtic, or the Slavonic tribes, the very names of many of the deities in whom they believed are forgotten and lost forever, and the scattered notices of their faith have to be picked up and put together like the small stones of a broken mosaic that once formed the pavement in the ruined temples of Rome.

The same gaps, the same want of representative authorities, which we witness among the Aryan, we meet again among the Semitic nations, as soon as we step out of the circle of their book-religions. The Babylonians, the Phenicians and Carthaginians, the Arabs, before their conversion to Mohammedanism, all are without canonical books, and a knowledge of their religion has to be gathered, as well as may be, from monuments, inscriptions, traditions, from proper names, from proverbs, from curses, and other stray notices which require the greatest care before they can be properly sifted and successfully fitted together.

But now let us go on further. The two beds in which the stream of Aryan and Semitic thought has been rolling on for centuries from south-east to north-west, from the Indus to the Thames, from the Euphrates to the Jordan and

* *The Chinese Classics*, with a Translation, Notes, Prolegomena, and Indexes. By James Legge, D.D.: 7 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

† Stan. Julien, *Tao te king*, p. xxvii.

‡ Julien, *Tao te king*, p. xxxi., xxxv. The texts vary from 5,610, 5,630, 5,638, to 5,722 words. The text published by M. Stan. Julien consists of 5,320 words.

the Mediterranean, cover but a narrow tract of country compared with the vastness of our globe. As we rise higher, our horizon expands on every side, and wherever there are traces of human life there are traces also of religion. Along the shores of the ancient Nile we see still standing the Pyramids, and the ruins of temples and labyrinths, their walls covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, and with the strange pictures of gods and goddesses. On rolls of papyrus, which seem to defy the ravages of time, we have even fragments of what may be called the sacred books of the Egyptians. Yet though much has been deciphered in the ancient records of that mysterious race, the main spring of the religion of Egypt and the original intention of its ceremonial worship are far from being fully disclosed to us. As we follow the sacred stream to its distant sources the whole continent of Africa opens before us, and wherever we now see kraals and cattle-pens, depend upon it there was to be seen once, or there is to be seen even now, the smoke of sacrifices rising up from earth to heaven. The ancient relics of African faith are rapidly disappearing at the approach of Mohammedan and Christian missionaries; but what has been preserved of it, chiefly through the exertions of learned missionaries, is full of interest to the student of religion, with its strange worship of snakes and ancestors, its vague hope of a future life, and its not altogether faded reminiscence of a Supreme God, the Father of the black as well as of the white man.

From the eastern coast of Africa our eye is carried across the sea where, from Madagascar to Hawaii, island after island stands out like so many pillars of a sunken bridge that once spanned the Indian and Pacific oceans. Everywhere, whether among the dark Papuan or the yellowish Malay, or the brown Polynesian races scattered on these islands, even among the lowest of the low in the scale of humanity, there are, if we will but listen, whisperings about divine beings, imaginings of a future life; there are prayers and sacrifices which, even in their most degraded and degrading form, still bear witness to that old and ineradicable faith that everywhere there is a God to hear our prayers, if we will but

call on Him, and to accept our offerings, if they are offered as a ransom for sin or as a token of a grateful heart.

Still farther east the double continent of America becomes visible, and in spite of the unchristian vandalism of its first discoverers and conquerors, there, too, we find materials for the study of an ancient, and, it would seem, independent faith. Unfortunately, the religious and mythological traditions, collected by the first Europeans who came in contact with the natives of America, reach back but a short distance beyond the time when they were written down, and they seem in several cases to reflect the thoughts of the Spanish listeners as much as those of the native narrators. The quaint hieroglyphic manuscripts of Mexico and Guatemala have as yet told us very little, and the accounts written by natives in their native language have to be used with great caution. Still the ancient religion of the Aztecs of Mexico and of the Incas of Peru is full of interesting problems. As we advance towards the north and its red-skinned inhabitants our information becomes more meagre still, and after what happened some years ago, no *Livre des Sauvages* is likely to come to our assistance again. Yet there are wild and home-grown specimens of religious faith to be studied even now among the receding and gradually perishing tribes of the Red Indians, and, in their languages as well as in their religions, traces may possibly still be found, before it is too late, of pre-historic migrations of men from the primitive Asiatic to the American continent, either across the stepping-stones of the Aleutic bridge in the north, or lower south by drifting with favorable winds from island to island till the hardy canoe was landed or wrecked on the American coast, never to return again to the Asiatic home from which it had started.

And when in our religious survey we finally come back again to the Asiatic continent, we find here too, although nearly the whole of its area is now occupied by one or the other of the eight book-religions, by Mosaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, by Brahmanism, Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, and in China by the religions of Confucius and Lao-tse, that nevertheless partly below the surface, and in some places still on

the surface, more primitive forms of worship have maintained themselves. I mean the Shamanism of the Mongolian race, and the beautiful half-Illoimeric mythology of the Finnish and Esthonian tribes.

And now that I have displayed this world-wide panorama before your eyes, you will share, I think, the feeling of dismay with which the student of the science of religion looks around, and asks himself where to begin and how to proceed. That there are materials in abundance, capable of scientific treatment, no one would venture to deny. But how are they to be held together? How are we to discover what all these religions share in common? How they differ? How they rise and how they decline? What they are and what they mean?

Let us take the old saying, *Divide et impera*, and translate it somewhat freely by "Classify and conquer," and I believe we shall then lay hold of the old thread of Ariadne which has led the students of many a science through darker labyrinths even than the labyrinth of the religions of the world. All real science rests on classification, and only in case we cannot succeed in classifying the various dialects of faith shall we have to confess that a science of religion is really an impossibility. If the ground before us has once been properly surveyed and carefully parcelled out, each scholar may then cultivate his own glebe, without wasting his energies and without losing sight of the general purposes to which all special researches must be subservient.

How, then, is the vast domain of religion to be parcelled out? How are religions to be classified, or, we ought rather to ask first, how have they been classified before now? The simplest classification, and one which we find adopted in almost every country, is that into *true* and *false* religions. It is very much like the first classification of languages into one's own language and the languages of the rest of the world; as the Greeks would say, into the languages of the Greeks and the Barbarians; or, as the Jews would say, into the languages of the Jews and the Gentiles; or, as the Hindus would say, into the languages of the Âryas and Mlekkhas;

or, as the Chinese would say, into the languages of the Middle Empire and that of the Outer Barbarians. I need not say why that sort of classification is useless for scientific purposes.

There is another classification, apparently of a more scientific character, but if examined more closely, equally worthless to the student of religion. I mean the well-known division into *revealed* and *natural* religions.

I have first to say a few words on the meaning attached to natural religion. That word is constantly used in very different acceptations. It is applied by several writers to certain historical forms of religion, which are looked upon as not resting on the authority of revelation, in whatever sense that word may be hereafter interpreted. Thus Buddhism would be a natural religion in the eyes of the Brahmans, Brahmanism would be a natural religion in the eyes of the Mohammedans. With us, all religions except Christianity and, though in a lesser degree, Mosaism, would be classed as merely natural; and though natural does not imply false, yet it distinctly implies the absence of any sanction beyond the sense of truth, or the voice of conscience that is within us.

But Natural Religion is also used in a very different sense, particularly by the philosophers of the last century. When people began to subject the principal historical religions to a critical analysis, they found that after removing what was peculiar to each, there remained certain principles which they all shared in common. These were supposed to be the principles of Natural Religion. Again, when everything that seemed supernatural, miraculous, and irrational, had been removed from the pages of the New Testament, there still remained a kind of skeleton of religion, and this too was passed off under the name of Natural Religion. During the last century, philosophers who were opposing the spread of scepticism and infidelity, thought that this kind of natural, or, as it was also called, rational religion, might serve as a breakwater against utter unbelief, but they soon found out that a mere philosophical system, however true, can never take the place of religious faith. When Diderot said that all revealed religions were the heresies of Natural Religion,

he meant by Natural Religion a body of truths implanted in human nature, to be discovered by the eye of reason alone, and independent of any such historical or local influences as give to each religion its peculiar character and local aspect. The existence of a deity, the nature of his attributes, such as Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence, Eternity, Self-existence, Spirituality, the Goodness also of the Deity, and, connected with it, the admission of a distinction between Good and Evil, between Virtue and Vice, all this, and according to some writers, the Unity and Personality also of the Deity, were included in the domain of Natural Religion. The scientific treatment of this so-called Natural Religion received the name of Natural Theology, a title rendered famous in the beginning of our century by the much praised and much abused work of Paley. Natural Religion corresponds in the science of religion to what in the science of language used to be called *Grammaire générale*, a collection of fundamental rules which are supposed to be self-evident, without which no grammar would be possible, but which, strange to say, never exist in their purity and completeness in any language that is or ever has been spoken by human beings. It is the same with religion. There never has been any real religion, consisting exclusively of the pure and simple tenets of Natural Religion, though there have been certain philosophers who brought themselves to believe that their religion was entirely rational, was, in fact, pure and simple Deism.

If we speak, therefore, of a classification of all historical religions into revealed and natural, what is meant by natural is simply the negation of revealed, and if we tried to carry out the classification practically, we should find the same result as before. We should have on one side Christianity alone, or, according to some theologians, Christianity and Judaism; on the other, all the remaining religions of the world.

This classification, therefore, whatever may be its practical value, is perfectly useless for scientific purposes. A more extended study shows us very soon that the claim of revelation is set up by the founders, or if not by them, at all events by the later preachers and

advocates of most religions; and would therefore be declined by all but ourselves as a distinguishing feature of Christianity and Judaism. We shall see, in fact, that the claims to a revealed authority are urged far more strongly and elaborately by the believers in the Veda, than by the apologetical theologians among the Jews and Christians. Even Buddha, originally the most thoroughly human and self-dependent among the founders of religion, is by a strange kind of inconsistency represented, in later controversial writings, as in possession of revealed truth.* He himself could not, like Numa or Zoroaster, or Mohammed,† claim communication with higher spirits; still less could he, like the poets of the Veda, speak of divine inspirations and god-given utterances: for according to him there was none among the spirits greater or wiser than himself, and the gods of the Veda had become his servants and worshippers. Buddha himself appeals only to what we should call the inner light.‡ When he delivered for the first time the four fundamental doctrines of his system, he said, "Mendicants, for the attainment of these previously unknown doctrines, the eye, the knowledge, the wisdom, the clear perception, the light were developed within me." He was called Sarvagña or omniscient by his earliest pupils; but when in later times, it was seen that on several points Buddha had but spoken the language of his age, and had shared the errors current among his contemporaries with regard to the shape of the earth and the movement of the heavenly bodies, an important concession was made by Buddhist theologians. They limited the meaning of the word "omniscient," as applied to Buddha, to a knowledge of the principal doctrines of his system, and concerning these, but these only, they declared him to have been infallible. This may seem to be a modern kind of view, but whether modern or ancient, it certainly reflects great credit on the Buddhist theologians. In the *Milinda Prasna*, however,

* *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, by Max Müller, p. 83.

† Sprenger, *Mohammed*, vol. ii. p. 426.

‡ Gogerly, *The Evidences and Doctrines of Christian Religion*. Colombo, 1862. Part I.

which is a canonical book, we see that the same idea was already rising in the mind of the great Nāgasena. Being asked by King Milinda whether Buddha is omniscient, he replies: "Yes, Great King, the blessed Buddha is omniscient. But Buddha does not at all times exercise his omniscience. By meditation he knows all things; meditating he knows everything he desires to know." In this reply a distinction is evidently intended between subjects that may be known by sense and reason, and subjects that can be known by meditation only. Within the domain of sense and reason, Nāgasena does not claim omniscience or infallibility for Buddha, but he claims for him both omniscience and infallibility in all that is to be perceived by meditation only, or, as we should say, in matters of faith.

I shall have to explain to you hereafter the extraordinary contrivances by which the Brahmans endeavored to eliminate every human element from the hymns of the Veda, and to establish, not only the revealed, but the pre-historic or even ante-mundane character of their scriptures. No apologetic writings have ever carried the theory of revelation to greater extremes.

In the present stage of our inquiries, all that I wish to point out is this,—that when the founders or defenders of nearly all the religions of the world appeal to some kind of revelation in support of the truth of their doctrines, it could answer no useful purpose were we to attempt any classification on such disputed ground. Whether the claim of a natural or preternatural revelation, put forward by different religions, is well founded or not, is not the question at present. It falls to the province of Theoretic Theology to explain the true meaning of revelation, for few words have been used so vaguely and in so many different senses. It falls to its province to explain, not only how the veil was withdrawn that intercepted for a time the rays of divine truth, but, what is a far more difficult problem, how there could ever have been a veil between truth and the seeker of truth, between the adoring heart and the object of the highest adoration, between the Father and his children.

In Comparative Theology our task is different: we have simply to deal with the facts such as we find them. If people regard their religion as revealed, it is to them a revealed religion, and has to be treated as such by an impartial historian. We cannot determine a question by adopting, without discussion, the claims of one party, and ignoring those of the other.

But this principle of classification into revealed and natural religions appears still more faulty, when we look at it from another point of view. Even if we granted that all religions, except Christianity and Mosaism, derived their origin from those faculties of the mind only which, according to Paley, are sufficient by themselves for calling into life the fundamental tenets of what we explained before as natural religion, the classification of Christianity and Judaism on one side as *revealed*, and of the other religions as *natural*, would still be defective, for the simple reason that no religion, though founded on revelation, can ever be entirely separated from natural religion. The tenets of natural religion, though by themselves they never constituted a real historical religion, supply the only ground on which revealed religion can stand, the only soil where it can strike root, and from which it can receive nourishment and life. If we took away that soil, or if we supposed that it, too, had to be supplied by revelation, we should not only run counter to the letter and spirit of the Old and the New Testament, but we should degrade revealed religion by changing it into a mere formula, to be accepted by a recipient incapable of questioning, weighing, and appreciating its truth; we should indeed have the germ, but we should have thrown away the congenial soil in which alone that germ of true religion can live and grow.

Christianity, addressing itself not only to the Jews, but also to the Gentiles, not only to the ignorant, but also to the learned, not only to the believers, but in the first instance, to the unbeliever, presupposed in all of them the elements of natural religion, and with them the power of choosing between truth and untruth. Thus only could St. Paul say: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." (1 Thess. v. 21.)

The same is true with regard to the Old Testament. There, too, the belief in a Deity, and in some at least of its indefeasible attributes, is taken for granted, and the prophets who call the wayward Jews back to the worship of Jehovah, appeal to them as competent by the truth-testing power that is within them, to choose 'between Jehovah and the gods of the Gentiles, between truth and untruth. Remember only the important chapter in the earliest history of the Jews, when Joshua gathered all the tribes of Israel to Shechem, and called for the elders of Israel, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers; and they presented themselves before God.

"And Joshua said unto all the people: Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah, the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor: and they served other gods."

And then, after reminding them of all that God has done for them, he concludes by saying:—

"Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt, and serve ye the Lord.

"And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, *choose you* this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites in whose lands ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

In order to choose between different gods and different forms of faith, a man must possess the faculty of choosing, the instruments of testing truth and untruth, whether revealed or not; he must know that certain fundamental tenets cannot be absent in any true religion, and that there are doctrines against which his rational or moral conscience revolts as incompatible with truth. In short, there must be the foundation of religion, there must be the solid rock before it is possible to erect an altar, a temple, or a church: and if we call that foundation natural religion, it is clear that no revealed religion can be thought of which does not rest more or less firmly on natural religion.

These difficulties have been felt distinctly by some of our most learned divines, who have attempted a classification of religions from their own point of view.* New definitions of natural religion have therefore been proposed in order to avoid the overlapping of the two definitions of natural and revealed religion. Natural religion has, for instance, been explained as the religion of nature before revelation, such as may be supposed to have existed among the patriarchs, or to exist still among primitive people who have not yet been enlightened by Christianity or debased by idolatry.

According to this view we should have to distinguish not two, but three classes of religion: the primitive or natural, the debased or idolatrous, and the revealed. But, as pointed out before, the first, the so-called primitive or natural religion, exists in the minds of modern philosophers rather than of ancient poets and prophets. History never tells us of any race with whom the simple feeling of reverence for higher powers was not hidden under mythological disguises. Nor would it be possible even thus to separate the three classes of religion by sharp and definite lines of demarkation, because both the debased or idolatrous and the purified or revealed religions would of necessity include within themselves the elements of natural religion. Nor do we diminish these difficulties in the classificatory stage of our science if, in the place of this simple natural religion, we admit with other theologians and philosophers, a universal primeval revelation. This universal primeval revelation is only another name for natural religion, and it rests on no authority but the speculations of philosophers. The same class of philosophers, considering that language was too wonderful an achievement for the human mind, insisted on the necessity of admitting a universal primeval language revealed directly by God to man, or rather to mute beings; while the more thoughtful and the more reverent among the Fathers of the Church and among the founders of modern philosophy pointed out that it was more consonant with the general working of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator that he should have

* See Professor Jowett's *Essay on Natural Religion*, p. 458.

endowed human nature with germinant faculties of speech, instead of presenting mute beings with grammars and dictionaries ready-made. Is an infant less wonderful than a man? an acorn less wonderful than an oak tree? a cell, if you like, or a protoplasm, including potentially within itself all that it has to become hereafter, less wonderful than all the moving creatures that have life? The same applies to religion. A universal primeval religion revealed direct by God to man, or rather to a crowd of atheists, may, to our human wisdom, seem the best solution of all difficulties; but a higher wisdom speaks to us from out the realities of history, and teaches us, if we will but learn, that "we have all to seek the Lord, if haply we may feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us."

Of the hypothesis of a universal primeval revelation and all its self-created difficulties we shall have to speak again: for the present it must suffice if we have shown that the problem of a scientific classification of religion is not brought nearer to its solution by the additional assumption of another purely hypothetical class of religion.

We have not finished yet. A very important, and, for certain purposes, very useful classification, has been that into polytheistic, dualistic, and monotheistic religions. If religion rests chiefly on a belief in a Higher Power, then the nature of that Higher Power would seem to supply a very characteristic feature by which to classify the religions of the world. Nor do I deny that for certain purposes such a classification has proved useful: all I maintain is that we should thus have to class together religions most heterogeneous in other respects, though agreeing in the number of their deities. Besides, it would certainly be necessary to add two other classes—the *henotheistic* and the *atheistic*. Henotheistic religions differ from polytheistic because, although they recognise the existence of various deities, or names of

deities, they represent each deity as independent of all the rest, as the only deity present in the mind of the worshipper at the time of his worship and prayer. This character is very prominent in the religion of the Vedic poets. Although many gods are invoked in different hymns, sometimes also in the same hymn, yet there is no rule of precedence established among them; and, according to the varying aspects of nature, and the varying cravings of the human heart, it is sometimes Indra, the god of the blue sky, sometimes Agni, the god of fire, sometimes Varuna, the ancient god of the firmament, who are praised as supreme without any suspicion of rivalry, or any idea of subordination. This peculiar phase of religion, this worship of single gods, forms probably everywhere the first stage in the growth of polytheism, and deserves therefore a separate name.

As to atheistic religions, they might seem to be perfectly impossible; and yet the fact cannot be disputed away that the religion of Buddha was from the beginning purely atheistic. The idea of the Godhead, after it had been degraded by endless mythological absurdities which struck and repelled the heart of Buddha, was, for a time at least, entirely expelled from the sanctuary of the human mind: and the highest morality that was ever taught before the rise of Christianity was taught by men with whom the gods had become mere phantoms, and who had no altars, not even an altar to the Unknown God.

It will be the object of my next lecture to show that the only scientific and truly genetic classification of religions is the same as the classification of languages, and that, particularly in the early history of the human intellect, there exists the most intimate relationship between language, religion, and nationality—a relationship quite independent of those physical elements, the blood, the skull, or the hair, on which ethnologists have attempted to found their classification of the human race.

St. Paul's.

COLORS OF THE PLANETS.

IT is not commonly known that when the celestial depths are scanned with

instruments of adequate power, a variety of beautiful and well-marked colors

can be recognized. Amongst the fixed stars, indeed, there is scarcely a tint missing from the full scale of the prismatic colors, while a variety of hues not belonging to that scale,—as gray, lilac, fawn-colored, and buff,—may be seen among the members of those multiple systems of stars which form so interesting a subject of study to the telescopist. But the planets are the only objects in the heavens which are actually variegated in color—that is, which present, side by side and in actual contact, streaks and patches of differently colored surface. It is, indeed, only recently that the diversities of tint thus presented have been recognized to their full extent. The observation of colors so delicate as those we refer to, or rather of colors which, however well-marked in reality, are so easily lost sight of through the effects of the enormous distances separating us from these outer worlds, is one of extreme difficulty. It is only under very favorable circumstances that the colors can be seen at all; and the mode of observation which alone serves to exhibit them is altogether different from that which is best calculated to reveal other planetary features. The results which have rewarded some recent studies, specially directed to the detection of color, are so interesting and instructive, that we need offer no excuse for presenting them at some length. It is precisely such studies as these, apparently directed to trivial relations, which, when carefully weighed, have been found to afford the most suggestive evidence respecting the economy of the solar system.

It may not be amiss to give some account, in the first place, of the colors which the planets exhibit to the unaided eye. These colors, though not in all cases very marked, are quite sufficient to enable any one to distinguish one planet from another. Jupiter, to the naked eye, appears perfectly white. His brilliancy so far surpasses that of any fixed star, that there is no mistaking him when he is shining in full glory on the dark background of the midnight sky. But when he is an evening or a morning star, he may be mistaken for Venus. To distinguish between the two it should be noticed that Venus is much the more brilliant under such circumstances, while

her light is somewhat less snowily white. The peculiar creamy-white of the planet of love, can never be mistaken by those who have once had their attention attracted to it. Mercury cannot be mistaken for either of the two other white planets. Owing to his proximity to the sun, he shines with a peculiar sparkling light which distinguishes him from every other object in the heavens. The ancients, accordingly, called this little planet “the sparkler.” When seen side by side with Jupiter or Venus, the inferiority of his light,—in quantity,—is as remarkable as its singular intrinsic brilliancy.

Mars and Saturn, however, are the two planets whose colors, as seen by the naked eye, are the most readily distinguishable. The former shines with an unmistakably ruddy light, which acquired for it among the Greeks the title of *πυρρίης*, the Fiery One. Sometimes this color is more marked than at others, and it used to be thought that the difference was caused by changes in our own atmosphere. This idea has now, however, been shown to be a mistaken one, and astronomers recognize in the strange variations of color presented by this interesting object, the occurrence of changes taking place on the planet itself. He has been known to shine with so deep and ominous a hue that popular fears have pictured him as some new orb sent to forewarn mankind of strife and bloodshed.

Saturn shines with a dull yellow, and somewhat dismal, hue, a circumstance which, taken in combination with his sluggish motions, may be held to account for the gloomy auguries which the astrologers drew in old times from the “predominance” of this planet. Our readers may remember, for instance, the lines of Chaucer, in which, with a strange mixture of mythological and astrological lore, he describes the malevolent influence of the yellow planet. Saturn,—the god, be it remembered,—is addressing Venus, and thus assumes to himself the qualities ascribed to the planet:—

“My dere daughter Venus, quod Saturne,
My cours, that hath so wide for to turne
Hath more power than wot any man.
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
Min is the prison in the derke cote,

Min is the strangel, and hanging by the throte,
 The murmure and the cherles rebelling,
 The groynng, and the prive emposynng.
 I do vengeance and pleine correction,
 While I dwell in the signe of the Leon.
 Min is the ruine of the high halles,
 The falling of the toures and of the walles
 Upon the minour or the carpenter:
 I slew Samson in shaking the piler.
 Min ben also the maladies colde,
 The derke tresons, and the castes olde:
 My loking is the fader of pestilence."

All evils, in fact, to which the human race is subject, save only open war,—which was the property of fiery Mars,—were fathered upon the planet which astronomers now recognize as the most beautiful of all the celestial objects.

We turn, however, to the peculiarities of color which the telescope has revealed in several of the principal planets.

It is impossible to observe either Venus or Mercury under circumstances favorable for the detection of color. And, indeed, the brilliancy of both these planets is so great that to observe them properly colored glasses must be commonly used; and it need hardly be said that no dependence could be placed on indications of color presented through such a medium. It may be remarked, however, in passing, that gray and reddish patches of light have been seen by some observers on the dark part of these planets, a circumstance which has been referred to the probable occurrence of auroral displays in these distant orbs. If we were to accept this conclusion, and it is far from being improbable, we should be led to infer that the auroras which are to be witnessed by the inhabitants of Mercury and Venus must be much more splendid than any which have ever been visible on our own earth. For certainly the brightest auroral displays ever seen by man, could not possibly be discernible by the inhabitants of other worlds. We know that the flashes of the aurora can no longer be traced as the day begins to dawn; and we may therefore assume with confidence that an observer who should see our earth as we commonly see Venus, with a part of its surface in the full light of the sun, and a part in darkness, would be prevented by the brilliancy of the illuminated part from discerning the faint light of an auroral display in progress on the darker

part. But physicists have learnt to associate auroras with solar action, and therefore it may well be that on Venus and Mercury, which are so much nearer to the sun than the earth is, auroral phenomena may be exhibited with enhanced splendor.

It is when we pass beyond the bounds of the earth's orbit that we obtain the first well-marked indications of color in the planetary system.

Mars stands prominent among the planets for the distinctness and variety of the colors which his disc exhibits. When a telescope of adequate power is turned towards this miniature world, we are struck in the first place by the singular brilliancy of the two white spots, which have long since been recognized as "the snowy poles of moonless Mars." They stand out so conspicuously from the rest of the disc, that often when a mist passes over the surface of the planet, they may be distinctly recognized, like two faint stars, while all the rest of the planet is totally hidden from view.

Next we notice the delicately-tinted border of white light which surrounds the rest of the disc, and forms a sort of frame, within which the true features of the planet's surface are to be recognized. This border is supposed to be due to light cumulus clouds in the Martian atmosphere. Such clouds, if formed like those in our own air, would only become perceptible to us where, through the effect of foreshortening near the edge of the disc, they were crowded together—in appearance—and thus concealed the true surface of the planet from our view. Occasionally they exhibit a greenish tint of exquisite delicacy.

But it is within this boundary that the true colors of Mars are to be seen. The body of the planet, or what may be assumed to be its true surface, is of a ruddy or ochreish tint, here and there somewhat yellowish. There are also to be seen occasionally spots of salmon-colored light, brownish patches, and even black spots of small size. We may not unreasonably look upon all these portions of the planet as consisting of earthy substances, resembling those which constitute our own lands and continents. Next, covering an extent of the disc very little less than that occupied by the

ruddy regions, we have spaces which some observers consider to be green, while to others they appear of an indigo-gray or neutral color. Like the red parts, the grayish or greenish spaces are not uniformly dark. In some places they are so faintly tinted as to appear almost white; in others they seem tinged with a purplish hue. We cannot doubt that these portions are in reality seas, and not fresh-water seas, but seas like our own, colored by the salts which they contain. The varieties of color correspond indeed quite closely with those observed in our own oceans, from the light-green hues of the polar seas to that strange deep hue which Homer has described as "wine-colored."

A French astronomer was led by the singular contrasts of color observable on Mars to form a very strange theory respecting the physical conditions which prevail upon his surface. Noticing that the ruddy tints always appear most clearly during the Martial summer, he came to the conclusion that vegetation is of a different nature on Mars than on our own earth. In place of green leaves the trees on that distant world put forth red leaves, he argued; as spring progresses, the fields recover from the effects of the long Martial winter, but in place of what we term verdure they are clothed with rubescence. If this theory be true, the Martial poets might say of spring, more truthfully than our own have done, that

"She cometh, blushing like a maid."

But we have no great reason for supposing that the theory is true. Certainly our earth would not appear green if her continents could be viewed from afar off, as we see Mars. Nay, even our forests, supposing them large enough to be separately visible, would scarcely exhibit a discernible green tint. A very eminent landscape-painter used to deride the notion that trees are green; "leaves are green, if you will," he used to say, "but trees,—they are any color but green; black, white, yellow, red, but never green." And, making allowance for the requirements of paradox, the assertion is not far from the truth. No one ever saw out of a picture-book, and that a bad one, a really green forest. And by parity of reasoning we may assume that

if vegetation on Mars were red, yet seen in large masses the red tints would be lost.

The fact seems to be that we have a reasonable explanation of the ruddy tint of the Martial continents in the fact that the principal part of the soil of the planet resembles those red and ochreish soils which appear in various parts of our own earth. A geologist may suppose, if he will, that the Martialists are passing through the old Red Sandstone period; and possibly some thousands of years hence observers of Mars may see with wonder the signs of a soil wholly different from that now visible to us.

When we turn to the planet Jupiter, we are struck with the immense contrast he presents to Mars, not merely in the arrangement of the colors, which tint his disc, but in every feature. Mars is one of the least of the planets, much less, in fact, than our own earth. Jupiter is thirteen hundred times larger than the globe we live on. Mars has a day only half an hour or so longer than ours. Jupiter's day lasts but nine or ten hours. Mars is without attendants. Jupiter has four noble satellites, each scarcely inferior to the planet Mercury.

When Jupiter is observed under ordinary circumstances, we can detect scarcely any signs of color. But no one who has ever seen Jupiter in a powerful telescope, under really favorable atmospheric conditions, can fail to be struck with the wonderful splendor of his coloring. One need not be an enthusiast in matters astronomical to be so enchanted with the spectacle as to find it almost impossible to leave the telescope. A friend of ours, who rejoices in a noble equatorial, accurately driven by clock-work, so as to keep an object always in view, finds that on such a night as we have described, the friends whom he invites occasionally to enjoy the glories of the heavens, will take no hint to limit their enjoyment of the spectacle. "I have nothing for it, as a rule," he complains, "but to stop the clock, so that Jupiter withdraws himself from their too eager gaze."

And now to describe the colors of the noble planet. The poles are of a singularly beautiful color, resembling what is termed by painters ultramarine-ash. What is sometimes called the body of

Jupiter as distinguished from the dark belts, which are doubtless, however, the true surface of the planet, is of a rich creamy white, slightly less brilliant, near the edge of the disc. No one can doubt that we look here upon the "silver linings" of clouds suspended in the deep atmosphere of the giant planet. It is the dark belts which exhibit the most remarkable coloring. Those nearest to the gray-blue poles are slate-colored. Somewhat farther from the poles a tinge of red is discernible in the gray. In fact, we have a realization of the gris-rouge color which amuses us in Molière's comedy. Still farther from the poles the belts appear of a delicate chocolate color, somewhat ruddy; while the two dark belts on either side of the great equatorial bright zone exhibit an appearance as though light of a singularly beautiful garnet hue were shining through a chocolate-tinted medium.

But the most remarkable circumstance in connection with the coloring of Jupiter remains to be mentioned. The bright equatorial belt, usually white, has recently been observed to exhibit the most remarkable peculiarities and variations of color. Mr. Browning, the optician, using a fine reflector of his own construction, discovered last autumn that the equatorial belt had assumed a greenish-yellow tint. Then later it became of a bright ochreish-yellow. And since the beginning of the present year it has changed through a variety of tints of yellow, ranging from Roman orange to yellow-lake. We shall presently comment further on the significance of this striking series of phenomena.

It remains to be mentioned here that occasionally spots of almost inky blackness can be seen upon the belts of Jupiter. The fact that they are not always visible, shows that, if the belts belong to the real surface of the planet, they must yet be more or less obscured from our view by a veil of vapor. It is only when this vapor is wholly or almost wholly removed from some region, that the black spots we have referred to become visible.

Beautiful as Jupiter is, and grand as is the system which attends upon him, Saturn presents a yet more charming and impressive spectacle to the telescopist. The wonderful ring-system is alone suf-

ficient to render him the most interesting of all the planets. But the scheme of attendant orbs, circling outside the rings, raises Saturn almost to the dignity of a sun. His family of satellites is as large in number as the sun's family of planets, and as the sun, besides his planet family, has a ring of small bodies,—the asteroids,—attending upon him, so Saturn has a yet more compact ring, composed, so say the astronomers, of myriads of minute satellites, circling in ever intertwining orbits around the great centre of the Saturnian system.

Although Saturn is so much farther from us than Jupiter, he presents colors of equal beauty. The chief difference between the planets in this respect, lies in the fact that the belts of Saturn are not dark and rugged like those of Jupiter, but faint and smooth. "This uniformity," says an observer whom we shall presently have occasion to quote more at length, "though it detracts somewhat from the interest with which the belts are examined, adds greatly to the unique beauty of the planet."

Before proceeding to describe the beauties of this most lovely of all the members of the solar system, we must make a few remarks on the subject of the rings, otherwise our description would seem unintelligible to those who are unfamiliar with the progress of recent discoveries in the Saturnian system.

It had long been known that what is termed for brevity Saturn's ring, is divided by a wide circular gap some two thousand miles across into two concentric rings, of which the inner is the wider and the brighter. More recently it had been discovered that several other divisions exist in the ring-system, of which one, dividing the outer ring almost along the middle of its breadth, appears to be permanent. But these divisions are not black; moreover, careful observers had come to the conclusion that even the great dark division is not black. Captain Jacob, an eminent observer, had noticed that when the shadow of the planet falls across this division, the contrast between the intense blackness of the shadow and the merely dark color of the division was very marked. This showed that some material or other occupied the great division between the rings.

The discovery of a dark ring within the innermost bright one seems less remarkable after this recognition of the fact that the great division is in reality but a darker part of the ring-system. Still the actual proof that such a thing as a dark ring has existence within the bounds of our solar system, cannot but be looked upon as striking. The discovery that where it crosses Saturn the planet can be seen through the dark ring was, however, much more so. It was the first demonstrated case of a transparent substance within the solar scheme,—of a substance, at least, in this sense transparent, that its materials are so arranged that vision through it is possible. We now have reason to believe that the actual matter composing the dark ring is no more transparent than the moon is. It is supposed that minute satellites, somewhat more widely separated than in the case of the bright rings, compose the dark ring also, and that between these satellites we can see through to the planet. The appearance actually presented is as though the dark ring were composed of crape, veiling, but not altogether hiding the planet from us. On this account the ring is often called the crape-ring.

When seen under ordinary circumstances,—that is, when the atmospheric conditions are not unusually favorable,—the only colors which can be recognized on Saturn are the white of the cloud-zones and the yellow of the belts. But on one of those few fine nights which are the delight of the telescopicist, we suddenly find the pale faint colors of the distant planet changed into well-marked hues of great distinctness. The following description is from the pen of Mr. Browning, the optician. The observation was made with a fine twelve-inch reflector, by means of which Mr. Browning, in the few leisure hours at his disposal, has already made many important contributions to observational astronomy. Speaking of a colored drawing which accompanied a paper of his on Saturn in the "Student,"—"The following colors," he says, "were used to represent the parts indicated. The rings, yellow ochre,—shaded with the same,—and sepia. The globe, yellow ochre and brown madder, orange and purple, shaded with sepia. The great division

in the rings, sepia,"—not black, be it noticed. "The pole, and the narrow belts situated near it on the globe, pale cobalt-blue."

It will be observed how largely our conceptions of the beauty of the Saturnian scheme are enhanced by the knowledge that colors so varied and so well marked are exhibited on the planet's disc, and in the noble rings which circle around it. But in reality no description, nay no painting, can afford any adequate conception of the planet's exceeding loveliness on such a night as we have mentioned. Mr. Browning's picture is perhaps the most beautiful representation of Saturn which has ever been produced. Yet no one would admit more readily than himself that it conveys but an inadequate idea of the ringed planet when seen in its full glory. "The tints I have used," he says, "are the nearest I could find to those seen on the planet, but there is a muddiness about all terrestrial colors when compared with the colors of the objects seen in the heavens. These colors could not be represented in all their brilliancy and purity, unless we could dip our pencil in a rainbow, and transfer the prismatic tints to our paper."

On account of the heavy masses of clouds which cover Jupiter and Saturn, we only obtain partial and indistinct views of their real surface; it is not easy to form any conception of the arrangement of continents and oceans which may exist upon these planets. There are many of our earths which might be supposed to present some such tints as we see on Saturn and Jupiter, if only our planet could be viewed under somewhat similar circumstances. But there are some difficulties which it is not very easy to get over. It is certain that whenever we get a real glimpse of the Saturnian and Jovian surfaces we see various shades of brown, red, purple, and yellow; nothing,—except near the poles,—which can reasonably be supposed to represent seas or oceans. But we are compelled to believe that there must be seas and oceans elsewhere than near the poles. For the great equatorial white belts which surround both planets must consist of masses of cloud or mist, raised by evaporation from widely-expanded oceans. Yet, as we have said, there is

no trace on the ruddy, dark belts near the equator of any oceanic masses existing in the neighborhood of the equator.

Another circumstance very difficult to comprehend is the existence of the vaporous masses which form the cloud-belts. Jupiter and Saturn are so much farther from the sun than we are that one would imagine the solar rays would scarcely be able to evaporate such enormous quantities of water as must in reality be held suspended in these cloud-belts,—if they are rightly so called. In the dense atmospheres surrounding Saturn and Jupiter evaporation would require a much higher temperature than in our own air. And though this same density would tend, as Tyndall and Hopkins have shown, to preserve a higher temperature than would exist were the atmosphere rarer, yet, as Jupiter is more than five times, and Saturn more than nine times, farther from the sun than we are, those planets would require all that effect, and more, to secure for them the same warmth that we enjoy. This warmth would be altogether insufficient to account for the enormous masses of vapor which hang suspended over the two giant planets of the solar scheme.

We believe that when these circumstances are properly weighed, the only conclusion which can be arrived at is, that there exists both in Saturn and Jupiter a vast fund of internal heat.

The enormous volumes of these planets suggested the same view to a thoughtful student of nature of the last century. He argued that our earth still retains a large share of the heat which it had in those far off ages when tropical trees thrived in the arctic regions. Had her mass been much smaller than it is she would have long since parted with nearly all her internal heat. The moon, on the other hand, which is so much smaller than the earth, exhibits signs of refrigeration as obvious as the signs her face presents that she was once the seat of an intensely active heat. We may judge therefore by analogy, he reasoned, that the giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, retain a far larger share of their original internal heat than our earth does. He even constructed a number of earthen globes, which he heated to a red heat, and then placed in the open air to cool, and he deduced the law according

to which globes of different dimensions lose their heat. As might be imagined, the larger globes in all cases retained their heat the longest.

Now without accepting these experiments of the ingenious Buffon as necessarily corresponding with the conditions presented in the solar system, we may yet not unfairly combine their results with those to which we have been led by the consideration of the colors of the two largest planets of the solar system. This being done, the conclusion presents itself as highly probable that the enormous masses of vapor which certainly surround these planets are raised by the action of the planet's internal heat. We might even reverse Dr. Whewell's famous argument against the habitability of Saturn and Jupiter, and deduce the same conclusion from the consideration of the intense heat probably prevailing upon their surface, which he deduced from the theory that these planets probably consist of snow and ice, "with perhaps a cindery nucleus." But if we thus robbed the two noblest planets in the solar system of their inhabitants, it would be to recognize in the satellites which attend upon those orbs the abodes of living creatures, as well provided for, perhaps, as the inhabitants of our own earth.

Leaving these speculations, which our readers may be disposed to look upon as more fanciful than instructive, we have a few remarks to offer, in conclusion, as to the methods best adapted for observing the colors which have been described above.

It should be noticed, in the first place, that the air must be steady enough to enable the telescopicist to use the highest powers his telescope will bear. Contrary to what might be supposed by those unfamiliar with telescopic observation, a rather misty night is commonly to be preferred for observations of color. And not only must the night be suitable for high powers, but high powers must be used. For most observations, the practised astronomer commonly prefers moderate powers as giving brighter light. But to bring out color we have to subdue the light as much as possible, otherwise the glare conceals all traces of the delicate tints we wish to detect. Reflectors are, on the whole, much more

favorable for the detection of color than refractors; indeed, the only accounts of Saturn's colors which we can at present recall were published by observers who used reflecting telescopes. They add a slight yellowish tinge to all objects, it is true; but the fact that the blue tint of Saturn's polar regions is clearly perceptible with them shows how little this affects their work. The reason of their superiority doubtless lies in their freedom

from what is called the chromatic aberration, that is, the formation of prismatic colors around the image produced by a telescope. With a large instrument, on a good night, and with other circumstances favorable, the observation of the colors of Mars, Saturn, and Jupiter, is one of the most pleasing of all the pleasing sights which the possessor of a good telescope can enjoy.

St. Paul's.

MADAME LAFAYETTE.

THERE are special phases both in history and in fiction that are invested with an undying interest,—about the French revolution especially, we never can read enough. The spasmodic episodes of political life; the dramatic lustre with which events precipitated themselves; the extraordinary power, variety, and spontaneity displayed by the leaders; the revelations of wickedness and of virtue, of selfish ambition and heroic self-sacrifice, of lofty dreamers and degraded workers, come to us most vividly in memoirs and family records. Through every stage of the revolution women were extraordinarily predominant.

Whether as transcendental republicans, like Madame Roland, or cruel, greedy democrats, like Thérigne de Mericourt; as lovely Aspasias, like Madame Tallien; as murderous Judiths, like Charlotte Corday; as haughty, but high-souled sovereigns, like Marie Antoinette; or sweet, prayerful martyrs, clinging to the falling throne from great love to him who sat upon it, like Madame Elizabeth,—typical women of all ages, stations, and capacities stand foremost in the hottest fury of the Revolution.

Women are generally in extremes, and these strange, disjointed times brought out their salient points, both for good and for bad, in undue and inordinate relief. The floating, indeterminate theories on liberty,—as freeing men and women from every law; and on equality,—as placing the sexes on a level; entire emancipation from social conventionalities, hitherto so irksome to women; a universal contagion of mock heroism and

declamatory vehemence; an incessant excitement and unrest,—were all elements recommending themselves, more or less, to the female mind, and affording occasion for supremacy, quite impossible in the ordinary course of events.

The men of the Revolution were all young and enthusiastic, equally possessed by a sort of fury of novelty, both in government and ideas; wildly rejecting the old-world rules and restraints, embittered by the traditions of a detested court; eager to inaugurate an entirely new phase of life in which women were assigned an avowed place beside themselves. The extraordinary beauty, fascination, talent, and courage of the women of that day may either serve as the excuse, or explain the cause. At all events, the fact cannot be denied, and we may fairly look to the writings and the lives of women, as trustworthy and eloquent exponents of that most singular period. If the men were heroes, the women were heroines, and seconded them with a zeal and headstrong valor akin to the legends of chivalry.

Foremost among the young patriots of that day was Lafayette, a sincere, though moderate republican, the friend of Mirabeau and of the people. His career belongs to legitimate history, and only concerns us as far as it bears upon the fortunes of his wife, a domestic saint, living apart, enshrined in the sanctuary of her home, and hallowed by her husband's love, until called forth by the course of events into the full glare of historical prominence.

While literature has been inundated with notices concerning brilliant women

who preferred the notoriety of a public career, it has taken more than half a century to unveil the details of this beautiful life,—the domestic side, so to say, of the Revolution, a melancholy episode of what happened within the home, that republican France might triumph. The book in question contains two biographies,—the first written by Madame Lafayette herself, when a prisoner at Olmütz, of her mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen; the second by Madame de Lastayrie, daughter of Madame Lafayette, recounting her mother's life. The extraordinary fortitude, self-sacrifice, and resignation, the grace and beauty of these ladies of the Noailles family,—in whose veins flowed the noblest blood of the *vieille roche*,—hardly needed their unparalleled misfortunes to give most life-like interest to these pages.

We must begin with the Duchesse d'Ayen, the wife of a powerful nobleman, holding high office at the court of Louis XVI., the mother of five daughters, all closely identified with the Revolution. Married early in life, she would appear to have repulsed her husband by a too rigid sense of duty,—too uncompromising a piety, qualities little acceptable at any time in married life, but specially so at this dissipated, free-thinking period. Neglected by the husband she had wearied by her mental superiority, she lived much in solitude, and with her children, who clung to her throughout their lives with a love and a veneration we may admire, but certainly little imitate, in these days of juvenile emancipation, when the young are so much more considered than the old. She was brought into close collision with the agitations of the times, through her two sons-in-law, General Lafayette and the Viscount de Noailles, who both advocated republican principles, became members of the National Assembly, and were partisans of American independence.

At first the duchess sympathized with them, but as the political horizon darkened, and organized murder, anarchy, and infidelity usurped the place of law, justice, and religion, her own principles, as well as anxiety for her husband and relatives, opened her eyes to the approaching crisis. Then came the terrible 10th of August, when every doubt as to the tendency of the Revolution vanished. The duke, who

was captain of the king's guard in attendance at the Tuileries, narrowly escaped death, and was forced to fly from France.

The duchess, with her aged mother, the *Maréchale de Noailles*, and her daughter, the favorite sister of Madame Lafayette,—all the other members of her family being in prison or exile,—lived unmolested until after the execution of the king and queen, when their high rank and close connection with the court constituted them criminals in the eyes of the revolutionary tribunals. These unhappy ladies were among the last victims of the Reign of Terror, being guillotined four days previous to the 10th Thermidor, that blessed day of general amnesty, which opened the prisons and saved such crowds of innocent victims.

Madame Lafayette traces her mother's life with a tender sympathy that reveals to us her passionate nature. Within her heart were depths of love so inexhaustible, that to every call upon her sympathies, whether as daughter, mother, or wife, she responded by an unquestioning devotion and absolute self-abandonment. Educated by such a mother, it is not surprising that extreme reserve, and an almost exaggerated conscientiousness marked her character. At twelve years old she questioned herself on religion so constantly that her young mind grew confused, and taught itself to doubt, so that when desired to prepare for her first communion she imagined herself an unbeliever, and declined. One year after Lafayette was proposed to her as a husband. His extreme youth, being then only fourteen, his unfinished education, and the vast fortune he possessed, would seem to have been considered especial recommendations.

So thought the Duke d'Ayen, a courtier and a man of the world. So did not think his duchess, who, exaggerated in her ideas of duty and responsibility, viewed these worldly advantages, especially the possession of large fortune, as so many dangerous snares and temptations. She positively refused her consent, until the charming disposition, fascinating manners, and general goodness of the young Lafayette, added to the indignant remonstrances of her husband, prevailed. Consoled by the promise that the marriage should be delayed two years, and that the child-pair should for

some time reside under her roof, she gave her consent, and the marriage took place. Young as she was, Lafayette had entirely possessed himself of her heart: that constant heart which was his, and his only, to its last beat. "I already felt," says she, "that profound attachment which has united us so many years in the tenderest bonds, through all the vicissitudes of our adventurous lives." Not only did this girl of fourteen love, but she loved with a delicacy and a passionate ardor peculiar to herself.

In 1777 came the American war of independence, and Lafayette's resolve to fight in the republican armies, a decision that taught her practically what personal sacrifices the wives of heroes are called upon to make,—and what bitter tears wet the laurels of victory.

When Lafayette's project was first broached, the Duke d'Ayen, considering his daughter's happiness only, was furious; but the duchess, with a juster mind, appreciated the magnanimity of her son-in-law, and fortified her daughter in bearing the separation. Society in those days of unquestioning republicanism applauded Lafayette and blamed the duke. "Indeed," says Lord Stormont, then English Ambassador at Paris, "if the duke had prevented Lafayette's departure, no one would have been found to marry his other daughters."

Madame Lafayette, young and enthusiastic, sympathizing in the cause, and proud of his brilliant achievements, bore this first parting almost joyfully. His charming letters sustained her,—letters so lover-like and full of ardor that they bring to us, even now, a perfect atmosphere of love. Like Henry VIII. writing to Anne Boleyn, he always addresses her as "Dearest heart."

"What fears," says he, "what sorrow, what agitation I feel in parting from you. How will you take this voluntary absence? Will you forgive me? or will you love me less? Must I, added to the pang of separation, fear that? Alas, it would be too cruel! I already pass the weary hours in thinking of my return. Ah, what a heavenly moment! How I shall rush to embrace you,—to take you by surprise? Will you be alone, or with our children?"

After being wounded at the battle of Brandywine he hears of her confine-

ment. "How happy your safety has made me. Dearest heart, I must speak of it all through my letter, for I can think of nothing else. What rapture to embrace you all,—the mother and the two dear little girls,—to make them intercede with you for their truant father.

"Do you imagine I am such a fool as to care for the sex of our new child? We are young enough to have more without a miracle, and I have every intention of living, and bearing the honors of my own name."

He returned, and for a time her joy was complete. But she came to find that these transient seasons of bliss were to be bought by long intervals of agonized suspense. Plan after plan engaged his attention; indeed, his whole life was at this time employed in arranging fresh campaigns to further the republican cause at home and abroad.

Thus even in his presence there was pain. Her fortitude and submission never failed; but, at last, overcome by past emotions and present fears, she fell ill, and her life was despaired of. A son was now born to them, and soon afterwards Lafayette returned to America.

She was now nineteen. Fresh from the charm of his society, debilitated by recent illness, with increased experience of the world and clearer knowledge of the dangers to which he was exposed, this second parting was to her far more intolerable than the first. Nor could her worst anticipations have realized the agony of her suspense when no letters, no report of the campaign,—that of Virginia,—reached her for many months. Still, ever brave and unselfish, she concealed her alarm, as much as possible, from her mother, even when hourly expecting to hear of his death.

After the capture of Lord Cornwallis, when victory declared for the Americans, and Lafayette suddenly returned, the intensity of her joy was positively dangerous. He could not leave her without causing actual illness, a weakness she tried as much as possible to conceal, lest such excessive sensibility might annoy him. But Lafayette, who read her with the eyes of love, observed and pitied the commotion of her spirit, and soothed her with all the tenderness of his manly nature.

Fortunately the peace of 1782 brought some quiet days at a time when nature most required repose, and she could for a while enjoy the assurance of his beloved presence.

In the mean time, the political horizon grew darker and more threatening; the Revolution was at hand, and these quiet days were but the awful lull before the tempest. The States-General had assembled, and Lafayette, ever foremost in the cause of liberty, accepted the command of the national guard. From this moment his life, and that of his wife, became identified with public events. Entirely sympathizing in his liberal opinions, she went with him hand-in-hand; admiring and approving his conduct, and sharing his patriotic enthusiasm. Of a naturally reserved and gentle disposition, increased and fostered by an almost monastic education, she never assumed more than a purely domestic position. As the wife of the popular general, the idol of the Parisians, she might have rivalled Madame Roland or Madame Tallien in public favor, but she instinctively shrank from such noisy triumphs, and contented herself by appearing at her husband's side at great ceremonials, and in daily doing the honors of his open table. Precisely, however, because she kept aloof from the contagion of the times, she early perceived their dangerous tendency, drifting no one knew whither. She tells us with touching simplicity "that although she gloried in all he did, her husband never left the house without her feeling that perhaps she had kissed him for the last time."

These pages, dedicated to the memory of a domestic saint, do not profess to recount the progress of the Revolution except in so far as absolutely needful to the due appreciation of her character.

After the return of the king and queen from Varennes, martial law was proclaimed, and the once popular general came to be as much hated by the fickle mob as he had previously been beloved. On the Champs de Mars these wretches swore that they would assassinate his wife and bear her head in triumph through Paris. He laid down his command and retired into Auvergne with his family.

They were joined by her mother. For a time, the tranquillity of the country, and

the delight of re-union, blinded them to the gravity of passing events. For a little time,—and again the deadly Revolution clamored at the door, and broke up that happy household. Lafayette left Chavaniac to command one of the armies of defence; and the duchess, suspected and tracked as an aristocrat, was obliged to return to Paris. Immediate civil war, the terror of accumulating and more cruel personal danger to Lafayette, fears for her children, and utter solitude, all united to overwhelm her. But for those children, of whom she was the only guardian, she would have yielded to his prayers, followed Lafayette, and shared life or death with him, as he, less heroic and self-denying, entreated her at once to do. Yet, exceeding as was the temptation, she sacrificed her longings to his ultimate advantage, and stayed to watch over their children, to pay his debts, and to afford no handle for his enemies to proclaim that Lafayette had betrayed the republican cause by removing his family from France. That she did this, and remained alone to stand the brunt of the Revolution, has made her, spite of herself, a heroine.

And now she learned that at Sedan a price was put upon his head, and that her Lafayette was to be taken, dead or alive, by order of the National Assembly!

As long as she could think of him safe and unhurt all other trials were endurable, or but painful details through which she could confidently tread with cautious yet firm footsteps. That she loved her children is testified by the love they bore her; but to suppose that they ever rivalled their father in her heart is to misapprehend the whole bent of her character.

On the 10th of September, 1792, Chavaniac was invested by troops, and she was summoned by decree of the Committee of Public Safety to proceed with her children to Paris. While reading the letter from Roland, Minister of the Interior, urging the immediate execution of these orders, her eldest daughter, Anastasie, escaping from the room where she with her young sisters had been shut up for safety, came to where her mother stood surrounded by the commissioners, and throwing herself into her arms declared "that she would

neither be hidden nor would she leave her."

A prisoner in the midst of soldiers who made the murder of aristocrats their boast, Madame Lafayette and Anastasie arrived at Puy, the capital of the department.

From one moment to another they might be massacred as other prisoners had been a few hours before; but no idea of fear seems to have troubled either the mother or the child. They only thought of Lafayette. "If your father," said she to Anastasie, "knew where we were, he would be very uneasy; but he would praise you."

A few stones were thrown at them as they entered the town, otherwise they arrived unmolested. The authorities immediately assembled to interrogate them, and Madame Lafayette, with the calm of genuine courage, thus addressed them:—

"You gentlemen are acting on the orders of M. Roland; I, on the contrary, submit myself to yours, and constitute myself your prisoner. Let the letters of my husband in your possession be read aloud. I entirely agree with them, and they constitute my best defence. To hear these letters read will fortify and console me. Let me also entreat you to have them copied, and allow me to retain the copies, for the truth is not always spoken at the National Assembly."

So ably did she plead her cause that the authorities transmitted her petition to be a prisoner on parole at Chavanicac to Paris. Roland, after some delay, consented. But the department proposed that six soldiers should maintain a constant surveillance. "If soldiers are placed at my door," said Madame Lafayette, "I withdraw my parole. Choose between them and my word. I do not blame you for doubting me. I have not, like my husband, had the opportunities of publicly proving that I am as good a patriot as he; but you must at least allow me to believe in my own loyalty, and not ask me to barter it with bayonets."

Subsequent intelligence led her to repent the pertinacity with which she had insisted on a parole being accepted. Lafayette's position was most alarming. Far from being safe and free, as she had

imagined, he was a prisoner of the allied powers at Spandau. "Let me on my knees," she wrote to Roland at this time, "implore you to free me from parole, and let me join my husband. I will not enter into the general question of the barbarity of making women hostages, but I ask you to consider its utter futility." She also addressed a passionate appeal to Washington to use his influence to allow Lafayette to go to America:—"If his family may accompany him his joy will be unspeakable; but, if we should raise any obstacle to his freedom, we implore you to think only of him."

No immediate result followed these applications; but Roland,—at heart a humane man,—touched by her letters, liberated her from parole. Still,—as a *ci-devant* noble,—she was under the closest surveillance.

Although Lafayette was a prisoner of the enemies of France, the revolutionary committee, with illogical cruelty, persisted in considering him as a voluntary emigrant, and applying to his wife and family the penalties of that position. On the 18th Brumaire, Madame Lafayette received certain information of her immediate arrest. On the evening of the next day the officers of the revolutionary tribunal arrived at the Château of Chavanicac.

All her family gathered round her while the arrest was read.

"Citizen," said that same Anastasie, worthy daughter of an heroic race, "are daughters prevented from following their mother?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," replied the commissioner, "they are." Anastasie was then sixteen.

At this moment of inevitable separation the mother forgot herself in care for her children. She affected to treat the whole as a mistake, and assured them that she should soon be released. And so they parted.

Arrived at the prisons of Brioude, she learnt the arrest of her grandmother, the aged *Maréchale de Noailles*; of her mother, the *Duchesse d'Ayen*; and of her sister, Madame de Noailles. An order came almost immediately for her transfer to Paris. A last interview with her children was permitted, when she solemnly charged them, in case of her

execution. She wrote afterwards to her children:—"My life and my reason were preserved to me. Do not regret that I was alone. God kept me from rebellion against him, but I could not have borne any human consolation." So absorbed was she in grief, that, for the first and only time in her life, Lafayette was forgotten. "I longed," said she, "to die. To have followed those dear footsteps to the grave would have turned into sweetness each ghastly detail of final agony."

From La Force she was sent to Plessis. All the other prisoners had been immediately liberated, but difficulties arose respecting herself. For a time she was too utterly overwhelmed to make any effort for freedom. But when the deputies, Bourdon and Legendre, visited Plessis, and the name of Lafayette,—"a traitor to his country,"—was forbidden to be uttered, and his wife, as bearing so dangerous a patronymie, was condemned to remain a prisoner, the public insult to her husband roused her from this mental torpor. Once more her heart glowed within her at the thought of liberty, and of Lafayette; and she remembered her children, utterly dependent on her energy and affection.

Meanwhile, friends were working for her release; and through the interest of Monroe, the American minister, she was set free. Her first act was to endeavor to obtain a passport to join Lafayette. She committed her son, George, to Monroe's care, to be sent to America for education, under the guardianship of Washington, Lafayette's warmest and oldest friend. This done, she started for Chavaniac. Her daughters, with the valiant Anastasie, met her at Clermont, and received her as one miraculously rescued from the grave. A few days were spent arranging necessary affairs, after which the whole party started for Paris. To fly to Lafayette was their sole desire. Surely, in the annals of all history, never was man so adored!

Time and interest were needed to gain permission to emigrate; and the energetic wife, thoroughly awake from her trance of sorrow, set herself to arrange her inheritance at Fontenoy and Lagrange,—their ultimate home,—fallen to her by the death of her relatives. Her

activity of mind and body was incredible. She went and came incessantly, superintended everything, overcame all difficulties. Each obstacle removed was a step on the road to Lafayette, and hope and joy urged and sustained her.

"It was not alone her following me to the fortress of Olmütz," said Lafayette, speaking of this period after her death, "'on the wings of love and duty,' as Charles Fox said; but it was her indomitable courage in not leaving France until she had settled everything,—paid my debts, and arranged my affairs, as well as sending our son George to America. It was her noble imprudence in thus remaining in France, the only woman compromised by her name who did not change it. Never did she, ordinarily so indulgent to party feelings and prejudices,—standing, as she did, so long under the shadow of the scaffold,—allow a hostile remark upon me to remain unanswered. She never lost an opportunity of declaring that my principles were her own. Never did she present a petition or make a declaration that she did not glory in signing it with my name, as 'La femme Lafayette.'"

At length the much-longed-for passport was obtained, made out for Vienna, under an assumed name. Powerful interest procured her an audience of the emperor, who received her so graciously that he not only gave her permission to join Lafayette at Olmütz, but assured her that every indulgence she might require would be granted at once, by personal application to himself. Alas! poor loving woman! how soon she came to know the truth of the words, "Put not thy trust in princes."

On the 1st October, 1795, they first saw the walls of Olmütz. Madame Lafayette fainted from excessive emotion, then broke forth in a solemn thanksgiving that her fondest hopes and constant prayers had been mercifully realized. Soon the massive fortress doors opened to receive them,—they traversed the long damp galleries leading to the cell of the husband and the father.

Within sat Lafayette, utterly unconscious of their arrival. He had been three years a prisoner, and had received neither letter nor message. The door was unbarred, and wife and children flung themselves into his arms!

In the first transports, all was forgotten save the ecstasy of actual tangible presence. Some hours passed thus; but when night closed in, and the girls were laid in their little prison beds in an adjoining cell, the husband and wife, sitting side by side, began to question the past. Lafayette was frightfully changed. He knew that there had been massacres,—a Reign of Terror in France: he dared ask no question. Little by little his wife broke each horrible incident to him, and the violent deaths of her family, whom he had loved as his own.

And now the prison life began. The mother and young daughters, voluntary prisoners, spite of the gracious promises of the emperor, were allowed no exercise; they could write no letters, save under the eye of the gaolers; their money was taken from them, and they were forbidden to attend mass. All the household work was done by themselves; they swept their rooms, made the beds, mended their clothes, and eat with their fingers.

"My mother," says her daughter, Madame de Lastayrie, "was supremely happy. If it be remembered that from the age of fourteen her passion for my father had absorbed her life, what she had suffered from his long and frequent absence, his incessant occupations, the dangers to which he was continually exposed, how she had passed the last three years without hope of ever seeing him again, to possess and to hold the object of so much love anywhere was to her a daily and hourly bliss no surroundings could diminish. She marvelled at her own capacity for happiness; she reproached herself for the fulness of her content, he being a prisoner."

But in spite of this "supreme content" with the husband of her love,—the hero of her life,—nature rebelled, and her health failed. After her previous life of motion and excitement, without exercise or wholesome food, illness came, alas! to remind her that she was mortal. All possibility of consulting a physician at Vienna was denied her. "If she left Olmütz she could never return!" so to live or to die she stayed. Her illness rapidly increased; she could neither move her hands nor her feet. Low fever set in. For eleven months did she thus suffer; yet so serene and happy

was she, that it was impossible to believe in any danger. In the breaks of this illness she wrote on the margin of some books they had brought, with a tooth-pick, in Indian ink, the account of her mother's life, now published with her own.

When the household work was done, and the cell swept and garnished by the loving girls, Anastasie made shoes for her father, who read aloud to them in the evening with that musical voice that had so often stilled and fascinated the Parisian mob. Thus passed twenty months' captivity.

Bonaparte, at the peace of Campo Formio, insisted on the freedom of the prisoners of Olmütz. After five years Lafayette was free. Madame Lafayette, too, began to rally as soon as they were free, and established in the house of a friend at Witmold, near Hamburg. Here her husband's friends and partisans rallied round him, George arrived from America, and, after years of long and patient endurance, she possessed all her treasures.

One more act of public life remained to be done by this unconscious heroine. Lafayette was still proscribed, and she must liberate him. Leaving him in Holland, she set out for Paris, in order to observe the political feeling in the capital after the 18th Brumaire. From what she saw she advised him to join her without waiting for any permission, and, confiding in her judgment, he came to Paris. This unauthorized act gravely offended the First Consul. He was so incensed, that he would not allow himself to be addressed on the subject. In this moment of alarm, Madame Lafayette solicited and obtained an audience. She pleaded her husband's cause, arguing that he could not justly be considered either as an exile or an emigrant, and was not therefore subject to the laws affecting them. She recalled his patriotism, his valor, his sincerity: she spoke warmly, but with discretion. Bonaparte listened attentively; he was favorably impressed. Detesting the doctrinaire woman of the period, political intrigantes like Madame de Staël, he respected and admired this legitimate display of feminine eloquence and courage. "Madame," said he, "I am charmed to have made your acquaintance. You

have spoken admirably; but you are entirely ignorant of public affairs."

Lafayette was, however, permitted to remain in France, and the reunited family settled at Lagrange, near Brie. Here the permanent repose Madame Lafayette so much needed was granted. Here she could unreservedly indulge the supreme passion of her life. She sought nothing beyond,—transported into ideal scenes created by her fancy. But the last scene was at hand.

"We soon felt that her summons had come, and that no skill could save her," wrote Lafayette, after her death. "The evening that she became delirious she said to me, 'If I am going to another home, you know I shall only think of you. Whatever it may cost me to leave you, I would gladly sacrifice my life to insure your eternal happiness.' It seemed as if love for me was stronger than disease,—that it conquered it. Even when this angelic creature was, as it were, already dead, when the coldness of death had frozen her limbs, some warmth and conscientiousness still remained in the hand I clasped in mine. Perhaps had she been conscious, her passionate love might not have found such abundant utterance.

"She had no fear of death; her religion was all faith and hope; she had fulfilled every duty of religion; she believed the sincere and virtuous of all creeds would be saved. 'I know not,' she used to say, 'what will happen at their death; but God will provide. They will be saved.'

"During an interval of reason she exclaimed, 'How I thank God that my ardent love to you was a duty! How happy I have been! What a privilege to have been your wife!'

"When I spoke of my own tenderness

for her,—'Yes; it is true; yes. Repeat that once more. It is delightful. If you think I did not love you enough in return, it is because God gave me no greater power of love. I love you!' she repeated; 'I love you passionately!—as a woman,—as a Christian,—body and soul!'

"All the scenes of her life passed before her. She repeated with infinite emotion the *Cantic of Tobias* she had recited on first seeing the towers of Olmütz; she recalled her secret tears at my departure for America,—hid that her parents might not blame me. 'Ah!' cried she, 'for six more such years at Lagrange! But I am dying. Have I ever offended you? Have I been a loving wife?' 'Yes, yes, surely.' 'Then bless me, and promise ever while you live to think of me as you do now.' 'Bless me also,' said I; and she did so, for the first and last time.

"The day of her death we trembled to hear her say, 'To-day I shall see my mother.' When her sister for a few moments seated herself beside her, I own that I felt my conjugal affection crossed by a sentiment of jealousy for the only time. I passionately longed to occupy her exclusively. I wanted all her looks, all her thoughts. She also seemed impatient for me to take my old place again. When I had done so, she took my hand in hers, and softly whispered to me, 'I am all yours.'

"Those were her last words.

"We stood about her bed, moved into the centre of the room,—we all knelt round it, watching each breath she drew. Without any suffering, with a heavenly smile on her face, still holding my hand, this angel of tenderness and love ceased to live."

British Quarterly Review.

THE PLACE WHERE LIGHT DWELLETH.

(Concluded from page 725.)

BUT besides the maculæ, the sun's surface sometimes exhibits shining spots known as faculæ. They are more brilliant even than the surrounding luminous matter. That there is some association between these and the black specks is undeniable: frequently they appear on

the outer border of the penumbra, and occasionally they take the form of resplendent ridges or ravines converging towards a central gulf. When the ordinary dark spots vanish they are often succeeded by bright ones, and when the faculæ present themselves alone, this

circumstance probably indicates that they will shortly be followed by the appearance of some of the black brotherhood on the same site.

There are other curious features also on the sun's countenance. Far from possessing a smooth uniform surface, variegated only with a few beauty-spots, like the ladies of a past generation, his visage is mottled all over in such a way that it has been compared to the dotting or grain-ing of an engraving. "It looks," says Father Secchi, "like a tissue strewn with white points more or less elongated in form and separated by a net-work, at the crossings of which little black holes appear." In the penumbra, these white bodies seem to arrange themselves in lines like filaments converging towards the nucleus, as if striving to shoot across the dark abyss, and then interlacing with each other, as if eager to fill up some gash, or coat over some wound in the photosphere. These peculiar appearances have been compared to rice-grains by Mr. Stone, to chipped blades of straw by Mr. Dawes, and to willow leaves by Mr. Nasmyth. The latter gentleman even hinted that they might consist of solid bodies; and Sir W. Armstrong, in his address to the British Association at Newcastle (1863), observed: "The forms are so regular in size and shape as to have led to a suggestion from one of our profoundest philosophers of their being organisms, possibly even partaking of the nature of life, but at all events closely connected with the heating and vivifying influences of the sun. Upon the strength of this statement, it was forthwith announced by some imaginative individuals that living beings had been desiered in the orb, floating like leviathans in a luminous sea, and measuring a thousand miles in length by a hundred in breadth! Most probably, the peculiarities in question are due in a great measure to the same causes which lead to the production of the spots.

On all these points, however, much uncertainty must exist, for want of a clear knowledge of the sun's atmosphere. Sir William Herschel assumed the existence of two envelopes only; the lower consisting of gaseous matter in a non-luminous state; the upper composed of gaseous matter also, but in a flaming or resplendent condition. It is from this

superior layer we derive our light and heat; the other was supposed to shield the surface of the sun from the scorching rays of the photosphere. But a third investing ocean at least must also be admitted. The corona which encompasses the body of the orb during total eclipses, like the glory round the head of old saints, shows that there is an exterior envelope mounted upon the photosphere. Mr. Norman Lockyer also concluded, from his spectroscopic researches, that the "red protuberances" were due to the heaping up of hydrogen gas, which formed a continuous layer round the sun.*

Amongst other interesting questions which have been propounded respecting the sun, it has been asked whether this body does not act as a huge magnet, and produce, in that capacity, all the various magnetic phenomena which are manifest upon our earth?

That the "king of day" plays the part of a great loadstone, and keeps all the planets in charmed subjection to his authority, is of course a very poetical version of things, and many a fanciful mind has conjured up a vision of an orrery moved, or at least maintained, entirely by magnetism. But without displacing the power or principle, whatever it may be, which we call attraction, does the sun, by his direct action, excite those magnetic currents which are perpetually streaming over our planet, or stir up those magnetic storms which sometimes break out suddenly and rage over whole continents, though insensible to our human organs except so far as they are disclosed by the convulsive quiverings of the needle?

This point has been carefully investigated, and the conclusion drawn that such terrestrial disturbances are not caused by variations in the magnetism of the sun. The mode in which that body affects the magnetic condition of the earth, says Mr. G. Chambers, "is not analogous to the action of a magnet upon

* In a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1869 (Part 159), Mr. Lockyer has very handsomely disclaimed the honor of being the first to announce the continuous character of the envelope known as the chromosphere, and has assigned to Professor Grant, Professor Swann, M. Liass, and others, their share in the merit of this discovery.

a mass of soft iron placed at a great distance from it," but the influences proceeding from the great luminary do so in a "form different from that of magnetic force, and are converted into the latter form of force probably by their action upon the matter of the earth or its atmosphere." And this conclusion is confirmed by Professor W. Thomson, who says that no effect of the sun's action as a magnet is sensible at the earth.*

Upon another point connected with the central orb, a very valuable result may be noted. Until recently, if we had asked any school girl what was the distance of the earth from the sun, she would have answered, with the confidence of an itinerant lecturer on the universe, and with the promptitude of a flash of lightning, "95,000,000 of miles." This, in her case, would have been one of the principal fruits of the charge of so many guineas per annum for the use of the globes. If the same question had been propounded to a philosopher, he would have returned the same reply, with a hint as to some odd fractional miles, but with a caution that the calculation was only provisional, and must be taken, like a merchant's account, with a clause of "errors excepted." Putting the matter in professional language, he would have intimated that the sun's parallax (or the angle subtended by the earth's radius when seen from the sun) was set down as something more than eight seconds and a-half ($8''\cdot57$), but that there were grounds for supposing that it really amounted to nearly nine seconds ($8''\cdot95$). The difference between these two estimates would bring our globe between three and four millions of miles nearer to the Giver of Light. Now, the peculiarity of the case is, that astronomers have arrived at this amended result by separate routes, and for the most part without any definite expectation of correcting the error in question. When experimenting, for instance, upon the velocity of light, Fou-

cault found that its accredited speed must be lowered, and this rendered it necessary to reduce the distance of the sun by the amount just mentioned. In studying the moon's motions, Hanssen showed that the disturbing influence of the sun upon our satellite must be revised to an extent which would involve an alteration to nearly the same amount. The planet Mars has been called upon to furnish further evidence, and Venus, on whose testimony philosophers long relied, has again been put into the witness-box, and agrees with the other deponents almost to the letter. It was, in fact, upon her depositions, taken on the occurrence of the celebrated transit of 1769, when commissioners were sent to examine her in the southern hemisphere, that the standard valuation of the sun's distance was based; and when Mr. Stone went over the calculations, the rectified result indicated a parallax of $8''\cdot9$, instead of the old one of $8''\cdot57$. From this striking coincidence, it may be safely assumed that the distance of the sun from the earth is little more than ninety-one millions of miles (91,300,000, in reality); and when we consider how much astronomical science depends upon the accuracy of its data, it will be admitted that the elucidation of this point by methods so thoroughly independent is a curious as well as a creditable feature in the doings of the age.

But whilst the relative distance of the two globes is preserved, it must not be forgotten that the sun is ever in progressive motion through the heavens, as if he were bent upon some errand of life or death. That he—lord, as he is, of the system—should be subject to the same law of axial rotation as his satellites, may excite no surprise; but that he should be posting headlong through space, encircled by a troop of worlds, some with their worldlings around them, and all engaged in performing their mazy evolutions, is a conception which the mind cannot readily realize. Still more, if all the orbs which we have been accustomed to regard as "fixed in their everlasting seats," should partake of the same erratic habits, can we repress the thought that, wide as the celestial plains may be, and spacious as they may appear for purposes of parade

* "Philosophical Transactions," vol. cliii. p. 503, Mr. G. Chambers on "The Nature of the Sun's Magnetic Action upon the Earth." The reader will doubtless perceive that the question here raised is not as to the influence which the orb exerts upon our magnetism by means of its heat or otherwise, but whether it operates as a great loadstone simply.

merely, yet, sooner or later, fearful collisions must ensue, if the whole starry host is perpetually on the wing? Now, theoretically, a movement of translation in space may be inferred from the fact that the sun possesses a movement of rotation. Practically, the question has been put upon a footing of reasonable certainty by Sir W. Herschel, Argelander, Struve, Mädler, and others. Broadly stated, the principle upon which the inquiry was based by the first of these philosophers is familiar to every town pedestrian in the lamps in the streets, and to every country traveller in the trees of an avenue, or the telegraph posts on a railway. These objects, as we approach them, appear to recede from each other—as we retire, to run together into a cluster. Upon the supposition of the sun's motion there must, therefore, be some quarter in the heavens where the stars will seem to be opening out their ranks, and to this we must consequently be speeding; whilst in the opposite region the reverse effect will appear; for there the bright ones will seem to be closing up their array. Such a region was found. Out of fifty-six stars examined by Sir W. Herschel, forty-four showed an apparent proper motion, which could only be explained on the assumption that the sun was journeying towards a given point (γ) in the constellation Hercules. Subsequent researches have placed the fact of a translatory movement beyond dispute. This splendid gallop is conducted at the rate of nearly five miles per second, or 18,000 per hour!

But to what end? This question involves another. Is the orb travelling in a straight line, or in a curve of prodigious sweep? Is his motion the result of some primitive impulse, or of the combined attraction of the celestial bodies, or of a resistless summons from some distant master-masses; or is the entire host of heaven in ceaseless circuit around some mysterious centre of gravity? For it is an obvious inference that if our sun is thus in movement, the other stars may be nomadic as well. Indeed, the spectroscopic determination of the flight of Sirius by Mr. Huggins affords positive demonstration on this point. But to say whether the path of the sun is rectilinear or orbital surpasses the present powers

of the astronomer. Not that it is necessary to assume in the latter case the existence of any central body of surpassing bulk and dignity. The exact point round which millions of stars may revolve may not only be destitute of all signs of imperial importance, but it may not even be indicated by a single handful of matter. Nature does not always set up a memorial to indicate the spots where the most momentous actions are performed: the earth's surface is not pierced by any visible object where the axle of rotation might be supposed to protrude; nor is there any external peculiarity to denote the places where the magnetic poles are to be found; and as little is there any furrow or ridge in the ocean to represent the equatorial belt which divides the two hemispheres.

This focal point, however (if such it be), was considered by Struve to lie between the stars π and μ in the group Hercules: Argelander fixed upon Perseus as the empire-constellation of our astral system, whilst Mädler hoisted the royal standard upon the most brilliant of the Pleiads, Aleyone. Here, then, is one of those stupendous facts which seem every now and then to drop down upon us from the firmament with such overpowering effect. Nothing can appear more placid and motionless than yonder silent stars. Let the astronomer gaze at them till he grows gray, and yet he can detect no symptom of disorder in their ranks. But this vast army of worlds is perpetually on the march, its shining battalions never bivouacking for a single night, but steadily pursuing their way across the celestial fields, without waking a single echo throughout the universe.

But, figuratively speaking, there is a dark side as well as a bright side to the sun. The very properties which enable it to fill our planet with life appear to deprive it of the privilege of cherishing life upon its own surface. Since spectroscopic research has shown that the body of the orb may be charged with heat of extreme ferocity, it is impossible that organized creatures, even of the most salamandrine qualities, could breathe its scorching atmosphere, or tread its burning marl. It is precisely this hypothesis of an obscure and unheated nucleus, says M. Guillemin, which is no longer admissible.

"L'interposition d'un écran opaque ou doué d'un très-faible pouvoir absorbant pour la lumière et la chaleur, à supposer que l'existence en soit démontrée ne prouverait qu'une chose, à savoir, que la noyau intérieur ne s'échauffe point par rayonnement. Mais du moment que la photosphère est en contact avec la couche de nuages des pénombres elle lui communique forcément sa chaleur par voie de conductibilité; l'enveloppant de toutes parts, elle l'échauffe à la fois par tous les points de sa surface et l'on comprend que le pouvoir de conductibilité fût-il très-faible à la longue l'équilibre de température ne peut être moindre que celle de la fusion. Les gaz sont de très-mauvais conducteurs de la chaleur, il est vrai; mais leur conductibilité n'est pas nulle, et en accumulant les siècles on comprend qu'un certain équilibre s'établisse, par cette seule voie, entre la photosphère et le noyau. N'oublions pas d'ailleurs que les masses gazeuses s'échauffent par convection ou transport, et qu'à moins de supposer l'immobilité dans les couches sous-jacentes la chaleur doit se propager avec rapidité. Or les phénomènes des taches, leurs transformations rapides, les mouvements que ces transformations supposent, soit dans les couches de la photosphère soit dans les couches plus profondes, mettent hors de doute, selon nous, la réalité d'un mélange incessant de ces couches diverses, et par suite d'un échange continu de la chaleur dont elles sont douées. Il est donc tout à fait probable que le globe entier du soleil est à une très-haute température dans toute sa masse, à une température qui dépasse celle de la fusion de la plupart des corps simples dont l'analyse spectrale a révélé l'existence dans son atmosphère."

In the fact, therefore, of a glowing nucleus, many a fine philosophical dream has received its death-blow. More than one speculator has calculated the prodigious population which our sun could accommodate, and has pictured to himself the wonderful activities of which that globe must be the scene, if everything there were conducted upon a scale of metropolitan magnificence. And verily there are men to whom it will seem a discredit to the system that its noblest orb should be a desert, so far as life is concerned, that its central mass, surpassing in volume the entire troop of planets and satellites not less than 600 times, should be incapable of harboring any manifestation of that great property which is the glory of our nether world. Let not such good souls despair, however. The sun's turn will doubtless come. Its first forms of life have yet to be born, but the birthday of organization

will assuredly arrive; and when its little Oldhamia or Lingula, or whatever character its opening animal productions may assume, shall creep into existence, there will doubtless be great rejoicing amongst the sons of the morning.

Upon what premises, however, can we base such a presumptuous speculation? Chiefly upon the fact that the system exhibits bodies in different stages of development. Take our own globe, for example. It is clear, from the story told by its rocks, and in particular from the igneous character of those which have been ejected from below, that our earth was once in a state of intense heat, as its core may be to the present hour; that it was shrouded in a dense atmosphere of vapor and aerial fluids, and that consequently it was utterly unfit to accommodate the organisms which now swarm upon its surface. It was then, we may assume, what the sun is now. But having cooled down more rapidly than the latter, as it necessarily would—having passed through fire and water, in its stormy apprenticeship, and eventually acquired a firm consolidated crust—it opened its doors to life, and creatures came tramping in as they did into the diluvial ark. So it may fare with the solar orb. Finding as we do the same elementary substances there as here, and compelled as we are to believe from the movements of the whole system in one plane and one direction, that there has been a unity of origin and of primitive experience, if we may so speak, it is difficult to suppose that processes which have transpired, or are transpiring in one member of the family may not apply to the rest. The moon, so far as observation extends, is an untenanted orb. In all probability its inherited caloric has been mostly expended, or at least the superficial portion has been dissipated, and the residue lies hid in its interior. Consequently its day of life may have closed, and our beautiful satellite may be but a shining sepulchre and a worn-out world. Perhaps it was only an ephemeron amongst stars? Our turn, also, may come; and when life is waking up in the sun it may be dying out on the earth. Let us not, however, think dolefully of the universe, if we find proofs of change or even symptoms of "decay," for in nature nothing is lost, and life is ever

born of death. True Science, like true Philosophy, always gives us more than she takes; and with the same breath that she tells us worlds may cease to palpitate, she tells us also that the forces which gave them all their vitality can never be crushed into nothingness except by the hand of Him from whom they emanated.

There are several other points connected with this "soul of surrounding worlds" upon which it would have been pleasant to touch, but narrowing space warns us to conclude, particularly as we devoted some attention to solar phenomena in a recent article on the Language of Light. Before parting, however, from the great luminary, we cannot forbear to remind the reader that we are indebted to this generous orb for light by night as well as by day, for warmth within doors as well as without. We are accustomed to speak of the sun's light and heat as forces actually garnered up in the vegetation of ancient epochs. We look upon our coal strata as cellars in which sunbeams have been locked up for unnumbered ages, in order that they might ultimately be re-issued for the benefit of the intelligent tenantry for whom the world was intended. In a certain qualified sense this is perfectly true: coal is unquestionably invested sunshine. The gentle warmth we draw from our domestic fires, the fiercer heat which cooks our food or melts our metals, are the product of the sun's energy exercised upon the earth during some of those silent centuries when the globe was in preparation for man. Strolling through a town lit up by innumerable lamps, or whirled along at the heels of a locomotive, it is a pleasant thought that the emanations of suns which rose and set millions of years ago—which rose and set in seeming idleness, and to all appearance in wasted splendor—are now reproduced to enable us to cope with darkness, or to conquer space without moving a muscle. There is something captivating in the thought that the great *rector mundi* was working for us when as yet there was no sign of man—indeed, no promise of his coming, and with quiet patient labor laying up from day to day those treasures of light and heat which are infinitely more valuable to us than all the gold and dia-

monds we possess. No one who has studied geological processes can repress a feeling of surprise, perhaps of impatience, at the slow deliberate step with which Nature ever marches up to her goal; but when we think of the sun toiling in lonely splendor to store our planet with fuel—we had almost said with his own embodied beams—it seems to reconcile us in some degree to the august and awful chronology of the universe.

A passing analogy may not be unacceptable. If, in a modified sense, the light of ancient suns may be hoarded up for ages, so may the odor of ancient seas. Some years ago, a writer pointed out to the Academy of Sciences at Paris that the shells of the *teredo* found in the fossil-wood about Brussels gave out when scratched, or when newly extracted from the soil, a strong scent of the ocean. But of what ocean? Clearly of one on which no human sail had ever been spread, for it belonged to the distant æocene era. After countless centuries had elapsed, the subtle aroma of that pre-historic sea was released from its imprisonment, and played upon nostrils fashioned in this our nineteenth century, as if it were the perfume of a flower plucked yesterday. It brings the ages together to find that from a fossil comes forth fragrance which has been impounded for millions of years, and that from our coal measures we can draw matter which may be called the solidified sunshine of the world's youth.

In conclusion, let us add that the greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly and more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary,—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere, as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest sigh would set it into tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sun-

beams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and "blesses the useful light." Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely-knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snow upon the hills, or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one

place than another, and out of it springs the tempest or the hurricane, which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is, that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a guise. It is as great a wonder as if the cannon-balls which were to batter down a fortress danced through the air on their mission of death, like motes in the sunbeam, or as if shrapnel shells were bred in the atmosphere like drops of dew, and demeaned themselves as meekly, too, until they exploded.

Temple Bar.

A BIT OF TUSCAN LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

It was the year 1633. Ferdinand II., the fifth Grand Duke of the Medicean line, was reigning in Tuscany, which was the scene of the facts to be related; Charles I. was in the midst of his troubles in England; Louis XIII. was consolidating monarchical and despotic power in France; and Urban VIII., the *Barberini* Pope, who did at Rome worse vandalism than the *barbari* ever did, was sitting in St. Peter's seat. Gustavus Adolphus had just fallen at the Battle of Lützen, to the great delight of all the princes and princelings in Italy; Wallenstein is very shortly about to come to a worse end, in the following year; and Galileo is being judged and condemned by the Jesuits at Rome, and is declaring, despite their condemnation, that "the world went round for all that!"

Tuscany was in a very deplorable condition in those days. Cosmo II., the father of Ferdinand II., had not been altogether a bad prince, as far as the material prosperity of the mass of his subjects was concerned. Nor could Ferdinand, looked at from the same point of view, be accused of much worse than deplorable and mischievous weakness. But circumstances were all against him. The extinction of the elder branch of the family of Gonzaga, dukes of Mantua, in the person of the Duke of Vincenzo, in 1626, had led, as usual, to war in Italy, and the passing of the Alps by the

armies of the French king and the Emperor, whose rapacity was excited by the hope of appropriating an heritage to which there was no immediate heir. The Grand Duke of Tuscany did his best to observe an evenhanded neutrality between the rival claimants, but it was impossible to prevent Tuscany from suffering greatly from the war. Then the old Florentine commerce, especially that in woollen goods, which had for so long a period made the prosperity of the duchy, was being very rapidly ruined by the progress of English industry; and bad political economy, ill-advised measures of relief, an immensely numerous and outrageously greedy clergy, a large and very costly grand-ducal family, and increasing habits of idleness, had exhausted the huge masses of wealth which the earlier Grand Dukes had hoarded, and were rapidly making the little duchy, which had been for its size the richest community in Europe, one of the poorest.

In the midst of all her other misfortunes the plague appeared in Tuscany. It was many years since that dreaded visitor, once no stranger in Florence, had been seen there, and the terror and dismay were immense. The most violent methods—efficacious if it had been possible to carry them out, but which, in the absolute impossibility of doing so, made the confusion worse confounded, and increased the general anarchy of the

time—were ordered to be adopted. Lazar-houses were appointed in the city, and every person attacked by the malady, without distinction, was compulsorily removed thither. But the result was so horrible, that it was found impossible to persist in carrying out the plan. To have summarily put to death everybody as soon as the fatal symptoms manifested themselves would have been more merciful and less shockingly appalling. The insides of those magazines of concentrated pestilence, raving suffering, and inevitable death were something too horrible to be contemplated! It was absolutely necessary to relax, and indeed abandon the rule.

Then the usual moral results, which have ever been observed in all lands and in all times so strangely to accompany pestilence, or any other condition of things causing death to be abnormally imminent and frequent, soon followed. The preacher enforces his lesson by reminding men that in the midst of life they are in death. But no sooner are men placed in circumstances which realize the truth to their imaginations in an unmistakable manner, than the anti-moralist's exhortation, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die," is found to appeal to them with overpoweringly victorious force. A general relaxation of all the ordinary rules of life, and a universal dissoluteness and recklessness, prevailed in all classes throughout the city.

The Grand Duke and his family behaved admirably on this occasion, going everywhere among the people, risking their lives unsparingly, and draining the Medicean hoards for the relief of the sufferers. The troubles arising from this last-mentioned source were most inopportunely augmented by the incredibly selfish avarice of the religious orders. When the general lazahouses had to be abandoned, many nobles gave up their palaces to be turned into receiving-houses for the suffering poor, and the religious orders were required to allow the vast buildings of their convents to be utilized for the same purpose; and it was deemed all the more reasonable that they should do so, inasmuch as the members of the mendicant orders had to be maintained as poor out of the public resources. But the outcry against this measure raised throughout the ecclesias-

tical world was tremendous. It was sacrilege!—it was robbing the Church!—it was defrauding God! The holy men complained to Rome, and Rome at once decreed the major excommunication against all who had been concerned in this act of *spoliation*! Eventually the Pope ordered his legate to admit the sinners to absolution, but on condition of a heavy indemnity (accompanied by a humble request for pardon) being paid to the monastic communities.

It was in the midst of all this miserable state of things that the following events occurred. The story is specially interesting as giving a glimpse of essentially *bourgeois* life. We have stories enough of crime and lawlessness referring to those times, but they almost invariably deal with a *dramatis persona* belonging to the upper ten thousand.

In the district of the Lower Val d'Arno, a little to the south of the line of rail which now runs from Florence to Leghorn, and about halfway between San Miniato and Pontedera, there is an obscure little commune called Stibbio. The little stream of the Evola, which, coming from the bleak and barren hills around Volterra, crosses the line of rail, and falls into the Arno near the little station of San Romano, passes by it. The lands that lie in the bottom of the great valley of the Arno are rich, but the uplands around Stibbio are poor and hungry; and though they are now all brought under cultivation, that was far from being the case at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is a region of rolling hill and dale, much broken up by ravines and miniature precipices; for every little watercourse, dry as a bone in summer, when its water would be invaluable, turns itself into a torrent in the winter, and carries away the light and friable soil in enormous quantities—actively busy in the secular task of carrying it out into the Mediterranean, to add future plains and cornfields to those which have already, within the period of history, been similarly prepared between Pisa and the coast. The country is still a good deal diversified by coppice, and was much more covered at the time of our story.

There, in the first decade of the seventeenth century, lived on their own ancestral fragment of poor hungry land, a couple who had much ado to keep body

and soul together for themselves and their one only child—a daughter. The little bit of farm would apparently have been insufficient to enable them to do that much unassisted; for the man exercised the profession of a notary or scrivener, or something of that sort. Perhaps he found some employment in writing love-letters for the lads, or in keeping the accounts of the neighboring *fattori*; for surely there could have been but little to do in a notarial capacity at Stibbio.

Enough was, however, picked up somehow to enable the poor writer and his wife and daughter to live; and their poverty was not so great as to prevent Giulia from growing into the prettiest girl for many a mile round. The young beauty was just fifteen when her mother died, about the same time that the Grand Duke Cosmo II. died—that is to say, in the spring of 1621. And it was then that her father determined to leave his native place and his starved ancestral farm to try his fortune in the metropolis. It may have been that the change of government offered some prospect to him. It may have been that the remarkable beauty of his peerless Giulia, then just budding into the early womanhood of the precocious South, prompted him to bethink himself that it was a thousand pities that such a treasure should be thrown away upon the not unappreciative but still unworthy boors of her native hills. And this latter motive would be very much in accord with the habits of thought that would have been likely to prevail then and there in such a case. The poor scrivener accordingly, in the spring of 1621, buried his wife, and journeyed with his lovely Giulia painfully to Florence, sleeping the first night at Empoli.

It will be observed that the name of the poor Stibbio scrivener has not been mentioned. The fact is, that we find him to have been known at Florence only by the name of Stibbio—Francesco Stibbio. If he were so called among his own hills, it would have been an indication that the family, however poor, was a remnant of an old territorial aristocracy. If he were merely nicknamed Stibbio when he came to Florence—a very common Italian practice—it would indicate that Francesco from Stibbio was as good a name as any other for a man

who had little claim to family distinction of any kind. It matters little how the case may have been. It is certain that the scrivener was only known at Florence as Francesco Stibbio, and his daughter as Giulia Stibbio.

Francesco Stibbio fell upon his feet in Florence. He found employment at once in the chancery of the Papal legate. What recommendation or influence procured him such preferment there remains nothing to show. But similar positions are not and were not given, save to such as are sealed as Rome's own in some manner very recognizable by Rome's own. And it is probable that Francesco Stibbio came to Florence with warm recommendations from the ecclesiastical authorities of his own district.

His employment was a very humble one, and no doubt the salary attached to it was humbler still. One can picture to oneself the pinched writer sitting in a grimy little office, at an ink-stained desk covered with the sand used for the purpose of blotting-paper, with black calico sleeves on his arms to protect his threadbare coat, surrounded by forms printed on coarse gray paper, and dirty, greasy stamps engraved with the apostolical cross-keys, solacing himself in winter with a *scaldino*, or small earthenware pot filled with hot ashes, and held between his knees.

But though the salary drawn from the apostolical treasury was no doubt a very modest one, and though the appearance and bearing of the legate's poor clerk were more than modest, Francesco found, and Giulia found at the end of the year, that the place was very far from a bad one. There was no human pie of any sort in those days into which Rome did not put its finger, and every smallest touch of that holy finger had to be well paid for. Fees abounded in the legate's office, and the clerk had his share, which—inasmuch as all applicants had to speak first to him, and very soon found out that they had to call again oftener or less often in proportion to their liberality—was likely to be not a small one.

In short, at the end of ten years of sitting in the little grimy office, the poor clerk found that he had scraped together a very tidy bit of money for his Giulia.

Whether, during these years, the

beautiful Giulia had grown "as in stature, so in favor with God and man," as the old college prayer has it, or whether she had grown in favor with the latter only, certain it is that she had grown in stature and in beauty. She was a superb blonde, with a wealth of naturally-curling locks of the true Titian-loved auburn tint, large wide-opened blue eyes, rich lips, and a figure that might have been a model for a Judith. And at the end of the ten years it will be observed she was in her twenty-fifth year, and she was still Giulia Stibbio. Whether it were that, as times went then, it was not altogether good for a very beautiful girl, with sun-tinted auburn hair and rich lips, to be left absolute mistress of herself and of the house, while her father and sole protector was away all day stamping dirty documents with greasy dies and gathering in fees—or whether it were that the lovely Giulia would not "to a party give up what was meant for mankind," so it was, that at five-and-twenty the clerk's daughter was still unmarried. And in Italy that begins at five-and-twenty to be a very serious consideration.

It was then that Francesco bethought him of a nephew he had left behind him at Stibbio. Whether he began to feel that he wanted some one near him on whose arm he could lean, or whether it struck him for the first time that Giulia needed some more efficient protector than himself; or whether he wished that the sequins he had put together should be inherited by one of his own name, and should go to the aggrandizement of the family acres and the family name in his native place—a very Italian wish; so it was, that he determined on calling unto him his nephew Pietro, at that time a young man of about the same age as his cousin Giulia.

What this young man's employment had been at his native Stibbio, or whether he had had any, or, as is more likely, had led a sauntering, half-starved, poaching life, eating such food as could be got off the bit of poor land, nothing remains to tell. Nor is it exactly clear what his uncle had intended to make of him, further than to make him his heir at Florence; nor is it plain whether the latter intention involved a scheme of making him his son-in-law. But it is

certain that, if such were the old scrivener's intention, his nephew showed himself very dutifully inclined to comply with his wishes upon that point, for he lost no time in falling head over ears in love with his beautiful cousin. Nor did Giulia appear by any means insensible to his attentions. He was not without his share of the family good looks, stood six feet odd inches in his stockings, and was altogether much the sort of youngster that such auburn-haired, rich-lipped lasses as the Signorina Giulia are wont to approve of.

Nevertheless, it did not seem as if all was likely to progress quite smoothly towards the happy union of the cousins. It was a bad time in Florence. The pestilence had just then made its appearance there, coming across the Apennine forests from Bologna, despite every effort to keep it out. And the strange kind of lawless confusion which resulted from this in Florence, as has been said, may have in some degree contributed to lead the young provincial, who found himself in the streets of the capital with more money in his pocket than he had ever had before, into evil courses. It is certain that the life led by his nephew Pietro during that sad time was by no means such as the old scrivener could have wished it.

Yet it is probable that this was not the obstacle that stood in his way with his cousin. The inhabitants of Florence met the pestilence and the terror it occasioned in two ways mainly. The timid, the pious, and the meek-spirited secluded themselves as much as possible, haunted the churches, and redoubled their practices of devotional observance and asceticism. The bold, the reckless, and especially the young, defied and dared the monster, met in festive gathering more frequently than in ordinary times, and pushed their conviviality to excesses unusual in the commonly sober and thrifty city. Pietro Stibbio belonged very unmistakably to the latter of these categories. As far as the chances of escaping the plague went, the jovial roysterers were perhaps better off, or, at all events, no worse off, than the terrified devotees who trusted to the saints to help them. And as for finding favor in Giulia's eyes, all the glimpses of her character which the old record permits

us to catch would lead us to conclude that she liked her cousin none the worse for his devil-may-care mood.

And yet his wooing did not proceed prosperously. Giulia would flirt with him to any extent, and evidently liked the occupation, and one would have said liked him well. But . . . there was something in the way. She would not come to the point. Nothing definitive could be got from her. The old scribe meanwhile stuck to his work, and was making money. The times, which were so bad everywhere else, were good in the office of the apostolical legate. The trade that Rome drives is sure to be brisk in all its branches in times of mortal terror and consequent penitence. Besides, all the complaints about the occupation of the monasteries and the consequent thunders of Rome, the submission and excuses following thereupon, and the subsequent admission of the offenders to pardon, all brought grist to the clerk's mill—all more or less caused a multiplication of documents on the coarse gray paper which needed the imposition of the greasy impress of St. Peter's keys. Old Francesco was early and late at his grimy office, like an old spider in the centre of his net, and the flies or fees fell in fast. Doubtless he imagined that all was going as he would have had it between his daughter and his nephew, though he did not fail to hear various reports that made him somewhat uneasy respecting the life that the latter was leading.

Matters, however, had not continued long in this position before Pietro Stibbio began to think that he had discovered the obstacle that made the course of his love (the wonted epithet might as well, perhaps, be left out) run less smoothly than it might otherwise have done. Jovial gatherings were liable to sudden interruptions in those days; and it had twice occurred that Pietro, returning to his uncle's house at an earlier hour than his cousin had had reason to expect him, had found a visitor there—a young man of his own age—very pleasantly engaged in amusing the brilliant Giulia with *tête-à-tête* chat, while her father was busy earning money and her cousin spending it.

It must be understood that such a *tête-à-tête* could not have been considered

an altogether proper and permissible thing according to the conventional proprieties of the place and time. But all such rules were much relaxed during that time of general distress. And, besides that, it is to be feared that Giulia Stibbio was not altogether a model "girl of the period."

The visitor, however, who was thus surprised by Pietro in his uncle's house was not entirely unknown to him, and was one who might be supposed to have some sort of excuse for a certain degree of intimacy with Giulia. He was one Carlo Marti, the son of a rich *fattore* in the neighborhood of Stibbio. It was probable enough, therefore, that he might be an old acquaintance of Francesco Stibbio and of his family. Pietro knew him by sight, though he was but very slightly acquainted with him. As a pretendant to Giulia's hand, he could hardly be considered such an one as the old clerk would have approved; for though he was the son of a *fattore* well known to be rich, he was the fourth of a large family of brothers, and as such could expect but little from his father.

Of course the two young men snarled and growled at each other; and of course the fair Giulia, when her more authorized lover would have taken her to task for her intimacy with the *fattore's* son, fired up, and tossed her auburn locks, and did not know what right he had, &c., &c.—and was not going to submit to it, &c., &c.; and of course she took care, before her cousin left her, to drop a word or two, and give him a glance or two, which sufficed to keep alive in him the hope that, after all, she cared more for him than for anybody else in the world.

What the beautiful Giulia really wanted, what was at the bottom of her heart, it is difficult to say. Do we find it easy to say, in similar cases, when the heart to be pronounced on, or at least the pretty form that covers it, is under the immediate observation of our eyes? And if that is generally too difficult a task, how shall we hope to decipher the inscrutable across the mists of more than two hundred years? Whether Giulia desired prudently to have two strings to her bow, or whether she were imprudently minded to have two beaux to her string, there is nothing to show. Certain it is that she continued to behave in the

distressing manner in which too provokingly bewitching members of her sex will still occasionally conduct themselves, when they still could be happy with either "were t'other dear charmer away."

But at last one day, when his uncle had been lecturing Pietro upon his course of life, expressing his discontent with him generally, and throwing in his teeth the fact that he had not adopted, and apparently would not adopt, any line of life by which he might earn his salt, it would seem that Giulia, alone with him afterwards, had let some word fall of a similar tendency. The taunt brought a very ugly and dangerous-looking scowl to her cousin's brow; and the next morning he told her that he was not going to be made a fool of by her any longer—that he had made up his mind to seek service on one side or other (he little cared which) of the war in Lombardy—and he hoped she might find Carlo Marti a suitor to her liking.

Giulia turned first very red, and in the next instant very pale; and perhaps, if he had given her time to speak, the upshot of this narrative might have been a different one. But he turned on his heel and left her as he spoke the above words. Still Giulia did not believe, when she came to reflect, that he would really do what he said. She supposed that he would speak to her father, and that he would assuredly find some means or other to prevent such a catastrophe.

But Pietro never went near his uncle, or communicated his purpose to him in any way. He did exactly as he said he would do, and accordingly Pietro Stibbio was heard of no more in Florence for the next two years.

And then—in the year 1633, that is to say—the old scrivener died.

And here the old seventeenth-century chronicler pauses in his narrative to inveigh against the dreadful tendencies of the trade of soldiering. It is, he declares, the school of all wickedness—the devil's own academy! There is no sort of atrocity which may not be expected at the hands of men hired to cut each other's throats in quarrels none of their own or their country's. And it must be confessed that all the records of the time in question go to show that, as regarded

the mercenary bands which were then ravaging the North of Italy, the statement was not an undeserved or exaggerated one.

It would seem however that, being such as they were, Pietro Stibbio very soon showed himself to be the sort of man who was wanted among them; for he rapidly rose to the rank of standard-bearer, and during the rest of his story is always styled accordingly "*L'alfiere*."

On hearing of his uncle's death the *Alfiere* Pietro returned to Florence, bringing with him a comrade named Giovanni Borna. The object of his return was to see whether, despite the past, he might not yet be the heir to some part of his uncle's savings, and to look after that portion of the heritage at Stibbio which it would seem was certainly to come to him.

Arrived in Florence, he lost no time in swaggering, in company with his friend Borna, into the quiet little house which his uncle and Giulia had inhabited, and which the latter, accompanied only by an old female servant, now tenanted alone. This Borna was a man of higher birth and more culture than his friend the *Alfiere*, and had been, like him, led to adopt the profession of a mercenary man-at-arms by the results of a disorderly and reckless life. Though not of the magnificent stature of the *Alfiere*, he was a remarkably handsome man, and despite the guard-room swagger of his manners had in the midst of it sufficient remains of the bearing of a gentleman to make him appear a veritable Mars in person to such a girl as Giulia Stibbio. Her cousin, it would seem, had boasted much of the beauty of the young relative to whom he would introduce him when they should reach Florence, and Borna came to the little house prepared with all his most practised wiles and conquering airs for the meeting.

He came—he saw—he conquered, and apparently was himself as entirely conquered in his turn. In less heroic terms, it appears that Giulia and the stranger were smitten with mutual admiration. It was on both sides one of those knock-down passions which were all the more violent in proportion to the smallness of the reasonable or spiritual element in them, and to which Southern natures,

and especially such natures as those of the handsome man-at-arms and the Signorina Giulia, are especially liable.

Both the lady and gentleman, however, were sensible of the expediency of concealing the nature of their sentiments from the Alfieré. Borna knew that his friend had by no means relinquished his pretensions to his cousin's hand; and whatever Giulia's feelings may have been, there was something about the Alfieri which prompted her not to outrage him too severely immediately on his return.

Pietro's manner to his cousin, notwithstanding this consideration on her part, could not be said to be cordial. While appearing to assert, in seeming at least, a sort of claim to her, it was aggressive and half-sneering in tone. Giulia, on the other hand, seemed to have become afraid of him. There was an absence of the provocative manner which had so often angered him, at the same time that it had, despite himself, captivated him; but any calm bystander would have seen a much greater possibility of love concealing itself under the former manner, than of detecting it under the latter. He learned from her, in the course of their interview, that his old rival Carlo Marti had become, from being a very bad match in a prudential point of view, a very good one; for his three elder brothers had perished of the pestilence, and he was now his rich father's heir. How matters stood between Giulia and him he of course did not learn, and knew very well that there was no use in attempting to learn. He did, however, discover that Marti was not now in Florence, but at his father's house in the neighborhood of Stibbio; and before the Alfieri and Borna left Giulia, she understood from them that they purposed leaving Florence together for Stibbio the next morning.

"I must go; I have promised. May I come and see you when I come back? We shall only be gone a couple of days," said Borna, in a whisper, as he followed the Alfieri from the room; receiving only a glance in return, which he had no difficulty in interpreting as conveying all the answer he desired.

The next day the two friends did journey to Stibbio. And a very short time sufficed to convince the Alfieri that

not only had his uncle left him nothing, but that nothing, or next to nothing, was to be hoped for from his inheritance there.

What had been the precise motive with Borna for accompanying his friend on his journey—whether he had any claims on him, gambling claims or such-like, whether he had merely been led by the hope of sharing the good-luck of a comrade coming in to a fortune, or whether he had been allured merely by the Alfieri's talk of his cousin's beauty—is not clear. It is tolerably certain that he hoped to get something by his journey, in some way; and it is quite certain that, as far as money went, he found himself, when the true state of things became apparent at Stibbio, altogether disappointed.

Under these circumstances he appears not to have had the smallest hesitation in acceding to a proposal which his comrade and brother-in-arms then and there made to him. This was nothing less than that they should indemnify themselves for all the slights of fortune by robbing a house, in which the Alfieri said that he had the means of knowing there was a large sum of money. The house in question was a solitary farmhouse a few miles distant from Stibbio, the home of the rich *fattore*, the father of Carlo Marti.

No doubt the Alfieri was tempted to conceive and execute this scheme by a double motive. By robbing the *fattore* Marti, he would be at the same time restoring his own broken fortunes and reducing his rival to a condition of poverty, which would effectually debar him from any further pretensions to the hand of his beautiful and now well-provided cousin.

The notable scheme seems to have been put in execution as soon as conceived. The old chronicler eagerly calls upon his readers to remark that these men were soldiers. That seems to be the whole "moral" of his narrative. "*Et fuerunt qui hæc fecerunt, milites,*" he says, suddenly breaking off into Latin and big letters, in his anxiety to impress the fact upon his reader. And doubtless we may see in his feeling upon the subject an indication of what the mercenary bands were who made war their trade in those days—what Italy had to

suffer from them, and what the general feeling of the population towards those warriors was.

Certainly, it seems to have needed singularly little to induce a couple of officers of the army to turn into burglars. Signor Borna was as ready to assist his comrade in the proposed little affair as if he had asked him to join in the simplest party of pleasure.

At nightfall that same evening the two reckless scoundrels went to the solitary farm, and effected an entrance into the house without much difficulty. In it, at the time, were the *fattore* and his old wife, their son Carlo, a daughter, and another son much younger—a child of some ten or twelve years old. The Alfieri's intention was simply to compel the old man to give up the money which he was known to have in the house. But he had reckoned without allowing for the memory of country-folks, whose minds are subjected to few new impressions or objects to mingle with and obliterate the old ones. The Alfieri, knowing himself a changed man from what he had been when old Marti might have seen him in his boyhood, had no idea that the *fattore* would recognize him. But no sooner had he waked the old man from his sleep, than he at once addressed him by his name, demanding what he wanted, and protesting that he had never done anything to deserve Pietro Stibbio's enmity.

The words were fatal to him and his!

The necessity of butchering the whole family in order to secure the concealment of their crime was recognized, and at once accepted and acted on, by the two desperadoes; and they accordingly put to death the father, mother, son, and daughter—leaving the child, of whose existence they were unaware, and whom they had not discovered, unharmed. They then collected all the bodies into the middle of the kitchen, and went out into the yard to bring in a quantity of straw, in order to burn the victims and the house together. While they were absent from the house for this purpose, the child crept from his bed and from the house, and hid himself in a field of standing corn close to the homestead, having witnessed the murder of all his family, and having heard his father address the murderer by his name

As soon as the blaze burst forth, which was, as they imagined, to obliterate all traces of the deed that had been done, they sprang on their horses, and galloped towards Florence, reaching it, after a desperately hard ride, early the next morning.

It was the morning of the 24th of June, which is, and for eight hundred years has been, a great day in Florence: for the 24th of June is St. John's day, and St. John is the patron saint of the City of Flowers. There were always grand doings in Florence on that day, and the faint and quickly-vanishing shadow of them may still be seen every year on the once celebrated anniversary. It was very hard for a Florentine of those days to quit Florence on the morning of the 24th of June. Such festivals and the gala-doings which celebrated them were very dear to the Italian heart at that period, and the temptation to stay and take part in them was very strong.

Nevertheless, the Alfieri was for riding on for Bologna, and putting the grand-ducal frontier between them and the scene of their last night's deed. But, besides the attraction of the festival, his companion Borna had another and a still stronger motive for desiring to tarry awhile in the fair City of Flowers. He had promised to see Giulia on his return from Stibbio. The look with which she had accepted the tryst was still before his eyes and in his heart, and he was not minded to lose the meeting. Besides, where was the danger? They had made all safe enough at the farm. In all probability it would be supposed that what had happened was the result of an accidental conflagration. And even if any suspicion should arise to the effect that the utter destruction of the whole family could hardly be thus satisfactorily accounted for, there was nothing whatever to connect them with the affair. In short, Borna overruled his friend; and it was determined that they should remain that day and night in Florence, and ride for Bologna the next morning.

Possibly the Alfieri did not care to leave his friend Borna to spend the day and the evening with Giulia alone. Possibly, also, what he saw during the day and the evening they all three spent

together did not tend to make him feel kindly towards his companion-in-arms.

And when the next morning, at the hour fixed between them for getting to horse, Borna was not to be found, nor any tidings of him to be had, it is probable that the Alfiere was by no means better disposed towards him. The Alfiere, however, determined to start on his ride at once, without waiting for him. He could not make himself quite easy about that ugly night's work. He was eager to get further away from it, and to reach the safety of his camp and the company of his comrades-in-arms.

He rode out of Florence unquestioned; rode all that day, gave his horse a few hours of rest at night at a lonely hostelry on the top of the Apennines, and reached Bologna safely on the afternoon of the 26th of June.

Meantime, as may be imagined, the little boy Marti, who alone had escaped the fate that had befallen his family, as soon as ever the sound of their horses' feet dying away in the distance assured him that the murderers were gone, made the best of his way to the nearest house, and there told his horrible tale. But tales, however breathlessly interesting, are not told and are not listened to quickly in Tuscany. Nothing, however urgent, is done quickly. Telling the story took some time; the inevitable talking of it over took much more. The neighboring authorities, when at last applied to, spent several more hours in deciding what was to be done. And when, at last, the intelligence that a whole family had been murdered and a house burned down by Pietro Stibbio; late of the village of that name, and by another man unknown, reached Florence, the murderer was already on his road to Bologna.

There was, however, not much difficulty in discovering that he had left Florence by the great north road, which crosses the Apennines in that direction. He was, of course, well known in Florence—had been seen by many at the festival in company with his beautiful cousin and a stranger—and a little inquiry traced him to the posthouse whence he had started on his ride. Fortunately, the Stibbio authorities had had the sense to send the boy Nanni Marti (Giovanni was his name—Nanni

for short) to Florence; and a couple of *shirri*, as those who would now be called *gendarmes* were named in those days, were dispatched towards the Papal frontier on the Bologna road, taking the boy with them, and also a letter from the apostolical legate at Florence to the Papal authorities at Bologna, directing them to deliver up the criminal to the Tuscan officers, if he should be found.

The whole of the sixty miles of the old ante-railway road from Florence to Bologna passes through a very thinly inhabited district. Not one town—hardly a village or two—lies on the track. The pursuers came upon the scent of the fugitive at the lone house where he had baited his horse on the crest of the Apennine, and the people there had no doubt that the horseman who had seemed so anxious to get on had been bound for Bologna; and the *shirri* rode on thither accordingly.

But Bologna is a large city, and the anarchic complexion of the times, and the very imperfect police arrangements of those days, when most governments strove to supply the want of regularity of action by violence, made it a difficult matter to ascertain whether the Alfiere had again left the city, or to find him, if he still remained in it. But chance, and a rather acute bit of character-reading on the part of one of the *shirri*, favored the object in view. Pietro Stibbio, in the days when he was a ne'er-do-well idler in the streets of Florence, before he had gone to be a soldier, had been a notorious haunter of taverns, and had acquired the character of being specially fond, as well as a good judge, of a glass of wine. Now there was a certain tavern in Bologna, situated close to the bases of those two strangely-leaning brick towers which are the first objects that strike a stranger on entering the city, which was especially noted for its good wine. It was largely frequented by all classes, and the confidential servant of the Cardinal Legate was often seen there selecting a flask for his master's own use.

"If Pietro Stibbio is at all like the lad he used to be," said one of the officers, who had known something of him at Florence, "he will not pass through Bologna without tasting the wine at 'The Holy Keys,' if the devil was at his heels. Suppose we have a look for him there.

It can but cost a cup of wine for ourselves."

They went to the place in question, taking the boy Marti with them, as well as an officer of the Papal police. And hardly had they begun to push their way among the crowd of guests, before the child's quick eye spied, sitting with a flask before him, at a table by himself, the man on whose face he had gazed with such unspeakable horror on that terrible night, when he had witnessed the slaughter of father, mother, brother, and sister. It was not likely that he should ever more forget those features!

The room in which the Alfieri was drinking was a very long apartment, narrow in proportion to its great length, roofed by a low arched ceiling, and lighted only by a window in the end facing the street, from which the whole length of the room ran back. It was thus very dark in the part of it farthest removed from the street, and but for the child's quick eye it might have been possible for the murderer to escape observation. But once seen, herculean as was the strength of the towering Alfieri's form, there was little or no hope of escape. The long room was thickly crowded; there was no exit from it save by the door opening in the street, and there were no such aids as revolvers for desperate men in those days. The Alfieri was caught like a rat in a trap; and, to make a long story short—or at least somewhat shorter—before two more hours were over his head he was on his way back to Florence, heavily ironed, and escorted by the two Florentine *shirri* and two gentlemen of the same profession in the Papal service.

It must have been an unpleasant journey for the swaggering, dashing, desperate man-at-arms, that ride over the bleak Apennine back to Florence. He must have known right well what he was going to. Justice was not particularly scrupulous as to completeness of proof in those days, even if the proof of the Alfieri's crime had been less complete than it was. The child's testimony was positive and unhesitating, and, it was easy enough to believe that he might remember unerringly a face that he had gazed on under such circumstances. He declared that he should not have the slightest difficulty in pointing out the

other man who had assisted in the murders, if he should see him.

Arrived at Florence, the prisoner was at once lodged in the Bargello, as the common prison was called.

The building used during the whole of the period of the Tuscan grand-dukes for that purpose was built originally for the residence of the *podestà*, or chief magistrate of the commonwealth. It is one of the oldest buildings remaining in the city, and the stranger who now visits it as a museum of mediæval art, sees it restored with admirable skill to its original architectural condition, and admires in it one of the finest specimens extant of the domestic architecture of the twelfth century. During the Medicean principality the noble halls were divided by huge timbers into many tiers of cells resembling the cages of wild beasts. But these were for ordinary malefactors. For such criminals as the Alfieri, who were to come forth from those colossal walls no more save to go to the place of execution, there were yet more terrible dungeons in the basement of the ancient building. It is an easy thing to construct a prison capable of depriving the most desperate and the cleverest prison-breaker of all hope, if only the dictates of humanity may be disregarded—and humanity is quite a modern discovery. And the Alfieri was lodged in an underground cage, formed in the midst of a mass of masonry, from which a human being had as much chance of escaping as a toad has from one of those mysterious hollows in the living rock in which such prisoners have occasionally been found.

The first object with the Florentine magistrate was to discover the accomplice who had aided the Alfieri in the commission of his crime, and the prisoner was given to understand that none of the resources of the torture-chamber would be spared to make him confess both his own crime and the name of his accomplice. But the Alfieri spared the officers and himself any such trouble. Well convinced that his case was hopeless, he made no difficulty in relating the whole history of the murder; and he seemed to find a special satisfaction in letting it be known that the man who assisted him, and took a full share in the commission of the crime, was Giovanni

Borna, a Lombard, who had accompanied him to Florence from the army. But where this man was he could not say. He told truly how and when and where they had parted, and how Borna had failed to come to the place whence they were to have started together for Bologna, in a manner that persuaded the magistrates that he was in truth telling all he knew.

"But," said he, "if you want to find him (and, you may believe me, I am to the full as wishful that you should find him as you can be), go and look in the house inhabited by my cousin Giulia Stibbio, the daughter of old Francesco Stibbio, the miserly clerk of the Pope's legate. If I am not mistaken you will find him there. And, at all events, you may be very sure the Signora Giulia can tell you where he is; and if she won't tell you for asking, a taste of what you were promising me just now would soon make her speak, haughty as she is! And, look ye, Messer Bargello!" he added, calling after the officer, as the latter was leaving him, "I should take it kindly of you if you would let the Signorina Giulia know that I send my compliments to her, and that it was I who told you where to look for my friend Borna! *Corpo di Dio!* if they think that I am to hang, and leave them to make love and spend the money together, they are mistaken!"

Again we may venture to abridge the old chronicler's record, with advantage to the reader, and hasten forward to the conclusion.

Giulia protested, in a manner that would have convinced anybody save an Italian, that she knew nothing of Borna, and had never seen him since he had left her in company with her cousin on the evening of the 24th of June. And when she was told that it was on the information of the Alfieri himself that the officers had come thither to search for his friend, the rage, the scorn, the tempest of bitter contempt and deadly hate exhibited by the furious beauty was a thing to see and hear—that those who saw and heard it did not forget for a while! Still, she swore by all that is most sacred, and invoked the Virgin and all the saints to witness to her truth, that she had never seen Borna since that night. Why should she see him? She

knew nothing about him. She had only seen him as her cousin's comrade. And as for what her cousin had said, it was a mean, malignant, wicked calumny, invented to revenge the scorn and contempt she had always felt for him, and always should feel for such a one as he!

Then the officer began to speak of the cruelly painful duty which would fall on him, of subjecting those magnificently beautiful limbs to the torture of the rack, if she should persist in refusing to furnish justice with the information it needed. And Giulia turned deadly pale, shook all over, and fell silent. Then the officer turned to an attendant, and produced, from a queer-looking case the man carried, an ingenious but singularly disagreeable-looking little instrument, very cleverly designed, for forcing the finger-nails from the finger by slow and uniform pressure. He proceeded to explain the mode of its action to the shrinking and shivering girl; and then, holding the horrible little machine in one hand, he suddenly grasped Giulia's wrist with the other—not with any real intention of proceeding then and there to the application of his instrument, but in the hope that his action might have the effect, which in fact it produced.

No sooner did she feel the touch of the man's fingers on her wrist than, uttering a short, half-suppressed scream, she pointed silently to a mat, lying on the landing-place of the stairs, outside of the door of the room on the first-floor in which they were. The officer's follower removed the mat; and then appeared beneath it a round stone with a ring in it, which gave access to a small chamber formed beneath the stairs, for the purpose of holding, and more or less concealing, a store of corn in time of scarcity. Such receptacles were very common in Florentine houses, and may still be frequently seen in old buildings. The intention of them was doubtless that which has been stated, but they were also very well adapted for concealing other things.

The officers raised the round stone . . . and there, in the small chamber below it, was the man they wanted.

* * * * *

The sentence on the prisoners was that

they should be conveyed on open tumbrils—one for each of them—from the prison in the centre of the city to the open space outside the Porta Croce; that during all the time occupied by that journey their bodies, stripped to the waist, should be torn by red-hot pincers; that they should be then hung, drawn, and quartered, and finally burned, and the ashes of them be scattered to the winds.

And this sentence was carried into execution, in every respect, save the tearing of the living flesh with red-hot pincers. By special clemency of the Grand Duke, this part of the punishment was inflicted in appearance only. There were small forges on the carts, in which the pincers were made red-hot by the attendant executioners, who made as if they were rending the flesh with them; and vessels of liquid stood by to dip the hot irons in, so that a hissing and a smoke should be made, as if the exact wording of the sentence were being carried out. On each cart, also, there was a Capuchin friar, to supply to the sufferer such "spiritual consolation" as he was supposed to be capable of receiving while his body was being torn by red-hot irons.

A great crowd thronged the streets through which the carts had to pass to the place of execution, but it was less than it would have been at another time;

for many persons remained within their houses, deterred from going out to view the sight by the very reasonable fear of joining a crowd in those days of pestilence.

Giulia Stibbio, however, was not prevented by the fear of the plague from fastening her eyes on the sufferings and degradation of the cousin she so intensely hated. Among the knot of persons gathered to see the carts as they passed, on the steps of the prison then called the Stinchi, which stood where the Pagliano Theatre now stands, was Giulia! But in order to witness the punishment of the man she hated she was compelled to witness the agony of him who had been her lover. And, doubtless, Giulia would have fain avoided this; but if the pleasure could not be had without the pain, then she would take them both—for she *could* not forego the former.

But it was the last time that Giulia Stibbio was ever seen in the streets of Florence; for she took the vows in a convent of Teresian nuns—an order of the severest kind—where she died many years afterwards.

And the old chronicler, from whose manuscript this narrative has been taken, winds up his story, by repeating once again, in large letters,—

"Et qui hæc fecerunt fuerunt milites!"

A SUB-WAY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S last letters, published 8th November, 1869, in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Geographical Society, mention that "tribes live in underground houses in Rua. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them—a whole district can stand a siege in them. The 'writings' therein, I have been told by some of the people, are drawings of animals, and not letters, otherwise I should have gone to see them. People very dark, well made, and outer angle of eyes slanting inwards."

Also, in his letter to Sir Bartle Frere, Dr. Livingstone mentions, "there is a large tribe of Troglodytes in Rua, with excavations thirty miles in length, and a running rill passing along the entire street.

They ascribe these rock-dwellings to the hand of the Deity. The writings in them are drawings of animals; if they had been letters, I must have gone to see them. People very black, strong, and outer angles of eyes upwards."

We are not told where Rua exactly stands, but that it is the most northerly point hitherto reached by the great explorer, and the point to which he had followed the waters from 10° and 12° south latitude. In a map, published in Capt. Speke's "What led to the Discovery of the Nile," the territory of Uruwa is marked down as about 100 miles to the west of the centre of Lake Tanganyika; this territory is half-way across the continent of Africa, and traders for ivory

and copper have reached it from Zanzibar. I conclude that Capt. Speke's Uruwa and Dr. Livingstone's Rua are one and the same place; but if the latter is not able to bring us home an account of this great sub-way, it is so marvellous—surpassing any subterraneous passage we know of in Nature—that I hope some traveller may be enterprising enough to go and report on its position and appearance in our day.

In the mean time, I may describe how I came to hear of a similar, or the same, tunnel, said to be on the highway between Loowemba (Lobemba) and Ooroon-goo (Marungu) near the Lake Tanganyika.

Capt. Speke and I had amongst our followers a native named Manua, who had travelled most of the routes in Central Africa. He was intelligent, observant, and, besides being a good companion, he knew the names and uses of nearly all the plants we met with. He and I conversed a great deal on the objects around us, and while our party, all mounted on camels, were crossing the Nubian Desert—from Abou Ahmed to Korosko—the country was so peculiar that I asked him whether in his varied travels he had ever seen anything like it. I will give a short description of what the country was. It rose in a succession of ridges as regularly as the waves of the sea; the heights were of slate, and the valleys of sand. In crossing these ridges, the camels walked over the edges of the slate in single file, for the path was narrow and very rugged. Once in the valleys we were surrounded, as if within a fortress, by walls of slaty rock, say 400 feet high; no exit visible, and the horizon a jagged outline of peaks. Such then was the valley of Dullah, where I asked Manua if he had ever seen any country resembling it: his reply was, "This country reminds me of what I saw in the country to the south of the Lake Tanganyika, when travelling with an Arab's caravan from Unjanyembeh. There is a river there called the Kaōma, running into the lake, the sides of which are similar in precipitousness to the rocks before us." I then asked, "Do the people cross this river in boats?"—"No,

they have no boats; and even if they had, the people could not land, as the sides are too steep: they pass underneath the river by a natural tunnel, or sub-way." He and all his party went through it on their way from Loowemba to Ooroon-goo, and returned by it. He described its length as having taken them from sunrise till noon to pass through it, and so high, that if mounted upon camels they could not touch the top. Tall reeds, the thickness of a walking-stick, grew inside; the road was strewn with white pebbles, and so wide—400 yards—that they could see their way tolerably well while passing through it. The rocks looked as if they had been planed by artificial means. Water never came through from the river overhead; it was procured by digging wells. Manua added, that the people of Wambweh take shelter in this tunnel, and live there with their families and cattle, when molested by the Watuta, a warlike race, descended from the Zooloo Kafirs.

The two accounts are similar in every respect except as to its length and the manner of procuring water. Dr. Livingstone's informant made the Sub-way thirty miles in extent; my informant marched through it in six hours, say fifteen miles, and saw no running rill within it; but a wet season would account for this. I therefore have not the slightest doubt that such a place exists, and that it is no excavation or anything formed by man. How, therefore, can such a place of such vast extent have originated? I infer from the stratifications of slate which I saw in the Dullah Valley that in the case of the Tanganyika tunnel the strata there have been so displaced as to form within a natural pointed arch or a channel underneath the stratification.

Manua did not mention that there were any writings or figures upon the stone, but he described them as black or dark, and as if their surfaces had been made smooth and flat, thereby giving me the idea that they were most probably slate, if not basalt. The natives look on it as an m'zimo or sacred spot.

J. A. GRANT.

Blackwood's Magazine.

COUNT CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.

THERE is something very sad in the dying out of a generation of the leaders and rulers of the world. Nothing marks so clearly the passage of time, the succession of one age to another, as this dropping, one by one, of the familiar names which have been sounds of authority and pre-eminence for half or quarter of a century. New necessities, new difficulties, new combinations of circumstances, have stolen upon us unawares, and we are conscious, practically, that new men have come in to guide the fortunes of nations; but nowhere are the epochs of contemporary history so clearly marked out as by graves. One cycle has ended, another has begun. The old men who linger like leaves upon the topmost branches, but emphasize the universal passing away of all with whom they have been associated. The old order changeth, giving place to new.

In such a case as that of Count de Montalembert the ending has been softened by a long preliminary chapter of retirement from the world—softened to his friends, not to himself. And yet to how many of his friends will the closing up of that chamber in the Rue du Bac, which was the abode of so much pain, yet of so much vivacious interest in the world, and animated discussion of all its affairs, be like the extinction of a friendly light in the midst of the darkness. For a great part of these years, the little simple bedroom which the author of the "Figaro" described the other day to his readers, with a particularity more American than French, has been an audience-chamber to which crowds have flocked. Like a dream the writer recalls, as he writes, the half-mournful, half-smiling conversation of two or three gentlemen, all of European name, who were waiting in the large drawing-room which formed a kind of antechamber to Montalembert's reception, one afternoon now nearly three years ago. The room was darkened because of the summer glare outside, and the animated voices came as from ghosts half-seen. They were talking of Cousin, then not long dead; discussing those peculiarities which are defects in a man as long as he

lives, but after his death become, as being habits of his, more dear to his friends than the highest qualities of his character. Are they talking now more sadly, yet with the smile of recollection already beginning to break up the heaviness of grief, of Montalembert? No doubt—reminding each other of his out-breaks of characteristic impatience and energy, of his sharp sayings, his keen wit, his genial kindness. But it is early yet for such softened thoughts; now and then a sob must come in, a pang of farewell, and that intolerable sense that nothing more can be said to him, nothing more heard from him, which is the soul of grief. Was it only the other day that he wrote, "Let me hear often from you"? and careless life went on, and a world of petty affairs prevented the response. What matter? one would do it to-morrow or to-morrow; and now in all heaven and earth there is no way of doing it, no means of answer. There is no sadder consciousness in life.

It was in the winter of '65-'66 that Montalembert's last illness, from its beginning a very painful one, first attacked him. He was so ill in the spring of '66 as to be compelled to give up for a time the work on the completion of which he had so much set his heart, his great and favorite work, "*Les Moines d'Occident*." Early in '67 he described himself as "in a very sad and precarious state;" and before the summer of that year his physicians had dreaded that his malady, if cured at all, must yet be a very lingering one. His strength was then so far reduced that he had to be carried to his carriage on the days he was permitted an airing; but still every day, about five o'clock in the afternoon, his room was full of guests, friends of his life, who called the worn statesman and author by his Christian name, and could enter with him into full discussions of all his life-long pursuits and convictions; and, on the other hand, strangers from all quarters, whom his illness and suffering did not prevent him from receiving with all the courtly kindness and genial grace of his nature. "Your countrymen do not come to see me as much as I

could wish," he wrote not three months before his death, notwithstanding the numbers who sought him continually. His interest was as fresh in everything that everybody was doing, while he lay there on his weary couch, with the close-capped sister in constant attendance upon him, as if he had still been in the full current of life. It was a relief and help to this rapid, ever-active intelligence, thus suddenly confined within four walls, and shut out from personal exertion, to participate, at least by way of sympathy, in the work and thought of others. His ear was open to everything that was suggested to him; his mind as ready and vivacious as that of any youth—nay, far more so: for youth is too much occupied with its own affairs to give such full, unhesitating attention to those of others. Whatever might be the special interest of his visitor, Montalembert had always some light to throw upon it, some stray glances out of the wonderful treasures of his own knowledge or experience, or, at the best, a courteous interest, an unfeigned sympathy. The first feature in him which struck the stranger was this gracious gift of courtesy. His manners were just touched with the elaboration of the old *régime*, as became the son of an *émigré*, the inheritor of centuries of courtly French breeding. But we do not think that this impression of extreme personal benignity and politeness was, after the first encounter, the aspect of Count de Montalembert's character which made most lasting impression upon the mind of a recent acquaintance. It was rather the keenness of perception, the rapid vision, the sharp wit, never failing in absolute grace of expression, but leaving the less ready insular intelligence, with a puzzled sense of discomfiture, miles behind. He took the slow Englishman up, who was saying something probably sensible enough, and cast a gleaming coil of wit round him, and extinguished his half-said perplexed reasonings on the spot—an operation which caused a certain sensation of fright, by no means without foundation, to the bystanders. This, however, was in his days of health and unbounded activity, while yet the inherent impatience of a lively and impetuous nature survived in certain glimmers and spar-

kles of sarcastic vivacity, such as even perfect politeness could not quite annihilate. The enthusiasm of his character, and its intense love of beauty and appreciation of everything noble and generous, did not, we think, show so plainly in his conversation as this intellectual brilliancy and speed. Keen as daylight, sharp upon any pretence as the steel of Ithuriel's spear—instantly conscious of the presence of polite simulation, and pitiless to it—it was rather the clearness of his judgment than his poetic character which struck the observer. His was the kind of mind one could have supposed quick to sift every belief, less moved by imagination than by reason, more familiar with the processes of thought than the visions of faith. The reader who knows him only by his works will be startled by such a view of his character. But nobody who knew Count de Montalembert will be disposed to deny a fact which adds tenfold to his weight and influence as a believer, and which makes it so much the more difficult to understand many features in his creed and many portions of his work. There could not be found any more clear-sighted observer, or shrewd and able man of the world. In things temporal and intellectual he took nothing for granted, and was the last in the world to accept a specious theory or visionary tale. To add after this, as we are inclined to do—and yet he was a fervent Roman Catholic, accepting a hundred things as absolutely true which to us seem mere fables of a fond and excited fancy—would have been to himself but another instance of "unconquerable British prejudice in respect to anything Roman;" yet it is difficult to restrain the expression of this wonder, be it prejudice or be it justice. The attitude in which at this moment he appears to us as a protestant against the last great attempt at self-assertion on the part of the Papacy, has a certain composing effect upon the general aspect of his religious character; and we have to recall to ourselves that it is the young Christian knight who in the pride of his youth gave up at a word from the Church one of the most cherished of his prospects—that it is the biographer of St. Elizabeth, the historian of the monks, of whom we are speaking. Not a mira-

cle in all those saintly lives, not a prodigy recorded in the ages of faith, disturbed his power of belief. He accepted them with the full and frank confidence of the simplest believer. He, with his keen wit and quick perceptions, his learning and sagacity, an accomplished writer and brilliant man of the world, tingling to his finger-points with the new sap and modern vigor of his century, yet received everything which the hoary past brought to him in the name of religion with the tender faith of a child. Such a phenomenon is to be seen now and then in the world, and when it appears it is always full of attraction, full of interest—one of the finest yet strangest combinations of human character. And such was Charles de Montalembert.

It is not yet time to enter upon any full account of his life or estimate of his influence. The existence which has just ended must be a little further off before it can "orb into the perfect star" of completed being. He had lived about sixty years in the world, when he was suddenly called out of it. For thirty of these years his life was full of activity, and spent very much in the eye of the public. During this time many changes had taken place in France, and none greater than those religious changes into which he threw himself heart and soul. In the spring of '67, the writer, then in Paris, attended by his advice several conferences of the *Retraite des Hommes*, in Notre Dame, during the holy week—a most impressive and wonderful sight, such as it would be difficult to find any parallel to in this country, with all its boasted gravity. Somewhere about four thousand men, a dark mass, but faintly lighted by great flambeaux of gas placed here and there, were closely packed in the great central aisle of the Cathedral, listening with rapt attention to the preaching of Père Félix, who, though a very popular preacher, is no orator by right divine, nor capable by his own attraction only of calling so great a multitude together. The chanting by this mass of men, in plain song, of the *Stabat Mater* on Holy Thursday, and of the shorter hymns of the Church at the conclusion of the other services—the great thunder of so many male voices in unison—was such a strain as we

never remember to have heard before, and which no one could listen to without emotion. M. de Montalembert's face brightened when he heard the impression made by this wonderful scene upon the mind of the writer. When he began his career, he said with a certain gleam of high satisfaction in his eye, it had been considered a wonder in France to see a young man enter a church, or to hear him avow any charity towards Christianity. These were the days when Charles de Montalembert, a youth half English, or rather half Scotch, and whole enthusiast, speaking French with a taint of insular accent, and with ideas not yet wholly Continental, made acquaintance with the young Henri Lacordaire. They had met, and joined themselves together, and set their young wits to work on the grandest patriotic problem—how to lead France back to Christian faith and a religious life, cherishing all her liberties, all her privileges, the residue of good left behind by the devastating torrent of the Revolution, at the same time. What they had succeeded in doing, in one point at least, we had learned in the crowded nave of Notre Dame during those rainy chilly April evenings, and on the bright winter morn at the early communion. It was a sign of accomplished work which might well have cheered any reformer. This was one of the great objects of Montalembert's life—one which does not show largely in ordinary history: he had helped to make religion possible, helped to make it real, in his country; and if ever the history of the revival of religion in France during the last forty years should be written—and there could be no more interesting chapter of modern history—the name of Count de Montalembert would take its natural place there, side by side with that of his friend. He poured the whole force of his young life into this highest scheme; he threw himself into plans of public instruction in every way in which it was practicable to him. His first step in public life was taken when he joined himself to Lamennais and Lacordaire in the management of their paper called "*L'Avenir*." A year later the Christian Liberals found themselves *aux prises* with Rome, as they had already got into contact with civil law at home. The spiritual authority was more difficult to

struggle with than the temporal; and it was only after a long process of deliberation and anxious thought that the two friends, Lacordaire and Montalembert, made up their minds what was their highest duty. The story is told by Montalembert himself in his life of his friend. There he describes Lacordaire as wandering and musing about the memory-haunted ruins of Rome, pondering many things which are not written there to the common eye. He understood, from all he saw around him, "not only the inviolate majesty of the supreme Pontificate, but its difficulties, its long and patient plans, its adoption of necessary expedients (*ménagements indispensables*) for the government of men and things here below." "The weakness and infirmities inseparable from the mixture of human things with divine did not escape him." In short, the devout and enthusiastic yet reasonable mind of the young French priest, recognized that perfect modes of working were not to be found in human society: that the support of the Papacy, the greatest of spiritual institutions, was far more likely to advantage a great religious work, than any wild fight for independence which he could adopt. He recognized what many men in all churches have always recognized, that something must be swallowed, something endured, in return for the great spiritual support of a universal church behind you, with all its popular traditions, and fundamental hold, however obscured now and then for a moment, upon ancient Christendom. We may accept this description written by Montalembert of his friend, as his own creed. He, too, bowed his head to the Pope's bull, when it came, forbidding the immediate work in which they were engaged. They yielded to it, both knowing that they had more important matters in hand, which forbade the possibility of schism or sectarian opposition, and thus their lives were decided in obedience to Rome; while Lamennais, in some respects a greater figure than either, mistook or declined the lesson, and, giving up Rome, gave up at the same time, as happens so often, along with his faith in the Pope, his faith in Christianity.

In Germany, where the young Montalembert wandered after his unsuccessful

mission to Rome, and where he again encountered Lacordaire, the materials for his beautiful Life of St. Elizabeth, one of the finest idyls of Christian literature, were collected. It was published in the year 1836, his first work of importance. On his return to France he threw himself into political life, and lived and labored with all the energy of his nature, taking part in all the events and all the important movements of the time. "It was the heroic age of our religious and liberal struggles," he says, in his Life of Lacordaire; and everything that belonged to that enlightened and conservative liberalism, which is the natural creed of all eclectic politicians, moved him with more than merely political ardor. Justice, freedom, purity, and not party names or party objects, were with him the recognized aims of legislation. His code was that all men should be free to do well, to say what good was in them, to make such efforts as they were capable of for the advancement of the world; but yet there was in him, it must be allowed, a certain reserve as to what constituted political well-doing, and inclination to set up an arbitrary standard of his own. It was good for France to be free and united, but he did not see that the same necessity held for Italy. And there are other inconsistencies in his political creed. He was in favor of the expedition to Rome, though Poland and Ireland (which he always classed together) filled him with indignant sympathy. In short, he was no perfect man, but one full of individual partialities and prejudices, and laden with the defects as well as the virtues of his opinions. Although he speaks of the "odious injustice and unpardonable uselessness" of the Revolution of '48, his political career lasted beyond the *coup d'état*. He even made an effort to submit himself to what was inevitable as long as his own honorable, upright, straightforward spirit could do so. The spoliation of the Orleans princes was, it is said, the point which brought his patience to an end. But he continued to sit in the Chamber until 1857, when he was defeated in his own department, and retired from active political life, though not from such sharp usage of his pen as brought him, on various occasions, into contact with the authorities,

and exposed him to trials and vain sentences of imprisonment, which the Emperor was wise enough never to permit to be carried out. His opinion of the present Government of France was very low, and touched with an indignant bitterness. The inevitable and fast-growing triumph of democracy was his favorite horror. With a contemptuous vehemence which no hearer could forget, he would describe the hatred of mediocrity for anything superior to itself, which was, in his opinion, the true essence of democratic sentiment. It was not only rank, or wealth, or temporal advantage, which the mob resented, but, above all, the superiority of mind and sway of intelligence. *Épicier* France was glad to be free of *ces gens-là*—the Guizots, the Thiers, the liberal statesmen and men of talent who had been the leaders of their generation. It was a relief to the surging and heaving popular mass to throw off the sway of every one better than themselves, and to be ruled by men of nothing. Even his politeness was scarcely proof against any rash approval of absolute power; and the sentimental English fancy, or profession of a fancy, for theoretic Cæsarism, irritated him to a high degree. "Why, for heaven's sake," he writes, in respect to a review of his own touching Memoir of General Lamoricière, "do you incline towards M. Carlyle's theory of autocratic government?" The mere suggestion stirred him to a sharpness keen and angry; and so did the English admiration for the Emperor, which was once more lively than now. This sentiment stung him as a poor man might be stung by commendations of poverty made by a rich and easy neighbor. "It is well for you to applaud a rule which you would not have for a single day," was his indignant comment, often repeated. Not only the actual evil, but the reproach upon France, the implication of her indifference to those liberties which he prized so much for her, wounded him to the quick. And with this feeling was mingled all the contempt, half expressed but always understood, of the old noble *filz des croisés* for a *parvenu* court. He, too, was impatient of *ces gens-là*; and still more impatient, still more contemptuous, was the high-born household which surrounded him.

Montalembert's generous, liberal, unfactionary spirit, made it at the same time difficult for him to maintain full amity even with the Catholic party, to which he had done, one time and another, immeasurable service. It was not in him to adopt unhesitatingly a certain party, with its drawbacks and advantages. He could not bind himself, whatever the penalties might be, to the paltry and untrue. He who had made the beginning of his career extraordinary by bowing his head, in all the youthful fire of his genius, under the yoke of the Papal decree—who for the best part of his life was incessantly occupied in serving the interests of his Church, and by all the force of his talent and influence aiding her progress—became such a mark for the arrows of the Ultramontane party as no profane person could have been. "There is amongst the English Catholics," he writes in April, 1866, "as well as amongst the French, a party of violent, denouncing, and persecuting people, who are unfortunately in possession of almost all our periodical press. They look upon me as more than half a heretic (as may be seen in M. Veuillot's last production, '*L'Illusion Libérale*'), on account of my liberal and conciliating opinions; and if my views, moderate as they are, were to be attenuated in the English text,* all those who are now barking against Dr. Newman (on account of his strictures on certain forms of worship of the B. Virgin), and many others, would cover me with needless obloquy." It is unnecessary for us to add any description of the fulness and fervor of his faith. He considered himself tolerant to the last degree—and was so in all practical ways, there can be no doubt; but yet his friends who were heretics could not but recognize in his tone a certain something—a slurring over of any reference to a common faith, a courteous silence in respect to religious convictions out of the pale of the Church, which showed, as it does so often in the most amiable and tender-hearted Catholics, either a rooted doubt of any good being

* This was in reference to the English translation of M. de Montalembert's great work, "*Les Moines d'Occident*," which he was most anxious should be rendered with absolute fidelity—a point on which he was fully satisfied.

possible, or a compassionate reluctance to do or say anything which might disturb that condition of invincible ignorance in which is a heretic's only hope. Of this, however,—or rather of the individual heretic's perception of it,—the chances are he was quite unconscious. "If you meet with any expressions," again in reference to "*Les Moines d'Occident*," "which may wound your religious or patriotic feelings," he writes, "remember how very prevalent the most painful language on that matter is with your countrymen and countrywomen. This ought and will, I am sure, make you indulgent to me. I have had to undergo, during my journey in Spain, all the bigoted outbreaks of Mr. Ford in Murray's handbook, at every step, against *all* that Catholics are taught to venerate and believe. Sorry and ashamed should I be if anything calculated to offend, in such a way, the belief of Protestant Christians, had ever fallen from my pen."

In this country there can be no doubt the name of Montalembert is more closely identified in the popular imagination with the defence and championship of the Church of Rome than with any other principle; and the impression is a perfectly just one. The State and its liberties were much to him all his life, but the Church was more. He would have sacrificed anything for France, but more than anything for Rome. He had survived the failure of many political hopes, but the hopes of religion could never fail; and all his heart was in the work of re-evangelizing his beloved country. Knowing how entirely this was the case, it strikes us with a certain inexpressible indignation to read, as we write, in the news of the day, the expressions of absolute satisfaction with which the information of his death was heard in Rome. "What good fortune!" the Pope is reported to have cried. What ingratitude! He who had stood by the great Dominican Lacordaire and the great Jesuit Ravignac, supporting their efforts with all his talent, his influence, and popular fame, while they won back France to the Church, to be thus rewarded by that Church for the devotion of a lifetime! The Church had given him little, at any time of his career, except the satisfaction of laboring for what he

believed to be the cause of God. She had laid him open to the sneers of men outside her pale, who were incapable of comprehending his faith—and to the poisoned darts of men within, who were equally incapable of understanding his love of freedom and the candor of his nature; she had stolen from him his child, the one of his family, it is said, most like himself. The writer cannot forget the look on his face, the glimmer of tears in his eyes, as he held up the light to exhibit a portrait of his daughter, taken before her entrance into the order of the *Sacré Cœur*, in all the pretty pomp of dress which became her youth, and told the story of her self-dedication—"à *ma grande desolation*!" said the father, who had paid so severe a tax for his devotion to his Church. And his Church has rewarded her noble knight as she has rewarded many another—by depreciation of his virtues while he lived, and by an unseemly cry of triumph over his honorable grave.

But yet the very position in which he stood towards Rome at his death is instructive to us of a fact which we are very apt to forget, though perhaps less likely now than in periods of greater ecclesiastical calm—that the church of Rome is, no more than our own, a blank of bigoted unanimity; but contains in her ample bosom many shades of sentiment, and is full of faithful souls, strong in all the fundamental truths of Christianity, who accept the superfluities of Romish faith often without the slightest hesitation, and even with fervor, as matters rendered sacred by education and the prepossessions of nature, but without ever placing the secondary on the same level with the primary objects of faith. It is not within our present purpose to inquire how far this was the case with Montalembert. He was the truest of Romanists, receiving without doubt or difficulty much which it would seem to us impossible for such a man to receive; but he never surrendered his intelligence in matters which he considered within the scope of human reason. And it is strange and sad to find him, after his many struggles, dying at last while in the very act of delivering a stroke of the consecrated lance, with which for forty years he has tilted against her enemies, at the pretensions of Rome. But not of his Rome—the great tradi-

tionary See which through a hundred storms had kept the life-blood warm in the inmost heart of Christendom, and prolonged its rule over all these centuries by higher means surely than by mere self-assertion, and shutting out of external light. That wider, more universal Church of his fathers, which a foolish Pope and narrow hierarchy may encumber with still more unnecessary dogmas, but which no man nor set of men can altogether deprive of the ever-reviving power of Christianity, will yet do justice to the stainless memory of Charles de Montalembert.

The great literary work upon which he had set his heart had been long interrupted, and it is now some time since he recognized as hopeless the possibility of bringing it near a conclusion. "I leave its completion to younger and happier hands," he wrote but a few months ago, with a sadness that every historical student will understand. Even the sober age at which he undertook, and the conscientious and laborious care with which he carried on, his history of "*Les Moines d'Occident*," have not sufficed to withdraw a certain tender light of sacred romance and enthusiasm from that work. For with all his keen wit and practical knowledge of men, with all his experience of the craft of politics, both secular and ecclesiastical, and insight into the meaner minds and less elevated thoughts which fill up the general mass of humanity, this last *filz des croisés* vindicated his descent with a distinctness seldom seen in the most rigid genealogy. He was a man of the nineteenth century, a constitutionalist, a parliamentarian, full of modern ways and thoughts; and yet he was as true a crusader as ever took the cross. That cross upon his shield, however, is not more significant of the noble enthusiasm of his character than is the motto which doubtless some other

clear-sighted, sharp-witted Montalembert, pursuing a visionary object with keenest practical good sense, and brave indifference to its personal result, handed down out of the silent ages. "*Ni espoir, ni peur*," says the proud legend. It is the fullest comment upon the just concluded life. For himself he has sought nothing, looked for nothing, desired nothing. But for God, and for the Church, and for his country, how great have been his hopes, and how manifold his efforts! How sadly, with an echo from that perennial disappointment which is the burden of all human melodies, may we write the same words upon his grave! A certain still despair lay at the bottom of his heart in the declining of his life—France and the world seemed to him trembling within the vortex of overwhelming fate—God was still holding the great balance, so that somehow at the last, if even as by fire, salvation must be certain; but his hope had grown feeble of any temporal deliverance, or re-establishment of a noble social order. It is said that the recent changes in France brightened a little to his dying eyes the prospects of his nation; but this faint clearing of the skies at home could have done little to counterbalance the gloom of the storm-clouds which were gathering over the still dearer sanctuary of his heart and wishes at Rome. Death has brought him rest from many sufferings—it is the one incident in a good man's life which we feel sure must be accompanied by fullest satisfaction and perfect content; but there is nothing sadder to the age than thus to mark its onward way by signs of the extinction of another and another light. France and the world are so much the poorer by all the brightness of one brilliant intelligence, and all the sympathy and warmth of one most genial heart.

Spectator.

IS MAN A FEEBLE ANIMAL?

GLANCING the other day over the Duke of Argyll's essay on "*Primeval Man*," it struck us, as it had often struck us before, that a little too much is made nowadays of man's feebleness as a mere animal. We do not believe he

ever was one, and the Duke's argument, that if he was one, he would have got stronger, and not weaker, is unanswerable; but his feebleness does not disprove the theory of his animal origin quite so conclusively as civilized writers,

who know they could not get their living if turned naked in the fields, have a tendency to assume. That man, apart from his special intelligence, is one of the weakest of all animals for aggression is no doubt correct, he being almost the only beast of his size who has been left by nature totally unarmed. He has neither claw, nor horn, nor jaw capable of rending, nor hoof nor paw that of itself and untrained can strike a deadly blow, the natural man being, it is believed, with a possible reservation as to one or two tribes of negroes, entirely unaware of the power latent in his own fist, and striking always with the hand unclosed. But for defence, man in his savage state is probably as well provided as any but the most formidable beasts of prey. He certainly could not fight a tiger or a lion or a panther or an elephant, but it is by no means clear that he could not run away, and as he is one of the swiftest of animals, would probably escape. He is, however, possessed of a faculty, given to no other beast which can run as fast, of climbing up a tree. In a state of civilization he almost entirely loses this faculty, but in the savage state it remains almost unimpaired. An Eton boy can climb in a way, as he can go up a ladder, but a savage will go straight up a smooth pole, using his feet as if they were a second pair of hands, and crossing from tree to tree with a facility which to the highly educated naturalist watching him seems at once marvellous and degrading. *He* could not do it, because he has not only lost the use of his feet, partly from using shoes, partly from reliance on his hands and his intelligence for everything, but he has lost the power of looking downwards unconcernedly from a "giddy" height, a power belonging to all savages, and, as we suspect, from some facts observed among Hindoos, to all men who neither eat meat nor drink alcohol. At all events, Hindoos untrained to the work will walk unconcernedly along walls thirty feet high to inspect workmen, where any white man similarly untrained would turn sick and fall. A wild beast would not have an easy prey of an animal who could run a short distance as fast as an ordinary horse, who could climb like a squirrel, and who could swim as no other land animal can. Nothing not amphibious swims like a

man, not even a Newfoundland dog. Kanakas have been met fifteen miles out of sight of land, and can keep in the water six hours at a time, and there is at least a strong probability that a naked race, living, say, by a great lake, would acquire the facility which the South Sea Islanders under the same circumstances even now display. We suppose we must not urge the idea so strongly pressed by Hawthorne, in that astonishing exhibition of genius and weakness, *Transformation*, that man in his natural state would attract instead of repelling many animals,—that dogs, for instance, might have been friendly, and not hostile,—for no such instance of alliance is known among the higher mammals, and there is doubt if the marmot and owl of the prairie are as friendly as they seem to be; but still we do not quite see why the mammal *Homo* should not have survived in the contest for existence as well as the monkey, who flourishes indifferently well in jungles frequented by the tiger, the boar, and the boa constrictor. He must be allowed on any fair theory to have at least a beast's intelligence, and that would teach him to combine for many purposes as monkeys, and wolves, and beavers do, to attend to any signal of danger as a stag does—for though man has no scent, he has an intense capacity of hearing—and even to set sentinels, a "faculty," whatever its origin, which belongs, it is believed, to many animals, and is exercised every day, as all naturalists will testify, by rooks. To deny to man as an animal the faculties of a rook is a gratuitous depreciation of his rank in nature not warranted by any evidence. We do not quite see either how scientific speculators should deny him so absolutely a right to use a weapon. He must have had a hand to hold one, and why deny him the instinct to use it?

The Duke of Argyll says that no animal save man ever employs an instrument to realize any object, but that is not the case. The only animal with a hand, so to speak, the elephant, will break off a branch to switch himself with when annoyed by insects. The idea, again, that in his early struggles man must have been liable to assault by much bigger animals than any now in existence may be true, but if true, is not germane to

the speculation. The imaginative horror of that situation would not strike an animal, and the mastodon is no larger in proportion to man than the elephant in proportion to the little monkeys who, nevertheless, live in the jungle with him very comfortably.

Then it is argued that the extreme length of the period of childhood in man must have greatly enfeebled him in the struggle, and no doubt the length of that period is one of the most curious of many distinctions between man and all other mammals. He is not the longest-lived of them, but he takes much the longest time to grow. But in practice, we imagine, conceiving as far as one can the position of the human being without intellect, the effect of that sort of weakness would only be this,—that the female's whole work in a natural state would be the care of her young, a necessity not imposed on any other animal, and accompanied apparently by this peculiarity, that in man almost alone—not quite alone—is the female decidedly the inferior of the male in strength and courage. We suppose our friends of the Women's-Rights movement will allow that, even though they may think the inequality curable; but at all events, that is found to be the fact in all extremely savage races, with the possible, and only possible, exception of a single negro clan. It would almost seem, therefore, as if this kind of weakness had been met by a provision which counteracted it at the cost of a certain diminution of the defensive power, the female being comparatively useless in combat, a diminution, however, true of at least one other species which has lived—the stag. The similar weakness at the other extremity of life is not peculiar to man, and would make but little difference in the struggle, being equivalent, in fact, at the worst to a universal deduction from natural longevity. The human race would die at fifty instead of seventy, and would even then be among the longest-lived of the mammalia. The want of clothes or of fitting food, which seems to the civilized writer so dreadful, is apparently no reason for extinction. An immensely large section of humanity, probably a clear half, does not wear clothes in any way conducive either to health or protection. The waist-cloth of the Indian

peasant is assumed from motives of decency, not of hygiene; the naked castes, faquires, muhunts, &c., do not suffer in health; and the negro, who wears nothing, is supposed by many observers to be exceptionally long-lived. Two races at least, the Tasmanians and the Fuegians, face severe cold without clothes, and it must not be forgotten that in tropical climates cold *seems* to strike as severely as in the temperate zone. The fall in the thermometer is comparatively as great and the suffering as acute. The question of food is more puzzling, but is not quite insuperable. Half the difficulty would disappear if man had no disgusts, which as an animal he would not have. If we suppose him remaining in the mild climates as long as he could, he would have fish, and the flesh of small animals and birds, and berries and fruit and some leaves, and may be credited with instinct equal to that of the dormouse, which lays in a stock against bad weather. That he could multiply enormously under such conditions is of course not possible; but then it is not a thick population, but a population which science desires to prove. It would not, it must be remembered, on this hypothesis, be diminished by disease any more than any animal population; it might not be seriously menaced by attack, for there are whole regions, like Australia, without wild animals, which,—as we may see by the example of Palestine,—do not multiply merely because of the absence of men; and it would not be thinned off much by war. War is said to be a natural state, but if we are to suppose man merely a gregarious animal, we must assign him the instincts of his kind, among which war in any true sense of that word cannot be counted. A horse will fight a horse, but he does not attack him persistently because he is a horse; and the only animal believed to make war on human principles, that is, in combination and for territory, the dog of Constantinople and Alexandria, leaves off the moment his adversary quits the special dominion he has invaded.

We rather doubt if man's weakness as animal is a sound argument against development, and we do not see that it is needed. It is far easier and more satisfactory to fight the battle upon higher ground, and call for evidence to explain

upon any materialist theory the unique position of man as the only being with accumulative intelligence. Where and when, if he ever was animal, did he part company with his kind? as it is acknowledged by all observers that he has parted company; and why is there no trace of any other animal who has made a similar advance, if not in degree, then

at least in kind? The true argument against the development theory is not the impossibility of the development of a hand, but the total want of evidence for the development of a mind—the admitted existence of a chasm between the lowest savage and the highest brute which even the imagination is unable to cross.

Chambers's Journal.

CHURCH BELLS. .

LIKE the mariner's compass and gunpowder, bells seem to have been known in the East before they penetrated to Europe. The robe of the Jewish high-priest had a trimming of small bells. Under the name of *tintinnabula*, they had long been used by Greeks and Romans as ornaments round horses' necks, and for a variety of decorative purposes. The ancient writers mention the custom of sending a hand-bell round the walls of a fortified place, to see if all the guards were awake. We first hear of church bells in France in 550 A.D. The army of Clothaire II., king of France, was frightened from the siege of Sens by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's Church. Bells were rung at the Syrian Bosra in 633, when the Saracens were attacking the Christians in front of the city: we hear of their being used at Jerusalem about the same time. But the best way of tracing their use is by looking into ecclesiastical historians. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania, about 400 A.D., introduced them into the Latin Church, whence the larger bells were called *campanæ*, and the smaller ones *noche*. A bell is called *klocke* in the northern etymology, though from what strikes time we have, curiously enough, transferred it to that which points to time. There are numerous allusions in early Christian writers to the summoning of people to church by the strokes of wooden hammers. Pacomius, the father of the Egyptian monks, prescribed the sound of a trumpet in its place. The use of bells was not known in the Greek Church till the year 865, when Ursus Patriciacus, Duke of Venice, made a present of some to Michael the Greek emperor, who built a tower

to the church of Sancta Sophia in which to hang them.

England, from the first introduction of bells, has been much addicted to the use of them, insomuch that it was termed "the ringing isle." Bede is the first English writer to mention bells. It is supposed that they were used here some time before the issue of Wulfred's canons, in 816 A.D., though not, it may be, in all churches. The archbishop writes of them: "At the sounding of the signal in every church throughout our parishes," though signal may signify no more than a board or iron plate pierced with holes to be knocked by a hammer, a mode of summoning people to church still in use amongst the Greek congregations. In 960, however, the ringing of bells in parish churches is mentioned by ecclesiastical writers as a matter of course. Ringing changes on the bells, as it is technically called, is almost peculiar to the English. The invention of this art is ascribed to one Anable, who died at a great age in 1755. Chimes are very different, and to some ears sound more musical, though the muffled peal which is rung at most cathedrals when a dignitary of the church dies, and which is produced by wrapping one side of each clapper in a thick pad, so as to form an echo to the clear stroke of the other half, forms, in our estimation, the most magnificent effect which can be produced by bells. Chimes, like *carillons*, are an invention of the Netherlands. The word means a set of bells or tunes rung by mechanical means; whereas carillons are rung by keys struck by the hand. Those of Ghent and Amsterdam are most noteworthy, but they are commonly found

through Holland. The chimes of Copenhagen are one of the finest sets in Europe. Longfellow tells how the bells of Bruges,

Most musical and solemn, bringing back the
olden times,
With their strange unearthly changes, rang the
melancholy chimes;

and every one must remember the use to which he puts the bells of Strasbourg in his *Golden Legend*.

There were regular societies of ringers in London in early times, called "Youths," irrespective of their age, much as postillions in a similar manner are always postboys. The famous Society of College Youths was founded there in 1637. Stow tells how a bell was added to the peal of five in the church of St. Michael's in 1430, to facilitate chiming. Nell Gwynne left money for a weekly entertainment to the ringers of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 1687, and many others have followed her example. The rules of some of these fraternities are highly amusing; and even now the stranger who rambles into the belfry of an old church in an English rural parish, will not uncommonly find amongst the printed rules hanging on the wall a fine of sixpence for beer imposed on the man who should wear spurs while he rings.

The largest ancient bell in England is Tom of Oxford, so familiarly known to university-men for the one hundred and one strokes it rings each evening during term. It weighs seven and a half tons. Exeter and Lincoln cathedrals possess large bells, but they are some two tons lighter than the Oxford one. The great bell at Westminster (Stephen) was cast in 1858, and weighs more than eight tons. It has, however, like its predecessor, Big Ben, been unfortunately cracked. It is worth while comparing these pigmies with the largest known bell in the world, that of Moscow, one hundred and ninety-three tons. The earliest cast bell of which we have accurate information is in the Campanile at Pisa; it bears the date of 1262.

Leaving statistics, let us revert to change-ringing. Its quaint terminology is not the least of its curiosities. Fancy ringing a peal of *Grandsire Triples*, which, let the uninitiated know, consists

of five thousand and forty changes! To what a solemn dignity, however, does this ascend when it is rung (as has been done) with muffled bells! Then, again, what mysteries lie in the appellations *Bobs*, *Bobs Major*, or, still better, *Bobs Royal*! All these are surpassed by the superlative *Bob Maximus* rung with twelve bells; while *Cinques*, it seems, can be rung with eleven accompanied with a tenor. All these feats are recorded with fitting dignity in the annals of campanology. The first perfect peal of Grandsire Triples was rung at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Sunday, July 7, 1751. When bells can accomplish such achievements, and with the solemn awe attached to the Sanctus bell of the middle ages, it seems very ignoble to condemn one to ring on Shrove Tuesday, for the base culinary end of being a pancake bell (as is still done in some parts of England), or as a bread-and-cheese bell, which is done nightly during term at Jesus College, Oxford. There is an historical celebrity, however, connected with the curfew bell, where it is still rung (as at Ottery St. Mary, and a few other places), which is not unsuited to the sedate gravity we usually attach to the conception of a belfry.

Amongst other customs of tolling the bells which are worthy of mention may be named that which exists at Hatherleigh, Devon, of ringing morning and evening a number of strokes corresponding to the day of the month; or of ringing a passing bell just before midnight on New Year's eve, and immediately changing it for a merry peal when twelve has struck, which we have heard in Lincolnshire; or of ringing a joyful peal after a funeral, a custom which also obtains at Hatherleigh. The passing bell has at present completely lost its true signification. In pre-Reformation times, it was ordered to be rung while the soul was passing away from the body, in order that the faithful might pray for its repose, not, as now, after death has happened.

Multitudinous are the superstitions attaching to church bells. All know the Cornish poet's beautiful verses on the drowned bells of Bretteaux, which are still supposed to ring in storms. The bell at St. Fillan's Chapel was used in

the ceremonies anciently employed by the Scotch to restore the insane to sanity. The great bell of Saragossa is said to ring spontaneously before the death of a sovereign. Bede mentions the fact of a nun in a convent hearing a bell ring before a friend's death. Curiously enough, the writer was lately told by an old woman in Lincolnshire, who was expecting the death of a neighbor, that she heard the church bell strike solemnly three times at twelve o'clock on the night before her friend expired. In the Romish Church, there was a prevalent belief that bells drove away storms and tempests, as well as demons. Thus, a quaint old writer speaks: "It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the region of th' ayre doubte moche when they hear the belles ringen: and this is the cause why the belles ringen whan it thondreth, and whan grete tempeste and rages of wether happen, to the ende that the feindes and wycked spirytes should ben abashed, and flee and cease of the movynge of tempeste." From this feeling, bells were anciently baptized, and regular forms for the ceremony are given in Romish manuals. Even sponsors were sometimes named for them; holy water, oil, salt, cream, and tapers being used, just as at the baptism of a child. This was certainly not a primitive practice, nor is it stoutly defended by the Romish hierarchy at present. Bingham can trace it to no more remote antiquity than the reign of Charlemagne. The first distinct mention of it occurs in the time of John XIII., 968 A.D., who, on consecrating the great bell of the Lateran Church, gave it the name of John, from whence the custom seems to have been authorized in the church. It is worth while translating an account of the ceremonial from Sleidan. "First of all," he says, "the bells must be so hung that the bishop may be able to walk round them. When he has chanted a few psalms in a low voice, he mingles water and salt, and consecrates them, diligently sprinkling the bell with the mixture both inside and out. Then he wipes it clean, and with holy oil describes on it the figure of the cross, praying the while that when the bell is swung up and sounded, faith and charity may abound amongst men; all the snares of the devil—hail, lightnings, winds, storms—may be rendered vain, and all unsea-

sonable weather be softened. After he has wiped off that cross of oil from the rim, he forms seven other crosses on it, but only one of them within. The bell is censed, more psalms are to be sung, and prayers put up for its welfare. After this, feasts and banqueting are celebrated just as at a wedding."

Tales of those who have fancied that they heard voices of encouragement in the notes of bells are common enough. Whittington, and Panurge in Rabelais, to whom the bells seemed to say so appositely, "Marry, marry, marry," will occur as instances to every reader. It was owing to the advice of the matin bell, King James I. of Scotland informs us, that he wrote his poem, the *Kings Quhair*. As he lay wakeful one morning,

Ay methought the bell
Said to me, Tell on, man, quhat thee befell.

Still more pathetic than these stories is what the Laureate says the shipwrecked solitary heard in his far-off tropic isle:

Once, likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Though faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells.

In many English parishes, bells have been sold by parsimonious churchwardens, in order to defray the expenses of repairing the fabric, just as lead from the roofs has often been applied to the same purpose. To make up for these gaps in the belfry, stories of bells having been stolen from neighboring churches are frequent in country parishes. Thus, at Fulbourne, when the steeple of the church fell in, the poorer inhabitants watched the bells for some nights. When their suspicion somewhat lulled, the churchwardens silently carried them off in a wagon and sold them.

Towers for bells were sometimes detached from the main body of the church in England, as on the continent, thus forming campaniles. An example may still be seen at Chichester. It seems likely, from the massive character of Norman towers, that heavy bells were hung in them; and, indeed, till the Reformation, when the art of change-ringing was introduced, the excellence of a bell was to be heavy and sonorous, as it was only chimed, and very rarely rung up. Five or seven was supposed to be the fit-

ting number of bells for a cathedral; three, or two at the least, for a parish church. What the ancient bell-ringers resembled may be seen from a curious carving of one, clad in a cassock, and ringing a bell with each hand, on a Norman font at Belton, Lincolnshire.

It is very difficult to tell the exact date of our oldest bells. Those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have invariably shields, letters, and other devices, from which a tolerably correct guess can be made at the year in which they were cast. Dates were marked on them after 1550, and the practice has since been continued. Mr. Tyssen, a great authority on campanology, supposes a bell at Duneton, Sussex, to be the earliest dated bell in England. It bears the date of 1369, but is of foreign manufacture.

There a campanologist of a bell with an inscription on it, and he is at once eager to reach it, braving all the dangers of imperfect rickety ladders and rotten belfry floors, the wrath of owls and jackdaws at seeing their realms invaded, to say nothing of the certainty of being half-smothered in dust and cobwebs. One such we remember who fell through the belfry floor, but was luckily caught by two joists under his arms. There he remained suspended—being an elderly man, and fearing lest the joists should also give way if he made strenuous endeavors to extricate himself—till the clerk happened to come into the body of the church, and then ascended to his rescue. Most fortunately, the good man had a habit of carrying his snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket (like the first Napoleon), and was just able to reach it and supply his nose during his unpleasant imprisonment, to which, he used to say, he owed much of his equanimity while suspended. “Jesus bells,” as they are called, are far from uncommon. Sir H. Partridge won four such—the greatest of their kind in the kingdom—from Henry VIII. at a single cast of the dice. The oldest bells bear the name of the saint to whom they were dedicated. Then follows the *Ora pro nobis* of pre-Reformation times, specially common in the fourteenth century. In the fifteenth century, succeed short Latin hexameters, or laudatory mottoes. We shall enrich this part of our subject with gatherings from the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe’s elabo-

rate volume on *The Church Bells of Devon*, to which we are already indebted for several facts. It is worth while translating one or two of these early mottoes.

Crowned Virgin, lead us to blessed realms,

May the Lord’s name be blessed,

I will sing Thy praise, O Lord.

In the eastern counties of England, where Puritanism most prevailed, is found a curious inscription—

I sound not for the souls of the dead, but the ears of the living.

English mottoes did not come into general use till the seventeenth century, after which English and Latin legends were (as they still are) indiscriminately used. “God save the church” or “the king” is frequently found.

I to the grave do summon all,
And to the church the living call,

is on a bell at Southwell Church, and on many more.

After 1600, bell-mottoes lose, for the most part, their religious tone. They record the parsons and churchwardens’ names and the date of casting. Longer inscriptions are often frivolous or irreverent, such as—

My sound is good, my shape is neat,
Somebody made me all compleat.

At St. Helen’s, Worcester, is a set of bells on which are recorded Marlborough’s victories.

Leonine or rhyming Latin hexameters are frequently found on bells; others are called alphabet bells, from bearing the letters of the alphabet in quaint old types on their rims. Lest these *minutiae* should prove wearisome to any save professed campanologists, we hasten to conclude this paper by culling a few bell-legends at random from Mr. Ellacombe’s interesting collection of those to be found on Devon church bells.

MORES VESTRA VITA.

Squire Arundel the great my whole expense did
raise,
Nor shall our tongues abate to celebrate his praise.

BEATI IMMACULATI.

When you me ring, I’ll sweetly sing.

I mean to make it understood
That though I’m little, yet I’m good.

When I begin, then all strike in.

Some generous hearts do me here fix,
And now I make a peal of six.

Come let us sing, Church and King!

EGO SUM VOX CLAMANTIS PARATE.

Recast by John Taylor and Son,
Who the best prize for church bells won
At the Great Exhibition
In London 1, 8, 5 and 1.

I toll the funeral knell,
I ring the festal day,
I mark the fleeting hours,
And chime the church to pray.

It is worth noticing that in the bells of Ottery St. Mary and St. Martin Exeter, of the date of 1671, are inserted satirical medals, which were not uncommon at that time, representing a pope and a king under one face, a cardinal and bishop on the other. These are a very rare feature

in campanology. We can well remember how the souls of good Presbyterians were sore vexed when St. Ninian's was completed at Perth, and "a' day lang the bell was jowling o'er the Inch for prayers, like a mad thing." What a pity that Bishop Grandison, who wrote the statutes for the above-mentioned church of Ottery, could not have revisited the earth, to rectify matters at Perth! We translate a few words of them, as a parting caution to all ardent campanologists: 'Peals are to be rung at funerals according to the dignity of the deceased, on fewer or more bells; but we forbid them to be sounded at too great length, nor again after even-song or early in the morning (as they do at Exeter), because 'sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal' profit souls not at all, and do much harm to men's ears, and to the fabric, and to the bells.'

Leisure Hour.

THE NEW ZEALANDER ON LONDON BRIDGE.

THERE is an inaccurate reference in Crabb Robinson's "Diary" to a poem of Mrs. Barbauld's, in which she is represented as prophesying that "on some future day a traveller from the Antipodes will, from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge, contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's." The actual passage speaks of wanderers, who—

"With duteous zeal their pilgrimage shall take,
From the blue mountains on Ontario's lake,
With fond adoring steps to press the sod,
By statesmen, sages, poets, heroes trod,
Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet
Each splendid square and still untrodden street;
Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time,
The broken stairs with perilous step may climb,
Thence stretch their view the wide horizon round,
By scattered hamlets trace its ancient bound,
And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey

Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.
Oft shall the strangers turn their eager feet,
The rich remains of ancient art to greet;
The pictured walls with critic eye explore,
And Reynolds be what Raphael was before.
On spoils from every clime their eye shall gaze,
Egyptian granites and the Etruscan vase;
And when 'midst fallen London, they survey
The stone where Alexander's ashes lay,
Shall own with humble pride the lesson just,
By Time's slow finger written in the dust."

The famous sentence in Macaulay's

Essays will bear repetition after these lines:—

"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

It does not detract from the eloquent force of this language that the same figure in various forms has been frequently used; but there is a curiously close resemblance in one of Walpole's lively letters to Sir H. Mann, where the following sentence occurs:—

"At last some curious native of Lima will visit London, and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St. Paul's."

The idea is the common property of writers who have moralized on the mutabilities of time. Volney, in his "Ruins of Empires," had written:—

"Reflecting that if the places before me had once exhibited this animated picture, who, said I to myself, can assure me that

their present desolation will not one day be the lot of our own country? Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations—who knows but that he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?"

Shelley has used a similar illustration, with the fuller imagery of a poet, in the preface to "Peter Bell the Third," which he addresses to Moore—

"In the firm expectation, that when London shall be a habitation of bitterness, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Westminster Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream; some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells, and the Fudges, and their historians."

Kirke White has the following passage in his poem on "Time":—

"And empire seeks another hemisphere.
Where now is Britain? Where her laurel'd names,
Her palaces and halls? Dash'd in the dust,
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity. Again,
Through her depopulated vales the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant bilows, breaks along the void;
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears
The bitter booming in the woods, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude. Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

"Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before—*espies the cliffs*
Of fallen Albion. To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps desires
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man."

JAMES WATT.

BY THE EDITOR.

JAMES WATT, the Scottish mechanician and engineer, the inventor of the steam-engine, is one of the most illustrious names in the annals of Science; but the circumstances of his career are too generally familiar at the present time to require at our hands more than a brief explanation of the engraving of which he is the subject. He was born at Greenock, Scotland, January 19, 1736, and from his earliest youth showed a remarkable genius for mathematics and mechanical contrivances. At the age of fourteen he constructed an electrical machine for his own use, and at this early age also the power of steam, and the method of applying it to mechanics, began to attract his attention. Arago, in his funeral *éloge* before the French Academy of Sciences, relates an anecdote of him which probably forms the subject, or at least gave the hint, for our picture. It appears that about this period Watt had an aunt, Miss Muir-

head, who complained of his (to her) idle and unprofitable occupation in watching the boiling tea-kettle, taking off and replacing the lid, observing the exit of steam from the spout, holding a saucer or spoon over the escaping jet, and counting the drops of water that condensed on it. The good lady of course saw only a musing, listless, and somewhat lazy boy; and had no idea that from those musings and apparently aimless experiments was to be evolved an agency the discovery of which marked an epoch in the history of the world, gave an almost incalculable impetus to modern civilization, and assured to her nephew himself and all connected with him an immortality of fame. Seeing how natural it was, and yet how closely connected with a great historic event, the complaint of the old lady offers a most fitting subject for the brush of the historic painter.

WATT was a civil engineer, a surveyor,

and a practical mechanic, but it is for his inventions that he is chiefly known. After years of patient experiment his first working steam-engine was produced and patented in 1768-9, and his double-acting engine, "the crowning improvement in the engine," was patented in 1782. Numerous other inven-

tions, such as the copy-press, the use of steam pipes for house-warming, &c., together with many mechanical improvements, are also connected with his name. He died at Birmingham, in 1819, after a more honored and successful life than in this blind world of ours usually falls to the lot of great inventors.

POETRY.

A GAGE D'AMOUR.

(HORACE, III. 8.)

"Martis celebs quid agam Kalendis,
—miraris?"

CHARLES,—for it seems you wish to know,—
You wonder what could scare me so,
And why, in this long-locked bureau,
With trembling fingers,
With tragic air I now replace
This ancient web of yellow lace,
Among whose faded folds the trace
Of perfume lingers.

Friend of my youth, severe as true,
I guess the train your thoughts pursue,
But this my state is nowise due
To indigestion;
I had forgotten it was there,
A scarf that Some-one used to wear.
Hinc illæ lachrimæ,—so spare
Your cynic question.

Some-one who is not girlish now,
And wed long since. We meet and bow;
I don't suppose our broken vow
Affects us keenly;
Yet, to confess the truth, it stirs
My pulse, that flimsy scarf of hers.
You can't disturb the dust of years,
And smile serenely.

"My golden locks" are gray and chill,
For hers,—let them be sacred still;
But yet, I own, a boyish thrill
Went dancing through me,
Charles, when I held yon yellow lace;
For, from its dusty hiding-place,
Peeped out an arch, ingenuous face
That beckoned to me.

We lock our hearts up, nowadays,
Like some old music-box that plays
Unfashionable airs that raise
Derisive pity;
Alas,—a nothing starts the spring,
And lo, the sentimental thing
At once commences quavering
Its lover's ditty.

Laugh, if you will. The boy in me,—
The boy that was,—revived to see
The fresh young smile that shone when she,
Of old, was tender.
Once more we trod the Golden Way,—
That mother you saw yesterday,
And I, whom none can well portray
As young, or slender.

She twirled the faded scarf about
Her pretty head, and stepping out,
Slipped arm in mine, with half a pout
Of childish pleasure.
Where we were bound no mortal knows,
For then you plunged in Ireland's woes,
And brought me blankly back to prose
And Gladstone's measure.

Well, well, the wisest bend to fate.
My brown old books around me wait,
My pipe still holds, unconfiscate,
Its wonted station.
Pass me the wine. To Those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate, and deep,
I pour libation.

A. D.

RESPONSIO SHELLEIANA.

I.

"*Resurgam!*" The eyes that are stones,
The hands that are chill like the grave,
The feet of the fool and the knave
Are against me, but still shall I rise
With splendor of strength in my bones,
With fulness of light in my eyes!

II.

Let me lie in my darkness alone
And gather my strength as in sleep,
Till my limbs be made lissom to leap,
And sudden to smite be my hands
When the music of battle is blown,
And war-songs are shaking the lands!

III.

You dreamt, O my Masters! that I
Was down in the dust evermore,
That, pass'd from the porch of your door,

I lost all the strength that I won
To smite you who doomed me to die :
But wait till my slumber is done.

IV.

What know you, O Masters of mine !
Of will strong and fierce as the sea,
Of vengeance that ever will be
While a breath in my body remains ?
Go, heat your cold blood with your wine,
I was made with my fire in my veins !

V.

Doomed was the God ye adore,
Spat upon, buffeted, killed ;
His blood on the pillar was spilled,
On the pavement did settle and smoke :
Is yours any love that He bore,
Are yours any words that He spoke ?

VI.

Resurgam ! The hillside is steep,
The cross crushes body and limb,
The grave has a mouth that is grim
To shut out the sun from my eyes :
What matter—I sink to my sleep,
The sun will remain till I rise.

J. J. M.

A LAMENT.

O FOR the forests of fair Arcady !
The Dryads dancing in the leafy dell !
O for the umbrage of Pelasgic tree,
With Hamadryads in the rind to dwell !
The sorrel trampled by the hoof of Faun !
The wood-nymph's gambol o'er the greenwood lawn !

The reign of youthful Bacchus now no more
Peoples the glade with sprites of antique grace :

The sedgy reed no longer to the core
Thrills with the pipings lipped with quaint grimace ;

No more shall syrinx sound about the boles,
Or foot of Satyr fright Boeotian moles.

Pan with the riot of his rabble troop,
Narcissus brooding o'er the fatal pool,
Diana girded by a virgin group,
Silenus reeling like the wine-king's fool,
No more may wander thro' the Lesbian woods,
Or break the stillness of their solitudes.

Thy jocund voice, Sylvanus, now is dumb !
No cry of Dryope again may sound
When the faint odor of the lotus bloom
Fleats with the zephyr o'er the Grecian ground ;
E'en Ariadne's pensive love is o'er,
Though guarded not by ghastly Minotaur.

Time was when thro' the dusky vales of Crete
The linnet, pight with plumes of tawny gold,
Within the thicket rustled till the sweet
And fragile blossoms fluttered to the mould,
Arousing from her lair among the weeds
The dismal Lamia twined in rosy bredes :

The woful Lamia with her weeping eyes,
The awful Lamia with her gaze of gloom,
The serpent-demon garbed in ruddy dyes,
Her horror shrouded in a radiant bloom,
Where, hid beneath the stalks and fragrant bells,
Lurked the live poison of earth's asphodels
(From "Aletheia," by CHARLES KENT.)

AT TWENTY-THREE.

LIFE is delight, each hour that passes over
Comes like a maiden's kisses to her lover,
Comes like the fresh breath of the mountain breeze,
Comes like the south wind trembling through the trees ;
Or like the song of larks above the heather,
Or like a murmurous hum in sultry weather,—
A dreamy bliss that knows no waking sorrow,
A present joy that craves no happier morrow,
When Love enthralls us till we hug the chain,
And Beauty's smile is worth a miser's gain ;
When Hope is better than reality,
And Faith is boundless as the boundless sea.

Let worn-out cynics tell us Life's a jest,
We know its glory and we feel its zest ;
Let parsons, languid on fat livings, preach,
That joy is something always out of reach ;
Let pale ascetics deem God's world a gin
To lure mankind and womankind to sin,—
We reek not if dyspeptic fools agree,
But laugh such creeds to scorn at twenty-three.

What though 'tis true that youth glides swiftly past ;
That if we live we wear gray hairs at last ;
That the keen rapture, and the wild delight,
The joyous freedom of our manhood's might,
The hopes, the fears, the passion and the glory,
Are transient features of a transient story,—
That Love itself—youth's twin,—will scarcely stay
Till Life has reached the summer of its day ;
That even She, the maiden of our Spring,
May fade ere Autumn's fruits be ripening ?—
Time passes on but leaves its gifts behind,
Rest for the heart and riches for the mind.
If every year a golden apple fall,
Each year makes captive of some glorious thrall ;
Truth, knowledge, virtue,—all are ours to gain :
Life stretches onward like an unknown main,
Life stretches upward to the starry maze ;
God's gates fly open at our ardent gaze ;
A dazzling ray illumines the crystal sea,
When Heaven lies near to earth at twenty-three.

JOHN DENNIS.

"THE LATEST DECALOGUE."

(BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.)

"THOU shalt have one God only ; who
Would be at the expense of two ?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency :

Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
Honor thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall:
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive:
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it:
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition."

SUNSET.

WHEN stream and lake of golden light
Among the ranging clouds appear,
And mountain flowers on chalice bright
Reveal the Evening's crystal tear;

Then let me wander all along
The shadowy lawn of wooded hill,
And silent hear the thrush's song
Above the river broad and still.

'Tis peace to see the meadow's peace,
'Tis joy to hail the glow around,
As restless day and trouble cease
On yonder sunset's holy ground.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Lothair. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1870.

IN one of our literary notes last month we mentioned the announcement of a new novel by Mr. Disraeli, and the excitement which it was producing among publishers and readers on both sides of the Atlantic. This excitement has just culminated in the appearance of the book,—the reviews, newspapers, and private critics have had their usual shout over it,—and yet before this page reaches our readers the theme will probably already have become stale, if not unprofitable. For we question if, except the publishers who have profited largely by the general curiosity to see a novel from the pen of the great English ex-Premier, there are any who have not felt disappointed in "Lothair." It is not a book of the kind which awakens more than temporary interest; and it would scarcely have done that but for the fact of its being the production of a man who so dazzled us thirty years ago, and whose destiny since then has been so conspicuous and remarkable, and so different from what would then have been predicted. There are, it is true, the same intellectual brilliancy which we found in his earlier and more celebrated works, the same deftness and pungency of satire, the same artistic touches, and the same tropic splendor of scenic description. The hand has lost none of its cunning in these respects. But there are also the same extravagance, the same self-conscious artificiality, and the same tendency to "dukism" and a "duchessy" state of society; and we seem to miss a certain fine ardor of imagination, the buoyant vivacity of youth, and an almost defiant independence of thought, which formed the charm of all his earlier works,—*"Coningsby"* for instance. Mr. Disraeli is undoubtedly himself again,—the first chapter reveals the workman,—but we cannot help thinking that he has lost much and gained nothing during his long divorce from fiction, that he has retained his faults and lost a good deal of the brilliancy which redeemed them. This may possibly arise from the fact that we apply a higher standard of criticism to novels now than we did a quarter of a century ago, and that we expect more from Mr. Disraeli the famous statesman, than we did from Mr. Disraeli the brilliant and witty young novelist; but the critics generally

seem to agree that there is something more. It is impossible, moreover, to read "Lothair," with its "high and mighty people," its *Dii Superii* and mythologic personages, without being conscious of what a terribly effective satire Thackeray would make upon it if he were alive now and could give us another instalment of "Codlingsby."

"Lothair," who gives the title to the novel, and is of course its hero, is a young lord whose "vast inheritance was in many counties and in more than one kingdom," and he is surrounded with dukes and duchesses, and princes and princesses, and lords, and generals, and cardinals, and monsignores,—created and endowed with that reckless liberality for which Mr. Disraeli has always been remarkable as a writer. Their gorgeousness is something grand and peculiar, though not at all gloomy, and their wealth only less than that of Lothair himself. Lothair is nineteen when he comes upon the scene; both his parents are dead; and one of his guardians is a rigid, bigoted Scotch Presbyterian, while the other is a Roman Catholic Cardinal. All his associates are of course members of the Church of England, after the custom of the English aristocracy, except the one family to which he becomes principally indebted, who are all converts to Rome. The chief interest of the story hinges upon the struggles between these rival ecclesiastical interests for the allegiance of My Lord "of Muriel Towers" and other estates too numerous to mention. Very great skill is exhibited by the author in developing this subtle contest, and he makes a favorable impression upon us by the dialectical force and perfect candor with which he presents the claims and arguments of a cult with which he evidently has little sympathy. Common sense and the instincts generated by love triumph at last; but the result is by no means permitted to appear as a "foregone conclusion." Many probably expected that Mr. Disraeli would devote himself in his new "political novel" to the political questions which have agitated England during the past few years; but he touches only upon Fenianism and the liberation of Italy, and that in the most cursory and incidental manner. "Lothair" seems to have as little political purpose in it as "Henrietta Temple."

Most of the male characters in "Lothair,"

though probably just a little exaggerated, are skillfully and firmly drawn; especially those who act the part of Roman Catholics. Indeed, these latter are presented so realistically that it is rumored that a certain Monsignor Capel, who figures in the book as "Monsignor Catesby," is about to institute a suit for libel. But it is in his female characters that Mr. Disraeli has always failed. His women are "a perfumed mystery,—a mere fortuitous concourse of lovely faces, swelling busts, rounded arms, and trailing trains." Whether they are eighteen or forty (women never get beyond forty in Mr. Disraeli's world), they all act alike, speak alike, and apparently think alike. "Lady Corisande," who, from her relations with Lothair, is one of the heroines of the novel, is represented as being of a different nature from her sisters; but we should never have discovered it if we did not have the author's word for it. Theodora, the beautiful Garibaldian, has more individuality than any other woman in the book, and is an ambitious attempt at drawing a noble character; but the conception is theatrical rather than dramatic, and there is scarcely any one but would pronounce her not only untrue to nature, but inconsistent with herself.

Altogether, "Lothair," though pleasant enough reading, will scarcely add anything to Mr. Disraeli's fame. It comes before the world as a "political novel," but if it have any political effect at all it will probably be to complicate his relations with the haughtiest and most sensitive aristocracy in the world, whose members are the most influential constituents of a party of which he is the recognized leader.

The Life of Bismarck. By JOHN GEORGE LOUIS HESEKIEL. Translated by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A. New York: *Harper & Bros.*, 1870.

THIS is a biography written in the good old style, when an author took it for granted that if we felt interested enough in his subject to read about him at all, we were desirous of learning all about his ancestors, their condition and characteristics, and the minutest details of his private life. Nearly a fifth of the author's space is consumed in telling us of "The Bismarcks of Olden Time," and several hours are spent in reading before the hero of the story is fortunate enough to be born. It is very interesting reading, however, and well worth the time which is devoted to it; for those old Bismarcks were not only very interesting personages in themselves, but they lived through a most interesting historic period. Mr. Heseikel has taken the trouble to inform himself thoroughly concerning the details of his theme, and he gives us a valuable glimpse of the condition of society in Central Europe in the days of the Margraves, when German civilization began to impinge upon the territory of the Slaves. At length, on page 103, we learn that Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck was born at Schönhausen on the 1st of April, 1815, and from this time the career of the Minister-President is developed with a skill and amplitude and piquetness which make us close the volume with reluctance at the end.

The most interesting portion of Count Bis-

marck's life is of such recent date, and has been so prominently before the public,—it is only a few months since a sketch of him appeared in the *ECLECTIC*,—that it can scarcely be necessary to dwell upon it here. Every one probably who reads at all has a conception more or less accurate of the great Prussian statesman, and yet Mr. Heseikel in the present volume presents some aspects of his character which the world can scarcely have suspected. Who that knows of Bismarck as the stern, precise, autocratic minister, whose "thoroughness" in diplomacy crushed Austria in the war of 1866, and whose method of dragging his recalcitrant Parliament into submission has so aroused our indignation, would suspect him of having a dreamy, sentimentalizing, nature-loving side to his character? And yet here it is in his own letters, that are scattered liberally through the volume, in which he deplores the burden of office, longs for his *otium cum dignitate* in the country, and writes of natural scenery like an itinerant artist. His family affections also are shown to be of the warmest, and his taste for domestic life genuine; and altogether he impresses us as a sincere, honorable, and able, through somewhat narrow man.

Mr. Heseikel's biography is a very good one, far better than we usually get of a living man, and will have the effect on the whole of making the world think more kindly of Bismarck. He (Heseikel) lapses occasionally into what looks suspiciously like flunkeyism; his estimate is the exaggerated one of a personal admirer, and he exhibits at times a childish ignorance of political science; but he is sincere and honest, and has had access to family letters and a goodly array of material.

Mr. Mackenzie's translation is also good, though he sometimes muddles his English with German idioms; and the only serious blemish of the volume is the Editor's Preface. This consists of some rambling paragraphs containing a not very original condensation of the biography which is already in the volume, and an altogether unnecessary, ineffective, and pointless plea for "the divine right of kings." Bismarck is a statesman, with all the opportunities that a statesman has in the very midst of European civilization; and the judgment of posterity will be based not upon whether he acted in accordance with a romantic idea of fealty to his king, but upon the ultimate influence which his policy will have on Germany itself and on the general progress of civilization. Strange as Mr. Mackenzie may think it, the passages which he has quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*, "as a specimen of the kind of attacks, by no means honorably or reasonably made, upon Count Bismarck," are, in their estimate of his statesmanship at least, the verdict which History will in all probability pass upon him.

The illustrations of the volume are thoroughly German, and are very good.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches. By F. BRET HARTE. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

WE have long waited for an opportunity, or rather we may as well confess that we have long neglected making an opportunity, of mentioning the *Overland Monthly*; that wonderful magazine which, in spite of her gold, and perennial

fruits, and sequoia trees, and sierras, and strange oaths, must be reckoned the most remarkable thing that California has produced.

Its publication was commenced just two years ago, and with the first number the *Overland* took its place in the first rank of our periodical literature. Of all the magazines published in the United States, it is the one which is most thoroughly American, which gives the very age and body of the civilization which produced it, its form and substance; for though its articles are, and have been, read with equal interest here, in England, and on the Continent, there are scarcely any of them which could have been written elsewhere than on the Californian coast.

To take two or more of our Eastern magazines is usually merely to widen the range of our reading,—they differ from each other in degree but not in kind,—but to him who takes the *Atlantic*, or *Putnam's*, or the *Galaxy*, or *Harper's*, or the *Eclectic*, we can promise that if he adds the *Overland* to his list he will find literature fully as good in its way and which breathes of the freshness, the vigor, and the novelty of "the marvellous land of the West."

Mr. F. BRET HARTE is the editor of the *Overland*; and the most striking and characteristic papers which have appeared in its pages were the stories, sketches, and criticisms contributed by his pen. These papers attracted very general attention at the time of their appearance; and as the present little volume is composed of the stories and sketches exclusively, it may lack somewhat the element of freshness to those who keep up with magazine literature. Emerson, however, we believe it is who says that "what is worth reading once should be read twice," and we have re-read the whole of them with a pleasure if possible greater than at first. It is an intense gratification not too often reserved for the jaded professional reader.

Mr. Harte, in his stories, has hit upon a vein as entirely individual and original as that which was opened by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*. The subjects which he takes are of the most unpromising character, being episodes in the fierce, brutal, lawless life of the early California settlers, and, in ordinary hands, would be merely vulgar where they were not insignificant; but Mr. Harte illuminates them with the refining light of genius, and proves to us once more that things which on the surface are of the lowliest and most repulsive, are not incompatible with the highest poetry and art. He is a perfect master of pathos, and a genuine humorist, and the pendulum of his imagination constantly "swings twixt a smile and a tear." Still, he is no maudlin sentimentalist perpetually setting traps for his reader's feelings, nor does he fall into Dickens's fault of insisting too strongly upon a laugh. His stories, though the merest outline sketches, rarely filling more than a dozen pages, are constructed with the most consummate skill, and will repay study for their art as well as for their interest. It would be difficult to say why "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "Miss," and "Tennessee's Partner" (but if we go on we shall enumerate them all) are not simply perfect of their kind. Our literature certainly possesses no model by following which they could be improved.

Mr. Harte himself says that in writing these sketches, "I fear I cannot claim any higher motive than to illustrate an era of which Californian history has preserved the incidents more often than the character of the actors,—an era which the panegyrist was too often content to bridge over with a general compliment to its survivors,—an era still so recent that in attempting to revive its poetry, I am conscious also of awakening the more prosaic recollections of these same survivors,—and yet an era replete with a certain heroic Greek poetry; of which perhaps none were more unconscious than the heroes themselves. And I shall be quite content to have collected here merely the materials for the *Iliad* that is yet to be sung."

It is no more than justice to say that he has not only collected the materials, but has sung a fitting prelude to any *Iliad* that may be constructed out of them in the future.

The Private Life of Galileo. Boston: Nichols & Noyes, 1870.

SHOULD the Comtean theosophy ever become the religion of scientific men there is probably no great man, living or dead, who would receive a more immediate apotheosis than Galileo Galilei. He is not only forever interesting to mankind as the discoverer of the isochronal vibrations of the pendulum, which gave us our modern timepieces, of the telescope, of Jupiter's satellites and the Rings of Saturn, of the moon's libration, and as the great antagonist of the Ptolemaic system; but he is beloved for his sufferings in the cause of Truth, for the fine nobility of his character, and for the simplicity and kindness of his nature.

This kindly impression will be deepened and justified by the present volume, for though the author has modestly withheld his name, he has given us a very skillful and satisfactory as well as most fascinating work. "The Private Life of Galileo" is of course much less comprehensive than some other biographies which have appeared, as it presents one aspect only of the great man's character. The author has extracted from the various authentic "remains" just those details which relate to Galileo's personal and domestic history. Enough only of his discoveries and of his public career are given to enable us to appreciate his life as a whole.

The volume is compiled principally, in fact almost entirely, from the letters of Galileo himself and those of his eldest daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, a nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew in Florence. The letters of this sweet, gentle nun are the feature of the work, and the life and character they reveal would be perfectly idyllic in their beauty and tenderness were it not for the mournful reality of her destiny. Sister Maria Celeste was, as Galileo, broken-hearted at her death, wrote to a friend, "a woman of exquisite mind and singular goodness;" and immured in a convent at the age of thirteen, all the love and tenderness of her woman's nature were lavished upon her father. He was her "patron saint," as she called him, her *Devoto*; and, separated from him by a cruel fate, the exquisite but unconscious pathos of her letters shows how true it is that the highest poetry of the race is wrung out of the anguish and suffering of the individual.

Fortunately, moreover, these letters are translated with a grace and felicity which almost makes us suspect that it is the work of a woman.

A recent writer in the *North British Review* says of the book:—"It presents a curious and instructive view of Italian manners and society at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and shows how strong was the feeling of family communism, how fully recognized was the right of brothers and cousins to prey on a more fortunate kinsman, and how strongly the domestic affections worked in spite of the domestic disorganization which forbade a family to keep unmarried daughters at home, and consigned them at an early age to convents. With regard to the great moral moment of Galileo's life,—his abjuration of a doctrine which he believed,—the details given in this book tend to reduce the philosopher's lapses to a minimum. His conduct was neither saintly nor heroic; for he was certainly bound, whatever might be the consequences, not to deny what he knew to be true. But the difficulties of his own conscience, in weighing the relative importance of truths of different orders and duties of different obligation, the active interference of powerful friends, who almost removed the conduct of his own case from his own hands, and the weakness and weariness of old age, sickness, and sorrow, make up a mass of greatly extenuating circumstances."

The text of the celebrated "Sentence" of the Roman Inquisition, and the "Abjuration" which Galileo was compelled to sign, are added in an Appendix to the volume, and give us ample opportunity to "nurse our wrath" as we contemplate the way in which "the greatest man then living in the world" was treated by as ignorant and worthless a set of knaves as the world ever saw placed in power.

It is soothing to our indignation, however, to reflect that "the whirligig of time brings round its revenges," and that the poor fools who prematurely extinguished the light of an imperial intellect by truckling to the caprices of a vain, ignorant, and rancorous old man, consigned themselves at the same time to everlasting infamy. We can also be thankful, as we read this "Sentence" and compare the times which it illustrates with our own, that the human intellect has at last escaped from the clutches of "the Church."

Modern British Essayists. New Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

FROM the old plates of their original edition Messrs. Appleton & Co. have commenced the publication of a new edition of the *Modern British Essayists*,—books which in some shape or other ought to be in every library or collection.

The essayists included in this series are Carlyle, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Alison, Sydney Smith, Prof. Wilson, Talfourd, and Stephen, making six stout volumes in all, and it would be difficult to find anywhere in the same space more sound thought and good criticism. The volumes are large 8vo, printed upon good paper and bound in red cloth; and though the type is not so legible as one who has a great deal of reading to do could wish, yet they are very cheap at the price, which is two dollars each.

IN preparing our article on Mr. Beecher last month we derived much valuable assistance from a paper in "*The Men of our Times*" which was courteously furnished us by the publishers. This volume contains brief sketches of the celebrated men of our times in this country, written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and, like most of her work, will be found entertaining and instructive. "*Men of our Times*" is a subscription book, and is issued by the Hartford Publishing Co., of Hartford, Conn.

THE National Publishing Co. (of Phila.) announce the immediate publication of the second and concluding volume of the "*Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States*," by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. We have looked over some specimen sheets of the work, and though this is a treacherous basis for judgment, Mr. Stephens seems to us to have lost none of his old vigor and subtlety, notwithstanding his prolonged ill-health. The book is published by subscription, and sold only through agents.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Grace Aguilar's Writings. The Mother's Repentance. The Vale of Cedars. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 499, 256. Illustrated Edition.

Memoir of the Rev. John Scudder, M.D. Missionary to India. By REV. J. B. WATERBURY, D. D. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 307.

Baffled; or, Michael Brand's Wrong. By JULIA GODDARD. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 159. Illustrated.

Hammer and Anvil. By SPIELHAGEN. Translated by WM. HAND BROWNE. Author's Edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, cloth, pp. 691.

Wonders of the Human Body. From the French of LE PILEUR. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 256.

Christianity and Greek Philosophy. By B. F. COCKER, D.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 531.

Beneath the Wheels. A Romance. By the author of "*Olive Varcoe*" etc., etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 173.

The Bible in the Public Schools. Addresses, etc. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 18mo, pp. 223.

Elocution, the Sources and Elements of its Power. By PROF. J. H. McILVAINE. New York: Scribner & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 406.

Wonders of Architecture. Illustrated Library of Wonders. Translated from the French of M. LEFFERE. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 264. 60 Illustrations.

Lifting the Veil. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 200.

Antonia. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by VIRGINIA VAUGHN. Boston: *Roberts Bros.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 250.

The Caged Lion. A Novel. By MISS YONGE, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 347.

Henrietta Temple. A Love Story. By HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 8vo, paper, pp. 134.

The Vicar of Bullhampton. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, cloth, pp. 296. Illustrated.

History of Queen Hortense. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 379. Illustrated.

Queen Hortense. An Historical Novel. By LOUISA MUHLBACH. Translated from the German by Chapman Coleman. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 8vo, cloth, pp. 187. Illustrated.

SCIENCE.

Deep-sea Explorations.—Philosophers had imagined that all life would cease at an ocean depth of 300 fathoms, and that the temperature of the deep sea was everywhere thirty-nine degrees. It was found, on the contrary, that abundant life existed at far greater depths, and that the deep-sea temperature varied within somewhat wide limits. More remarkable still, it was found that a difference in bottom temperature between thirty-two degrees and forty-seven degrees existed at points only eight or ten miles distant from each other, beneath an uniform surface temperature of about fifty-two degrees; and that where this was the case in the cold area the bottom was formed of barren sandstone, mingled with fragments of older rock, and inhabited by a comparatively scanty fauna, of an arctic or boreal character, while in the adjacent warm area the bottom surface was cretaceous, and the more abundant fauna presented characteristics due to the more temperate climate. Hence an upheaval of a few miles of the sea bottom subject to these conditions would present to the geologist of the future two portions of surface totally different in their structure, the one exhibiting traces of a depressed, the other of an elevated temperature; and yet these formations would have been contemporaneous and conterminous. Wherever similar conditions are found upon the dry land of the present day, it had been supposed that the high and the low temperature, the formation of chalk and the formation of sandstone, must have been separated from each other by long periods, and the discovery that they may actually co-exist upon adjacent surfaces has done no less than strike at the very root of many of the customary assumptions with regard to geological time. The importance of these results, and the magnitude of the considerations springing from them, induced the Admiralty, at the renewed instance of the Council of the Royal Society, to assist in the prosecution of further inquiries. Her Majesty's ship *Porcupine*, Captain Calver, R.N., was fitted up in the way suggested by the experience gained in the first expedition, and was provided with proper dredges for the

deep-sea, hauling-in machinery, deep-sea thermometers defended against pressure, and apparatus for the conduct of various chemical and other inquiries. She left Galway, under the scientific charge of Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, on the 18th of May last year, and carried on the exploration in a westerly direction, getting into deeper and deeper water, until she reached the Porcupine bank, so named from one of her former surveys. She next proceeded in a north-westerly course towards Rockall, and thence returned to Donegal Bay. In this cruise the dredging and temperature soundings were carried down to a depth of nearly 1,500 fathoms. Early in July she started from Cork, under the scientific charge of Dr. Wyville Thompson, in a south-westerly course, for the purpose of carrying down the explorations to still greater depths, which were found at the northern extremity of the Bay of Biscay, about 250 miles west of Ushant. Here the dredge was successfully worked at the extraordinary depth of 2,435 fathoms, nearly equal to the height of Mont Blanc, and exceeding by 500 fathoms the depth from which the first Atlantic telegraph cable was recovered. She returned in about a fortnight, and started from Belfast in August for a third cruise, under the scientific charge of Dr. Carpenter, who was accompanied by Dr. Wyville Thompson. The object of this cruise was the more detailed survey of the ground previously examined by the *Lightning*, and the vessel remained out until September 15, 1868, visiting Thorshaven, in the Faroe Islands, and Lerwick. The results of the three expeditions went entirely to confirm, and in many respects to enlarge, the conclusions that had been drawn from the more limited surveys of the preceding year.

Blood and Life.—The numbers of the *Revue des Cours Scientifiques* for April 23d and 30th contain a résumé of the excellent lectures of Professor Bernard on the functions of the blood. If there be one proposition which appears to be more general and absolute in physiology and medicine than another, it is that the stoppage of the functions of the blood immediately occasions death. Yet it is not difficult to adduce exceptions, though, doubtless, only apparent exceptions to this statement. It is true that if one of the higher animals be suddenly deprived of its blood it will at once expire, for the blood nourishes the tissues and confers their special properties upon them; but their denutrition, *i.e.* the disappearance of their vital manifestations, may be more or less rapid, and, under certain circumstances, these manifestations may persist for a long time after the subtraction of the blood. This may be observed at any time in a cold-blooded animal, but especially during the cold season. A frog, for example, will preserve its vitality for as long as twenty-four hours after the withdrawal of its blood in winter, showing clearly that the vital attributes of an animal are resident in the tissues and not in the blood which bathes them. So again, if in a frog one of the abdominal veins be opened, and feebly-saline or sugared water be injected till all the blood is replaced by the solution, or even by mercury, the animal will still move, leap, and manifest all the ordinary signs of life for several days. If the web of the foot be now examined by the microscope, a fluid will be seen

to circulate in it entirely destitute of globules, which, therefore, have been entirely removed without suspending the vital phenomena. The explanation of this is not far to seek. The red globules of the blood are necessary in proportion as the temperature is elevated, and the vital manifestations of the tissues are intensified. In winter their functions are almost abolished in consequence of the cold, and direct examination shows that the blood in the veins is almost as bright as in the arteries. Phenomena essentially similar in character and capable of an analogous explanation are afforded by the hibernation of animals, and in the cold or "algide" stage of cholera in man, during which, as Magendie showed long ago, the circulation may really completely cease, so that no blood shall flow if the radial or even if the axillary artery be opened, and yet all the ordinary manifestations of life continue. In both instances a considerable reduction of temperature is observed, and the functions of the red corpuscles are correspondingly reduced in activity.

The Planetary World as Seen from Space.—

Let us imagine an observer travelling in the depths of space, to such a distance from our planetary world as would enable him to embrace the whole of it in one view. If the direction taken by him be that contained in the plane of the Earth's orbit, or in that of any other planetary orbit, he would see a brilliant star, shining very brightly, and on each side of it a hundred smaller stars, some lost in the bright rays of the central star, others far enough from it to allow them to be more easily distinguished; all of them, however, infinitely less bright than the Sun, and varying in brilliancy according to their apparent distances from the latter. All these satellites of the Sun would be seen to oscillate about its disk, describing, to all appearance, right lines or nearly so, as we observe to be the case with the satellites of Jupiter, which we see move from one side to the other of that planet. Some would appear to move with great rapidity; they would be those nearest to the central star: Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars. The others would describe their courses much more slowly. The whole would present the aspect of a lenticular mass of stars, or, if the distance of the observer were too great to allow him to distinguish the different luminous points, of a bright star surrounded by nebulous matter of an elongated form.

As for the dimensions of the planetary system, at least as we know them at the present time, it has a diameter equal to sixty times the distance of the Sun from the Earth, or about 5,700 millions of miles. If we desire to form some idea of this immense extent of space, we must estimate it by the time which certain bodies would require to pass through it. Light, which progresses at the rate of 180,000 miles per second, requires 8 hours and 17 minutes to travel from one end to the other of the planetary system; as for a cannon-ball, if it continued to travel with a uniform velocity of 495 yards per second, it would take no less than 626 years; sound would require 845 years to travel over the same distance.

The thickness of planetary space is much less extensive than its length. In considering it represented by a line perpendicular to the

plane of the Earth's orbit, we find it nineteen or twenty times less than the dimensions of the long diameter, or about 300,000,000 of miles. —From *The Sun*, by GUILLEMIN (CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.).

Detection of Organic Matter in Air.—Mr. E. T. Chapman, following a line of research indicated by Mr. Wanklyn, extends the "ammonia method" of water analysis to the estimation of the organic matter contained in air. By the aid of an aspirator he draws the air to be examined through a damp layer of powdered pumice which has previously been heated to redness. When sufficient air has thus been deprived of organic matter, he transfers the pumice to a retort containing water which has been freed from ammonia and organic matter. Having now communicated the organic impurities of the air to the water, he proceeds with the "ammonia method" of water analysis. Air collected from the neighborhood of an untrapped sink, when examined in this way, will be found to contain notable quantities of volatile and non-volatile organic matter.

Dr. Livingstone.—At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison said that he had every reason to believe that from the month of May last Dr. Livingstone had been at Ujiji, on the eastern bank of the great Lake Tanganyika, and that there his advances were stopped, his provisions and means exhausted, and most of his attendants gone, lost, or dead, though he had got all his documents with him. He was happy to say that, in consequence of a communication that he had made to the Earl of Clarendon, her Majesty's Government had consented to provide the means for relieving Livingstone from Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk had organized some supplies to be sent to him, but the cholera broke out, the caravan was paralyzed, and the people lost.

A Road Steamer.—A locomotive to run on common roads has long been wanted, and now the desideratum appears to be supplied by the road-steamer, invented by Mr. R. W. Thompson, civil engineer, of Edinburgh, who has overcome the difficulties that baffled other inventors by a very simple means. He mounts his engine on broad wheels, the tires of which are covered with a thick hoop of india-rubber; and, thus mounted, it will run anywhere, along roads or lanes, across meadows, ploughed fields, or on the sandy shores of the sea. It runs, too, so lightly as to leave no deep ruts behind. It will draw two double ploughs by direct draught, and, by making four furrows at once, will plough a field speedily. It will turn sharp corners; can be guided easily along narrow streets; and is altogether so efficient, that the question of cheap transport of heavy loads, and the feeding of railways from outlying rural districts, would appear to be solved. With this, and the Fairlie locomotive for narrow tramways, all civilized countries may supply their travelling requirements at a moderate cost.

The foregoing makes us aware of an addition to the many economical uses of india-rubber. We once visited a factory where some forty or fifty coppersmiths were at work in a shop above our heads; but, what was remarkable, scarcely a

sound of their noisy hammering could be heard. On going up-stairs, we saw the explanation. Each leg of every bench rested on a cushion made of india-rubber cuttings. This completely deadened the sound, which, in the shop below, before the cushions were introduced, had been so deafening that the workmen there employed were always in a state of rebellious discontent, and threatening to strike.

A Process for Preserving Timber.—A process for preserving timber has been tried in New York with success. There is in all green wood an amount of putrescible matter combined with the sap. If this can be got rid of, the timber will keep sound; and it is got rid of by soaking the timber in a solution of borax, and washing afterwards in plain water. Borax has an advantage over some other chemical substances used in the seasoning of timber: it does not attack or weaken the woody fibre, or the structural tissues, or cellular membranes, however delicate. This being the case, may we not suppose that by treating different kinds of wood with borax, a delicate appearance would be imparted, which would render them valuable for ornamental purposes?

Novel Cure for Toothache.—A paper by Mr. Coleman, read at a meeting of the Odontological Society, describes a novel method of curing that kind of toothache known professionally as "chronic periodontitis." In this malady, the tooth is commonly somewhat loose, and painful to bite on, with swelling of the gum, and suppuration. The remedy is called "replantation." The tooth is taken out; all the diseased parts are scraped from the roots, and it is well washed and disinfected in carbolic acid; but those portions of mucous membrane which are commonly attached to the neck of a tooth, and appear healthy, are not scraped away. The socket from which the tooth was drawn is also properly cleaned, and the tooth is put back into its former place, and in a number of cases it takes root, and fixes itself firmly in the course of a fortnight, and then becomes as serviceable as the other teeth. This is a remarkable instance of vital force. By the small portion of living tissue left adherent to the tooth, attachment to the jaw is renewed; and though failures occur, there is reason to believe that, as in other surgical operations, they will become fewer as the operators acquire experience. The teeth are so important to life and health, that whatever tends to preserve them should be encouraged.

Education in London.—A square mile in the east end of London, including the worst parts of Bethnal Green and adjoining neighborhoods, has been carefully explored, with a view to ascertain what is done therein for the education of children. The number of these between the ages of three and twelve is 30,000, of whom about 11,000 get some kind of education. In an article on the subject, the *Times* points out that to provide proper school accommodation would cost £60,000, and require a rate of 3½d. in the pound for sixty years; to which must be added the annual cost of instruction, or £15,000. How could such poor neighborhoods pay a rate sufficiently high to meet this outlay? A grave question; but here is the answer. In that square mile the sum spent on

an average every year in the beer-shops and public-houses amounts to £450,000! If the people would save but one penny out of eight they now spend in drink, they could raise among themselves the money required for school buildings; and 1 penny in every 28 would pay for the schooling. No appeals to government or to charity would then be necessary. Could a more striking illustration be presented of the power of the pence?

Medical Electricity.—Men of science are continually regretting the littleness of their knowledge; and when one or other of them adds some little to the stock of what we know, it only increases his consciousness of the infinite that still remains to be explored. Medical science is no farther advanced than others; and, as ever and anon a man who yesterday was a picture of health to-morrow dies or becomes the victim of a lingering and incurable disease, are we reminded of the impotence of human effort to cope with endless forms of disease. When any inventor, therefore, opens out a new field of inquiry, having for its ultimate result the benefit of frail humanity, he is entitled to patient and thankful attention, even if a collateral aim be his own pecuniary benefit. The potency of electricity in its action on the human frame has long been known, and physicians have employed it; but Mr. Pulvermacher has been the first to develop its application into a distinct branch of medical study and research. Looking at the question philosophically, there is no reason why the magic essence should not do as much for corporeal man as it has done, and yet will do, for his intellectual and civil growth. Why should not the mighty power which can place two men standing at the uttermost ends of the earth within conversational reach of each other, perform an equally important work in checking and overcoming the maladies to which the organs of the human frame are subject? The difficulty of applying electricity to the body has been great, and the results have been in the same degree uncertain. The irregularity of the currents, and the intermittent character of the applications have been the great drawbacks to the successful employment of electricity from ordinary batteries. Mr. Pulvermacher, however, has invented a method of overcoming these difficulties. He arranges a number of tiny cells in the form of a belt, and these are charged by simply dipping them in vinegar. The belts are flexible, and can be applied to any or all parts of the body with the greatest facility. It is wonderful what a power can be evolved from such apparently small batteries; but by watering the vinegar before dipping, any desired reduction of strength can be obtained. The applications appear to be most successful when intended to overcome any disease arising from sluggish action of any of the organs. As powerful galvanism will raise a dead body for a short time to apparent life, so, with a milder power, it quickens into healthful action the low vitality of the body; overcomes torpidity, braces the muscles, and gives tone and strength to the nerves; and, when steadily and constantly applied, as it easily can be by the Pulvermacher chain bands, effects a permanent cure. Many of the most painful and obstinate of human maladies arise

from the low action of the organs—such as gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and liver complaint, and in the treatment of these the electrical chain bands have been most signally successful.

Where do Diamonds come from?—Apparent extremes that sometimes meet are the dreams of the poet and the realizations of the philosopher. The stars, says the former, are diamonds in the sky: diamonds, says one who in 1870 may claim the latter title, are stars upon the earth. Who will deny that they have too many virtues to be of worldly origin? And to no mundane process within our knowledge can their birth be assigned. None can do more than speculate upon their source, and suggest what it might have been. The theorist who claims a celestial origin for them deserves praise for his boldness at all events; and his deserts for the validity of his suggestion are perhaps as great as those of the many who have sought to explain their formation by suppositional terrestrial actions. The sky-birth of the diamond is suggested by a Continental experimentalist, who, upon the strength of some preliminary researches, declares that intense cold dissociates chemical elements in combination. The "pure carbon" of the diamond he holds to have once been mingled with other matters, in masses of meteoric nature coursing through space; and he argues that the intense cold which reigns in stellar space (something like 200° below zero) has been the means of isolating and crystallizing the carbon, and that diamonds have fallen from the sky, like the aërolites whose celestial source is well known. Laugh who will; disprove who can! We are but chroniclers and offer no opinion; but we can tell this much, that the location of diamonds upon the earth will agree much better with the hypothesis of a sky-source than an earth-source. Those Cape specimens that are now attracting attention are found on the surface of the ground only: it is of no use to dig for them: this looks as though they came down rather than up.

Spectrum of a Candle-flame.—At Mr. Lockyer's lecture at the Royal Institution on Saturday, April 2, he showed that phenomena observed by his new method of spectroscopic observation in the sun may be produced in the common candle-flame, care being taken to examine the flame, as Mr. Lockyer examines the sun itself, namely, by means of its image thrown on the slit of the spectroscope. In this way the existence of an outer layer of sodium vapor, often invisible to the unassisted eye, is shown, which gives a bright line outside the spectrum of the candle, in the same way that the red flames give a spectrum of bright lines outside that of the sun's photosphere. Inside this sodium layer is another layer of carbon vapor; and by imitating a storm in the sun by means of a blowpipe, mixing up the white light-giving substance of the candle with the outer layers, the phenomena of a solar storm were almost absolutely reproduced, sodium being substituted for hydrogen of the red flame, and the carbon vapor for the lower-lying sodium and magnesium vapor in the sun's atmosphere. Mr. Lockyer has also shown that the phenomena of the candle have a distinct bearing on those of the sun's atmosphere.

Sense of Touch in the Skin.—A paper appears in the *Denkschriften der kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften* (Band xxix. 1870, p. 299), by the late Professor Türk, on the sensory regions of the skin supplied by the several pairs of spinal nerves. In the experiments undertaken by the professor on some dogs, with the view of determining the particular regions of the skin supplied by the several spinal nerves, the latter were separately and successively divided, and the skin was then pinched at definite points, at short intervals apart, a mark being made at the middle of the fold pinched when the animal gave evidence of pain. It was found that the same part was always rendered insensible when the same nerve was divided. At the same time the adjoining parts, especially in young animals, were rendered unusually sensitive. Certain regions or "territories" were, however, found to be characterized by a certain dull sensibility; these regions were supplied by more than one nerve, and may be called common territories, in opposition to the exclusive territories, or those supplied by a single nerve. In the neck and body the exclusive territories for each nerve were small, in the extremities all parts were territories common to more than one nerve. In the palm of the hand and sole of the foot three nerves were found to supply one territory. In regard to those pairs which supply a district in common, the division of one such pair usually causes only one circumscribed spot to become insensible, and that only for a short time. The territories of the extremities supplied by the several pairs of nerves are band-like arched striae, wider at the end than near the centre. The arches are smaller in the trunk than in the extremities, apparently from the growing out of the extremity during the development of the animal. The first cervical nerve has no cutaneous branches; the second, third, fourth and fifth have only exclusive territories. The sixth cervical has only a common territory; the seventh and eighth pairs have both common and exclusive territories.

The Atmospheric Germ Theory.—The atmospheric germ theory has not received much support by the recent researches of Dr. A. Ransom, who read a paper on the subject before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, at a meeting on February 22. The author gave the following summary of the results of his experiments:—1. In 1857, glass plates covered with glycerine had been exposed in different places and examined microscopically. Amongst others, in the dome of the Borough Gaol, to which all the respired air in the building is conducted, organized particles from the lungs and various fibres were found in this air. 2. During a crowded meeting at the Free Trade Hall air from one of the boxes was drawn for two hours through distilled water, and the sediment examined after thirty-six hours. The following objects were noted:—Fibres, separate cellules, nucleated cells surrounded by granular matter, numerous epithelial scales from the lungs and skin. 3. The dust from the top of one of the pillars was also examined, and in addition to other objects, the same epithelial scales were detected. 4. Several of the specimens of fluid from the lungs were also searched with the microscope. In all of them epithelium in different stages of deterioration was abundantly present, but very few spores were

found in any fresh specimen. On the other hand, after the fluid had been kept for a few hours, myriads of vibrios and many spores were found. In a case of diphtheria, confervoid filaments were noticed, and in two other cases, one of measles and one of whooping-cough, abundant specimens of a small-celled torula were found, and these were seen to increase in numbers for two days, after which they ceased to develop. These differences in the nature of the bodies met with probably show some difference in the nature of the fluid given off; but it was pointed out that they afford no proof as yet of the germ theory of disease. They simply show the readiness with which aqueous vapor of the breath supports fermentation, and the dangers of bad ventilation, especially in hospitals.

Have Animals Instinct or Reason?—Readers of Mr. Darwin's work who may admit instinct will still be led to give it such a philosophical explanation that it becomes but a form of reasoning under peculiar circumstances. To such we commend a very interesting paper on the "Intelligence of Animals," read before the Montreal Natural History Society by Professor Bell (January 31). The author spoke of the reasoning powers in many of the higher and larger animals as being too well established to require a plea, and devoted much of his paper to instances of what might be regarded as intelligence in such small creatures as insects. He adduced many arguments based on the organization and development of these animals, and more especially on their habits, for regarding them as possessed of something more than real instinct. It was mentioned, amongst other proofs of the possession of a reasoning power, that insects, if baffled in one means of accomplishing their object, will generally try another; and that we find them as prompt and skilful in overcoming exceptional and artificial difficulties as in performing the ordinary duties of their lives. The habits of insects, like those of larger animals, appeared to be in a great measure the result of the accumulated experience of many generations. The term "instinct" has too general and vague a signification, and was often used as a convenient means of accounting for what we found it difficult to explain.

Navigable Passage through Perpetual Ice.—The Russian papers announce an important discovery by Carlson, a learned Norwegian, which will give a great impetus to Siberian trade. He had cruised, for scientific purposes, in an expedition undertaken last summer in the Karian Sea, which washes the southern part of the Isle of Nova Zembla, and the Government of Tobolsk, and is covered with eternal ice. In this ice a passage was discovered which, for several months in the year, offers a convenient path for traffic between Siberia and the Norwegian harbor of Iromsoe.

Discovery of an Ancient Silver Mine.—The recent earthquakes in Germany have caused the fall of a large mass of rocks situated between Heidelberg and Wiesloch, and in consequence thereof the works of a silver mine, worked by the ancient Romans, have been brought to light. There is no silver ore of any importance left, but instead, a very rich zinc ore is met with in large quantity, which was left untouched by the former workers.

ART.

Recent Excavations in Palermo.—In preparing the space before the palace for the fêtes in honor of the Princess Margherita, the workmen came upon the remains of Roman mosaic pavements. After the fêtes the excavations continued, and about 70 yards by 20 of the Piazza della Victoria is now exposed. Most of the mosaics are at the north end of this space. To the north of all there was a portico; at right angles to this were three halls, one of them with a mosaic of 10 feet 1 inch by 8 feet 7 inches. This last, which was uncovered first, is a very conventional representation of Orpheus charming the beasts, which surround him without grouping or perspective. The tessere are too large for the design. A macaw and kangaroo seem to be represented among the animals. The second half exhibits only a checkered pattern. The portico is much dilapidated; there has been a large group in the centre, where horses' hoofs and the tail of a monster are traceable, which suggest the death of Hippolytus. The first hall is the richest part of the discovery. Here the pattern is surrounded on three sides by a white margin of 6 feet, but the north-west corner of the margin is filled up with a diaper pattern in six colors, which seems to mark the site of some article of furniture. The pattern is enclosed by a broad guilloche border; narrower bands of like character cross the area from side to side and from end to end, forming oval, circular, and octagonal spaces. The oval panels were filled by fishes, the circular panels (and some of the large octagons) by heads, the rest with mythological groups, in which the stories of Leda, Danae, and Europa (?), Ganymede, &c., may be traced or guessed. About half are seriously damaged or obliterated; others are in excellent preservation; the best are colossal heads of Neptune and Apollo. In the middle width of the pattern, about one-third of its length from the south end, is a small square area of distinct pattern overlying the other, and seeming to mark the position of some other object of dignity. Fazello, *de Rebus Siculis I*, lib. viii., mentions an ancient building on this site, called the Sala Verde, which seems to have been a kind of amphitheatre: it was levelled in 1549 to make room for the bastions of the city.

The Future of Fine Art in America.—In favor of the spread of fine art in America, we have a fresh æsthetic constitution and temperament, the increasing passion of decoration, ornament, and festivals; a keen native instinct for color and form; the patriotic desire to commemorate public men and events; a vast wealth, each year more liberally given to beneficent purposes by living benefactors; increasing means of culture; a juster appreciation of national defects and deficiencies in art; an intenser spiritual apprehension of life, arising from the varied religious agitations, as an offset to the redundant realism founded on rapid material progress; and, above all, the growing recognition of humanity at large as the true object of effort, to make the earth more pleasant for man's temporary abode while schooling for a higher existence. The passion of the Greek for beauty made his art beautiful, just as the emotional fervor of the mediævalist made his spiritual. We are not called to repeat either Minervas,

Venuses, Queens of Heaven, or any of the effete forms of effete mythologies, but to create anew, according to more advanced notions of heroisms, celestial and mundane. Each after its kind in art; realism, or "the glory of the terrestrial," as St. Paul defines the idealisms of earth, and "the glory of the celestial," those of heaven. "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." The artist should beware of confounding the spiritual in art with the realistic. Both are legitimate phases. Only, however, as we are able to make art appear immortal and incorruptible do we raise it to the standard of the just made perfect. The American school will be born of our own material and spiritual life; our own faith in and sacrifices for humanity; and of those profound social, political, and religious convictions that make up a religion of the heart, whose fruit shall be the divinely announced "Peace and Good-will" of Bethlehem. —*Jarves' Art Thoughts.*

The Influence of Egyptian Art.—In writing of the influence of Egyptian art and the impression which it makes upon the traveller, Lamennais says: "A single thought dominates Egypt—a grave and sad thought, not to be driven away, and which, from Pharaoh, surrounded with the splendor of the throne, to the humblest of his laborers, weighs upon man, preoccupies him incessantly, possesses him entirely; this thought is the thought of death. This people, seeing time gliding onward like the waters of the great river that traverses their naked plains, were led to believe that what passes so quickly is unreal and evanescent; and regarding the present life as fleeting and unsatisfactory, they were prompted by their faith, by their desires and aspirations, to look forward to a life that is permanent and immutable. Existence, in the estimation of the Egyptian, commenced at the tomb—and that which preceded death was only a shadow—a fleeting image. Thus his religious conceptions, his philosophical speculations, his dogmas, all tended in the direction of this great mystery of death, and his temple became a sepulchre."

Fans.—The exhibition at South Kensington Museum, including prize designs by pupils of the schools of art, has attracted many visitors. The finest collection in Europe is said to be that of the Empress of Russia, next to which come those of the Empress Eugenie and of the Baroness James de Rothschild, the fortunate possessor of a *chef d'œuvre* of Watteau. The late Duchess d'Aumale was famous for her fans. One of the finest of them, painted by Boucher, was presented by her to her niece, the Countess of Paris, at an evening party where the young princess had the misfortune to break her own fan. Besides these, the collections of the Princess of Sagan, rich in fans of the eighteenth century, of the Duchess of Chevreuse, of Madame de Noailles, and other *grandes dames* of Paris, are well known to the connoisseur.

The current taste in art was fairly shown in the recent sale of the famous gallery of Prince Demidoff in Paris. Collectors were present from all parts of Christendom; but English wealth and French pride took nearly all the prizes. "The Broken Eggs," by Greuze, a picture on the merits

of which critics are by no means agreed, brought 126,000 francs; and a half-length portrait by the same artist sold for 89,000 francs; by far the highest prices ever obtained for works of this class. Delaroche's "Death of Lady Jane Grey" and Ary Scheffer's "Francesca da Rimini" were the next favorites, and brought more than 100,000 francs each.

Some curious Roman remains were discovered last month on the Wienerberg, near Vienna, in the ground now occupied by a brick manufactory, which had formerly been used by the Romans as a cemetery. Several Roman graves had already been opened on this spot in the years 1845, 1858, 1862, and 1865, but on the present occasion funeral urns, with human ashes, were found for the first time, together with lachrymatories, lamps, bronze dishes, an iron sword handle, and coins of the time of Domitian, Hadrian, and Constantius. The proprietor of the brickworks, Herr Drasche, has presented the remains to the Imperial Cabinet.

A committee has been appointed by the Society of Arts to confer with the Lord Mayor of London and the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, with the view of establishing such harmonious action between the several authorities they represent as may prevent the erection of ugly public buildings in future. How much chagrin it would save us if some such "harmonious action" could be secured between a competent body of artists and the Board of Public Works in New York, for instance.

Lord Elgin's tomb is at Dhurmsala, and the Governor-General has just despatched an officer to see to its repair. Simultaneously a monument is being erected to Lord Elgin in the cathedral at Calcutta, which consists of a cross enamelled on a slab of serpentine. Above this, on a slab of granite, are bronze figures of Canada, China, Jamaica, and India, surmounted by a bust in white marble of Lord Elgin.

St. Stephen's Crypt.—The restoration of this beautiful relic of the architecture of the 14th century is now completed. The chapel itself was burnt, and no attempt was made to revive its ancient glories. But the crypt remained, and its restoration, when works of more obvious necessity had been finished, proceeded gradually, until now it is one of the richest, though the smallest, interiors in England.

Signor Francesco Bosa, the sculptor, who recently died at Venice, has bequeathed all his works of art, statues, engravings, books, paintings, and drawings to the Museo Correr, and has left his house, with other artistic objects, to the trustees of the fund in aid of distressed artists.

A statue of the late Lord Palmerston, by the sculptor Jackson, was unveiled at Westminster Abbey on May 31. The ceremony was private, none but relations of the deceased being present.

Dr. Neumayer, for some years director of the Melbourne Observatory, is about to start upon an Antarctic expedition. The Austrian Government has furnished him with the necessary funds.

A *National Academy* of music, for teaching sacred and secular music, is to be established at Quito, the capital of Ecuador.

The *National Portrait Gallery* has been moved from its former location in Great St. George St. to South Kensington.

VARIETIES.

Married Clergy.—In Protestant countries where the marriage of the clergy is fully recognized, it has, indeed, been productive of the greatest and most unequivocal benefits. Nowhere, it may be confidently asserted, does Christianity assume a more beneficial or a more winning form than in those gentle clerical households which stud our land, constituting, as Coleridge said, "the one idyl modern life," the most perfect type of domestic peace, and the centres of civilization in the remotest village. Notwithstanding some class narrowness and professional bigotry, notwithstanding some unworthy but half-unconscious mannerism, which is often most unjustly stigmatized as hypocrisy, it would be difficult to find in any other quarter so much happiness at once diffused and enjoyed, or so much virtue attained with so little tension or struggle. Combining with his sacred calling a warm sympathy with the intellectual, social, and political movements of his time—possessing the enlarged practical knowledge of a father of a family, and entering with a keen zest into the occupations and amusements of his parishioners, a good clergyman will rarely obtrude his religious convictions into secular spheres, but yet will make them apparent in all. They will be revealed by a higher and deeper moral tone—by a more scrupulous purity in word and action—by an all-persuasive gentleness, which refines, and softens, and mellows, and adds as much to the charm as to the excellence of the character in which it is displayed. In visiting the sick, relieving the poor, instructing the young, and discharging a thousand delicate offices for which a woman's tact is especially needed, his wife finds a sphere of labor which is at once intensely active and intensely feminine, and her example is not less beneficial than her ministrations.—*Lecky's "History of European Morals."*

The Popes of Rome.—The *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, thus summarizes the history of the popes:—"Since St. Peter (supposing that he ever was in Rome), there have been 297 popes, of whom 24 were anti-popes and one female pope. Nineteen popes quitted Rome and 35 reigned abroad. Eight papal reigns did not exceed each a month's duration, 40 extended over one year, 22 over two years, 54 over five years, 51 over 15 years, 18 over 20 years, and only nine exceeded that duration. Of the 297 popes, 31 were declared usurpers and heretics, and of the remaining 266 legitimate occupants of the Holy See, 64 met with violent deaths, 18 having been poisoned and four strangled. Independently of the Avignon popes, 26 were deposed, expelled from Rome, and banished; 28 others were maintained in power by foreign aid."

I cannot but admit that many men of genius have, from some cause, repudiated matrimony altogether. When Michael Angelo was asked why he did not marry, he replied, "I have espoused my art;" and when a young painter told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had just taken a wife, and was preparing to pursue his studies in Italy, he exclaimed, "Married! then you are ruined as an artist!" It was an axiom with Fuseli that the marriage state is incompatible with the high cultivation of the fine arts, and such appears to have been the feeling of many distinguished painters and sculptors. The great metaphysicians, Hobbes, Locke, Bentham, and Butler, are as solitary as Spinosa and Kant, and the celibate philosopher Hume conducts us to the other bachelor historians—Gibbon and Macaulay. The account given by Gibbon of his first and last love is exceedingly characteristic: "I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. . . . I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness which is inspired by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment." The lady was afterwards Madame Necker, and though Gibbon "might presume to hope that" he "had made some impression on a virtuous heart," his father would not hear of it. "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son." The application of such a style to such a subject paints the man almost as well as the black figure snipped out by Mrs. Brown's scissors, and exactly corresponds with the notion of him which his history suggests. The bachelor Bishop Butler brings us to Barrow, Chillingworth, Hammond, and Leighton—princes of English divinity. The poets Ariosto, Akenside, Beranger, Collins, Cowper, Gay, Goldsmith, Gray, Herrick, Lamb, Petrarch, Pope, Swift, Shenstone, Tasso, Thomson, Voltaire, *et cum multis aliis*, were all celibates, not, however, from belief in the truth of the ancient scandal, that

"Marriage, as old men of note, hath likened been
Unto a public feast or common rout—
When those that are without, would fain get in,
And those that are within, would fain get out."
—*Gen. James Grant Wilson.*

The Perils of Fashion.—In ascribing the ungainly, feeble, and tottering walk of our modern fine ladies and their middle-class imitators to the decrepitude induced by tight-lacing, we omitted to mention another fashionable folly which assists in the production of this evil, and has also other sins of its own to answer for. The custom of wearing high boot-heels, and those, too, so much smaller than the actual heel of the wearer as to afford no solid support, but only a balancing-point, is a source of much mischief. In the first place, it throws the centre of gravity of the body so far forward that a free and gracefully erect carriage is impossible. Secondly, there being no firm support to the heel, ladies are very apt to twist the ankle suddenly by overbalancing themselves; and this is not only bad in itself, but the fear of its occurrence makes them assume a timid, mincing

gait. And, thirdly, the effect of driving the foot constantly forward into the toe of the boot is to produce a very ugly and painful distortion of the great-toe joint. There is little need for wonder at the almost fierce contempt with which young men whose characters are at all above the lowest grades of conventional inanity regard the average "girl of the period." It cannot be denied that there is a significant correspondence between the æsthetic hideousness and the degrading effects on physical health which are produced by tight stays and crippling boots, and a certain mental and moral tone in female society of the present day, which is no less surprising than it is repulsive. The whole dress and carriage of our fashionable women, for several years past, has been modelling itself, with less and less concealment, upon the idea furnished by Parisian *lorettes* of the consumptive Traviata.

Bacon's Chronological and Geographical Family Guide to the Bible.—This is the latest and one of the most valuable examples of the advantage to be derived from applying Charts to the study of History. It is a map 24 by 30 inches, finished and mounted like an ordinary wall-map; and contains a vast amount of facts concerning the Chronology, Geography, and Topography of the Sacred Narrative. The division and subdivision of the different departments are made with great skill, and the Chart contains a much greater amount and variety of knowledge than one would be led, at first sight, to suppose. In the centre is a map "containing all the localities mentioned in the Sacred Narrative, together with remarkable sites in profane history; and a great number of interesting facts and incidents referring to the various places whose positions are shown." In the right-hand corner is a "map of the Journeyings of the Israelites" from Egypt to Canaan; and on the left hand another one exhibiting the distribution of Canaan according to the Syrian division. There are Genealogical Trees of the family of Jacob on his arrival in Egypt, and of the Kings of Judah and Israel; and the Border even is made to contribute to the general store of knowledge.

The "Guide" is very handsomely printed, and will unquestionably render very valuable assistance in the study of the Bible, and to all students of Ancient History generally. It is sold only by John Beardshaw, 15 Lighthouse St., New York City.

Greek Brigands at Home.—A correspondent of the *Lemberg Gazette*, a Polish paper published in Austria, gives some interesting information respecting the Greek brigands. He says that the principal band is composed of several hundred shepherds in the mountains of Hymettus and Pentelicus. These brigands maintain friendly relations with men of all classes at Athens, and have influential supporters among the various political parties, and especially in the army. Their victims are almost always either foreigners of Greek merchants and bankers. They look upon the native nobility as their patrons, and sometimes invite them to be godfathers to their children—an invitation which is seldom refused, as the relationship thus produced establishes a sort of freemasonry between the brigands and the nobles, and protects the estates of the latter

against depredations. One of the most popular of the old Greek families among the brigand bands is that of Prince Soutzo. The head of this family, Prince Demetrius, is the godfather of upwards of 60 brigand children. One day the Prince was hunting in the vicinity of Athens, when a brigand deputation invited him to the marriage-feast of a member of their band named Andrea. The Prince followed the deputation to a secluded spot in the mountains, where Andrea presented to him his bride, who, according to the custom of the country, had sat for three days in a hut covered with green boughs, into which only women were admitted to offer her their farewell salutations on the approaching termination of her maiden life. Andrea unveiled the girl before the Prince, upon which she kissed him on the forehead, and invited him to take part in the marriage banquet. The Prince then sat down with the brigands, and various meats were brought in on silver dishes, with wine in golden goblets, the Prince eating and drinking with his hosts till night. Shortly afterwards Andrea became notorious as one of the fiercest of the brigand chiefs, and a price of 1,000 drachmas was set on his head. Notwithstanding this no one dared to betray the bandit, and the Government at length ordered Prince Soutzo to go in pursuit of him with a detachment of soldiers. The Prince, however, begged the Government to relieve him of this duty, representing that if he accepted it the brigands would take a fearful revenge on his family. His petition was granted, and some one else was appointed to take the command, but all his efforts to capture Andrea failed, and ultimately the Government was compelled to send Prince Soutzo to negotiate with him, as the bandits declared they would not trust any one else. The correspondent adds that King George himself has had to show the bandits an amount of consideration which proves how powerful they are in the country. During his last tour in his dominions he was surrounded by a number of them in the mountains, headed by a notorious chieftainess named Kara Janina. Advancing boldly to the King, she asked him to stoop down to her from his saddle, and after kissing him on the forehead wished him a pleasant journey, and recommended her children to his care.—*Fall-Mall Gazette.*

A French Prelate on the Ecumenical Council.—An able and bold letter upon the Ecumenical Council has appeared in the columns of a leading French Journal (*Le Constitutionnel*), purporting to emanate from the pen of an eminent prelate, who is stated to be one of the leading members of the French Episcopate. We print the following extracts from its text:—

"I. Gallicanism is not a doctrine, nor even an opinion: it is the simple negation of pretensions born in the eleventh century, and resists these pretensions in the name of the Church's ancient and continuous traditions. Ultramontanism, on the other hand, is a doctrine; an opinion which, grafted on the old stock, has given out shoots of positive belief. This opinion, muzzled at the Florentine Council, set aside at that of Trent, has reappeared full of fury at the Vatican Council.

"II. Gallicanism is a misnomer; its veto belongs to every Catholic nation. Spain sus-

tained its ancient force, St. Francis de Sales vindicated its rights in the name of the privileges held by the House of Savoy, and we Frenchmen nowadays deem it feeble *chez nous*, in comparison with the vitality it manifests in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Portugal, America, and the East.

"III. Our weakness, at the present moment, does not proceed from Holy Writ, from the traditions of the Fathers, nor from the monuments left us in history by General Councils. It proceeds from our 'lack of liberty, which is radical.' An imposing minority, representing the faith of more than a hundred millions of Catholics (nearly half the entire Church), is crushed by the yoke of restrictive regulations that are contrary to Conciliar traditions, by deputations which we have not really chosen to represent us, and which dare to introduce non-discussed paragraphs into the discussed text of measures under consideration; by a committee for the treatment of interpellations, imposed upon us by authority; by the absolute non-existence of discussion, reply, objection, and interpellation; by journals encouraged to hunt the minority down, and to exasperate the diocesan clergy against it; by nunciatures that rush to the rescue when journals prove insufficient to turn everything topsy-turvy—that is to say, to invoke priests as witnesses of Faith against bishops, leaving to the latter the rôle of representatives of the secondary clergy under a commission, subject to blame if they do not execute that commission. The minority is, above all, annihilated by the weight of the supreme authority, which oppresses it by the praises and encouragement it distributes *per Breves* to priests; and by such manifestations as that addressed to Father Guéranger against M. de Montalembert and others.

"IV. The majority itself is not free: for it is constituted by a considerable supplement of prelates, who are by no means competent to serve as witnesses to the faith of new-born or expiring churches. This supplement, composed of an enormous number of Apostolic Vicars, and of a number, relatively far too large, of Italian and Roman Bishops, is not free. It is an army regularly formed, acquired, indoctrinated, divided into regiments and disciplined, which, if it falter, is menaced with famine or half-pay: deserters from it have even been induced to return to their colors by gifts of money! It is, therefore, evident that there is not sufficient liberty; and the ulterior conclusion is that there is not a clear and plausible *œcumenicity*. This does not invalidate the true principle, that the Church is infallible in its General Councils; but those Councils must possess all the characteristics of *œcumenicity*, i. e., legitimate convocation, full liberty of judgment, and Papal confirmation. If one of these conditions be wanting, the whole may be called in question. The brigandage in Ephesus did not prevent the subsequent holding of a genuine Council under that name. There may be a *ludibrium Vaticanum*; but that would not preclude the possibility of remedying all the evil done in the course of new and serious assizes. . . .

" . . . I believe that, at the present time, the great remedy must come to us from outside of the Council."

The Boy who was his own Grandfather.—The "Family Puzzle" in the March "Leisure Hour,"

where a boy was shown to be not only the brother of his own mother, but his own uncle, recalls a curious case once reported in "Hood's Magazine." There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter married the old gentleman. The widow was, therefore, mother to her husband's father, and consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother. Now as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or a great uncle, this boy was one or other. He was his own grandfather. This was the case with a boy at school at Norwich.

Japanese Cosmical Ideas.—In a paper read before the Asiatic Society at its last meeting, Mr. F. V. Dickens gave "A brief account of the Chief Cosmical Ideas now current among the better educated classes in Japan." The account given by the writer is taken for the most part from the "Yeddo Oho Setsyo," published at Yeddo in 1861. This work is a kind of encyclopædia hand-book, in two volumes, the first being a dictionary, the second, the chief source of this paper, a sort of compendium of useful knowledge, illustrated with numerous and excellent woodcuts. The Great Primary Principle (Tai-Kyoku) separating into its parts, the result was the Firmament (Tai-Yoten), by which the earth is supposed to be surrounded, as the yolk of an egg is surrounded by the white. There are two elemental principles, from either, or the combination of which, everything originates,—a Male, or developing, and a Female, or receptive one. The Earth is supposed to have been formed by the condensation of the Female principle in the middle of the heavens, and generally believed to be square in form, though in reality it was spherical. The Sun, on the contrary, was the product of the Great Male principle; it was a ball of fiery matter moving round with the revolution of the heavens, in which it was fixed; the way thus described is called the Yellow Way. The moon originated in the Female principle, being a condensation from moisture. Its path is called the White Way. Besides these there are five planets, which derive from the Male principle, and neither wax nor wane. The views of the Setsyo are then explained regarding the origin and nature of the principal natural phenomena, showing a good deal of their original cosmical and astronomical notions and superstitions, not a little affected, it would seem, by an acquaintance with the result of European science. The writer concludes in briefly criticising the Japanese system as propounded by the Yeddo Setsyo. The origin and nature of the Tai-Kyoku, or Primary Principle, of which the two elementary forces were considered to be parts, were not even touched upon, and the mind was satisfied to explain everything, even itself, by a reference thereto,—even the Divine Beings descended from this Prime Cause, and though there were innumerable gods, there was no God in Chinese and Japanese philosophy. It was thus easily comprehended that the better educated, freeing themselves from the more vulgar superstitions, should become utter indifferentists to everything except material comfort and the dictates of a code of honor for the most part traditional and artificial.



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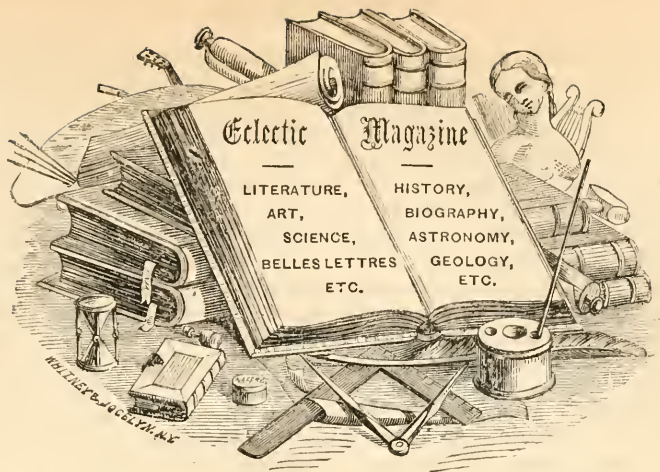
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. XII., No. 2. }

AUGUST, 1870.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols. }

St. Paul's.

RICHARD COBDEN.

It was once tauntingly remarked by a public speaker that he, for his part, had never seen this British constitution of which it had been his fortune or misfortune to hear so much; and though the circumstance may be thought to tell rather in the way of commendation than of disparagement, there can be no doubt that the constitution of England is one of those things which it is extremely difficult to see. Was it not Charles Lamb who complained that he could not see the ocean at all, but only some small speck of it from on board a Margate hoy? Even in mid Atlantic you can see but the space within your own horizon.—a space about as large, in proportion to the whole, as a leaf of clover to a twenty-acre field in May. The ocean, the atmosphere, and the constitution of the British empire, are things which can be seen only little by little. But it is pretty certain that, if we look well at what we can see of ocean from cliff or mast, and if we note carefully the sky above our

heads, whether it roofs with blue the deep pastoral valley, or is pierced by the "craggy spear" of Andes or Himalaya, we shall form a correct enough idea of what the ocean and the atmosphere are like; and if, from advantageous points of view, such as are afforded us in tracing the career of men who have played an important part in our national affairs, we bring successively under inspection a variety of those laws, influences, contrivances, usages, institutions, which go to make up the general political and social system under which we live, we may arrive at an approximately correct and practically serviceable notion of that vast, indefinite, complex entity called the British constitution. As we watch a Palmerston or a Peel rising, step by step, to a supreme place in the commonwealth, we perceive what may be described as the ordinary, normal, commonplace action of our governmental machinery. The subtler workings—the wheels within wheels—of par-

liamentary government are revealed by glimpses in the questionable manoeuvres by which a Phœbus Apollo Lyndhurst, making himself like unto the night, vexed the Whigs. The influence, in Parliament and society, of an individual mass of force and meteoric fire, is illustrated in such a career as Brougham's. Our ecclesiastical politics and political ecclesiasticism, in their confused welter and miserable jargon, are tragi-comically displayed in the wraths and wranglings of Henry of Exeter. O'Connell's foiled energy and all but fruitless expenditure of magnificent brain-power, enable us to realize that peril of feverish and futile agitation to which our limitless freedom of tongue exposes us.

Many points of view for the advantageous contemplation of constitutional England are afforded by the career of Richard Cobden. "We have lost a man," said Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons at the time of his death, "who may be considered to be peculiarly emblematical of the constitution under which we have the happiness to live, because he rose to great eminence in this House, and rose to acquire an ascendancy in the public mind, not by virtue of any family connections, but solely and entirely in consequence of the power and vigor of his mind, that power and vigor being applied to purposes evidently advantageous to his country." On the same occasion Mr. Disraeli pronounced him "without doubt the greatest political character that the pure middle class of this country has yet produced." What a middle-class politician, a citizen and nothing more, may affect in England, can in no way be more fitly shown than in the achievements of Cobden. His public life will teach us also, in expressive characters which he that runs may read, that there are two Parliaments in Great Britain,—the Parliament of the whole people, and the Parliament, a committee of this larger parliament, which sits at Westminster. The problem of influencing the larger Parliament in such wise as to exert a pressure upon the lesser Parliament, was never solved with more striking effect than by Mr. Cobden. If the career of O'Connell illustrates a species of agitation which is distempered and perilous,—a mere inflammation of the national lungs and windpipe,—the agitation headed by

Cobden presents a fine example of a popular agitation warm with the genial energy of health, animated by sound principles, and tending to salutary ends. The voice of the people, speaking through the lips of Richard Cobden, was very clearly, for once at least, the voice of God.

Cobden came of good farmer people, who had tilled their own land for generations in the weald of Sussex. The farmhouse of Dunford, in the pleasant neighborhood of Midhurst, was the scene of his birth; the time, June 3d, 1804. The first and deepest impressions of his life were derived from the country, and it was at Dunford that the leader of the Manchester school passed his closing years. Though, to a hasty observer, he might seem encased in a shell of hard utilitarian shrewdness, it was known to all who knew Cobden well that the basis of his character was a delicate though masculine simplicity, and that there lay deep in his nature a vein of almost poetic sympathy. His whole life long, he was more of a countryman than a townsman. Mr. Disraeli proved that he thoroughly understood him when he said that "there was in his character a peculiar vein of reverence for tradition," and that he knew, however strongly he might urge improvements, that "this country is still old England." He had a country boy's love for animals and rural sights and sounds, and an Englishman's veneration for his parish church and for religion. "You have no hold of any one," he said, "who has no religious faith." In the heat of the noon-tide we are apt to have little thought of the dewdrops and the softly-tinted clouds of morning and evening; and as we follow Cobden through the arid noonday of his controversial logic and severe economy, we are apt to forget that he was cradled amid the associations and impressions of a profoundly rural district, and that he died an English farmer.

He was still a boy when he lost his father. Proceeding to London, he entered a warehouse. He gave proof of an original cast of mind by an eager thirst for knowledge and voracity in reading. He became acquainted with Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and ardently adopted the principles of the book. From the counting-house he passed to the road, in capacity of commercial traveller. There is no lost connected with a mercantile estab-

lishment which affords more scope for talent, more opportunities of observation, or a more invigorating and quickening discipline for the mind. In the disputations of the commercial-room young Cobden distinguished himself by the decision of his free-trade principles, by the acuteness of his remarks, and by the urbanity and simple refinement of his manners. Alert and energetic, he was successful in his vocation, and impressed all who knew him with an idea of his superiority. For such a man it is not difficult to rise in England. Cobden had no money; but when an opportunity presented itself for his establishment in business, he obtained from a friend, whose confidence in his probity was absolute, a loan of the necessary capital. The business in which he engaged was that of calico-printing, and he was soon on the highway to fortune as member of a prosperous firm with three establishments, one in London, one at Clitheroe, and one, under the special management of Cobden, in Manchester. He was now twenty-six.

The man who could thus early find for himself a field, was the man to succeed in it. The experience gained in his journeys as a commercial traveller stood him in good stead when it was his object to supply a salable article for English markets. Fertile in resource, enterprising, skilful to discern what patterns would commend themselves to the general taste, he ventured on a bolder and less tentative policy than had been customary in the trade, anticipating, rather than watching, the popular preference, and pushing sales when his more wary neighbors were experimenting by a few samples thrown off in the first instance, upon the probabilities of public favor. The goods which could not be sold at home were shipped for the foreign markets, and Cobden had thus occasion to become a commercial traveller on a larger scale than he had formerly attempted. He journeyed both in Europe and America, seeking markets in both hemispheres. Cobden's prints became famous, and in ten or eleven years after commencing business, he is stated to have been making about £10,000 per annum.

A commonplace character would now have settled into a commonplace money-maker and cotton-lord, and Richard Cobden would have been known only as one

of a thousand millionaires whom gold has been unable to raise above moral and intellectual insignificance. But there were well-springs in his nature, well-springs of human sympathy, noble intelligence and cosmopolitan tenderness, which not even the perilous atmosphere of monetary success could chill and freeze. As he journeyed over Europe and America, he revolved many thoughts in his mind. His speculations took their start from political economy, which passes with many, not for a warm-blooded, flesh-clothed science, but for a skeleton, gaunt and bare, through whose haggard jaws a barren east-wind of disputation is forever whistling. That there is some reason for believing political economy to be such a thing as this, may, we dare say, be the case; for prevailing persuasions have generally a root in fact; but we have never become acquainted with a political economy, except such as was caricatured by men and women who had failed to comprehend the real science, respecting which the description would be correct. We have looked pretty extensively into the works of political economists, and have found in them as much human feeling and brotherly kindness as in other books. We have found them characterized, also, not only by masterly power, but by a singular absence of pretence or parade, by a modesty of self-estimate on the part of their authors, by a quiet contentment that their science should depend for acceptance, not on rhetorical vaunting of its claims or flourishes of sentimental verbiage, but on the truth of its doctrines. Even, however, by those who are most eloquent in their denunciation of Mill and Ricardo, a glance of favor is cast upon Adam Smith, and at the feet of Adam Smith Cobden sat with the affection, enthusiasm, and reverence of a scholar who had received from the master far nobler lessons than how to grow rich. For England the science of political economy was not only created, but brought practically to completion by Smith. Some few points remained to be adjusted by the errorless logic of Ricardo and the clear, quick sense of Mill; but those grand principles of the science which affect the policy of nations and the duty of statesmen were, once and forever, expounded by Smith. And what is the sum and substance of those principles? Simply this,—that, for nations as for individuals,

the interest of one is the interest of all ; and that, therefore, if the human family are to make the most of the planet in which they sail through space, every obstacle to the exchange of the products of their common labor which man can remove, must be removed. To this central truth is added the complementary hint,—not flattering to human pride,—that, in the promotion of interest, whether individual or national, the right and fruitful method is to interpret, obey, and occasionally modify the ordinances of nature ; while the futile or destroying method is to put these aside, and to substitute for them the presumptuous blunders of human wisdom, the saccharine poison of human sentimentality, the indigent rapacity of human greed, or any other form of immoral selfishness. It seems to us natural and consistent that the promulgation of these doctrines by Smith should have followed upon the enunciation, by the same author, of a theory by which the ethical and emotional judgments of mankind are accounted for on the ground of sympathy. The doctrine of the second and greater book is as accordant with warmth of feeling as the doctrine of the first ; and the treatise on the wealth of nations has done incomparably more to advance human brotherhood than the theory of moral sentiments. It is, in fact, curious to reflect that Adam Smith, the quietest of men, should, by the impalpable ministry of his ideas, have made himself one of the great lawgivers of modern civilization, and left a mark in the history of the world deeper than that imprinted by the mailed hand of Frederick or Napoleon. “This solitary Scotchman,” says Mr. Buckle, “has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more towards the happiness of man, than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic record.” A less extravagant writer than Mr. Buckle,—Sir James Mackintosh,—had previously noted the historical fact that Smith’s book produced “an immediate, general, and irrevocable change in some of the most important parts of the legislation of all civilized States.” Laws began to be altered, and treaties dictated, as was decreed by the placid and unpretending thinker of Kirkaldy. It was thought clever of Frederick the Great, when told that some one had been writing

against him, to ask, How many battalions can he bring into the field ? But the shrewd warrior may have taken after all a shallow view of the case. Before deciding, one would like to know what kind of writer it was for whom Frederick entertained so easy a contempt. Few men could have seemed less formidable to the Nimrods of the earth than the mild sage of Kirkaldy ; and yet, as he walked in the leafy lanes about the town, or sauntered on the shore of the neighboring sea, was he not drilling under his hat an army of ideas, compared with which the best disciplined squadrons of Frederick were weak ? One reason why Mr. Buckle spoke more enthusiastically of the influence of Adam Smith than Sir James Mackintosh may have been that he wrote thirty or forty years later, and that every year of the century has widened the triumph of Smith’s principles.

Traversing Europe and America with vigilant eye and meditative heart, Cobden had no lack of opportunities for applying the doctrines of his master. That filiation of human interests which Smith delighted to trace,—how man works for man in all times and countries, and it is only by the harmonious activity of myriads that the life of any one man can be commodiously supplied,—appears to have profoundly impressed him. It is, in fact, curious to reflect what a diversity of effort, what a web of complicated industries, goes to furnish forth one civilized man. The stream at which we heedlessly drink rose in the earliest dawn of history from far away mountains, at whose feet mankind began their pilgrimage. Would the coat of a mere laboring man have been upon his back if Jabal, son of Lamech, had not tamed the “silly sheep,” and his obliging, strong-limbed brother, Tubal Cain, provided shears to clip them, while Jubal entertained the gifted pair with the tinkle-tinkle of his incipient music ? Or why return to the family of Cain, the latest of our whitewashed heroes, and the legends of his house ? Our friend of Kirkaldy, ruminating patiently by the Frith of Forth, will make more of the coat of our, or rather of his, illustration than we are likely to do, even with the aid of George Eliot. “The woollen coat,” says Adam Smith, “which covers the day-laborer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labor of a great

multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country? How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corner of the world? What a variety of labor, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labor is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them." This is not nearly all which long-headed, ruminating Adam has to say on the trouble which it takes to equip a laboring man in a civilized country, so that, be he no more than an industrious and frugal peasant, his accommodation shall "exceed that of many an African king, the absolute master of ten thousand naked savages."

It is not difficult to understand how Richard Cobden, musing as he wandered over Europe and America on passages like this of Smith, should have found political economy a thing admitting of genial association with that home-bred kindness of nature which he had brought with him from the wooded lanes of Sussex, and with the simplicity of his affection for old England. Political economy did not strike him as a dismal science, nor commerce as the corrupter of mankind; and the poetry of mechanical industry, sung in Schiller's "Song of the Bell," seemed

to him as deep as the poetry of Homer's battles or of Virgil's swains.

His rustic boyhood may have benefited him also in relation to political economy by enabling him to penetrate the luminous haze of that sentimentality with which eloquent denouncers of the dismal science are too apt to obscure the realities of country life. Cobden knew that it takes more than a rose-bush and a weather-stained, lichen-silvered cottage to make a peasant family happy. He had seen in his native Sussex homesteads, rich in mossy thatch and picturesque litter, such as a Morland might have delighted to paint, laborers' dwellings "dirtied with no white lime," fringed with fern and mellowed with years, which a Southey might imagine to have been "raised by the magic of some indigenous Amphion's music," and he knew that they had harbored very unromantic misery. He would thus have felt himself admonished to look to statistics of pauperism, and rates of mortality as well as to clipped box hedges and gardens bright with hollyoaks. When Cobden was a stripling, the poor-rate had been higher in Sussex than in any county of England, and that at the time when Cobbett was praising its peasants' gardens. In one word, traversing Europe with Smith's "Wealth of Nations" in his hand and memories of English country life in his heart, Cobden became a political economist who allowed himself to be beguiled by no illusions, who could perform the stern yet imperative duty of recognizing the limits placed by nature to human felicity, but who at the same time laid the grasp of a giant upon those facts on which the welfare of peoples and the progress of civilization really depend, and could discern wherein man's insolent attempts to improve upon nature's arrangements increase tenfold the evils they are designed to amend.

The main propositions of that science, dismal or beneficent, which Cobden apprehended with intense clearness, and the application of which to the commercial system of England constituted his work as a public man and a statesman, admit of being stated with brevity. The world is a richly furnished, variegated world, with here a range of mountains having ribs of iron, and there a ridge of rocks with veins of gold; here vastly extended plains capable of growing corn, there magazines of coal sufficient for the consumption of a

thousand years ; here terraced vineyards, there hills of olives ; here islands that perfume the gale with their spices, there breadths of green fields with wandering flocks and herds. Such a world is exactly adapted for man, and man is exactly adapted for such a world. The more he makes of the planet, the more the planet makes of him. There is a perfect harmony between the two,—a fitness to be conquered, tilled, utilized, on the part of the earth, a capacity to utilize, till, and conquer, on the part of man. This fact is admitted by all schools of philosophy and theology ; for the most thorough-going positivist will not refuse to grant that such a being as man could have chanced to exist only when a sufficient number of aerolites had chanced to wheel themselves into precisely such a planet as Earth. The instrument by which man subdues the world to himself is labor. There is, perhaps, no spot in the planet which cannot be made to yield something to human labor, and there is certainly no spot which without labor affords adequate supplies to human need. Hence, as labor is the first word in political economy, division of labor is the second. The way in which man can do any one thing with the highest attainable perfection is by devoting himself to that one thing ; and if each man in a thousand concentrates his energy upon one thing, a thousand articles will be produced in a state of higher perfection, and a greater accommodation will consequently be produced for the thousand men, than if each had roughly made shift to furnish himself with all the articles. In like manner, if each spot of earth is made to yield the particular article which it is specially fitted to yield, the products will be superior to what they would be if the attempt were made to procure all from the same soil. The way to get a consummately good nail is to find a man who will do nothing but make nails ; and if you wish to have the best corn and the best oil, you must grow wheat on the flats of Essex, and olives on the flanks of the Apennines. If, therefore, the first word in political economy is labor, and the second is division of labor, these terms being held to include the entire organization of labor, the third word in political economy is exchange. Labor, division of labor, exchange of the products of labor,—in these three is the whole of political economy ; and the conviction

which sank deep into the heart of Cobden was that the essential condition of prosperity for all three is to leave them well alone. One more discovery, and the work of his life was cut out for him. He found that in no province of human affairs had Governments so persistently and perversely interfered with the simplicity of nature's adjustments as in this ; he saw that, though here principally, yet in every department of affairs as well, nations had suffered from the officiousness, the incapacity to content themselves with their own business, the itch of intermeddling, displayed by their Governments ; and it became the aim, the passionate striving, of his life, to impress Governments with the danger of doing evil in attempts to do well, and to induce them to undo the evil which their meddling and muddling had wrought.

There was thus undeniably a negative aspect imparted to the activity of Cobden as a public man. He said more frequently to Governments, "thou shalt not" than "thou shalt." In the eyes of political economists of the rhetorical, sentimental, and fanciful kind, this is the unpardonable sin of him and his school. Those eloquent and angry gentlemen err, not in maintaining that Governments have important duties to perform, but in neglecting to inquire searchingly what those duties are. A want of accurate knowledge either of past history or of present affairs,—a habit of puerile romancing,—a girlish ignorance of the practicalities of life and of human nature,—have led them to declaim vaguely against men who, knowing the facts of the case, stated them calmly, and reasoned from them conclusively. The image of a supreme power,—infallible, beneficent, omniscient, omnipotent,—named "the State," floats before these visionaries, and they cannot be convinced, let the evidence of the past be what it may, that the State is not all this, and that measureless evil arises from its "assuming the god." They call upon their Baal to work all manner of miracles, forgetful that constantly, when you want him to do something for you, he is either pursuing game, or talking twaddle, or lounging in his club, or asleep and requiring to be awaked. That there is such a thing as decreeing injustice by law,—that a statute of the realm may be the systematizing of calamity,—that Government officials will possibly peculate, and

certainly job,—that in practical affairs men have commonly a choice, not of ideals, but of evils,—are considerations which these high-flying gentlemen, whose political economy has that relation to the work of the real masters of the science which the flight of a gay party over a fortified town in a balloon has to the work of the commander who batters down its walls with his artillery, never take into account.

Of all the interferences which Government can make with nature's regulations as to labor and exchange, the most obviously unreasonable and pernicious is a law forbidding people who have bread to sell from bringing it to market. As nothing which we have been saying is in contravention of the proposition that man, in all his institutions,—his law, his labor, his art,—is the controller and modifier of nature, we need not hesitate to say that instances may be specified in which Governments, regulating the exchange of commodities, must follow nature with slow and cautious step, and beware of attempting to adopt at once the law which she has appointed for a particular case. If a large population, men, women, children, derive their sustenance from collecting and burning kelp, and if, on the sudden cessation of their industry, they will be resourceless, no Government can be justified in giving instantaneous scope to an invention, say, in chemistry, by which kelp must be immediately driven from the market. Nature, indeed, is sure to prevail in the long run, and this fact it will be the duty of the Government in question to acknowledge and keep in view. The chemical invention is an increase of human power, and will sooner or later accomplish nature's aim of supporting a larger population, or accommodating a larger number, than had been previously reached. But the first duty of Governments is to consider the life and well-being of their subjects at any particular time; and if it could be proved against a Government that, in the transition from kelp-burning to the more recent method of obtaining iodine, or in the transition between hand-loom weaving and power-loom weaving, a single family had been starved, nay, that one man, woman, or child, had perished, the Government concerned might justly be accused of incompetence or callousness. Only in rare cases, however, could

this result occur, as nature has her own plans for managing transitions, and while giving the victory to the new over the old, invariably throws difficulties in the way of new things. In the vast majority of instances, Governments have erred, not by obeying nature too impetuously, or too implicitly, but by contravening her ordinances; and never was nature more unreasonably disobeyed than when the markets of England were shut to the corn of the world.

Prepared for his work by careful study and extended observation, Richard Cobden began in early manhood to diminish the intensity of devotion with which he had hitherto pushed his fortune, and to appear before his countrymen in the character of political writer and public man. Mr. Prentice, historian of the Anti-Corn-Law League, was then editor of a Manchester paper, and became acquainted with Cobden through the circumstance of his having sent some letters, under the signature of "Libra," for publication in its columns. It is a slight but characteristic circumstance that Cobden should have selected as signature to his first political letters the word Balance. It was in a mood of severe and unimpassioned justice that he assayed to weigh the arguments used on this side and on that of public questions. Mr. Prentice, on knowing him personally, was impressed with the quietness of his demeanor, by his unassuming modesty and the conspicuous absence of fuss and forwardness. "I missed," he says, "in the unassuming gentleman before me, not the energy, but the apparent hardihood and dash which I had believed to be requisites to the success of a popular leader." Mr. Cathrall, Prentice's partner, formed a similar idea of the author of the letters of "Libra." He describes Cobden as "very diffident, and somewhat nervous in temperament." But both Cathrall and Prentice felt that there was something in his presence to correspond with the power displayed in his letters. He associated himself with the most liberal section of Manchester politicians, interested himself in the movement for the incorporation of the city, and became an alderman at the first election of civic functionaries which took place after it obtained its municipal charter.

It was in September, 1837, that the Anti-Corn-Law League came into exist-

ence. Dr. Bowring, who had distinguished himself by the decision of his free-trade principles, was visiting Manchester; the Free-traders of the town entertained him at a banquet; the company grew enthusiastic in their denunciation of the Corn Laws; and on the spur of the moment a Mr. Howie, who has won a place in history by a single happy thought, suggested that the banqueters should there and then form themselves into an Anti-Corn-Law Association, and demand total abolition. The proposal was adopted with acclamation. In the second list of committee-men published by the League appeared the name of Cobden, and he was soon recognized as the mainspring of the new organization.

If representative Government could be perfectly realized,—if Parliament could be absolutely depended on to discern what the nation wants, and to adapt legislation to its necessities,—such agencies as the Anti-Corn-Law League would have no place in what, giving the term its widest application, we have called the constitution of England. The influence of such societies is essentially of a plebiscitary nature, and all Europe is crying out at this moment that plebiscitary impulses are foreign to the genius of representative institutions. It was from some such view that Brougham, while an ardent Free-trader, pronounced condemnation upon the Anti-Corn-Law League. Fresh from his French studies, horror-struck at the evils which the Jacobin club, gradually drawing to itself, like a huge cancer in the body politic, all the authority which belonged of right to the deputies of the people, had brought upon France, he saw in the Anti-Corn-Law League an organized attempt to control Parliament and usurp functions which the nation had committed to its representatives. But if, at the time when the League was constituted, proof was still required that such an organization could exist without imperilling representative institutions or betraying the remotest affinity for the revolutionary societies of the Continent, the proof was convincingly given by the history of its operations. And very much more than this was proved; to wit, that the ponderous machinery of our parliamentary institutions may be influenced in a highly beneficial manner by having the hot-blast of national opinion brought to bear upon

them in concentrated volume by associations formed for the purpose out of doors. The magnificent success of the Anti-Corn-Law League shows what great things a loyal and organized appeal to public opinion may accomplish in England.

The honor of having effectually promoted the Anti-Corn-Law League does not, of course, belong exclusively to Cobden. At least one other name, that of Mr. Bright, will forever be associated with his in the history of the society, and there were several others who in zeal and distinction were surpassed but by these two. It has, however, been acknowledged by the suffrage of England and the world that the Anti-Corn-Law League bore pre-eminently the image and superscription of Richard Cobden. It was animated by that deep, resolute, invincible enthusiasm, mild in manner, unquenchable in intensity of hidden fire, which characterized him, an enthusiasm becoming grave men, whose feelings rested on a substratum of thought. That definiteness of purpose, that unity of aim, which contributed so materially to its success, was incarnated in Cobden. He was content to be a man of one idea until that idea was converted into a fact. When he entered Parliament, as he did in 1841 for Stockport, he professed that he had come there first of all to agitate for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and at this object he kept hammering, hammering, hammering, till he sent the nail home. His own intellect had felt the persuasive influence of Smith's reasonings, and the logic which he had himself experienced to be irresistible he brought to bear with frank confidence upon the minds of others. Armed with his logic, Cobden would go anywhere. If only people would hear him, he was sure that they would not strike him. Accordingly he delighted to beard the old British lion of Protection in his den, that is to say, in the market-places of county towns. The Protection papers might hint that it would be well to brick-bat him, the farmers might be in a suspicious or furious mood; never mind; only let Cobden get on a stall or a stump, show them his good-humored, manly, gentle face, induce them for two minutes to open their ears while his drilled armies of fact and syllogism bore down upon them, and all the entrenchments of prejudice and misconception with which the

fortress of Protection had been guarded in their brain gave way, and their assent to Free-trade was won as by a charge of bayonets. Nor was it only the bucolic mind of England that owned the power of Cobden's logic. It was pointedly referred to by Sir Robert Peel as having influenced him in his abandonment of Protection; and the man who achieved greatness by assailing Peel for adopting Free-trade declared that, as a logician, Cobden was close and compact, adroit, acute, and perhaps even subtle. As an orator Mr. Bright surpassed Mr. Cobden, but as a logician Mr. Cobden had no rival in the ranks of the League.

There were of necessity some aspects of the League's operations which might not strike an observer as dignified. Money had to be raised, and the usual apparatus of subscription lists, fancy bazaars, and the rest, was brought into play. It does not seem possible to rid these things of a tincture of humbug, but the work of the world is not done by persons of fastidious delicacy, and hard as is the fate of each of us in being compelled to eat our peck of dirt, we have this consolation that, without the unromantic mixture, our victuals would certainly have done us less good. Nature, let Professor Tyndall say what he likes, does not intend us to wear cotton respirators, and breathe an air as pure as that which bathes the summit of Mont Blanc. The bazaars, with their ingenious method of raising pence and sixpences, their coaxing saleswomen, and so forth, were not altogether pleasing phenomena, and are redeemed only by the consideration that they brought many thousand pounds into the exchequer of the League, and contributed in their own way to diffuse its principles. Nor can it be disputed that the oratory of the paid lecturers of the association was not always refined in style or scrupulously fair in spirit. A peripatetic lecturer will make use of arguments and similitudes which tell upon his audience, and will carry about with him a very large brush and two pots well filled with paint, the one with white, the other with black, for the respective execution of portraits of friend and foe. "Thought sculptured in language," a good definition of the address in which a Cæsar might instruct and animate his soldiers, has never been a true description of popular oratory, even when it appealed to the better class

of audiences. The landlords of the League platform, the "Sabine tillers" who sent their brethren to die in battle abroad, and forced corn up to famine prices at home, solely in order that their rents might rise, were as unreal as the ogres of the picture books.

"Year after year they voted cent. per cent.;
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions! Why?
for rent!
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No! down with everything, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion,—rent, rent, rent!"

This kind of thing is very detestable. To represent the landowners of England as selfish and sordid miscreants, was to do the grossest injustice to men who, in courtesy and generosity, have been equal to any class in the community, and whose most grasping, narrow, and coarse-minded representatives are without question not those who have grown up in the shadow of ancestral trees, but those new men who, having acquired fortunes by trade, have turned their guineas into estates. But it is a safe assertion that the wildest extravagances of the League platform were mild compared with those which have generally been indulged in by political agitators. Whatever may have been the case with subalterns, the leading speakers in the civic conflict with the Corn Laws were incomparably more just in feeling and temperate in speech than, for example, O'Connell in his contemporary agitation for Repeal. Stern, close logic was recognized as, on the whole, a characteristic of League advocacy, and this reputation it owed in great measure to Cobden. In the energy of its operations, also, we can trace the influence of his prompt, wakeful, and decisive mind,—in its millions of publications, its organized army of lecturers, its sustained cannonade of public meetings. Cobden was essentially a middle-class man, and the agitation conducted by the Anti-Corn-Law League was distinctively a middle-class agitation. The mob orators of the time,—O'Connor and his myrmidons, with the entire crew of Charlists and revolutionists,—looked askance upon Free-trade; and Cobden and his friends never condescended to manifest any sympathy with their movements. Wealthy merchants and successful tradesmen formed the majority of the League

membership, and Cobden seems, from his glowing reference to the circumstance in his first parliamentary speech, to have regarded with special satisfaction the adhesion of upwards of two thousand ministers of religion of all denominations to the crusade against the Corn Laws. "Those laws," said Cobden, "had been tested by the immutable morality of Scripture. Those reverend gentlemen had prepared and signed a petition, in which they prayed the removal of those laws,—laws which, they stated, violated the Scriptures, and prevented famishing men from having a portion of those fatherly bounties which were intended for all people; and he would remind honorable gentlemen that, besides these 650 ministers,—who had met in conference on the subject,—there were 1,500 others from whom letters had been received, offering up their prayers in the several localities to incline the will of Him who ruled princes and potentates to turn your hearts to justice and mercy Englishmen had a respect for rank, for wealth, perhaps too much; they felt an attachment to the laws of their country; but there was another attribute in the minds of Englishmen; there was a permanent veneration for sacred things; and where their sympathy and respect and deference are enlisted in what they believe to be a good cause, you and yours will vanish like chaff before the whirlwind."

It is well known that, powerfully as the exertions of the Leaguers contributed to the repeal of the Corn Laws, that event was not brought about solely through their efforts. No reasonable doubt, it is true, can be entertained that Peel had been convinced of the impolicy of Protection, and had adopted the fundamental principles of Free-trade before the autumn of 1845; and it is almost equally certain that no long time would have elapsed before he would have attempted to carry out that revolution in our commercial and fiscal legislation, in which he gave up to mankind what he owed to party. But if the disastrous weather of 1845 and the appearance of the potato blight had not startled all men with apprehensions of insurrection and famine, not even the alliance of Peel and the League would have secured, in 1846, the repeal of the Corn Laws. It seems to be a law of human affairs that great changes are submitted to, great improvements effected,

not without the spur of necessity. It took a French Revolution to rectify the European system,—to shake from it the ceremonies of feudalism, and open its veins to the blood of a new time; it took the frown of impending famine to render possible the abandonment of Protection by the British Legislature. In both these instances the need there was for comprehensive and deep reform had been conclusively made out; but the impulse of necessity,—the shake to the vase of water, already below freezing-point, which makes it crystallize in a moment,—was indispensable in each. The recognition of the historical fact that the potato blight of 1845, and the generally defective harvest of the year, co-operated with the League in procuring the abolition of the Corn Laws, does not require us to admit that Cobden and his brethren performed less than a most important service to their country. It is to them we owe it that the legislation of 1846 was not the mere expedient by which a temporary emergency was met, but the inauguration of a new era in the policy and prosperity of England. The nation was prepared for Free-trade, and once the step from Protection had been taken, that preparation made it irreversible. The thought of Adam Smith, the energy, the tact, the blended impetuosity and persistence of Cobden, these revolutionized the commercial policy of England. "The name," said Peel, in reference to his acts repealing the Corn Laws, "which ought to be chiefly associated with the success of these measures, is the name of Richard Cobden."

No act of the League was more graceful than that with which it closed its career. Having played its natural and salutary part in the constitutional system of the country,—having seen the work accomplished, to achieve which an extraordinary machinery had been called into existence,—it decreed its own dissolution. It was at a meeting held in Manchester that this resolution was adopted, and we can well believe that, as Mr. Prentice states in his history, "an air of grave solemnity spread over the meeting as it drew to a close." As Peel had done justice to Cobden, Cobden took this opportunity of paying a tribute to Peel. "If he has lost office,"—these were Cobden's words,— "he has gained a country. For my part,

I would rather descend into private life with that last measure of his, which led to his discomfiture, in my hand, than mount to the highest pinnacle of human power."

On this whole matter of Free-trade and Protection, three brief remarks may be made. In the first place, it is unjust to the Protectionists to allege either that their motive was purely selfish, or that their argumentation was entirely absurd. There was probably just about as much, just about as little, public spirit in their ranks as there has generally been in those of political parties, and it would not be too generous to say that a majority of them believed that, in defending Protection, they were playing the part of true patriots. Nor was it absurd to maintain that, granting the enhancement of the price of corn by Protection to have been, in the first instance, artificial and inpolitic, a certain degree of caution, of delay, of graduation, might be necessary in returning to natural courses. Still more plausibly could it be affirmed that it is desirable for a country to be able to grow corn enough for the consumption of its population, so that, in case of war, it may not be at the mercy of its enemies. In the second place, it is hardly fair in Englishmen to boast over other nations on the strength of its free trade. Great Britain is without question better prepared by nature for the adoption of this policy than any other nation of the Old World, better, perhaps, even than the great Republic herself. Taking agriculture in its two great branches,—corn-growing and stock-feeding,—we shall find that no portion of European territory, equal in superficies to that of the British Islands, is fitted to produce food for man at once so large in quantity and so high in quality; and a moment's reflection upon our treasuries of coal and iron will demonstrate that, in respect of manufacturing industry, our natural advantages are superior to those of any other European people. It was bold in England,—it was, perhaps, the most splendid example of civic courage presented by history,—to step into the arena and throw down her gage to all the world in the conflict of industry; but it was a less daring act on the part of England than it would have been on that of other nations, and we cannot, with a good grace, either boast of ourselves, or

exult scornfully over them. In the third place, it would not be easy to exaggerate the advantage derived by this country from the inauguration of a free-trade policy, or the importance of the lesson she has thus read to the world. English agriculture never prospered as it has prospered since English farmers were compelled to face the competition of mankind. In quantity, they hold, in ordinary seasons, their own against the foreigner; in quality, they are supreme. Every step in the development of free trade has brought a universal war, that bugbear of Protectionists, nearer to absolute impossibility; and in any war short of universal, our customers will find means of carrying their goods to our markets. We had no difficulty in feeding with Russian corn the troops that took Sebastopol. Greeks, Prussians, Austrians, had access to Russian markets; and with Austrians, Prussians, and Greeks, we could deal. It is practically impossible that this should cease to be the case. Even if Europe were utterly shut to us, America would remain open, and vice versa. No statesman is required to make provision for a contingency which would involve a conspiracy of the human race against his country. To defend Protection while we had it was pardonable; to return to Protection after the experience we have had of the reality of its advantages and the visionary nature of its perils would be insane. It will put us to our metal. Only with our loins girt and our lamps burning, only by sleepless vigilance and indefatigable energy, can we match our island against the world; nothing that owes its strength to artifice, nothing that is not native to the soil, nothing that God and Nature do not intend to grow in England, can live; particular interests, do we what we may, will at times suffer; but under these conditions our material prosperity will maintain itself until the fertility of our soil is exhausted, and the last coal has been dug from our mines.

As a "thrifty, painstaking calico-printer," to use his own expression, Cobden had become a man of fortune; but even calico-printing requires close and hearty attention, and the heart of Cobden had for many years throbbed with one supreme ambition,—that of opening the markets of England to the corn of the world. The triumph of Free-trade accordingly found

him what the world would call a ruined man. So alarming to himself, a short time previously, had the prospect been, that it was only through the urgent representations of Mr. Bright that he was deterred from relaxing in the work of political agitation, and engaging once more with all his might in business. When, therefore, the service to his country for which he had sacrificed his own prospects of wealth had been done, the leading Free-traders thought it their duty to secure, first, that he should not suffer pecuniary inconvenience on account of his zeal for the public advantage, and secondly, that he should not be under the necessity of withdrawing from political activity, with a view to retrieving his fortunes. They raised a sum of £80,000, and presented it to him. With part of it was bought the farm on which he had passed his boyish years, and there he henceforward resided. As it was understood that the investment by Cobden of a large part of the money did not turn out well, some of his friends subsequently made up a purse of £40,000, with the intention of offering it to him; but so soon as he heard of the proposal, he stamped it out. He was asked by Lord John Russell to take office in the Whig Ministry, installed after the revolt of the Tory party from Peel; but he declined the offer, and travelled for some time on the Continent to recruit his health. He was now known throughout Europe as the champion of Free-trade, and wherever he came,—in France, Germany, Russia, Italy,—he was received with acclamations. At the general election which occurred in his absence, he was returned both for Stockport and the West Riding, and elected to sit for the latter.

Before the settlement of the Free-trade controversy, a question had come up in Parliament which deeply excited the mind of the country, and on which public men were compelled to pronounce with decision. Lord Ashley and other eminent philanthropists urged the Legislature to regulate labor in factories, and introduced for that purpose the Ten Hours' Bill. Mr. Cobden declared himself opposed to it, standing resolutely to what he considered the orthodox view of economists, that employers and employed should be left to arrange between them the terms of their agreement. Experience has abundantly shown that the Factories Act, with its limi-

tation of the hours of work for women and children, has been a blessing to all concerned. Against this demonstration no theoretic objections to the measure could weigh much; but in truth the theory of our factory legislation is as sound as its working has been beneficial. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, impressed with the evil wrought by the Corn Laws, decided that legislative interference was in all cases, save those of positive criminality, to be deprecated. Men, they maintained, could be trusted to understand their own interests, and it was the interest of masters to deal fairly with their servants. In point of fact, there is no form of relationship which requires more careful regulation by Governments, than that between the employer and those he employs, the latter being liable to be injuriously handled, first through the employer's cupidity, and secondly by means of their own, acting in co-operation with his. Enlightened self-interest, doubtless, would secure justice to the employed, but self-interest is not always enlightened. So far, however, is it from the truth to say that Cobden and Bright opposed the Ten Hours' Bill from indifference to the welfare of the working men, that one influential reason for their conduct was that their own treatment of their workpeople was unexceptionable, nay, exemplary;—and that they believed that other masters might be trusted as well as they.

A discrepancy between the opinion of Cobden and that of the great majority of his countrymen, appeared in connection with the peace movement. He held, first, that England ought not to interfere in Continental disputes, and secondly, that nations in general ought to settle their disputes by arbitration. The peace views of Cobden were due, partly to his tender and kindly disposition, and partly to his comprehensive and enthusiastic acceptance of the doctrine that Government interference is likely to lead to mischief. During the whole period of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, the thought of the benefit which nations confer upon each other when they act in harmony, and of the mischief which arises from their severance, was present to his mind. The triumph of Free-trade had been delightful to him, principally because he believed that extended commerce would mean the extension of mutual understanding and goodwill

between nations, and the recognition by all that it is their interest to be friends. It must be granted that there was something in Cobden's views on these points which jarred upon the instincts of the English people. It was felt, more or less consciously, that his confidence in enlightened self-interest was too great. Interest, in the factory, was to take the place of justice and mercy in guarding the woman and the child; interest was to supersede honor in the councils of nations. Arithmetic was invoked to settle questions in relation to which it had not been previously thought of. "The hundred days of Napoleon," writes Mr. Cobden, "cost us forty millions, the interest of which, at five per cent., is two millions. Now, our exports to all Europe of British manufactures amount to about eighteen millions annually; and taking the profit at ten per cent., it falls short of two millions. So that all the profit of all our merchants, trading with all Europe, will not yield sufficient to pay the yearly interest of the cost of the last one hundred days' war on the Continent, leaving all the other hundreds of millions spent previously as so much dead loss." This looks like putting the conscience of the nation into its breeches-pocket, and bidding it, unless it can speak thence, to be silent. On the whole, it must be declared that the duty and honor of nations cannot be statistically defined or arithmetically computed.

Nor can it be hoped with any considerable confidence that the substitution of arbitration for war, as the method by which nations shall settle their disputes, will take place. Either the practical circumspection or the logic of Cobden failed him in this instance. The question, Who is to arbitrate between nations? proves to be unanswerable. The arbitration would be either between weak nations or between strong. If two weak nations were disposed to quarrel, and the strong nations insisted upon their having recourse to arbitration, the strong nations would have to choose between letting them fight the matter out and forcing them to accept arbitration,—in other words, going to war with them. If the nations were strong, what Court of Arbitration could compel them to bridle their passions? If the lion and the tiger are seriously incensed against each other, which of the animals will persuade them not to fight? Arbitration already

settles all questions except those which touch, in what is held to be a vital point, on the honor, interest, or independence of nations. To say that two nations are about to engage in hostilities is equivalent to saying that they have refused to entertain the idea of arbitration; and if you will force them to entertain it, you at once have war. An effectual Court of Arbitration in European disputes would be the supreme power in Europe. If, therefore, we attempt to convert into a definite fact, with local habitation and name, the proposal of the Peace Society, that arbitration shall be substituted for war in all national disputes, we shall find the scheme impracticable. On the other hand, the eloquent exhibition of the sins and miseries of war tends to predispose nations to avoid an appeal to the sword, and to have recourse to arbitration. A wide field is thus opened up, and one in which good service has been done, and may yet be done, for mankind. Cobden, and the more intelligent apostles of peace, deserve credit for the energy and success with which they tore the glittering mask from the face of war and showed the grisly horrors beneath. The barbarism of conquest, the hollowness of military glory, the honor due to peaceful industry, the beneficence of justice, candor, and magnanimity, when they command back into the scabbard the sword unsheathed for war, were preached by these men with very serious effect. The pity is that, though people are not unwilling to take this view when it is expressly and lucidly set before them, the martial instincts, the battle sympathies, are so powerful among the robust nations of Europe, that the man who can lead one of them to victory succeeds on the instant in intoxicating it with pride and exultation. When the sword of Napoleon gleamed along the Lombard hills, and Frenchmen saw the trophies of Lodi and Arcola, the memories of the Republic faded from their minds, and they were prepared to hail the general of the army of Italy as the despot of France. Bismarck and King William contended with the Prussian Parliament for ten years, and of their contentings there was no prospect of an end; but when Prussian soldiers stormed Düppel, and still more when Prussian soldiers won Sadowa, the Germans rose to the highest pitch of warlike enthusiasm, and were in a mood to push forward to the conquest of

Europe. We are not likely to have too powerful an advocacy of peace.

The last public service to which Cobden devoted his energies was the negotiation of the French treaty. The ability displayed on this occasion has been acknowledged on all hands; and it seems not improbable that the conclusion of the treaty may prove the first step towards the comprehensive adoption of Free-trade principles in France. On completing this work he was offered by Lord Palmerston a baronetcy and a place in the Privy Council. He declined both. Neither before nor after could he be induced to take office, or to accept of any boon from Government. Having sacrificed his private prospects in the Anti-Corn Law agitation, he accepted the compensation to which justice entitled him; but beyond what his duty to himself and his family imperatively required him to take, he would take nothing, and to this resolution he scrupulously adhered.

Had he been alive and in vigor at the time when Mr. Bright accepted office under Mr. Gladstone, it is probable that he would have done likewise; but he felt that there was too great discrepancy between his political views and those of the old Whig cabinets, whether under the Russell or the Palmerston leadership, to permit him to take office with them. He died in the spring of 1865. In the House of Commons, in every part of England, throughout Europe and America, the amount of feeling displayed on the occasion was exceptional and striking. Statesmen at the head of rival parties,—statesmen with whom his public life had been an almost continuous conflict,—vied with each other in expressing their sense of the services he had rendered to his country. The Emperor of France, speaking through the lips of his minister, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, paid the tribute of an extraordinary dispatch to his memory. Eminent foreign writers extolled him as the reconciler of nations, the citizen of the world, the worker out, on the basis of common sense and common interest, of the brotherhood of mankind. Not inconsistently with this view was the stress which both they and writers at home laid upon his thorough nationality, upon his typical character as an Englishman. The quiet resolution, the moral courage, the unflinching energy, the

perseverance, the solid ability, which have made the middle class in England what it is, were declared on all hands to have been illustriously represented by Cobden. His personal friends, and they were many, spoke of him as the "gentlest and manliest of human beings," one in whom, under an unimpassioned exterior, lay all delicacy, chivalry, magnanimity.

There was nothing in Cobden's personal appearance to distinguish him from an ordinary English gentleman. Throughout his whole career he retained that quietness of demeanor which surprised his early associates in the Anti-Corn-Law League. When you saw him, the suggestion of your mind was, whatever that man may be, he cannot be a popular agitator. Perfect simplicity clothed his greatness, and as some, according to the poet, must be known before they seem worthy of love, so it was only when he was rightly known that his intellectual power was recognized and his moral majesty apprehended. It was not easy to realize that, under that pensive mildness, there lay a strength as of adamant, a keenness as of flame. Yet so it was. Never, either intellectually or morally, was man more inflexible. Convinced that the Corn Laws were a source of calamity to England, he concentrated the energies of his soul into one burning passion of opposition to them, and rested not until they were destroyed. Convinced that the foreign policy of Great Britain, as represented by Lord Palmerston, was unworthy of a great nation,—proud to the weak, and word-valiant to the strong; degrading when it dealt with Greek or Chinese authorities, dangerous or ridiculous when it sent hectoring dispatches to Russia or France; frivolous in its vauntings of sympathy for constitutional freedom, half-hearted, if not false, to genuine patriots, Hungarian or other, with swords in their hands,—he repelled every advance made by Palmerston with implacable persistence. If he seemed churlish, he cared not; he obeyed his conscience. We do not say that in this he was without error. We are mindful that much, very much, is to be said on the side of Lord Palmerston, and that Cobden acknowledged that Palmerston had been a noble antagonist. We are merely pointing out that moral inflexibility equal to that of an old Roman or of a Puritan soldier, dwelt in the breast of Cobden. There was

also a flash of fierce indignation in him, which injustice to a friend called in a moment from beneath its snow-calm envelope. It was inactual fury that he rushed at Mr. Delane, when the "Times" charged Mr. Bright with preaching spoliation. Gentleness was the habit of his mind, but it was justly said that for him apathy was sin. One thinks with pleasure of the comparative repose of his last days, of

his cordial relations with the inhabitants of his native parish, of the dutiful attention which he paid to parish affairs, and of the delight he took in being kind to the animals on his farm. Deep sadness for the loss of his son clouded the evening of his life; but nothing could destroy the serenity of his courage, or the piety and patience and priest-like elevation of his character.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE POEMS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BY SHIRLEY.

THE name of Dante Gabriel Rossetti has been long familiar to a select minority of the public as that of a remarkable painter, critic, and translator, who from one of the quaintly built and quaintly furnished old brick houses at Chelsea which overlook the river, and date from the days of Queen Anne, has sent out a series of works which in certain respects have hardly been rivalled in our generation.

The paintings of Mr. Rossetti are not known at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The sort of fame that is acquired upon that fashionable promenade is not apparently the fame to which this artist aspires. But above the altars of country churches, in the magnificent galleries of the Lancashire merchants, on the walls of Oxford debating-rooms, one occasionally encounters a rare piece of delicate work in which the intensity of the color is only equalled by the intensity of the expression, and which bears upon it the unmistakable imprint of a master's hand.

Of the merits of these paintings a foreign critic, writing some years ago, thus delivers himself:—

"He is a very great painter; perhaps as a colorist, he has had no rival since Titian and Veronese—

In that soft land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather—

revelled in the mellow and lustrous light of the Venetian Archipelago. Though the world scarcely knows or honors him rightly yet, it will come to do so before we die. There is a St. Catherine or St. Cecilia of his which actually glows with color—with such a glow of gold and amethyst as sometimes burns upon the sunset Atlantic. But he is great, not alone as a colorist. He has drawn, with

exquisite feeling, that vision of Queen Guinevere, which arrests Launcelot as he seeks the San Greal. The sad woman comes between the knight and the mystic guest. The head is not averted; the look is still and passionless, though sad. Passion is buried and dead, and it is only a sad spectre who warns the warrior back. It would be difficult to express in words all that that visioned face expresses. There is none of the old love and tenderness (that was over when she turned away from his caress at Arthur's grave); there is the sense of the inevitable sorrow, of the incurable shame; and yet, through it all, in those calm pitiful eyes, a profound and womanly compassion for the man who had shared her guilt, and partakes her punishment. Such a look—straight from the inmost soul as that—is greater than any victory of color.

I have sometimes deemed it strange that this man can turn from his Hebrew kings, and his old romance, and his prostrate angels, and his golden skies, to the commonest and most simple aspect of this mean, modern life. It startles at first, as though we were to find Angelico and Hogarth working together. Here, David, the kingly minstrel, amid orange and golden blossoms, strings his harp, and Arthur sleeps beneath the yellow leaves; there, between the sun and shade, the wounded woman revels in a ghastly festival, or on the cold London pavement, in the chill London dawn, shivers drearily, as the peasant—fresh from the breezy meadowlands among which the child played in her innocent girlhood—drives his team into the sleeping city. And yet there is nothing discordant in this; both aspects are consistent with plain truth. One is drawn from the deep fountains of historical and religious feeling, where the boldest and most unreserved conventionalisms may be admitted; the other from the present, where nothing but the simple transcript is possible. In the antique, all the suggestions of the imagination may be introduced under abstracts and

formal forms—like the chorus in the Greek drama, an embodied commentary upon the passing transaction; while, in the modern, the same law dictates the frankest and most conscientious adherence to reality. ‘Signs and wonders’ were familiar in the old ages of faith; but we have no creditable witches or miracle workers now; no angels resting on the rosy clouds; no ‘spears arrayit’ upon the menacing heaven. Our story must be related, as it relates itself in the life, and from the hidden face and the averted gesture alone can the shame, misery, humiliation, and swift remorse be gathered.”

To this it is merely necessary to add that we find in his later work the same qualities that distinguished his earlier,—a purely realistic treatment combined with high imagination,—as in “The Beloved,” the impressive drawing of “Hamlet and Ophelia,” and that captivating picture of “Venus,” where, through a tangled wilderness of real roses and honeysuckles—splendid as an Arabian dream—the Goddess of Love looks out.

Mr. Rossetti has proved the fine temper of his critical faculty in the introductions prefixed to his *Translations from the Italian Poets*, and in the final chapter supplied by him to Mr. Gilchrist’s *Life of William Blake the Artist*. These chapters should be read by all who are anxious to learn what close, exact, delicate, and thoroughly genuine and exhaustive criticism means,—a knowledge which they will hardly acquire if they confine their reading to the *Saturday Review* or the *Athenæum*. It is thus for instance that he determines the relation between the earlier and the later work of Dante:—

“It may be noted here, how necessary a knowledge of the *Vita Nuova* is to the full comprehension of the part borne by Beatrice in the *Commedia*. Moreover, it is only from the perusal of its earliest and then undivulged self-communications, that we can divine the whole bitterness of wrong to such a soul as Dante’s; its poignant sense of abandonment, or its deep and jealous refuge in memory. Above all, it is here that we find the first manifestations of that wisdom of obedience, that natural breath of duty, which afterwards, in the *Commedia*, lifted up a mighty voice for warning and testimony. Throughout the *Vita Nuova*, there is a strain like the first falling murmur which reaches the ear in some remote meadow and prepares us to look upon the sea.”

The volume of translations from the

Italian poets is one of the best translations in the language. To the illustration of Dante, Mr. Rossetti was attracted by hereditary sympathies.

“In relinquishing this work (he says), which, small as it is, is the only contribution I expect to make to our English knowledge of old Italy, I feel as it were divided from my youth. The first associations I have are connected with my father’s devoted studies, which, from his own point of view, have done so much towards the general investigation of Dante’s writing. Thus, in those early days, all around me partook of the influence of the great Florentine till, from viewing it as a national element, I also, growing older, was drawn within the circle. I trust that from this the reader may place more confidence in a work not carelessly undertaken, though produced in the spare-time of other pursuits more closely followed. He should perhaps be told that it has occupied the leisure moments of not a few years, thus affording, often at long intervals, every opportunity for consideration and revision; and that, on the score of care at least, he has no need to mistrust it.”

The translation of the *Vita Nuova* occupies the central place in the volume, and is an admirable specimen of that difficult art,—superior even in certain respects to Mr. Theodore Martin’s very brilliant version. Mr. Rossetti has kept more of the original metal than Mr. Martin has succeeded in doing. The *Vita Nuova* is a piece of mediæval poetry and feeling. Now, the old forms of poetic construction are not preserved by sticking in at random a few words spelt and pronounced as Chaucer or Spenser spelt and pronounced them. Mr. Martin, however, is rather inclined to do this; and as the rest is essentially modern in sentiment and expression, the old words,—like Queen Elizabeth’s ruffles on a modern beauty,—look awkward, and out of place and keeping. In Mr. Rossetti’s, also, there is more literalness of thought as well as more literalness of language. Poetic language is always to some extent materialistic; and the materialism of Dante’s language (being united with profound awe and passionate emotion) is more marked than any other poet’s. It is only the critic who reads carefully, and weighs attentively what he reads, who will detect what is not a superficial difference merely; but such a one will be disposed to say that the sustained and weighty music of Rossetti’s lines, his gravity and singleness of purpose, are more in unison

with Dante's grave and reflective passion than the dash and verbal dexterity and idiomatic elegance of Mr. Martin. He has followed out—here pen in hand as elsewhere pencil in hand—the intricacies of Dante's language and Dante's thoughts with a quiet and persistent conscientiousness : a conscientiousness exactly like that of an old monk working with gold and silver and blue and crimson dyes on the initial letters of the Vulgate.

The following passages will give a fair idea of Mr. Rossetti's treatment of Dante :

I was ware of one, hoarse and tired out,
Who ask'd of me : "Hast thou not heard it
said ?
Thy lady, she that was so fair, is dead."

Then lifting up mine eyes, as the tears came,
I saw the angels, like a rain of manna,
In a long flight flying back heavenward ;
Having a little cloud in front of them,
After the which they went and said "Ho-
sanna !"
And if they had said more you should have
heard,
Then Love spoke thus : "Now all shall be made
clear :
Come and behold our lady where she lies :"
These idle phantasies
Then carried me to see my lady dead :
And standing at her head
Her ladies put a white veil over her ;
And with her was such very humbleness,
That she appeared to say, "I am at peace."

I call on Death
Even as on Sleep one calleth after strife,
Saying, "Come unto me. Life showeth grim
And bare : and if one dies, I envy him."

For ever, among all my sighs which burn,
There is a piteous speech
That clamors upon death continually :
Yea, unto him doth my whole spirit turn
Since first his hand did reach
My lady's life with most foul cruelty.
But from the height of woman's fairness,
she,
Going up from us with the joy we had,
Grew perfectly and spiritually fair ;
That so she spreads even there
A light of-love which makes the angels glad,
And even unto their subtle minds can bring
A certain awe of profound marvelling.

Beatrice is gone up into high heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace ;
And lives with them ; and to her friends is
dead.

Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others ; nor by summer-heats,
But through a perfect gentleness, instead,
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead,

Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Enter'd him for that lovely excellence,
So that He bade her to Himself aspire :
Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
Soar'd her clear spirit, waxing glad the while ;
And in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
Upon his face, must have become so vile
As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
Out upon him ! An abject wretch like this
May not imagine anything of her,—
He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
But sighing comes, and grief,
And the desire to find no comforter
(Save only Death, who makes all sorrow
brief),
To him who for a while turns in his thought
How she hath been among us, and is not.

The translation of the *Vita Nuova* shows, perhaps, the most sustained power, but in rendering the difficult and brilliant trifles of the lesser Italian poets—most arduous of any to a translator—Mr. Rossetti achieves his most remarkable success. The impressive effect of a massive work of art may be conveyed to a foreign reader, even through the medium of an indifferent translation ; but when the whole excellence of a poem lies in its dexterity and adroitness of movement, in the delicacy of its form and the fragility of its workmanship, a translation is absolutely worthless unless the translator's hand be as light, trenchant, and dexterous as the hand of the man who wrote the original. These delicious trifles, these fitful emanations of the fancy, are apt to suffer irreparable injury when rudely handled. Yet see how Mr. Rossetti succeeds. This is a sonnet by Boccaccio :

OF THREE GIRLS AND OF THEIR TALK.

By a clear well, within a little field,
Full of green grass and flowers of every hue,
Sat three young girls, relating (as I knew)
Their loves. And each had twined a bough to
shield
Her lovely face ; and the green leaves did yield
The golden hair their shadow ; while the two
Sweet colors mingled, both blown lightly
through
With a soft wind for ever stirr'd and still'd.
After a little while one of them said,
(I heard her) "Think ! If, ere the next hour
struck,
Each of our lovers should come here to-day,
Think you that we should fly or feel afraid ?"
To whom the others answered, "From such luck
A girl would be a fool to run away."

These catches are by Francho Sacchetti:

ON A FINE DAY.

"Be stirring, girls! we ought to have a run;
Look, did you ever see so fine a day?
Fling spindles right away,
And rocks and reels and wools:
Now don't be fools,
To-day your spinning's done.
Up with you, up with you!" So one by one,
They caught hands, catch who can,
Then singing, singing to the river they ran.
They ran, they ran
To the river, the river;
And the merry go-round
Carries them in a bound
To the mill o'er the river.
"Miller, miller, miller,
Weigh me this lady
And this other. Now steady!"
"You weigh a hundred, you,
And this one weighs two."
"Why dear, you do get stout!"
"You think so, dear, no doubt.
"Are you in a decline?"
"Keep your temper, and I'll keep mine."
"Come, girls." ("O thank you, miller!")
"We'll go home when you will."
So, as we crossed the hill,
A clown came in great grief
Crying, "Stop thief! stop thief!
O what a wretch I am!"
"Well, fellow, here's a clatter!
Well, what's the matter?"
"O Lord, O Lord, the wolf has got my lamb!"
Now at that word of woe,
The beauties came and clung about me so
That if wolf had but shown himself, may be
I too had caught a lamb that fled to me.

ON A WET DAY.

As I walk'd thinking through a little grove,
Some girls that gather'd flowers kept passing me,
Saying, "Look here! look there!" delightedly.
"Oh here it is!" "What's that?" A lily, love,
"And these are violets!"
"Further for roses! Oh the lovely pets,
The darling beauties! Oh the nasty thorn!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
"What's that that jumps?" "Oh don't! it's a
grasshopper!"
"Come run, come run,
Here's bluebells!" "Oh what fun!"
"Not that way! stop her!"
"Yes, this way!" "Pluck them, then!"
"Oh, I've found mushrooms! oh look here!"
"Oh, I'm
Quite sure that further on we'll get wild thyme."
"Oh we shall stay too long, it's going to rain!
There's lightning, oh there's thunder!"
"Oh sha'n't we hear the vesper-bell, I wonder?"
"Why, it's not nones, you silly little thing;
And don't you hear the nightingales that sing
Fly away, O die away?"
"I feel so funny! hush!"
"Why, where?" "What is it then?" "Ah!
in that bush!"
So every girl here knocks it, shakes it, shocks it,
Till with the stir they make
Out skurries a great snake.

"O Lord!" "O me!" "Alack!" "Ah me!"
"Alack!"

They scream, and then all run and scream again,
And then in heavy drops down comes the rain.

Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and crying
And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right;
One sets her knee
There where her foot should be:
One has her hands and dress
All smother'd up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood, and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the
ground,
And still as screaming, hustling without rest
They run this way and that, and round and round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

Mr. Rossetti has at length published a small volume of original poetry. We may be sure that it will excite considerable controversy—that there will be much said in praise and dispraise—that it will be vehemently admired, and perhaps even more vehemently assailed. My own opinion is that the volume is lighted by the authentic fire of the imagination, and that the poems of which it consists are almost without exception products of the high poetic faculty in certain of its highest and most intense moods. This cardinal fact being conceded, I am ready to own if required that—not free from quaintness, eccentricity, mysticism of a sort—it is a publication in certain aspects fitted to startle and perplex that British Philistine with whose features Mr. Matthew Arnold has made us familiar.

What is the highest faculty exercised in poetic composition? The question is not difficult to answer when we keep steadily in view what is its essential aim. In the sister art of painting, neither the landscape painter nor the portrait painter can be held to reach the level of the men who painted the "Transfiguration" and the "Last Judgment." The same observation may be applied to the poet. He may be a master of description, he may be a master of metaphor, he may be a master of color, but all these avail him nothing if he has not *vision*. Form, color, metaphor, are secondary, and not essential—they clothe but do not constitute being. The true use of an image or metaphor, for instance, is to represent or suggest through a mate-

rial object a spiritual fact. A poet uses color, too, and form, just as certain of the conditions under which being is made manifest. Life in its essence cannot be apprehended even by philosophy. The *science* of Ontology is a misnomer. It is in the spiritual world alone that we see face to face and know even as we are known. *Here* we see as through a glass darkly—that is to say, we see the reflection cast upon the mirror, but the object which causes the reflection is to us invisible.

Nor can poetry apprehend the pure idea. But all poetry, lyrical as well as dramatic, is an effort to make the spirit or idea visible—a lyric being the expression of individual life, a drama of the life of others.

The real pre-eminence of a poet lies therefore in his capacity to grasp the idea—in other words, in his power absolutely to realize the spirit. The poet who can come most directly in contact with the idea or emotion—without the intervention, or rather with the least intervention of forms, colors, images, and other accidental or inevitable symbols—is the truest poet,—has the “*vision* and faculty divine” most completely developed. As the most vivid spiritual communion dispenses with ritual, so is there a *color-blindness* of the imagination, due to the intensity with which the inner light is apprehended.

The page of the modern poet glows with color, and is crowded with metaphor. Both the excess of color and the excess of imagery are signs of imaginative weakness. Had Alexander Smith attained what in poetry, as in theology, may be called “a living faith,” his books would not have consisted of imperfectly-connected passages, where metaphor jostles metaphor, and where the colors are laid on with tropical lavishness. It was because he had not penetrated to the core, that he took refuge in the mere accidents, of the emotion. Keats’s famous color passage in *The Eve of St. Agnes* is, to my mind, mere surface-work compared with the pure intellectual majesty of *Hyperion*.

In Mr. Morris’s poems the expression of the idea is somehow reached by a method of treatment apparently desultory and garrulous, yet surprisingly effective. Mr. Rossetti, on the other hand, is never desultory nor garrulous. The thought is doubly distilled before it leaves his cruci-

ble. The strong wine of imagination is given us undiluted. His poems display the highest concentration of the poetic faculty. They are terse as epigrams. Slovenliness—weak expansion—words or thoughts that could be dispensed with—have no place in this wonderfully compact little volume.

Mr. Rossetti seldom uses a metaphor. There is little or no color in his poems. He never indulges in elaborate portraiture. But the pure idea is presented to us with surpassing clearness. He realizes the emotion in the most absolute way. The fire of his imagination is a spiritual flame which consumes whatever is not essential. Even his rare use of metaphor is characteristic. It may said that, as a general rule, metaphor is used to make thought and emotion more palpable to the sense. An emotion too fine and rare to bear direct expression is indirectly apprehended by the mind through the image of which in the spiritual world it is “the double.” Mr. Rossetti, however, commonly uses metaphor with quite another result—with the result, namely, of making the emotion more spiritual, of investing it with a more intellectual character, of translating it into a subtle speech of the spirit.

Mr. Rossetti’s poems may be regarded as falling into three main groups—sonnets, lyrics, and ballads, in all of which this high simplicity and supreme directness are apparent.

The sonnet is the most concise form of poetic speech. It is to poetry what wit is to prose. The principle on which Wordsworth’s sonnets are constructed is very apparent—too apparent perhaps—for his constructive faculty was feeble, and he had little mental elasticity. In the first half of the poem the writer describes some scene of natural beauty or interest, then he turns away from the direct contemplation of the landscape to embody the feeling which it roused or the thought which it suggested. Such a treatment is apt to become monotonous; but Wordsworth’s sonnets are saved from monotony by their grave and sustained moral sublimity as well as by their occasionally delicate insight into the life from which their inspiration is drawn. Mr. Rossetti’s are more varied, more ardent, more animated, more intellectually original than Wordsworth’s; and the terse and concentrated felicity of his language is here, as might indeed be

expected, specially noticeable. He does not appear to obey any particular sonnet law—the opening lines, indeed, generally contain the illustration which by way of association or contrast is intended to throw light upon the dominant feeling of the poem as set forth in the closing lines; but I am disposed to think that there are few sonnets in our later literature that are brighter, more vivid, more dramatic, and yet more weighty with the very essence of high feeling and thought, than the sonnets which compose *The House of Life* in this volume. One or two of the most notable are for certain reasons the least quotable; but those which I have selected will convey a fair impression of the rest. From the section of *The House of Life* devoted to love (which is indeed the master-passion of the whole volume), I cull the following.

The first is entitled “Bridal Birth,” and describes the birth of love:

As when desire, long darkling, dawns, and first
The mother looks upon the newborn child,
Even so my Lady stood at gaze and smiled
When her soul knew at length the Love it nursed.
Born with her life, creature of poignant thirst
And exquisite hunger, at her heart Love lay
Quickening in darkness, till a voice that day
Cried on him, and the bonds of birth were burst.
Now, shielded in his wings, our faces yearn
Together, as his fullgrown feet now range
The grove, and his warm hands our couch
prepare:
Till to his song our bodiless souls in turn
Be born his children, when Death's nuptial
change
Leaves us for light the halo of his hair.

The difference between the mere outskirts and the inner domain of Love's kingdom is represented in

LOVE'S LOVERS.

Some ladies love the jewels in Love's zone
And gold-tipped darts he hath for painless play
In idle scornful hours he flings away;
And some that listen to his lute's soft tone
Do love to deem the silver praise their own;
Some prize his blindfold sight; and there be they
Who kissed his wings which brought him yesterday
And thank his wings to-day that he is flown.
My lady only loves the heart of Love:
Therefore Love's heart, my lady, hath for thee
His bower of unimagined flower and tree:
There kneels he now, and all-anhungred of
Thine eyes gray-lit in shadowing hair above,
Seals with thy mouth his immortality.

The poet-painter thus identifies himself with the portrait of his lady:

O Lord of all compassionate control,
O Love! let this my Lady's picture glow
Under my hand to praise her name, and show
Even of her inner self the perfect whole:
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal,
Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw
And reffluent wave of the sweet smile, may
know
The very sky and sea-line of her soul.
Lo! it is done. Above the long lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to me.

This is the narrative of

A DAY OF LOVE.

Those envied places which do know her well,
And are so scornful of this lonely place,
Even now for once are emptied of her grace:
Nowhere but here she is: and while Love's spell
From his predominant presence doth compel
All alien hours, an outworn populace,
The hours of Love fill full the echoing space
With sweet confederate music favorable.
Now many memories make solicitous
The delicate love-lines of her mouth, till, lit
With quivering fire, the words take wing from
it;
As here between our kisses we sit thus
Speaking of things remembered, and so sit
Speechless while things forgotten call to us.

This on “Broken Music” is very subtle and exquisite:

The mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
Her nursing's speech first grow articulate;
But breathless with averted eyes elate
She sits, with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts and
fears
Thus oft my soul has hearkened; till the song,
A central moan for days, at length found tongue,
And the sweet music welled and the sweet tears.
But now, whatever while the soul is fain
To list that wonted murmur, as it were
The speech-bound sea-shell's low unfortunate
strain,—
No breath of song, thy voice alone is there,
O bitterly beloved! and all her gain
Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

In “The Hill Summit,” the evening light, and all it suggests, is deliciously rendered:

This feast day of the sun, his altar there
In the broad west has blazed for vesper-song;
And I have loitered in the vale too long
And gaze now a belated worshipper.
Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
So journeying, of his face at intervals
Transfigured where the fringed horizon falls,—
A fiery bush with coruscating hair.

And now that I have climbed and won this height,
 I must tread downward through the sloping
 shade
 And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
 Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed
 And see the gold air and the silver fade
 And the last bird fly into the last light.

In the last which I quote, "The One Hope," the poet rises to the high mystical altitude with which he is not unfamiliar :

When vain desire at last and vain regret
 Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
 What shall assuage the forgotten pain
 And teach the forgetful to forget ?
 Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,—
 Or may the gold at once in a green plain
 Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain
 And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet ?
 Ah ! when the wan soul in that golden air
 Between the scripted petals softly blown
 Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,
 Let no such joys as other souls count fair
 But only the one Hope's one name be there,—
 Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

Among the lyrical poems we have specimens of both the forms with which Mr. Browning has made us familiar—the personal and the dramatic. The former are of course simpler and slighter, and (with one or two exceptions to which I shall immediately allude) are arch, lively, and highly finished. "Sudden Light" is one of those consummate trifles which defy analysis.

I have been here before,
 But when or how I cannot tell ;
 I know the grass beyond the door,
 The sweet keen smell,
 The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
 How long ago I may not know ;
 But just when at that swallow's soar
 Your neck turned so,
 Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

Then, now,—perchance again ! . . .
 O round mine eyes your tresses shake !
 Shall we not lie as we have lain
 Thus for Love's sake,
 And sleep, and wake, yet never break the chain ?

This is handled with equal delicacy :

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED.

Peace in her chamber, wheresoe'er
 It be, a holy place :
 The thought still brings my soul such grace
 As morning meadows wear.

Whether it still be small and light,
 A maid's who dreams alone,
 As from her orchard-gate the moon
 Its ceiling showed at night :

Or whether, in a shadow dense
 As nuptial hymns invoke,
 Innocent maidenhood awoke
 To married innocence :

There still the thanks unheard await
 The unconscious gift bequeathed ;
 For there my soul this hour has breathed
 An air inviolate.

"A Young Fir-Wood" is worthy of Peter Graham's canvas :

These little firs to-day are things
 To clasp into a giant's cap,
 Or fans to suit his lady's lap.
 But many winters many springs
 Shall cherish them in strength and sap,
 Till they be marked upon the map,
 A wood for the wind's wanderings.

All seed is in the sower's hands :
 And what at first was trained to spread
 Its shelter for some single head,—
 Yea, even such fellowship of wands,—
 May hide the sunset, and the shade
 Of its great multitude be laid
 Upon the earth and elder sands.

The exceptions to which I have alluded are "The Portrait" and "The Blessed Damozel." Both of these appear to me to be very great and noble poems. Some of the stanzas in "The Portrait," such as—

This is her picture as she was :
 It seems a thing to wonder on,
 As though mine image in the glass
 Should tarry when myself am gone.
 I gaze until she seems to stir,—
 Until mine eyes almost aver
 That now, even now, the sweet lips part
 To breathe the words of the sweet heart :—
 And yet the earth is over her.

Alas ! even such the thin-drawn ray
 That makes the prison-depths more rude,—
 The drip of water night and day
 Giving a tongue to solitude.
 Yet this, of all love's perfect prize,
 Remains ; save what in mournful guise
 Takes counsel with my soul alone,—
 Save what is secret and unknown,
 Below the earth, above the skies.

A deep dim wood ; and there she stands
 As in that wood that day : for so
 Was the still movement of her hands
 And such the pure line's gracious flow.

And passing fair the type must seem,
Unknown the presence and the dream.
'Tis she : thought of herself, alas !
Less than her shadow on the grass
Or than her image in the stream.

That day we met there, I and she
One with the other all alone ;
And we were blithe ; yet memory
Saddens those hours, as when the moon
Looks upon daylight. And with her
I stooped to drink the spring-water,
Athirst where other waters sprang ;
And where the echo is, she sang,—
My soul another echo there.

And 'as I wrought, while all above
And all around was fragrant air,
In the sick burthen of my love
It seemed each sun-thrilled blossom there
Beat like a heart among the leaves.
O heart that never beats nor heaves,
In that one darkness lying still,
What now to thee my love's great will
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves ?

For now doth daylight disavow
Those days,—nought left to see or hear.
Only in solemn whispers now
At night-time these things reach mine ear,
When the leaf-shadows at a breath
Shrink in the road, and all the heath,
Forest and water, far and wide,
In limpid starlight glorified,
Lie like the mystery of death—

could not easily be surpassed; but as a whole "The Blessed Damozel" is perhaps the most striking poem in the volume. It displays in nearly every verse what I have called the highest faculty of the poet—the faculty of *imaginative vision*—combined with a certain homely and familiar pathos. This blessed soul looking down upon the earth from the ledge of heaven is strangely stirred with mortal passion, and

the clear-ranged unnumbered heads,
Bowed with their aureoles,

are less to her than one sinful man whose tearless sorrow time cannot cure. The passages which are printed in italics (a vicious practice, I admit) are those to which I would direct the special attention of the reader.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of water stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meekly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
*The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;*
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
... Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apart.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
*Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.*

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names ;
*And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.*

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

*From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds.* Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; *the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ;* and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Just now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength
And shall I feel afraid?

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud."

*(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)*

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, *the clear-ranged unnumbered heads*
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

Among the dramatic lyrics—lyrical in form, dramatic in principle—"Troy Town," "Eden Bower," "Ave," and "A Last Confession," are the most noticeable. In "Troy Town" the subtle malice of Venus is very delicately indicated; "Eden Bower" is the powerful but somewhat unpleasant conception of a serpent-woman; "A Last Confession" is a story of Italian love and Italian passion which

might have been drawn by one of the old masters of tragedy. It contains the most charming bit of portrait-painting in the volume. This is the heroine:

Yes, let me think of her as then; for so
Her image, Father, is not like the sights
Which come when you are gone. She had a
mouth
Made to bring death to life,—the underlip
Sucked in, as if it strove to kiss itself.
Her face was ever pale, as when one stoops
Over wan water; and the dark crisped hair
And the hair's shadow made it paler still:—
Deep-serried locks, the darkness of the cloud
Where the moon's gaze is set in eddying gloom.
Her body bore her neck as the tree's stem
Bears the top branch; and as the branch sustains
The flower of the year's pride, her high neck bore
That face made wonderful with night and day.
Her voice was swift, yet ever the last words
Fell lingeringly; and rounded finger-tips
She had, that clung a little where they touched
And then were gone o' the instant. Her great
eyes,
That sometimes turned half dizzily beneath
The passionate lids, as faint, when she would
speak,
Had also in them hidden springs of mirth,
Which under the dark lashes evermore
Shook to her laugh, as when a bird flies low
Between the water and the willow-leaves,
And the shade quivers till he wins the light.

"Ave" is an effort to enter into the inner life of Mary, the mother of Christ—a highly imaginative piece of realism which contrasts curiously with the mediævalism of "The Blessed Damozel," seeing that the one may be said to belong to the present, the other to a past that has grown mystical and ideal. I quote one or two of the verses.

AVE.

Mind'st thou not (when June's heavy breath
Warned the long days in Nazareth),
That eve thou didst go forth to give
Thy flowers some drink that they might live
One faint night more amid the sands?
Far off the trees were as pale wands
Against the fervid sky: the sea
Sighed farther off eternally
As human sorrow sighs in sleep.
Then suddenly the awe grew deep,
As of a day to which all days
Were footsteps in God's secret ways:
Until a folding sense, like prayer,
Which is, as God is, everywhere,
Gathered about thee; and a voice
Spoke to thee without any noise,
Being of the silence:—"Hail," it said,
"Thou that art highly favorèd;
The Lord is with thee here and now;
Blessed among all women thou."

Ah ! knew'st thou of the end, when first
That Babe was on thy bosom nurs'd ?—
Or when he tottered round thy knee
Did thy great sorrow dawn on thee ?—
And through His boyhood, year by year
Eating with Him the Passover,
Didst thou discern confusedly
That holier sacrament, when He,
The bitter cup about to quaff,
Should break the bread and eat thereof ?—
Or came not yet the knowledge, even
Till on some day forecast in Heaven
His feet passed through thy door to press
Upon His Father's business ?—
Or still was God's high secret kept ?

Nay, but I think the whisper crept
Like growth through childhood. Work and play,
Things common to the course of day,
Awed thee with meanings unfulfill'd ;
And all through girlhood, something still'd
Thy senses like the birth of light,
When thou hast trimmed thy lamp at night
Or washed thy garments in the stream ;
To whose white bed had come the dream
That He was thine and thou wast His
Who feeds among the field-lilies.
O solemn shadow of the end
In that wise spirit long contain'd !
O awful end ! and those unsaid
Long years when It was Finish'd !

Soul, is it Faith, or Love, or Hope,
That lets me see her standing up
Where the light of the Throne is bright ?
Unto the left, unto the right,
The cherubim, arrayed, conjoint,
Float inward to a golden point,
And from between the seraphim
The glory issues for a hymn.

Such lines as these last, and others in the "Blessed Damozel," to which I have alluded, remind me of some of the glorious designs with which David Scott added a new charm to the *Pilgrim's Progress*—especially to that last and mightiest effort of his pencil which represents the heavenly host, rank after rank, gathered round the throne of God—the innermost centre of light.

Mr. Rossetti's ballads are few in number, but really admirable in quality. "Stratton Water" is a singularly faithful reproduction of the old English and Scotch ballad form, both the measure and spirit being consistently preserved. The same may be said of "The Staff and Scrip," and of "Sister Helen," though a somewhat more "modern touch" (that more involved thoughtfulness from which a modern poet finds it so difficult to escape) may occasionally be detected in

them, as in these stanzas from the former :

Her eyes were like the wave within ;
Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body, dainty thin ;
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.

For him, the stream had never well'd
In desert tracts malign
So sweet ; nor had he ever felt
So faint in the sunshine
Of Palestine.

Right so, he knew that he saw weep
Each night through every dream
The Queen's own face, confused in sleep
With visages supreme
Not known to him.

With the exception of "The Blessed Damozel," the most impressive poem in the volume is "Sister Helen." It is founded upon an old tradition of witchcraft, that a waxen figure or image may be so intimately associated with the person whom it represents, that the destruction or consumption of the one involves the decay and death of the other. The betrayed woman essays the terrible experiment. She melts her "waxen man" before the fire, and her false lover dies. A fierce and relentless irony pervades the piece, intensified by the weird refrain, the echo repeated from earth and heaven, as it were, of consuming hate and hopeless despair. Each scene is painted with surprising vividness (seeing that there is no direct narrative, but only the talk between brother and sister, and this weird wail adding its touch of grimness and reality to the successive incidents) ; first, the room in which the fatal fire already begins to burn low, then the clear moonlight high up in the windy balcony, then the sounds of the horses' hoofs and of men's voices outside entreating pity from the pitiless, and last the white form entering at the door which opens right away into the star-white visionary night. The space at my disposal will enable me to quote the opening and closing stanzas only.

SISTER HELEN.

"Why did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen ?

To-day is the third since you began."

"The time was long, yet the time ran,
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven !)

"But if you have done your work aright,
 Sister Helen,
 You'll let me play, for you said I might."
 "Be very still in your play to-night,
 Little brother."
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Third night, to-night, between Hell and Heaven !)

"Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
 Sister Helen;
 How like dead folk he has dropped away !"
 "Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
 Little brother ?"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven ?)

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick and sore,
 Sister Helen,
 And I'll play without the gallery door."
 "Ay, let me rest,—I'll lie on the floor,
 Little brother."
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What rest to-night, between Hell and Heaven ?)

"Here high up in the balcony,
 Sister Helen,
 The moon flies face to face with me."
 "Ay, look and say whatever you see,
 Little brother."
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What sight to-night, between Hell and Heaven ?)

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
 Sister Helen;
 In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
 "Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,
 Little brother ?"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What sound to-night, between Hell and Heaven ?)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
 Sister Helen,
 Three horsemen that ride terribly."
 "Little brother, whence come the three,
 Little brother ?"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Whence should they come, between Hell and Heaven ?)

And then one by one the brothers and
 the father of the false Keith ride up, and
 passionately entreat her to have pity—in
 vain.

"Oh the wind is sad in the iron chill,
 Sister Helen,
 And weary sad they look by the hill."
 "But Keith of Ewern's sadder still,
 Little brother !"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Most sad of all, between Hell and Heaven !)

"See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,
 Sister Helen,
 And the flames are winning up apace !"
 "Yet here they burn but for a space,
 Little brother !"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven !)

"Ah ! what white thing at the door has cross'd,
 Sister Helen ?
 Ah ! what is this that sighs in the frost ?"
 "A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
 Little brother !"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven !)

The one or two narrative poems in the volume are hardly up to the level of this, or indeed of the more strictly lyrical portion of the volume in general ; though "Dante in Verona" is a concise and picturesque sketch of the great poet's exile, and "Jenny" is a curious study—half scornful, half pitiful—of a life which upon the whole, perhaps, is best left unrecorded, so little can be made of it either by priest or poet. Yet some of the not least striking passages in the volume are to be found in this piece, as, for example, such as these :

Why, Jenny, you're asleep at last !—
 Asleep, poor Jenny, hard and fast,—
 So young and soft and tired ; so fair,
 With chin thus nestled in your hair,
 Mouth quiet, eyelids almost blue
 As if some sky of dreams shone through !

Just as another woman sleeps !
 Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps
 Of doubt and horror,—what to say
 Or think,—this awful secret sway,
 The potter's power over the clay !
 Of the same lump (it has been said)
 For honor and dishonor made,
 Two sister vessels. Here is one.

My cousin Nell is fond of fun,
 And fond of dress, and change, and praise,
 So mere a woman in her ways :
 And if her sweet eyes rich in youth
 Are like her lips that tell the truth,
 My cousin Nell is fond of love.
 And she's the girl I'm proudest of.
 Who does not prize her, guard her well ?
 The love of change, in cousin Nell,
 Shall find the best and hold it dear :
 The unconquered mirth turn quieter
 Not through her own, through other's woe :
 The conscious pride of beauty glow
 Beside another's pride in her,
 One little part of all they share.
 For Love himself shall ripen these
 In a kind soil to just increase
 Through years of fertilizing peace.

Of the same lump (as it is said)
 For honor and dishonor made,
 Two sister vessels. Here is one.

It makes a goblin of the sun.

So pure,—so fall'n ! How dare to think
 Of the first common kindred link ?
 Yet, Jenny, till the world shall burn
 It seems that all things take their turn ;

And who shall say but this fair tree
 May need, in changes that may be,
 Your children's children's charity?
 Scorned then, no doubt, as you are scorn'd!
 Shall no man hold his pride forewarn'd
 Till in the end, the Day of Days,
 At Judgment, one of his own race,
 As frail and lost as you, shall rise,—
 His daughter, with his mother's eyes?

* * * * *

Fair shines the gilded aureole
 In which our highest painters place
 Some living woman's simple face.
 And the stilled features thus described
 As Jenny's long throat droops aside,—
 The shadows where the cheeks are thin,
 And pure wide curve from ear to chin,—
 With Raffael's or Da Vinci's hand
 To show them to men's souls, might stand,
 Whole ages long, the whole world through,
 For preachings of what God can do.
 What has man done here? How atone,
 Great God, for this which man has done?
 And for the body and soul which by
 Man's pitiless doom must now comply
 With lifelong hell, what lullaby

Of sweet forgetful second birth
 Remains? All dark. No sign on earth
 What measure of God's rest endows
 The many mansions of his house.

The reader has now some fair samples of these poems before him. He must judge for himself of their value. I have indicated briefly my own opinion. I think that Mr. Rossetti has proved that he possesses the supreme faculty of the poet—imaginative *vision*. Hence his coherence, directness, simplicity, concentration, and insight. There are other qualities no doubt which go to the making of a poet, but there is none higher, none rarer than that which enables him to present to us, without color or metaphor, but in sharp, clear, and articulate outline—the emotion or idea in its simplest, most rudimentary, and most rigorously intellectual and spiritual aspect. This is what Mr. Rossetti has done; and what the highest order of poets alone can do.

Cornhill Magazine.

A CLEVER FORGERY.

THE attention which has of late been called to literary forgeries induces us to lay before our readers some particulars of a case of imposture which, as regards the eminence of the author whose work was imitated; the skill of the imitator; the internal character of the forged document; the success of the fraud; the difficulty of discovery; and the mystery which even now hangs over the transaction, yields in interest to no recorded event of the kind. Moreover, the history is in a great measure new to this country. The forgery was committed in Germany eighty years ago, and it is above thirty years since it was detected and publicly exposed; but the work in question, which is very popular and has a large sale, is almost universally believed, here, to be the genuine production of the author whose name it bears.

The history applies, not to a literary, but to a musical document, which passes for one of the greatest works of one of the greatest composers of modern days.*

The points of interest are, however, very analogous to those arising in cases of literary forgery.

In the latter part of the last century there resided, some twenty or thirty miles south of Vienna, a large landed proprietor named Count Wallsegg. At that time Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were all busy in the Austrian capital; music was much cultivated, and it was no uncommon thing for a man of elevated rank to be also a learned and skilful musician. Count Wallsegg aimed at obtaining this character; he patronized music and musicians extensively, retained a band of his own, and produced for their performance creditable music from his own hand. In 1791 his Countess died, and he took the opportunity of combining his respect for her with the gratification of his ruling passion, by producing a new Requiem, to be performed in her memory. It was a pretentious composition for voices and instruments; the score, in the Count's autograph, is still in existence, and bears the following title:—

* The particulars here given are chiefly taken from a work published in Leipsic, in 1859, "*W. A. Mozart*, von OTTO JAHN." The details more

especially interesting to musicians may be found in a series of articles communicated to the *Musical Times* in 1869, by W. Pole, F.R.S., Mus. Doc., Oxon.

REQUIEM
COMPOSTO DAL
CONTE WALLSEGG.

It was put in rehearsal and studied carefully ; musicians were brought from Vienna to augment the orchestra, and at length, in 1792, it was publicly performed. It was one of the finest works ever heard in that part of the country ; it was repeated several times, and it procured the Count great fame.

About that time another death of an eminent person occurred in Vienna. The great Mozart, whose wonderful genius and talent as a composer were destined to place him, for all future time, at the summit of the musical art, departed this life, in the fulness of his powers, on the 5th December, 1791. His latest works had procured that recognition of his merits which had been denied to him in his early years, and some months after his death great interest was excited by the public performance of what was stated to be his last composition, described as

MISSA PRO DEFUNCTIS
(REQUIEM)
IN MUSIK GESETZT
VON
W. A. MOZART.

The hall was densely crowded, and the work was received with the greatest enthusiasm. It was quickly repeated in Leipsic and in other places ; manuscript copies were bought at large prices by the sovereigns of Europe ; and one of the most eminent musicians of the time wrote out a transcript, note for note, with his own hand, inscribing on the title-page, in letters an inch high, the words *Opus summum viri summi !*

Now, strange to say, the Requiem "composto" by Count Wallsegg, and the Requiem "in Musik gesetzt" by W. A. Mozart, were one and the same composition. And, stranger still, this Requiem was not composed by Count Wallsegg, for he was incapable of conceiving a bar of such music ; nor was it written by Mozart, for it was not in existence at the time he died ! The original score was a clever forgery of Mozart's handwriting, executed after his death, at the instance of his widow, by a young man whose name would never have come down to posterity had it not

been for his connection with this transaction.

The circumstances under which this double imposture came about were as follows. The musical compositions which procured the Count Wallsegg so much credit, though given out by him as his own, were only so in the sense that a lady's hair, under the present fashion of coiffure, is her own ; namely, because he *bought* them. It was his custom, when he wanted to produce a song, a quartett, or a symphony, to order it from some composer, whom he paid liberally, under the condition that he should be allowed to take the credit of the composition, the real authorship being strictly concealed. He did not himself appear in these transactions, but carried them on through secret agents, so that the authors themselves often did not know what became of their works. The Count did not publish his music ; he appears to have been content with the fame derived from its performance under his direction ; and though some of his musicians strongly suspected that the style was above his capability, it was not their interest to expose him.

When the idea of performing a Requiem for his Countess occurred to him, he fixed on Mozart as the person to write it. It is said he had already had some transactions with this composer, but whether this was so or not, he knew well, not only that he was an able musician, but also that his circumstances were such as would incline him to fall in with the proposal. Accordingly a messenger was sent to Mozart in Vienna, to ask him if he would undertake the commission, on the condition of secrecy, and if so, what remuneration he would expect. He assented, naming a sum which the Count willingly paid in advance, promising to increase it considerably when the score was delivered to him.

Mozart's attention was at first called off by other pressing engagements ; but on receiving, some time afterwards, a reminder from the Count, he set to the work. He was then falling ill, and had a presentiment of his approaching decease, but he honorably endeavored to perform his engagement. He commenced the composition, which was taken from him by his physicians, and again resumed ; but before he had proceeded far with it, he was called "to that place where only his harmony could be excelled."

The widow, who was left in bad circumstances, felt greatly perplexed about the Requiem. She feared that if the person who had commissioned it came to know it was unfinished, he would demand the return of his money; and she therefore began to consider whether it would not be possible to evade such a liability. She had many friends among the composers of Vienna, and she hit upon the idea of asking some of them to complete the work, in such a manner that the whole might be passed off as her husband's; a measure by which she might not only retain the sum already received, but secure that which was to come. Several musicians were applied to in strict confidence, and at last a suitable person was found in a young man named Franz Xavier Süssmayer, a pupil of Mozart's, who had been much with him during the latter part of his life. He was a clever musician, and wrote some works that excited attention at the time; but he lived a dissipated life, and died before he could establish any enduring character as a composer.

Mozart had finished only one movement of the Requiem out of thirteen; he had made some progress with several others, but the last four or five he had not even begun. Süssmayer undertook to finish the incomplete portions, and to fill up those wanting by entirely new compositions of his own.

But he undertook more than this. The widow, though she did not know who the person was for whom the Requiem was intended, seems to have had a shrewd notion that some trouble might be caused by the work not being in the handwriting of her husband, which was peculiar and well known. To imitate this was almost as difficult a task as to fill up the wanting music; indeed, many persons who might have attempted the latter would have been incapable of the former. Süssmayer, however, undertook both duties, and performed them both with equal skill and success. He took the first movement already existing in Mozart's hand, and having completed and composed the remainder, he copied the latter in such an exact imitation of Mozart's writing that, when bound up with the real autograph, no difference could be traced between them.

The score thus made up was then sent to the Count Wallsegg, who doubtless recognizing the writing, suspected nothing,

but re-copied the whole and gave it out for his own, secure in the belief that his secret would be preserved by the payment of his stipulated and handsome honorarium.

But in this belief he had reckoned without his host, or rather without his hostess; for the cunning widow, before parting with Süssmayer's score, had made a copy for herself, and this she determined to use, with very little scruple, for her own advantage.

A curious anecdote is related of a violin-maker, so skilful in his trade, that he could imitate an old violin to perfection. One day a fiddler, more eminent than honest, brought him a fine Cremona, and said, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "Mr. — I want you to make me an exact copy of this Amati." The maker, who knew to whom the fiddle belonged and guessed the object, promised to have it ready in two months. At the end of the time the player came, paid the money and received the two violins; but when he got home, and examined them closely, he found they were *both* counterfeits, the clever imitator having kept the true Amati for himself.

So Madame Mozart was not content with a single imposture, she resolved not only to deceive Count Wallsegg, but to deceive the world also. She cared nothing for her husband's solemn pledge of secrecy, but determined at once to perform the Requiem under Mozart's name, and thus it became known to the public, as already described. No doubt the Count winced when he heard of the Vienna performance, but he was not in a position to complain, and though he remonstrated privately, at a later time, he did not interfere with the general circulation of the work. In 1800 the score was engraved for publication by a Leipsic firm, and in consequence of some reports that had reached them as to Süssmayer's connection with the Requiem, they applied to him for explanation. He admitted, in answer, that the work was partly his own composition; but though the firm published his letter, they discredited his claim, believing him incapable of composing music of so high a character; and for this reason they described the work as entirely Mozart's, without making any further allusion to Süssmayer.

Five-and-twenty years afterwards the

question was again raised. An eminent critic named Gottfried Weber attacked the Requiem on internal grounds. He endeavored to prove that the work could not be Mozart's, as it abounded with faults which it was impossible such a writer could commit. He attributed the composition mainly to Süßmayer, and cited the published letter from this young man as corroborative of the judgment he had formed from the music itself. Weber's article stirred up a violent controversy, which lasted for two or three years, and in which many leading musicians took part; but owing to the silence of Madame Mozart, for obvious reasons, and to the reticence of her friends out of consideration for her, this left the question only where it was before. The composition had been warmly defended, and the general opinion was still adhered to, in spite of Weber's criticisms, that the work was really genuine.

In 1839 the true state of the matter was discovered, and the fraud detected, by the production of the original manuscript score, furnished in the first instance to Count Wallsegg. He had fortunately preserved it secretly in his library, and some years after his death it was discovered and identified, and was purchased by Count Moritz von Dietrichstein, for the Imperial Library at Vienna. The greatest interest was excited in the musical world by the acquisition, and an investigation of the evidence it afforded as to the authorship was at once set on foot. The proceedings on this inquiry form one of the strangest portions of the history; and we extract the following account of them from an official narrative published shortly afterwards by the keeper of the library.*

An inspection of the score gave at once the impression to every one who was acquainted with Mozart's writing, that it was entirely, from the first to the last leaf, written by his hand; from which it followed that he had really finished the work before his death, and that every report circulated, either in print or by tradition to the contrary, must be an error. This impression was confirmed by various other considerations, among which the elevated

character of the whole of the music, and the reputation which, after all the attacks of Weber, and the testing of half a century, it had maintained, were important elements.

But it was felt that great caution ought to be exercised in admitting this opinion. It was true that manuscripts often had been, and still from time to time were discovered, which had been considered as lost, or the existence of which had never been suspected; but still, as evidence had been produced, at a former time, from good authority, tending to throw doubt on Mozart's alleged completion of the Requiem, it was decided that the apparent resemblance of the writing ought not to be trusted; but that, as a duty to the musical world, the manuscript ought to undergo the most searching examination and the severest tests that it was possible to apply.

The first test was by comparing the newly-found score with the original unfinished portions of the same work, which had undeniably proceeded from Mozart's hand. It must be explained that it was the widow's policy, in furtherance of her imposture, carefully to keep these out of sight. She would have been unscrupulous enough to destroy them, but her cupidity prevented this, as she hoped to make money by them. After some ineffectual attempts to dispose of them, under conditions of secrecy, to a publisher at Frankfurt, she sold them piecemeal, in such a way as to render difficult their subsequent discovery. A good providence, however, foiled her intention, as they fortunately, after many vicissitudes, fell into the hands of persons who perceived their value, and placed them for safety in the Imperial Library.

The existence of these unquestionably genuine documents was not inconsistent with the possibility that Mozart, treating them as mere sketches, might have subsequently made a fair finished copy; but at the same time they served as an excellent test for the comparison of the newly-found manuscript, inasmuch as the whole of the contents of the former were—notes, signs, and words—literally transcribed into the latter. The comparison was made with great care, and the resemblance of the handwriting was found perfect in nearly all particulars.

But this comparison was not thought

* *Ueber die original Partitur des Requiem von W. A. Mozart.* VON I. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL. Wien, 1839.

sufficient, and a wider investigation was set on foot. The authorities procured other undoubted manuscripts by Mozart, upwards of eighty in number, of all periods of his life, including some of his latest, corresponding to the date of the Requiem; and armed with these, a number of the most eminent musicians, and of those best acquainted with Mozart's writings, were invited to form a committee for the purpose of examining the new score and of pronouncing a judgment upon it.

The committee renewed, with the more copious materials, the careful comparison previously made; and the result was that the majority declared the new score to be positively in Mozart's handwriting, from its exact correspondence with his acknowledged manuscripts in all important parts, not only in the notes and the text, but also in the minor signs, such as the figuring added to the bass part, and so on. A comparison was also made with some autographs of Süssmayer's, and these were so essentially different as hardly to present the most distant likeness, many of the signs in them being of a totally different character.

The minority of the committee, while they admitted that the reasons in favor of the genuineness far outweighed any arguments that could be brought on the other side, stated, on being repeatedly pressed to do so, the following facts which they believed deserved further consideration:—

In the first place, the date 1792 was written under Mozart's name, whereas it was known that he died in the preceding year.

Secondly, some ungrammatical progressions were pointed out in a portion of the music, which it was not thought possible Mozart could have written.

Thirdly, a difference was found in the form of the signs for the naturals, which were among the most characteristic marks of Mozart's hand. In his acknowledged compositions they were uniformly formed with a closed square, narrower above than below, while in the Wallsegg score they were open squares, more like those of Süssmayer.

Fourthly, other differences were found in the capital letters B, P, Q, R, and T, which were not always like Mozart's usual forms.

Attention was also called to the fact that the differences mentioned under the

third and fourth heads were only found in the second and following movements; in the first movement Mozart's usual forms were in all respects adhered to.

It was further remarked that the paging of the book was not consecutive, and that there was no intelligible reason why Mozart should have made a fresh copy, instead of filling in and completing the one he had already begun.

These remarks, which showed with what extraordinary care and conscientiousness the examination was made, were answered by the other side at considerable length and with much ingenuity.

In regard to the error in the date, it was argued that Mozart, working at the composition so late in the year, might well have assumed that it could not be completed till the beginning of the year after, and therefore might have purposely post-dated it. Or it might be merely a mistake, for, singularly enough, among the undoubted manuscripts used for comparison was a rondo for the Waldhorn, dated, in Mozart's hand, *Vienna, Venerdì Santo il 6 Aprile, 1792*; and as Good Friday happened to fall on April 6, 1791, the slip of the pen was evident, and might easily have been reproduced in the Requiem. Either of these explanations would be, it was urged, infinitely more reasonable than to suppose that anybody planning a deliberate forgery should commit such an absurdity as to append to the forged document a date subsequent to the professed author's death.

In regard to the ungrammatical progressions, it was pointed out that their effect was hidden by the disposition of the parts, and that they might easily have escaped the composer's attention, or might even have been admitted by him exceptionally, precedents for such passages being abundantly found in the works of Handel.

As to the form of the naturals, while it was admitted that the closed square was the most usual and characteristic form in Mozart's manuscripts, yet examples were shown where he had used the open form; and, by an odd coincidence, this form, exactly similar to that in the Wallsegg score, was exclusively found in the Waldhorn rondo before mentioned.

The answer as to the shape of the capital letters was not so forcible; but it was still found that the letter B existed in the test manuscripts in several shapes, some

of which resembled those in the Requiem, and the useful Waldhorn composition again came in aid, as the R in the word "Rondo" of the title was of the exact Requiem form. The connection of this piece with the Requiem was one of the most curious things in the history, as it not only contained the exceptional similarities above noted, but it was composed for a person of the same name (Leutgeb) as the mysterious messenger sent by the Count to communicate with Mozart about the composition. The exact shapes of the other letters could not be positively identified in any of the Mozart manuscripts; but as a set-off against this, it was pointed out that the word *finis* on the last page of the Requiem was as exact a facsimile of one undoubtedly written by Mozart in November, 1791, as if they had been both impressions from the same type. It was also remarked that certain little penmarks on the paper, having no obvious reference to the music, but probably done while the writer was thinking, were visible in the Requiem, precisely as they were in many of Mozart's acknowledged compositions.

In regard to the irregularity of the paging, and the alleged improbability of Mozart's having rewritten the work instead of having filled up the former sketches, the testimony of the widow at a former time was brought to prove that he was irregular and careless in the arrangement of his papers, and that when a sketch was lost, he would often rewrite it exactly as before (his memory being unailing in this respect) rather than take the trouble to hunt for the missing paper.

There yet remained Süßmayer's declaration to be got over, and also some evidence corroborative of it, from the widow and others, which had turned up during the Weber controversy. Süßmayer's claims were simply set down as presumptuous and incredible; his capability of writing the music was denied, and as one or two erroneous statements had been detected in his letter, the truth of the whole was impugned. As to the corroborative evidence, it was attempted to explain this away by observing that the widow herself had given contradictory accounts at different times, and that the other witnesses had but incomplete personal knowledge of the facts they deposed to.

These answers were considered so con-

clusive that little or no doubt remained as to the genuineness of the newly found score, when an accident reopened the inquiry. The comparison of Süßmayer's writing had been made with two hastily written specimens, which, after much seeking, were all that could be procured; but it happened that after the end of the before-mentioned investigation a certain Baron von Lannoy offered, for inspection, two autographs of pieces from an opera written by Süßmayer in 1793, two years after Mozart's death.

When these manuscripts were produced, the first glimpse of them excited the greatest amazement. The specimens of Süßmayer's music previously inspected had presented a very marked difference from Mozart's handwriting; but these, to everybody's astonishment, resembled it so closely, that only the positive evidence as to their history could convince the examiners that they were not in Mozart's hand. On a closer examination, the similarity of the writing to Mozart's was found almost incredible; and what was more to the purpose, when the Walsegg score was compared with them, the resemblance of the second and following numbers to the new Süßmayer autographs was more absolute still, inasmuch as the latter contained all the peculiarities which had attracted attention in the former. The shapes of the letters P, Q, and T, for example, which could nowhere be found in Mozart's writing, prevailed exclusively in the later Süßmayer examples. The other objections urged by the minority now acquired greater weight, and the longer and the more carefully the comparison was made, the more confusing it became, particularly as in the Requiem score some signs were still found which corresponded better with Mozart's autograph than with any of Süßmayer's.

In this state of things only one means remained of arriving at the truth, namely to apply to the yet living widow of the great master, and to ask her whether, as far as she knew, Mozart had finished, or had left unfinished, his last composition. It was true that she had already, on several occasions, stated that the latter was the case, but at former periods she had also asserted the contrary; and in the difficulty raised by the recent discoveries it was felt that a positive decision, from the best possible source, was highly to be desired.

The widow answered promptly ; she said—

“If the score is complete, it is not by Mozart, for he did not finish it. It is then desirable to look at what Süßmayer has written, for in my judgment no man is able to imitate another person's writing so exactly that it cannot be discovered. Thus much upon this ; and now I declare that no other than Süßmayer finished the Requiem, which was not so difficult, since, as is known, the chief parts were all laid out, and Süßmayer could not err.”

This answer was decisive. Guided by the new light thrown on the question, a further examination of the score showed the differences between the writing of the first movement, which was really Mozart's, and of the subsequent portions, in the now identified hand of Süßmayer. Some members of the committee were still inclined fondly to cling to the idea that the whole was genuine ; but this view could not long be persevered in, in the face of the strong evidence to the contrary, and the forgery became fully established, as the only reasonable conclusion that could be drawn from the facts of the case.

It is difficult to divine what motive Süßmayer could have had for continuing to feign Mozart's writing for some years after his death ;—it may have been for mere bravado, in the exultation of his first success, or he may have had the intention of passing off some of his writings as Mozart's ;—but it is highly probable that, had these later imitations not been found, the truth as to the authorship of the Requiem would not have been discovered.

In considering this remarkable history, although, of course, Süßmayer's conduct is indefensible in a moral point of view, we cannot but admire the skill shown by him in the transaction, as regards both the imitation of the handwriting and the musical composition.

The calligraphy of the notes and signs used in music is as peculiar to the individual as ordinary current hand, and persons accustomed to see the manuscript of a composer can identify his writing easily. The imitation of a musical manuscript is as difficult as that of a text autograph. Some rare cases have been known. Joachim, for example, the eminent violinist, amused himself, when a boy, by copying with singular dexterity the notation of Mendelssohn, whom he held in great ven-

eration ; and one of the Bach family had a wife who wrote her husband's compositions in a hand mistaken for his own. Süßmayer's must have been a remarkably accurate imitation to stand such severe comparisons by such acute judges ; and yet it must have been quickly done, and without any previous practice ; for the fabricated score must have been produced in a very short time, to satisfy the demand of the Count, who, when he heard of Mozart's death, must have naturally called for the immediate delivery of the work he had ordered and partly paid for.

The musical skill shown by Süßmayer in the large share he contributed to the composition is still more extraordinary and admirable. It is not our business here to go into musical details ; but we may state generally what his work consisted of. It has been already mentioned that only one movement—the first—had been *finished* by Mozart. In several of the following he had written the vocal parts, and had here and there given indications as to the nature of the instrumental accompaniments. These Süßmayer had to complete, and the insertion of the wanting parts, in a style to harmonize with that of such a master, required no mean attainments.

In one movement—the *Lacrymosa*—Mozart had only sketched out the first few bars, and Süßmayer had to carry on the idea, which he did in so masterly a manner that its very possibility has been denied. An eminent English critic says,—

It seems to me utterly impossible that any man can have entered into another's incomplete thought, and carried it on in unbroken unity of phrasing and feeling, as Süßmayer pretends to have done in this instance. As well might it be assumed that any stanza of poetry had been finished by another imagination than his who conceived the first line,—that any sentence of an argument could be completed by another's power of thought.

Whether the writer of this passage had in his mind the well-known

SIC VOS NON VOBIS !

anecdote, we do not know ; but assuredly the thing which he pronounces impossible was done. The work of Mozart and the work of Süßmayer lie side by side in the Library at Vienna, and tell their own story.

But Süßmayer's share in the Requiem went much farther than the mere filling in of instrumental parts, or the completion of passages already begun. Several movements towards the end Mozart had not written a note of; Süßmayer claimed them in his letter as entirely his own composition, and there is not a scrap of evidence to disprove his assertion, except the internal character of the music, which, as in the case above cited, the most eminent critics deny that it was in the power of any one to compose except the great master himself. Even Gottfried Weber, who impugned the authenticity of the work generally, admitted that "there were flowers in these parts which never grew in Süßmayer's garden." And Marx, another great German writer, said, after quoting passages from the *Agnus Dei*, "Well, if these are not by Mozart, then he is a Mozart who wrote them." And yet, if there is any truth in evidence, it is incontestable that Mozart did *not* write these passages, and that Süßmayer *did* write them. The only way out of the difficulty lies in the possibility that Süßmayer, having been much with Mozart during his last

illness, may either have obtained sketches for the later portions of the work, or may have heard them played by Mozart, and so may have remembered them sufficiently to write them down. But in any case the musical ability shown in his part throughout the work is of the highest order; and makes us regret that we do not know more of him.

We have been the more desirous to lay this extraordinary history before the public, because in this country, where the facts are not generally known, the belief is still held, even in high musical quarters, that the Requiem is entirely Mozart's composition. A preface to one of the popular editions of the work declares this positively, and whenever it is performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, the notice given in the Book of Words repeats the assertion. This opinion, however, is clearly at variance with the truth, and it is a pity it should be still persevered in. We must be content to accept the conclusion that, although much of the music is essentially Mozart's, yet the completion of the work, and the composition of several important portions, are due to another hand.

Fraser's Magazine.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

THIRD LECTURE.

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, MARCH 5, 1870. †

IF we approached the religions of mankind without any prejudices or predilections, in that frame of mind in which the lover of truth or the man of science ought to approach every subject, I believe we should not be long before recognizing the natural lines of demarcation which divide the whole religious world into several great continents. I am speaking, of course, of ancient religions only, or of the earliest period in the history of religious thought. In that primitive period which might be called, if not prehistoric, at least purely ethnic, because what we know of it consists only in the general movements of nations, and not in the acts of individuals, of parties, or of states—in that primitive period, I say, nations have been called languages; and in our best works on the ancient history of mankind, a map of

languages has actually taken the place of a map of nations. But during the same primitive period nations might with equal right be called religions; for there is at that time the same, nay, an even more intimate, relationship between religion and nationality as between language and nationality. In order clearly to explain my meaning, I shall have to refer, as shortly as possible, to the speculations of some German philosophers on the true relation between language, religion, and nationality—speculations which have as yet received less attention on the part of modern ethnologists than they seem to me to deserve.

It was Schelling, one of the profoundest thinkers of Germany, who first asked the question, What makes an *ethnos*? What is the true origin of a people? How did human beings become a people? And

the answer which he gave, though it sounded startling to me when, in 1845, I listened, at Berlin, to the lectures of the old philosopher, has been confirmed more and more by subsequent researches into the history of language and religion.

To say that man is a gregarious animal, and that, like swarms of bees, or herds of wild elephants, men keep together instinctively and thus form themselves into a people, is saying very little. It might explain the agglomeration of one large flock of human beings, but it would never explain the formation of individual peoples.

Nor should we advance much towards a solution of our problem if we were told that men are broken up into peoples as bees are broken up into swarms, by following different queens, by owing allegiance to different governments. Allegiance to the same government, particularly in ancient times, is the result rather than the cause of nationality; while in historical times, such has been the confusion produced by extraneous influences, by brute force, or dynastic combinations, that the natural development of peoples has been entirely arrested, and we frequently find one and the same people divided by different governments, and different peoples united under the same ruler.

Our question, What makes a people? has to be considered in reference to the most ancient times. How did men form themselves into a people before there were kings or shepherds of men? Was it through community of blood? I doubt it. Community of blood produces families, clans, possibly races, but it does not produce that higher and purely moral feeling which binds men together and makes them a people.

It is language and religion that make a people, but religion is even a more powerful agent than language. The languages of many of the aboriginal inhabitants of Northern America are but dialectic varieties of one type, but those who spoke these dialects have never coalesced into a people. They remained mere clans or wandering tribes; they never knew the feeling of a nation because they never knew the feeling of worshipping the same gods. The Greeks, on the contrary, though speaking their strongly marked, and I doubt whether mutually intelligible dialects, the *Æolic*, the *Doric*, the *Ionic*, felt themselves at all times, even when ruled by different

tyrants, or broken up into numerous republics, as one great Hellenic people. What was it, then, that preserved in their hearts, in spite of dialects, in spite of dynasties, in spite even of the feuds of tribes and the jealousies of states, the deep feeling of that ideal unity which constitutes a people? It was their primitive religion; it was a dim recollection of the common allegiance they owed from time immemorial to the great father of gods and men; it was their belief in the old Zeus of Dodona, in the Panhellenic Zeus.

Perhaps the most signal confirmation of this view that it is religion even more than language which supplies the foundation of nationality, is to be found in the history of the Jews, the chosen people of God. The language of the Jews differed from that of the Phenicians, the Moabites, and other neighboring tribes much less than the Greek dialects differed from each other. But the worship of Jehovah made the Jews a peculiar people, the people of Jehovah, separated by their God, though not by their language, from the people of Chemosh (the Moabites)* and from the worshippers of Baal and Ashtoreth. It was their faith in Jehovah that changed the wandering tribes of Israel into a nation.

"A people," as Schelling says, "exists only when it has determined itself with regard to its mythology. This mythology, therefore, cannot take its origin after a national separation has taken place, after a people has become a people: nor could it spring up while a people was still contained as an invisible part in the whole of humanity; but its origin must be referred to that very period of transition before a people has assumed its definite existence, and when it is on the point of separating and constituting itself. The same applies to the language of a people; it becomes definite at the same time that a people becomes definite."†

Hegel, the great rival of Schelling, arrived at the same conclusion. In his *Philosophy of History* he says: "The idea of God constitutes the general foundation of a people. Whatever is the form of a

* Numb. xxi. 29; Jeremiah xlviii. 7: "And Chemosh shall go forth into captivity, with his priests and his princes together."

† *Vorlesungen über Philosophie der Mythologie*, vol. i. p. 107, seq.

religion, the same is the form of a state and its constitution: it springs from religion, so much so that the Athenian and the Roman states were possible only with the peculiar heathendom of those peoples, and that even now a Roman Catholic state has a different genius and a different constitution from a Protestant state. The genius of a people is a definite, individual genius which becomes conscious of its individuality in different spheres: in the character of its moral life, its political constitution, its art, religion, and science”*

But this is not an idea of philosophers only. Historians, and, more particularly, the students of the history of law, have arrived at very much the same conclusion. Though to many of them law seems naturally to be the foundation of society, and the bond that binds a nation together, those who look below the surface have quickly perceived that law itself, at least ancient law, derives its authority, its force, its very life from religion. Mr. Maine is no doubt right when, in the case of the so-called Laws of Manu, he rejects the idea of the Deity dictating an entire code or body of law, as an idea of a decidedly modern origin. Yet the belief that the law-giver enjoyed some closer intimacy with the Deity than ordinary mortals pervades the ancient traditions of many nations. According to a well-known passage in Diodorus Siculus (l. i. c. 94), the Egyptians believed their laws to have been communicated to Mnevis by Hermes; the Cretans held that Minos received his laws from Zeus, the Lacedæmonians that Lykurgos received his laws from Apollon. According to the Arians, their law-giver, Zathraustes, had received his laws from the Good Spirit; according to the Getæ, Zamolxis received his laws from the goddess Hestia; and, according to the Jews, Moses received his laws from the god

Iao. No one has pointed out more forcibly than Mr. Maine that in ancient times religion as a divine influence was underlying and supporting every relation of life and every social institution. “A supernatural presidency,” he writes, “is supposed to consecrate and keep together all the cardinal institutions of those early times, the state, the race, and the family” (p. 6). “The elementary group is the family; the aggregation of families forms the *gens* or the house. The aggregation of houses makes the tribe. The aggregation of tribes constitutes the commonwealth” (p. 128). Now the family is held together by the family *sacra* (p. 191), and so were the gens, the tribe, and the commonwealth; and strangers could only be admitted to these brotherhoods by being admitted to their *sacra* (p. 131). At a later time, law breaks away from religion (p. 193), but even then many traces remain to show that the hearth was the first altar, the father the first elder, his wife and children and slaves the first congregation gathered together round the sacred fire—the Hestia, the goddess of the house and in the end the goddess of the people. To the present day, marriage, the most important of civil acts, the very foundation of civilized life, has retained the religious character which it had from the very beginning of history.

Let us see now what religion really is in those early ages of which we are here speaking: I do not mean religion as a silent power, working in the heart of man; I mean religion in its outward appearance, religion as something outspoken, tangible, and definite, that can be described and communicated to others. We shall find that in that sense religion lies within a very small compass. A few words, recognized as names of the deity; a few epithets that have been raised from their material meaning to a higher and more spiritual stage, I mean words which expressed originally bodily strength, or brightness, or purity, and which came gradually to mean greatness, goodness, and holiness; lastly, some more or less technical terms expressive of such ideas as *sacrifice*, *altar*, *prayer*, possibly *virtue* and *sin*, *body* and *spirit*—this is what constitutes the outward framework of the incipient religions of antiquity. If we look at this simple manifestation of religion, we see at once why religion, during

* Though these words of Hegel's were published long before Schelling's lectures, they seem to me to breathe the spirit of Schelling rather than of Hegel, and it is but fair therefore to state that Schelling's lectures, though not published, were printed and circulated among friends twenty years before they were delivered at Berlin. The question of priority may seem of little importance on matters such as these, but there is nevertheless much truth in Schelling's remark, that philosophy advances not so much by the answers given to difficult problems, as by the starting of new problems, and by asking questions which no one else would think of asking.

those early ages of which we are here speaking, may really and truly be called a sacred dialect of human speech ; how at all events early religion and early language are most intimately connected, religion depending entirely for its outward expression on the more or less adequate resources of language.

If this dependence of early religion on language is once clearly understood, it follows, as a matter of course, that whatever classification has been found most useful in the science of language ought to prove equally useful in the science of religion. If there is a truly genetic relationship of languages, the same relationship ought to hold together the religions of the world, at least the most ancient religions.

Before we proceed therefore to consider the proper classification of religions, it will be necessary to say a few words on the present state of our knowledge with regard to the genetic relationship of languages.

If we confine ourselves to the Asiatic continent with its important peninsula of Europe, we find that in the vast desert of drifting human speech three and only three oases have been formed in which, before the beginning of all history, language became permanent and traditional, assumed in fact a new character, a character totally different from the original character of the floating and constantly varying speech of human beings. These three oases of language are known by the name of *Turanian*, *Aryan*, and *Semitic*. In these three centres, more particularly in the *Aryan* and *Semitic*, language ceased to be natural ; its growth was arrested, and it became permanent, solid, petrified, or, if you like, historical speech. I have always maintained that this centralization and traditional conservation of language could only have been the result of religious and political influences, and I now mean to show that we really have clear evidence of three independent settlements of religion, the *Turanian*, the *Aryan*, and the *Semitic*, concomitantly with the three great settlements of language.

Taking Chinese for what it can hardly any longer be doubted that it is, viz. the earliest representative of Turanian speech, we find in China an ancient colorless and unpoetical religion, a religion we might almost venture to call monosyllabic,

consisting of the worship of a host of single spirits, representing the sky, the sun, storms and lightning, mountains and rivers, one standing by the side of the other without any mutual attraction, without any higher principle to hold them together. In addition to this, we likewise meet in China with the worship of ancestral spirits, the spirits of the departed, who are supposed to retain some cognizance of human affairs, and to possess peculiar powers which they exercise for good or for evil. This double worship of human and of natural spirits constitutes the old popular religion of China, and it has lived on to the present day, at least in the lower ranks of society, though there towers above it a more elevated range of half religious and half philosophical faith, a belief in two higher Powers which, in the language of philosophy, may mean *Form* and *Matter*, in the language of Ethics, *Good* and *Evil*, but which in the original language of religion and mythology are represented as *Heaven* and *Earth*.

It is true that we know the ancient popular religion of China from the works of Confucius only, or from even more modern sources. But Confucius, though he is called the founder of a new religion, was really but the new preacher of an old religion. He was emphatically a transmitter, not a maker.* He says himself, "I only hand on ; I cannot create new things. I believe in the ancients, and therefore I love them." †

We find, secondly, the ancient worship of the Semitic races, clearly marked by a number of names of the Deity, which appear in the polytheistic religions of the Babylonians, the Phenicians, and Carthaginians, as well as in the monotheistic creeds of Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans. It is almost impossible to characterize the religion of people so different from each other in language, in literature, and general civilization, so different also from themselves at different periods of their history ; but if I ventured to characterize the worship of all the Semitic nations by one word, I should say it was pre-eminently a worship of *God in History*, of God as affecting the destinies

* Dr. Legge, *Life of Confucius*, p. 96.

† Lün-yü (§ 1. a.) ; Schott, *Chinesische Literatur*, p. 7.

of individuals and races and nations rather than of God as wielding the powers of nature. The names of the Semitic deities are mostly words expressive of moral qualities; they mean the Strong, the Exalted, the Lord, the King; and they grow but seldom into divine personalities, definite in their outward appearance or easily to be recognized by strongly marked features of a real dramatic character. Hence many of the ancient Semitic gods have a tendency to flow together, and a transition from the worship of single gods to the worship of one God required no great effort. In the monotonous desert, more particularly, the worship of single gods glided away almost imperceptibly into the worship of one God. If I were to add, as a distinguishing mark, that the Semitic religions excluded the feminine gender in their names of the Deity, or that all their female deities were only representatives of the active energies of older and sexless gods, this would be true of some only, not of all; and it would require nearly as many limitations as the statement of M. Renan, that the Semitic religions were instinctively monotheistic.

We find lastly the ancient worship of the Aryan race, carried to all the corners of the earth by its adventurous sons, and easily recognized, whether in the valleys of India or in the forests of Germany, by the common names of the Deity, all originally expressive of natural powers. Their worship is not, as has been so often said, a worship of nature. But if it had to be characterized by one word, I should venture to call it a worship of *God in Nature*, of God as appearing behind the gorgeous veil of Nature, rather than as hidden behind the veil of the sanctuary of the human heart. The gods of the Aryan pantheon assume an individuality so strongly marked and permanent, that with the Aryans, a transition to monotheism required a powerful struggle, and seldom took effect without iconoclastic revolutions or philosophical despair.

These three classes of religion are not to be mistaken, as little as the three classes of language, the Turanian, the Semitic, and the Aryan. They mark three events in the most ancient history of the world, events which have determined the whole fate of the human race, and of which we ourselves still feel the

consequences in our language, in our thoughts, and in our religion.

But the chaos which these three heroes in language, thought, and religion, the Turanian, the Semitic, and the Aryan, left behind, was not altogether a chaos. The stream of language from which these three channels had separated, rolled on; the sacred fire of religion from which these three altars had been lighted was not extinguished, though hidden in smoke and ashes. There was language and there was religion everywhere in the world, but it was natural, wild-growing language and religion; it had no history, it left no history, and it is therefore incapable of that peculiar scientific treatment which has been found applicable to a study of the languages and the religions of the Chinese, the Semitic, and the Aryan nations.

People wonder why the students of language have not succeeded in establishing more than three families of speech—or rather two, for the Turanian can hardly be called a family, in the strict sense of that word, until it has been fully proved that Chinese forms the centre of the two Turanian branches, the North Turanian on one side, and the South Turanian on the other; that Chinese* forms, in fact, the earliest settlement of that unsettled mass of speech, which, at a later stage, became more fixed and traditional; in the north, in *Thungusic*, *Mongolic*, *Tartaric*, and *Finnic*, and in the south, in *Taic*, *Malaic*, *Bhotiya*, and *Tamulic*. Now the reason why scholars have discovered no more than these two or three great families of speech is very simple. There were no more, and we cannot make more. Families of languages are very peculiar formations: they are, and they must be, the exception, not the rule, in the growth of language. There was always the possibility, but there never was, as far as I can judge, any necessity of human speech leaving its primitive stage of wild growth and wild decay. If it had not been for what I consider a purely spontaneous act on the part of the ancestors of the Semitic, Aryan, and Turanian races, all languages might for ever have remained ephemeral, answering the purposes of every generation that comes and goes, struggling on,

* *Lecture on the Stratification of Language*, p. 4.

now gaining, now losing, sometimes acquiring a certain permanence, but after a season breaking up again, and carried away like blocks of ice by the waters that rise underneath the surface. Our very idea of language would then have been something totally different from what it is now. For what are we doing? We first form our idea of what language ought to be from those exceptional languages which were arrested in their natural growth by social, religious, political, or at all events by extraneous influences, and we then turn round and wonder why all languages are not like these two or three exceptional channels of speech. We might as well wonder why all animals are not domesticated, or why, besides the garden anemone, there should be endless varieties of the same flower growing wild on the meadow and in the woods.

In the Turanian class, in which the original concentration was never so powerful as in the Aryan and Semitic families, we can still catch a glimpse of the natural growth of language, though confined within certain limits. The different settlements of this great floating mass of homogeneous speech do not show such definite marks of relationship as Hebrew and Arabic, Greek and Sanskrit, but only such sporadic coincidences and general structural similarities as can be explained by the admission of a primitive concentration, followed by a new period of independent growth. It would be wilful blindness not to recognize the definite and characteristic features which pervade the North Turanian languages: it would be impossible to explain the coincidences between Hungarian, Lapponian, Esthonian, and Finnish, except on the supposition that there was a very early concentration of speech whence these dialects branched off. We see less clearly in the South Turanian group, though I confess my surprise even here has always been, not that there should be so few, but that there should be even these few relics, attesting the former community of these divergent streams of language. The point in which the South Turanian and North Turanian languages meet goes back as far as Chinese; for that Chinese is at the root of Mandshu and Mongolian as well as of Siamese and Tibetan becomes daily more apparent through the researches of Mr. Edkins. There is no hurry for pro-

nouncing definitely on these questions: only we must not allow the progress of free inquiry to be barred by dogmatic scepticism; we must not look for evidence which from the nature of the case we cannot and ought not to find; and, before all things, we must not allow ourselves to be persuaded that for the discovery of truth blinkers are more useful than spectacles.

If we turn away from the Asiatic continent, the original home of the Aryan, the Semitic, and the Turanian languages, we find that in Africa, too, a comparative study of dialects has clearly proved a concentration of African language, the results of which may be seen in the uniform *Bantu* dialects, spoken from the equator to the Keiskamma.* North of this body of *Bantu* or Kafir speech, we have an independent settlement of Semitic language in the Berber and the Galla dialects; south of it we have only the Hottentot and Bushman tongues, the latter hardly analyzed as yet, the former supposed to be related to languages spoken in Northern Africa from which it became separated by the intrusion of the Kafir tribes. Some scholars have indeed imagined a relationship between the language of the Hottentots, the Nubian dialects, and the ancient Egyptian, a language which, whatever its real relationship may be, marks at all events another primeval settlement of speech and religion, outside the Asiatic continent. But while the spoken languages of the African continent enable us to see the general articulation of the primitive population of Africa—for there is a continuity in language which nothing can destroy—we know, and can know, but little of the growth and decay of African religion. In many places Mohammedanism and Christianity have swept away every recollection of the ancient gods; and even when attempts have been made by missionaries or travellers to describe the religious status of Zulus or Hottentots, they could only see the most recent forms of African faith, and those were changed almost invariably into grotesque caricatures. Of ancient African religion we have but one record, viz. in the monuments of Egypt; but here, in spite of the abundance of materials, in spite of the ruins of tem-

* Bleek, *Comparative Grammar of the South African Languages*, p. 2.

ples, and numberless statues and half-deciphered papyri, I must confess that we have not yet come very near to the beatings of the heart which once gave life to all this strange and mysterious grandeur.*

What applies to Africa applies to America. In the North we have the languages as witnesses of ancient migrations, but of ancient religion we have, again, hardly anything. In the South we know of two linguistic and political centres; and there, in Mexico and Peru, we meet with curious, though not always trustworthy, traditions of an ancient and well-established system of religious faith and worship.

The Science of Religion has this advantage over the Science of Language, if advantage it may be called, that in several cases where the latter has materials sufficient to raise problems of the highest importance, but not sufficient for their satisfactory solution, the former has no materials at all. The ancient temples are destroyed, the names of the ancient deities are clean forgotten in many parts of the world where dialects, however changed, still keep up the tradition of the most distant ages. But even if it were otherwise, the students of religion would, I think, do well to follow the example of the students of language, and to serve their first apprenticeship in a comparative study of the Aryan and Semitic religions. If it can only be proved that the religions of the Aryan nations are united by the same bonds of a real relationship which have enabled us to treat their languages as so many varieties of the same type; and so also of the Semitic; the field thus opened is vast enough, and its careful clearing and cultivation will occupy several generations of scholars. And this original relationship, I believe, can be proved. Names of the principal deities, words also expressive of the most essential elements of religion, such as *prayer*, *sacrifice*, *altar*, *spirit*, *law*, and *faith*, have been preserved among the Aryan and among the Semitic nations, and these relics admit of one explanation only. After that, a comparative study of the Turanian religions may be approached with better hope of success; for that there was not only a primitive Aryan and a

primitive Semitic religion, but likewise a primitive Turanian religion, before each of these primeval races was broken up and became separated in language, worship, and national sentiment, admits, I believe, of little doubt.

Let us begin with our own ancestors, the Aryans. In a lecture which I delivered in this place some years ago, I drew a sketch of what the life of the Aryans must have been before their first separation, that is, before the time when Sanskrit was spoken in India, or Greek in Asia Minor and Europe. The outline of that sketch and the colors with which it was filled were simply taken from language. We argued that it would be possible, if we took all the words which exist in the same form in French, Italian, and Spanish, to show what words, and therefore what things, must have been known to the people who did not as yet speak French, Italian, and Spanish, but who spoke that language which preceded these Romance dialects. We happen to know that language: it was Latin; but if we did not know a word of Latin or a single chapter of Roman history, we should still be able, by using the evidence of the words which are common to all the Romance languages, to draw some kind of picture of what the principal thoughts and occupations of those people must have been who lived in Italy a thousand years at least before the time of Charlemagne. We could easily prove that those people must have had *kings* and *laws*, *temples* and *palaces*, *ships* and *carriages*, *high roads* and *bridges*, and nearly all the ingredients of a highly civilized life. We could prove this, as I said, by simply taking the names of all these things as they occur in French, Spanish, and Italian, and by showing that as Spanish did not borrow them from French, or Italian from Spanish, they must have existed in that previous stratum of language from which these three modern Romance dialects took their origin.

Exactly the same kind of argument enabled us to put together a kind of mosaic picture of the earliest civilization of the Aryan people before the time of their separation. As we find in Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, also in Slavonic, Celtic, and Teutonic, the same word for "*house*," we are fully justified in concluding that before any of these languages had assumed a separate existence, a thousand years at least before Agamemnon and before Manu,

* De Vogüé, *Journal Asiatique*, 1867, p. 136. De Rougé, "Sur la Religion des anciens Égyptiens," in *Annales de Philosophie chrétienne*, Nov. 1869.

the ancestors of the Aryan race were no longer dwellers in tents, but builders of permanent houses.* As we find the name for town the same in Sanskrit and Greek,† we can conclude with equal certainty that towns were known to the Aryans before Greek and before Sanskrit was spoken. As we find the name for king the same in Sanskrit, Latin, Teutonic, and Celtic,‡ we know again that kingly government was established and recognized by the Aryans at the same prehistoric period. I must not allow myself to be tempted to draw the whole of that picture of primeval civilization over again.§ I only wish to call back to your recollection the fact that in exploring together the ancient archives of language, we found that the highest god had received the same name in the ancient mythology of India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, and had retained that name whether worshipped on the Himalayan mountains, or among the oaks of Dodona, on the Capitol, or in the forests of Germany. I pointed out that his name was *Dyaus* in Sanskrit, *Zeus* in Greek, *Jovis* in Latin, *Tiu* in German; but I hardly dwelt with sufficient strength on the startling nature of this discovery. These names are not mere names; they are historical facts, ay, facts more immediate, more trustworthy, than many facts of mediæval history. These words are not mere words, but they bring before us, with all the vividness of an event which we witnessed ourselves but yesterday, the ancestors of the whole Aryan race, thousands of years it may be before Homer and the Veda, worshipping an unseen Being, under the self-same name, the best, the most exalted name, they could find in their vocabulary—under the name of Light and Sky. And let us not turn away, and say that this was after all but nature-worship and idolatry. No, it was not meant for that, though it may have been degraded into that in later times; *Dyaus* did not mean the blue sky, nor was it simply the sky personified: it was meant for something else. We have

in the Veda the invocation *Dyaus pítar*, the Greek *Ζεῦ πάτερ*, the Latin *Jupiter*; and that means in all the three languages what it meant before these three languages were torn asunder—it means Heaven-Father! These two words are not mere words; they are to my mind the oldest poem, the oldest prayer of mankind, or at least of that pure branch of it to which we belong—and I am as firmly convinced that this prayer was uttered, that this name was given to the unknown God before Sanskrit was Sanskrit and Greek was Greek, as, when I see the Lord's Prayer in the languages of Polynesia and Melanesia, I feel certain that it was first uttered in the language of Jerusalem. We little thought when we heard for the first time the name of Jupiter, degraded it may be by Homer or Ovid into a scolding husband or a faithless lover, what sacred records lay enshrined in this unholy name. We shall have to learn the same lesson again and again in the Science of Religion, viz. that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Thousands of years have passed since the Aryan nations separated to travel to the North and the South, the West and the East: they have each formed their languages, they have each founded empires and philosophies, they have each built temples and razed them to the ground; they have all grown older, and it may be wiser and better; but when they search for a name for what is most exalted and yet most dear to every one of us, when they wish to express both awe and love, the infinite and the finite, they can but do what their old fathers did when gazing up to the eternal sky, and feeling the presence of a Being as far as far and as near as near can be: they can but combine the selfsame words, and utter once more the primeval Aryan prayer, Heaven-Father, in that form which will endure forever, "Our Father which art in heaven."

Let us now turn to the early religion of the Semitic nations. The Semitic languages, it is well known, are even more closely connected together than the Aryan languages, so much so that a comparative grammar of the Semitic languages seems to have but few of the attractions possessed by a comparative study of Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin. Semitic scholars complain that there is no work worth doing in comparing the grammars of Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic, for they have only

* Sk. *dama*, *δάμος*, *domus*, Goth. *timrjan*, "to build," Sl. *dom*.

Sk. *vesa*, *οἶκος*, *vicus*, Goth. *vei-h-s*.

† Sk. *pur*, *purī*, or *puri*; Gr. *πόλις*; Sk. *vāstu*, "house"; Gr. *ἄστυ*.

‡ Sk. *Râg*, *râgan*, *rex*; Goth. *reiks*; Ir. *riogh*.

§ See *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. ii. p. 22, seq.

to be placed side by side* in order to show their close relationship. I do not think this is quite the case, and I still hope that M. Renan will carry out his original design, and by including not only the literary branches of the Semitic family, but also the ancient dialects of Phenicia, Arabia, Babylon, and Nineveh, produce a comparative grammar of the Semitic languages that may hold its place by the side of Bopp's great work on the "Comparative Grammar of the Aryan Languages."

But what is still more surprising to me is that no Semitic scholar should have followed the example of the Aryan scholars, and collected from the different Semitic dialects those common words which must have existed before Hebrew was Hebrew, before Syriac was Syriac, and before Arabic was Arabic, from which some kind of idea might be formed as to what were the principal thoughts and occupations of the Semitic race in its earliest undivided state. The materials seem much larger and much more easily accessible.† The principal degrees of relationship, for instance, have common names among the Semitic as among the Aryan nations, and if it was important to show that the Aryans had named and recognized not only the natural members of a family, such as father and mother, son and daughter, brother and sister, but also the more distant members, the father and mother-in-law, the son and daughter-in-law, the brother and sister-in-law, would it not be of equal interest to show that the Semitic nations had reached the same degree of civilization long before the time of the laws of Moses?

Confining ourselves to the more immediate object of our researches, we see without difficulty that the Semitic languages, like the Aryan languages, possess a number of names of the Deity in common, which must have existed before the *Southern* or *Arabic*, the *Northern* or *Aramaic*, the *Middle* or *Hebraic* branches became permanently separated, and which, therefore, allow us an insight into the religious conceptions of the once united Semitic race long before Jehovah was worshipped by Abraham, or Baal was invoked in Phenicia, or El in Babylon.

It is true, as I pointed out before, that the

meaning of many of these names is more general than the original meaning of the names of the Aryan gods. Many of them signify *Powerful*, *Venerable*, *Exalted*, *King*, *Lord*, and they might seem, therefore, like honorific titles, to have been given independently by the different branches of the Semitic family to the gods whom they worshipped each in their own sanctuaries. But if we consider how many words there were in the Semitic languages to express greatness, strength, or lordship, the fact that the same appellatives occur as the proper names of the deity in Syria, in Carthage, in Babylon, and in Palestine, admits of one historical explanation only. There must have been a time for the Semitic as well as for the Aryan races, when they fixed the names of their deities, and that time must have preceded the formation of their separate languages and separate religions.

One of the oldest names of the deity among the ancestors of the Semitic nations was *El*. It meant Strong. It occurs in the Babylonian inscriptions as *Ilu*, God,* and in the very name of Bab-il, the gate or temple of Il. In Hebrew it occurs both in its general sense of strong or hero, and as a name of God; and we find it applied, not to the true God only, but also to the gods of the gentiles or to false gods. We have it in *Beth-el*, the house of God, and in many other names. If used with the article, as *ha-El*, the Strong One, or the God, it always is meant in the Old Testament for Jehovah, the true God.

The same El was worshipped at Byblus by the Phenicians, and he was called there the son of Heaven and Earth.† His father was the son of *Eliun*, the most high God, who had been killed by wild animals. The son of Eliun, who succeeded him, was dethroned, and at last slain by his own son *El*, whom Philo identifies with the Greek Kronos, and represents as the presiding deity of the planet Saturn.‡ In the Hymaritic inscriptions, too, the name of *El* has been discovered.§

* Schrader, in *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. xxiii. p. 350.

† Bunsen, *Egypt*, iv. 187. *Fragmenta Hist. Græc.*, vol. iii. p. 567.

‡ *Fragmenta Hist. Græc.*, iii. p. 567-571. That El is the presiding deity of the planet Saturn according to the Chaldeans is also confirmed by Diodorus Siculus, ii. 30-3.

§ Osiander, *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, x. 61.

* See Bunsen's *Christianity and Mankind*, vol. iii. p. 246, seq.

† Ibid. iii. 246, iv. 345.

Tyre." At Shechem Baal was worshipped as *Baal-barith*,* supposed to mean the god of treaties; at Ekron the Philistines worshipped him as *Baal-zebub*,† the lord of flies, while the Moabites, and the Jews too, knew him also by the name of *Baal-peor*.‡ On Phœnician coins Baal is called Bāl Shāmāyīm, the Baal of heaven, which is the *Beelsamên* of Philo, identified by him with the sun.§ "When the heat became oppressive, the ancient races of Phœnicia," he says, "lifted their hand heavenward to the sun. For him they considered the only God, the lord of heaven, calling him Beelsamên,|| which with the Phœnicians is lord of heaven, and with the Greeks Zeus." We likewise hear of *Baal'im*, or many Baals or gods. And in the same way as by the side of the male *Allāh* or *Allāh* we found a female *Allāt*, we also find by the side of the male Baal, a female deity *Baalt*, the Baaltis of the Phœnicians. It may be that the original conception of female deities differs among Semitic and Aryan nations, and that these feminine forms of *Allāh* and *Baal* were at first intended only to express the energy or activity, or the collective powers of the deity, not a separate being, least of all a wife. This opinion¶ is certainly confirmed when we see that in a Carthaginian inscription the goddess *Tanit* is called *the face of Baal*,** and that in the inscription of Eshmunazar, the Sidonian Astarte is called *the name of Baal*.†† In course of time, however, this abstract idea was supplanted by that of a female power, and even a wife, and as such we find *Baaltis* worshipped by Phœnicians,‡‡ Babylonians, and Assyrians,§§ for the name of Mylitta in Herodotus||| is, according to Dr. Oppert, a mere corruption of Baaltis.

Another famous female goddess is *Ash-toroth*, a name which presupposes a masculine deity, *Ashtar*. Traces of this god have been discovered in the *Ishtar* of the Babylonian inscriptions, and more recently in the *Ashtar* of the Moabite stone. In this case, however, the female deity became predominant, and was worshipped, not only by Carthaginians, Phœnicians, and Philistines, but likewise by the Jews* when they forsook the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtaroth.† The Syrians called her Astarte, and by that ominous name she became known to Greeks and Romans. When Jeremiah speaks of the Queen of Heaven,‡ this can only be meant for Astarte, or Baaltis. Even in Southern Arabia there are traces of the worship of this ancient goddess. For in Sanā, the ancient capital of the Himyaritic kingdom, there was a magnificent palace and temple dedicated to Venus (Bait Ghumdān), and the name of *Athtar* has been read in the Himyaritic inscriptions: nay, it is preceded in one place by the verb in the masculine gender.§

Another word, meaning originally king, which must have been fixed upon as a name of the Deity in prehistoric times, is the Hebrew *Melech*. We find it in *Moloch*, who was worshipped not only at Carthage, in the Islands of Crete and Rhodes, but likewise in the Valley of Hinnom. We find the same word in *Milcom*, the god of the Ammonites, who had a sanctuary in Mount Olivet; and the gods *Adrammelech* and *Anammelech*, to whom the Sepharvites burnt their children in the fire,|| seem again but local varieties of the same ancient Semitic idol.

Adonāi, which in Hebrew means my lord, and in the Old Testament is used exclusively of Jehovah, appears in Phœnicia as the name of the Supreme Deity, and after undergoing manifold mythological transformations, the same name has become familiar to us through the Greek tales about the beautiful youth Adonis,

* Judges viii. 33; ix. 4.

† 2 Kings i. 2, 3, 16.

‡ Numbers xxv.

§ *Fragmenta Hist. Græc.* iii. 565, 5. It is impossible to change ἑλίων into ἑλιν, because El or Kronos is mentioned afterwards.

|| Is this the same as Barsamus, mentioned by Moses of Chorene (*Hist. Arm.* i. 13) as a deified hero worshipped by the Syrians? Or is Barsamus the Son of Heaven? See Rawlinson, *Ancient Monarchies*, i. p. 116.

¶ De Vogüé, l. c. p. 138.

** פְּנֵי בַּעַל, cf. פְּנֵי יְהוָה.

†† שֵׁם בַּעַל, cf. שֵׁם יְהוָה.

‡‡ *Fragmenta Hist. Græc.* iii. 569, 25.

§§ Ibid. iv. 283, 9.

||| Herod. i. 131, 199.

* 1 Kings xi. 5.

† Judges iii. 12.

‡ Jer. vii. 18, מְלֹכֵת הַשָּׁמַיִם.

§ Osiander, l. c. p. 472. Gildemeister, *Zeitschrift der D. M. G.* xxiv. pp. 180, 181; Lenormant, *Comptes-rendus des séances de l'Acad. des inscriptions et belles-lettres de l'année 1867*; Levy, *Zeitschrift der D. M. G.* xxiv. p. 189.

|| 2 Kings xvii. 31.

loved by Aphrodite, and killed by the wild boar of Ares.

Elyôn, which in Hebrew means the Highest, is used in the Old Testament as a predicate of God. It occurs also by itself as a name of Jehovah. Melchizedek is called emphatically the priest of *El elyôn*, the priest of the most high God.

But this name again is not restricted to Hebrew. It occurs in the Phœnician cosmogony as *Eliun*, the highest God, the Father of Heaven, who was the father of *El*. Dr. Oppert has identified this Eliun with the *Illinus* mentioned by Damascius.

Another word used in the Bible, sometimes in combination with El, and more frequently alone, as a name of the supreme deity, is *Shaddai*,* the Powerful. It comes from a kindred root to that which has yielded the substantive *Shed*, meaning demon in the language of the Talmud, and the plur. *Shedim*, a name for false gods or idols in the Old Testament. This name occurs as *Set* or *Sed* in the hieroglyphic inscriptions.† It is there the name of a god introduced by the shepherds, and one of his surnames is given as *Baal*. The same deity *Shaddai*, the Powerful, has, by a clever conjecture, been discovered as one of the deities worshipped by the ancient Phœnicians.‡

While these names of the Deity and some others are shared in common by all, or by the most important members of the Semitic family, and must therefore have existed previous to the first Semitic separation, there are others peculiar to each branch.

Thus the name of Jehovah, or *Jahveh*,§ as it seems originally to have been pronounced, seems to me to be a divine name peculiar to the Jews. It is true that in a well-known passage of Lydus, IAO || is said to have been the name of God among the Chaldeans. But granting that

IAO was the same word as Jahveh or Jehovah or Jah (as in Hallelu-jah), may not Lydus by the Chaldeans have simply meant the Jews? If, as Sir Henry Rawlinson maintains, the name of Jehovah occurred in the Babylonian inscriptions, the case would be different; we should then have to admit that this name, too, was fixed before the Semitic family was broken up; but until this is fully proved, we shall be justified in claiming *Jehovah* as a name of the Deity peculiar to Hebrew, or, at all events, as fixed by the Hebrew prophets in the sense of the one true God, opposed to all other gods of the Semitic race.*

But whether we include or exclude the name of Jehovah, we have, I think, sufficient witnesses to establish what we wished to establish, viz., that there was a period during which the ancestors of the Semitic family had not yet been divided, whether in language or in religion. That period transcends the recollection of every one of the Semitic races in the same way as neither Hindus, Greeks, nor Romans have any recollection of the time when they spoke a common language, and worshipped their Father in heaven by a name that was as yet neither Sanskrit, nor Greek, nor Latin. But I do not hesitate to call this prehistoric period historical in the best sense of the word. It was a real period, because, unless it was real, all the realities of the Semitic languages and the Semitic religions, such as we find them after their separation, would be unintelligible. Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic point to a common source as much as Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin; and unless we can bring ourselves to doubt that the Hindus, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Teutons derived the worship of their principal deity from their common Aryan sanctuary, we shall not be able to deny that there was likewise a primitive religion of the whole Semitic race, and that *El*, the Strong One in heaven, was invoked by the ancestors of all the Semitic races, before there were Babylonians in Babylon, Phœnicians in Sidon and Tyrus, before

* שֵׁדַי, or שֵׁדַי.

† De Vogüé, l. c. p. 160.

‡ Bunsen, *Egypt*, iv. 221. De Vogüé, *Mélanges d'Archéologie*, p. 77.

§ Theodoret. *Quest. xv. ad. Exodum* (420 A.D.): καλοῦσι δὲ αὐτὸ Σαμαρεῖται ΙΑΒΕ, Ἰουδαῖοι δὲ ΙΑΩ. Diod. Sic. i. 94 (59 B.C.): παρὰ δὲ τοῖς Ἰουδαίοις Μουσῆν τὸν Ἰαὼ ἐπικαλούμενον εἶναι, κ.τ.λ.

|| Lydus, *De Mensibus*, iv. 38, 14: Οἱ Χaldeῖται τὸν θεὸν ΙΑΩ λέγουσι, ἀντὶ τοῦ φῶς νοητὸν τῇ φυσικῇ γλῶσσει καὶ ΣΑΒΑΩΩ δὲ πολλὰ χροῖ λέγεται, αὐτὸν δ' ὑπὲρ τοῦς ἑπτὰ πόλους, παντίεστιν ὁ δημιουργός. Bunsen, *Egypt*, iv. 193; Renan, *Sanchoniathon*, p. 44, note. And see Diodorus Siculus, i. 94, 2.

* Lobeck, *Aglaophamus*, p. 461. Sir H. Rawlinson has kindly informed me that he doubts whether Yahu, which occurs in the sense of God in the Assyrian inscription, belonged properly to the Assyrian language. He thinks that it may have been borrowed from Syria, and adopted with the language, as were so many other foreign terms.

there were Jews in Mesopotamia or Jerusalem. The evidence of the Semitic is the same as that of the Aryan languages: the conclusion cannot be different.

We now come to the third nucleus of language, and, as I hope to show, of religion also—to that which forms the foundation of the Turanian world. The subject is extremely difficult, and I confess I doubt whether I shall succeed in engaging your sympathy in favor of the religious opinions of people so strange, so far removed from us, as the Chinese, the Mongolians, the Samoyedes, the Finns, and Lapps. We naturally take an interest in the ancient history of the Aryan and Semitic nations, for, after all, we are ourselves Aryan in language, and Semitic, at least to a certain extent, in religion. But what have we in common with the Turanians, with Chinese and Samoyedes? Very little, it may seem; and yet it is not very little, for it is our common humanity. It is not the yellow skin and the high cheekbones that make the man. Nay, if we look but steadily into those black Chinese eyes, we shall find that there, too, there is a soul that responds to a soul, and that the God whom they *mean* is the same God whom we *mean*, however helpless their utterance, however imperfect their worship.

If we take the religion of China as the earliest representative of Turanian worship, the question is, whether we can find any names of the Deity in Chinese which appear again in the religions and mythologies of other Turanian tribes, such as the Mandshus, the Mongolians, the Tatars, or Finns. I confess that, considering the changing and shifting character of the Turanian languages, considering also the long interval of time that must have passed between the first linguistic and religious settlement in China, and the later gradual and imperfect consolidation of the other Turanian races, I was not very sanguine in my expectation that any such names as *Dyaus pitar* among the Aryans, or *El* and *Baut* among the Shemites, could have survived in the religious traditions of the vast Turanian world. However, there is no reason why we should not look for such names in Chinese, Mongolian, and Turkish; still less, why we should pass them by with indifference or incredulity because, from the very nature of the case, their coincidence is not so striking and

convincing as that of the Semitic and Aryan names of the Deity. There are in researches of this kind different degrees of certainty, and I am the very last person to slur them over, and to represent all our results as equally certain. But if we want to arrive at *terra firma*, we must not mind a plunge now and then; and if we wish to mount a ladder, we must not be afraid of taking the first step. The coincidences between the religious phraseology of Chinese and other Turanian languages are certainly not like the coincidences between Greek and Sanskrit, or between Hebrew and Phœnician; but they are such that they ought not to be neglected by the pioneers of a new science.

You remember that the popular worship of ancient China was a worship of single spirits, of powers, or, we might almost say, of names; the names of the most prominent powers of nature which are supposed to exercise an influence for good or evil on the life of man. We find a belief in spirits of the sky, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the mountains, the rivers; to say nothing as yet of the spirits of the departed. In China, where there always has been a strong tendency towards order and regularity, some kind of system has been superinduced by the recognition of two powers, one active, the other passive, one male, the other female, which comprehend everything, and which, in the mind of the more enlightened, tower high above the great crowd of minor spirits. These two powers are within and beneath and behind everything that is double in nature, and they have frequently been identified with heaven and earth. We can clearly see, however, that the spirit of heaven occupied from the beginning a much higher position than the spirit of the earth. It is in the historical books only, in the *Shu-king*,* that we are told that heaven and earth together are the father and mother of all things. In the ancient poetry *Heaven* alone is both father and mother.†

* In the *Shu-king* (3, 11) Tien is called Shang-tien, or High Heaven, which is synonymous with Shang-te, High Spirit, another very common name of the supreme deity. The Confucians never made any image of Shang-te, but the Taosse represented their (Yah-hwang) Shang-te under the human form.—Medhurst, *Inquiry*, p. 46.

† Chalmers, *Origin of the Chinese*, p. 14; Medhurst, l. c., p. 124; contrast between Shins and Shangti.

This spirit of heaven is known in Chinese by the name of *Tien*, and wherever in other religions we should expect the name of the supreme deity, whether Jupiter or Allah, we find in Chinese the name of *Tien* or sky. This *Tien*, according to the Imperial Dictionary of Kanghee, means the Great One, he that dwells on high and regulates all below. We see in fact that *Tien*, originally the name of sky, has passed in Chinese through nearly all the phases, from the lowest to the highest, through which the Aryan name for sky, *dyaus*, passed in the poetry, the religion, mythology, and philosophy of India and Greece. The sign of *tien* in Chinese is compounded of two signs : *ta*, which means *great*, and *yih*, which means *one*. The sky, therefore, was conceived as the One, the Peerless, and as the Great, the High, the Exalted. I remember reading in a Chinese book, "As there is but one sky, how can there be many gods?" In fact, their belief in *Tien*, the spirit of heaven, moulded the whole of the religious phraseology of the Chinese. "The glorious heaven," we read, "is called bright, it accompanies you wherever you go ; the glorious heaven is called luminous, it goes wherever you roam." *Tien* is called the ancestor of all things ; the highest that is above. He is called the great framer, who makes things as a potter frames an earthen vessel. The Chinese also speak of the decrees and the will of Heaven, of the steps of Heaven or Providence. The sages who teach the people are sent by heaven, and Confucius himself is said to have been used by heaven as the "alarm" of the world. The same Confucius, when on the brink of despondency, because no one would believe in him, knows of one comfort only ; that comfort is : "Heaven knows me." It is clear from many passages that with Confucius *Tien* or the Spirit of Heaven was the supreme deity, and that he looked upon the other gods of the people, the spirits of the air, the mountains and the rivers, the spirits also of the departed, very much with the same feelings with which Socrates regarded the mythological deities of Greece. Thus when asked on one occasion how the spirits should be served, he replied : "If we are not able to serve men, how can we serve the spirits?" And at another time he said in his short and significant

manner : "Respect the Gods, and keep them at a distance." *

We have now to see whether we can find any traces of this belief in a supreme spirit of heaven among the other branches of the Turanian class, the Mandshus, Mongolians, Tatars, Finns, or Lapps. As there are many names for sky in the Turanian dialects, it would not be absolutely necessary that we should find the same name which we found in Chinese : yet, if traces of that name could be found among Mongolians and Tatars, our argument would, no doubt, gain far greater strength. It is the same in all researches of comparative mythology. If we find the same conceptions, the same myths and legends, in India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, there is, no doubt, some presumption in favor of their common origin, but no more. But if we meet with gods and heroes, having the same names in the mythology of the Veda, and in the mythology of Greece and Rome and Germany, then we stand on firmer ground. We have then to deal with real facts that cannot be disputed, and all that remains is to explain them. In Turanian mythology, however, such facts are not easily brought together. With the exception of China, we know very little of the ancient history of the Turanian races, and what we know of their present state comes frequently from prejudiced observers. Besides, their old heathendom is fast disappearing before the advance of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity. Yet if we take the accounts of the most trustworthy travellers in Central and Northern Asia, and more particularly the careful observations of Castrén, we cannot but recognize some most striking coincidences in the scattered notices of the religion of the Tungusic, Mongolic, Tataric, and Finnic tribes. Everywhere we find a worship of the spirits of nature, of the spirits of the departed, though behind and above it there rises the belief in some higher power, known by different names, sometimes called the Father, the Old One, who is the Maker and Protector of the world, and who always resides in heaven. Chinese historians are the only writers who give us an account of the earlier history of some of these Turanian tribes, particularly of the Huns, whom they call *Hiong-nu*, and of the Turks, whom they call *Tu-*

* Medhurst, *Reply to Dr. Boone*, p. 32.

kin. They relate * that the Huns worshipped the sun, the moon, the spirits of the sky and the earth, and the spirits of the departed, and that their priests, the Shamans, possessed a power over the clouds, being able to bring down snow, hail, rain, and wind.†

Menander, a Byzantine historian, relates of the Turks that in his time they worshipped the fire, the water, and the earth, but that at the same time they believed in a God, the maker of the world, and offered to him sacrifices of camels, oxen, and sheep. .

Still later we get some information from mediæval travellers, such as Plano Carpini and Marco Polo, who say that the Mongol tribes paid great reverence to the sun, the fire, and the water, but that they believed also in a great and powerful God, whom they called *Natagai* (Natigay) or *Itoga*.

In modern times we have chiefly to depend on Castrén, who had eyes to see and ears to hear what few other travellers would have seen or heard, or understood. Speaking of the Tungusic tribes, he says, "they worship the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, fire, the spirits of forests, rivers, and certain sacred localities; they worship even images and fetiches, but with all this they retain a faith in a supreme being which they call *Buga*."‡ "The Samoyedes," he says, "worship idols and various natural objects; but they always profess a belief in a higher divine power which they call *Num*."

This deity which is called *Num* is also called *Juma* by the Samoyedes,§ and is in fact the same deity which in the grand mythology of Finland is known under the name of *Jumala*. The mythology of Finland has been more carefully preserved than the mythologies of all the other Altaic races, and in their ancient epic poems, which have been kept up by oral tradition for centuries, and have been written down but very lately, we have magnificent descriptions of *Jumala*, the deity of the sky. *Jumala* meant originally the sky. It is derived, as Castrén has shown (p. 24), from *Juma*, thunder, and *la*, the place, meaning therefore the place of thunder, or the sky. It is used first of all for sky, secondly for god

of the sky, and thirdly for gods in general. The very same word, only modified according to the phonetic rules of each language, occurs among the Lapps (p. 11), the Estonians, the Syrjanes, the Tcheremisians, and the Votyakes (p. 24). We can watch the growth and the changes of this heavenly deity as we catch a glimpse here and there of the religious thoughts of these Altaic tribes. An old Samoyede woman who was asked by Castrén (p. 16) whether she ever said her prayers, replied: "Every morning I step out of my tent and bow before the sun and say: 'When thou risest, I, too, rise from my bed.' And every evening I say: 'When thou sinkest down, I, too, sink down to rest.'" That was her prayer, perhaps the whole of her religious service;—a poor prayer it may seem to us, but not to her: for it made that old woman look twice at least every day away from earth and up to heaven; it implied that her life was bound up with a larger and higher life; it encircled the daily routine of her earthly existence with something of a divine halo. She herself was evidently proud of it, for she added, with a touch of self-righteousness: "There *are* wild people who never say their morning and evening prayers."

As in this case the deity of the sky is represented, as it were, by the sun, we see *Jumala*, under different circumstances, conceived as the deity of the sea. When walking one evening with a Samoyede sailor or along the coast of the Polar Sea, Castrén asked him: "Tell me, where is *Num*?" (i.e. *Jumala*.) Without a moment's hesitation the old sailor pointed to the dark, distant sea, and said: "*He is there*."

Again, in the epic poem *Kalevâla*, when the hostess of Pohjola is in labor, she calls on *Jumala*, and says: "Come now into the bath, *Jumala*, into the warmth, O lord of the air!" (p. 19.)

At another time *Jumala* is the god of the air, and is invoked in the following lines (p. 21):—

Harness now thyself, *Jumala*,
Ruler of the air, thy horses!
Bring them forth, thy rapid racers,
Drive the sledge with glittering colors,
Passing through our bones, our ankles,
Through our flesh that shakes and trembles,
Through our veins which seem all broken.
Knit the flesh and bones together,
Fasten vein to vein more firmly.
Let our joints be filled with silver,
Let our veins with gold be running!

* Castrén, *Vorlesungen über Finnische Mythologie*, p. 2.

† Ibid. l. c., p. 36.

‡ Is this the Russian "bog," god?

§ Castrén, l. c., p. 13.

In all these cases, the deity invoked is the same; it is the deity of the sky, Jumala; but so indefinite in his character, that we can hardly say whether he is the god of the sky, or the sun, or the sea, or the air, or whether he is a supreme deity reflected in all these aspects of nature.

However, you will naturally ask, where is there any similarity between the name of that deity and the Chinese deity of the sky, *Tien*? The common worship of *Jumala* may prove some kind of religious concentration among the different Altaic nations in the North of Asia, but it does not prove any prehistoric community of worship between those nations and the ancient inhabitants of China. It is true that the Chinese *Tien*, with its three meanings of sky, god of the sky, and god in general, is the exact counterpart of the North Turanian *Jumala*; but still we want more; we want traces of the same name of the deity in China, in Mongolia, and Tatar, just as we found the name of Jupiter in India and Italy, and the name of El in Babylon and Palestine.

Well, let us remember that Chinese is a monosyllabic language, and that the later Turanian dialects have entered into the agglutinative stage, that is to say, that they use derivative suffixes, and we shall then without much difficulty discover traces of the Chinese word *Tien*, with all its meanings, among some at least of the most important of the Turanian races. In the Mongolian language we find *Tengri*,* and this means, first, sky; then, god of the sky; then, god in general; and lastly spirit or demon, whether good or bad.

I think you will see the important bearing of this discovery, for it clinches the argument as nothing else could have clinched it. Unless we had found the same name of the supreme deity in the hymns of the Veda and in the prayer of the priestesses at Dodona, we could not have forced the conviction that it was originally one and the same conception of divine personality, that had been worshipped long before the Hindus had entered India, or the dove had alighted on the oak of Dodona. The same applies to the

Chinese *Tien* and the Mongolian *Tengri*. And this is not all. By a fortunate accident the Turanian name of *Tengri* can be traced back from the modern Mongolian to an earlier period. Chinese authors, in their accounts of the early history of the Huns, tell us that the title given by the Huns to their leaders was *tangli-kutu* (or *tchen-jü*).† This *tangli-kutu* meant in their language Son of Heaven, and you will remember that the same name, Son of Heaven, is still given to the Chinese Emperor.‡ It does not mean Son of God, but Emperor by the grace of God. Now the Chinese title is *tientze*, corresponding to the Hunnish *tangli-kutu*. Hence Hunnish *tang-li*, or Mongolian *teng-ri*, are the same as the Chinese *Tien*.

Again in the historical accounts which the Chinese give of the *Tukiu*, the ancestors of the Turks, it is said that they worshipped the Spirits of the Earth, and that they called these spirits *pu-teng-i-li*. Here the first syllable must be intended for earth, while in *teng-i-li* we have again the same word as the Mongolian *tengri*, only used, even at that early time, no longer in the sense of heaven, or god of heaven, but as a name of gods and spirits in general. We find a similar transition of meaning in the modern Yakute word *tangara*. It means the sky, and it means God; but among the Christian converts in Siberia *tangara* is also used to signify "the Saints." The wild reindeer is called in Yakute God's reindeer, because it lives in the open air, or because God alone takes care of it.

Here, then, we have the same kind of evidence which enabled us to establish a primitive Aryan and a primitive Semitic religion: we have a common name, and this name given to the highest deity, preserved in the monosyllabic language of China, and in the cognate, though agglutinative, dialects of some of the principal North Turanian tribes. We find in these words not merely a vague similarity of sound and meaning, but, by watching their growth in Chinese, Mongolian, and Turkish, we are able to discover in them traces of organic identity. Everywhere they begin with the meaning of sky, they

* Turkish "tangry" تانگری or تگری, (tenri), the Yakute "tangara."

† Schott, *Ueber das Altaische Sprachgeschlecht*, p. 9.

‡ Schott, *Chinesische Literatur*, p. 63.

rise to the meaning of God, and they sink down again to the meaning of gods and spirits. The changes in the meaning of these words run parallel with the changes that took place in the religions of these nations, which in China, as elsewhere, combine the worship of numberless spirits with the belief in a supreme heavenly deity.

Did we allow ourselves to be guided by mere similarity of sound and meaning, it would be easy, for instance, to connect the name given to the highest deity by the Samoyedes, *Num*, the same as the Finnish *Juma(la)*, with the name used for God in the language of Tibet, *Nam*. This might seem a most important link, because it would help us to establish an original identity of religion among members of the North and South Turanian branches. But till we know something of the antecedents of the Tibetan word, till we know, as I said before, its organic growth, we cannot think of using it for such purposes.

If we now turn for a moment to the minor spirits believed in by the large masses in China, we shall easily see that they, too, in their character are strikingly like the spirits worshipped by the North Turanian tribes. These spirits in Chinese are called *Shin*,* which is really the name given to every invisible power or influence which can be perceived in operation in the universe. Some *Shins* or spirits receive real worship, which is graduated according to their dignity; others are looked upon with fear. The spirits of pestilence are driven out and dispersed by exorcism; many are only talked about. There are so many spirits that it seems impossible to fix their exact number. The principal classes† are the celestial spirits (tien shin), the terrestrial spirits (ti ki), and the ancestral spirits (jin kwei), and this is the order‡ in which they are ranked according to their dignity. Among celestial spirits (tien shin) we find the spirits of the sun and the moon and the stars, the clouds, wind, thunder, and rain; among terrestrial spirits, those of the mountains, the fields, the grain, the rivers, the trees, the year. Among the departed

spirits are those of the emperors, the sages, and other public benefactors, which are to be revered by the whole nation, while each family has its own *manes* which are treated with special reverence and honored by many superstitious rites.*

The same state of religious feeling is exhibited among the North Turanian tribes, only without those minute distinctions and regulations in which the Chinese mind delights. The Samoyedes, as we saw, believed in a supreme god of heaven, called *Num*; but Castrén, who lived so long among them, says: "The chief deities invoked by their priests or sorcerers, the Shamans, are the so-called *Tadebejos*,† invisible spirits dwelling in the air, the earth, the water, and everywhere in nature. I have heard many a Samoyede say that they were merely the spirits of the departed, but others look upon them as a class of inferior deities."

The same scholar tells us (p. 105) that "the mythology of the Finns is flooded with names of deities. Every object in nature has a genius, called *haltia*, which is supposed to be its creator and protector. These spirits were not tied to these outward objects, but were free to roam about, and had a body and soul, and their own well-marked personality. Nor did their existence depend on the existence of a single object; for though there was no object in nature without a genius, the genius was not confined to any single object, but comprehended the whole class or genus. This mountain-ash, this stone, this house has its own genius, but the same genius cares for all other mountain-ashes, stones, and houses."

We have only to translate this into the language of logic, and we shall understand at once what has happened here as elsewhere in the growth of religious ideas and mythological names. What we call a general conception, or what used to be called "*essentia generalis*," "the tree-hood," "the stone-hood," "the house-hood," in fact, the genus tree, stone, and house, is what the Finns and Samoyedes

* Ibid. i. p. 43. The great sacrifices are offered only to *Te* or *Shang-te*, the same as *Tien*. The five *Te* which used to be joined with *Shang-te* at the great border sacrifice were only the five powers or qualities of *Shang-te* personified. Since the year A.D. 1369 the worship of these five *Te* has been abolished.

† Castrén, *Finnische Mythologie*, p. 122.

* Medhurst, *Reply*, p. 11.

† Ibid. i. c., p. 21.

‡ Ibid. i. c., p. 22. The spirits of heaven are called *shin*; the spirits of earth are called *ki*; when men die their wandering and transformed souls and spirits are called *kwei*.

call the genius, the *haltia*, the *tadebejo*, and what the Chinese call *Shin*. We speak very glibly of an *essentia generalis*, but to the unschooled mind this was too great an effort. Something substantial and individual had to be retained when trees had to be spoken of as a forest, or days as a year; and in this transition period from individual to general conceptions, from the tangible to the comprehensible, from the real to the abstract, the shadow, the ghost, the power or the spirit of the forest, of the year, of the clouds, and the lightning, took possession of the human mind, and a class of beings was called into existence which stands before us as so-called deities in the religion and mythology of the ancient world.

The worship of ancestral spirits is likewise shared in common by the North Turanian races and the Chinese. I do not lay much stress on that fact, because the worship of the spirits of the departed is perhaps the most widely spread form of natural superstition all over the world. It is important, however, to observe that on this point also, which has always been regarded as most characteristic of Chinese religion, there is no difference between China and Northern Asia. Most of the Finnish and Altaic tribes, says Castrén (p. 119), cherish a belief that death, which they look upon with terrible fear, does not entirely destroy individual existence. And even those who do not profess belief in a future life, observe certain ceremonies which show that they think of the departed as still existing. They take food, dresses, oxen, knives, tinder-boxes, kettles, and sledges, and place them on the graves; nay, if pressed, they would confess that this is done to enable the departed to hunt, to fish, and to fight, as they used to do when alive. Lapps and Finns admit that the body decays, but they imagine that a new body is given to the dead in the lower world. Others speak of the departed as ghosts or spirits, who either stay in the grave or in the realm of the dead, or who roam about on earth, particularly in the dead of night, and during storm and rain. They give signs of themselves in the howling of the wind, the rustling of leaves, the crackling of the fire, and in a thousand other ways. They are invisible to ordinary mortals, but the sorcerers or Shamans can see them, and can even divine their thoughts. It is curious

that in general these spirits are supposed to be mischievous; and the most mischievous of all are the spirits of the departed priests (p. 123). They interrupt the sleep, they send illness and misfortunes, and they trouble the conscience of their relatives. Everything is done to keep them away. When the corpse has been carried out of the house, a red-hot stone is thrown after the departed, as a charm to prevent his return. The offerings of food and other articles deposited on the grave are accounted for by some as depriving the dead of any excuse for coming to the house, and fetching these things himself. Among the Tchuvashes a son uses the following invocation when offering sacrifice to the spirit of his father: "We honor thee with a feast; look, here is bread for thee, and different kinds of meat; thou hast all thou canst want: but do not trouble us, do not come near us" (p. 122).

It is certainly a general belief that if they receive no such offerings, the dead revenge themselves by sending diseases and other misfortunes. The ancient Hiongnu or Huns killed the prisoners of war on the tombs of their leaders; for the Shamans assured them that the anger of the spirits could not be appeased otherwise. The same Huns had regular sacrifices in honor of their ancestral spirits. One tribe, the Topas, which had migrated from Siberia to Central Asia, sent ambassadors with offerings to the tombs of their ancestors. Their tombs were protected with high palings, to prevent the living from clambering in, and the dead from clambering out. Some of these tombs were magnificently adorned,* and at last grew almost, and in China† altogether, into temples where the spirits of the departed were actually worshipped. All this takes place by slow degrees; it begins with placing a flower on the tomb; it ends with worshipping the spirits of departed emperors‡ as equals of the Supreme Spirit, the *Shang-te* or *Tien*, and as enjoying a divine rank far above other spirits or *Shins*. The difference, at first sight, between the minute ceremonial of China

* Castrén, l. c., p. 122.

† When an emperor died, and men erected an ancestral temple, and set up a parental tablet (as a resting-place for the "shin" or spirit of the departed), they called him *Te*.—Medhurst, *Inquiry* p. 7; from the *Le-ke*, vol. i. p. 49.

‡ Medhurst, *Inquiry*, p. 45.

and the homely worship of Finns and Lapps may seem enormous; but if we trace both back as far as we can, we see that the early stages of their religious belief are curiously alike. First, a worship of heaven, as the emblem of the most exalted conception which the untutored mind of man can entertain, expanding with the expanding thoughts of its worshippers, and eventually leading and lifting the soul from horizon to horizon, to a belief in that which is beyond all horizons, a belief in that which is infinite. Secondly, a belief in deathless spirits or powers of nature; which supplies the more immediate and every-day wants of the religious instinct of man, satisfies the imagination, and furnishes the earliest poetry with elevated themes. Lastly, a belief in the existence of ancestral spirits; which implies, consciously or unconsciously, in a spiritual or in a material form, that which is

one of the life-springs of all religion, a belief in immortality.

Allow me in conclusion to recapitulate shortly the results of this Lecture.

We found, first of all, that there is a natural connection between language and religion, and that therefore the classification of languages is applicable to the ancient religions of the world.

We found, secondly, that there was a common Aryan religion before the separation of the Aryan race; a common Semitic religion before the separation of the Semitic race; and a common Turanic religion before the separation of the Chinese and the other tribes belonging to the Turanian class. We found, in fact, three ancient centres of religion as we had found before three ancient centres of language, and we have thus gained, I believe, a truly historical basis for a scientific classification of the principal religions of the world.

Temple Bar.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE: A STORY OF A FIRST LOVE.

BY J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "A LOST NAME," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A VOICE AND NOTHING MORE.

EVERY one knows Golden Friars—that quaint old village of gray stone gables, under the shadow of dark elms that grow in little groups of twos and threes, standing by the margin of a lake which is built round with an amphitheatre of the grandest mountain.

Westward of this beautiful scene—so wooded, solemn, solitary—the aspect of the country changes gradually; and about twelve miles away from that little town, you find yourself in a region strangely different. It is monotonous, bleak, and repulsive, with the peculiar melancholy and ugliness that characterize a "moss."

Dardale Moss is said to be twelve miles long, and, in some places, seven miles broad. It is a wide, black level, with only here and there a break or a hillock, or a tuft of furze, or a little screen of osiers, to vary the stretch of peat and quagmire.

The arable and pasture land, by which this dank expanse is encompassed as by a shore, throws out long promontories, or recedes into mimic bays. Patches of

dwarf oak and hazel, and graceful groups of the silver-stemmed birch, irregularly fringe its edges, or gather thickly on the natural moles and causeways that throw their arms into the wide morass.

This sylvan skirting, and the irregular ascent of the ground immediately surrounding the moss, redeem its ugliness, and render many of its recesses positively picturesque.

The moon had risen over that black expanse, full ten miles long and eight broad, which is well known in one of our northern English counties, as I have said, as Dardale Moss.

The lonely young Squire of Hazelden was striding from tussock to tussock over its treacherous surface, homeward, his gun over his shoulder. There is not a living soul of his kith and kin in that home, for which, nevertheless, he feels a kindly attachment as he draws nearer. Excepting a few scattered boors and peasants, there is not a human being living within five miles of Haworth House. "So much the better," thinks the Squire, a little bitterly, for he is poor and proud.

The Squire that day had encountered but one adventure, which, except in the

solitude of that region, would have been none at all. Before the storm had got up, as the sun was setting beyond the low horizon of the wide, flat moss, he heard not far from him, issuing from the thickets of the wood that there skirted the moor, a voice with whose sweetness the melancholy of the western light and tinted woods accorded; it rose so clear and sad, that he stopped to listen as it sang these words:

"The hawthorn tree
Is dear to me,
The elver-stone likewise,
The lonely air
That lingers there,
And thought that never dies.

"In evening glow
The May will blow,
The stone a shadow cast—
And stone and tree
A bield will be
As in the summers past.

"And words as dear
Will others hear
Beneath the hawthorn tree,
In leafy May
At fall of day,
Where I no more shall be."

The long note died away as the last beam of the setting sun lighted the autumnal boughs of the wood, and silence and twilight came together. For some seconds he paused, enchanted; and then, curious to discover the minstrel whose music had moved him so strangely, he strode into the wood, and paced its rugged banks and hollows in a vain search.

After this he sat down for a while upon a rock, musing upon this song, which had left a vague tenderness in his mind; and I am almost ashamed to say that by the time he had recovered his lost ground, and resumed his homeward route, the moon had risen, and a high chill wind had begun to blow.

It is late in autumn now, and this prematurely wintry wind is sweeping the melancholy moor; the scud is drifting wildly across the moon, and the irregular groups of thorn and stunted oak and birch that gather near the edge of the wide moss are tossing their arms in an eerie ecstasy, as if beckoning the bogles and dobbies across that desolate expanse.

William Haworth, the Squire of Hazel-den, is a tall, active fellow, with a face that is gentle and manly, and light-brown hair and blue eyes—a Saxon supported by

genealogy, for an ancestor of his fought at Hastings for Harold against the Norman.

Did ever young fellow lead so solitary a life? It has made him, perhaps, something of an enthusiast and a dreamer. It has not, however, impaired his energy. In this wild solitude he has passions, plans, and pride enough to find him work. His life is by no means idle or unambitious.

Striking swiftly towards his home among the bending trees, in the sweep of the cold wind, he found himself on a sudden before the Druidic ring of cyclopean stones, a relic of prehistoric times, for which among antiquarians that lonely place is famous. White, tall, and worn—they stood in the moonlight, which, checkered by the flying scud, passed over them with swift alternations.

Light and shadow flew on and on before him over the grass, in rapid pulsations, and the old stones alternately gleamed in dazzling light and sank in darkness. For the scud was driving across the moon, and the flying shadows rolled as if the sward itself was driving in ceaseless undulations beneath his feet and through those cyclopean columns.

Standing against one of these stones was a human form. To one who well knew the solitude of that neighborhood the appearing of living man or woman at that hour, in such a place, was a wonder.

The wind was cold and wild. The figure was that of a tall slender woman with a cloak on, the hood of which was over her head. She was leaning lightly with her shoulder against the time-worn stone that rose from the grass high above her, and a solitary thorn-tree at her side was bending and tossing in the storm, in which also such corners of her cloak as she had not gathered close about her were flapping and quivering.

As William Haworth drew near she turned her head for a moment, and seemed to look toward him. She took no further notice of his approach, and appeared serenely indifferent alike about him and the storm.

The Squire had nothing of the leaven of the man of the world in him except ambition. He was the son of solitude and thought. He had his castles in the air, but spared not himself to make them one

day real. Thus the romance and shyness of earlier youth remained with him, although his pride would have declined to confess either.

"I beg pardon—but surely you won't stay there; it is quite awful, and the night is growing wilder."

There was no answer.

"And it is so cold—miserably," he added.

"I am on a journey, sir," said a clear low voice, and the cloak did not move.

"Well, but you can't do without shelter, and the nearest is miles away, except my house; there are dangerous places, too, about this moss, and people have been lost in it. If you have no objection, good old Mrs. Gillyflower will make you comfortable for the night, and you are very welcome. The house is mine, and I am going home. She will be very glad to see you—pray, don't think of staying here."

"You are a man that is kind to the poor—you would wish to see them better," said the same voice, very silvery and civil, with no suspicion of the mendicant's whine in it, or of the uncouth dialect and intonation of those northern regions. It was the tone of a person whose opinion was of value, and who had a right to give it.

"It matters little what I am, provided I speak truth; this is neither hour nor weather for making a journey on foot, and the storm grows worse."

"It is past seven o'clock?" said the mantle.

"Nearer eight; it was seven when I passed the cat-stone at Elverden, and that is three miles away."

"Well, then, I will go—thank you, sir," said this voice, that he thought so sweet; and she made a little step forward and stopped, to intimate that she was ready to go when he should lead the way.

It is not always easy to say from what our impressions are gathered: perhaps it was something in the shape and bearing, no less than in the sweet and fearless tone of the female in the cloak, that resembles the grace of a princess who accepts a right, with a secret consciousness that in so doing she confers a distinction.

Men who live alone, if they are more reserved, are also simpler than their brethren who rough it, and revel in the inns and highways of life.

"Thank you very much," said he, very respectfully; and they walked together towards Haworth House, which stands close by.

Passing by moss-gray rocks, and tossing broom and bramble, and groups of birch and oak, over a very uneven sward, which she trod with a step as light and stately as a deer's, they moved side by side.

He longed to speak to her, but something restrained him, and never a word said she.

And now before them rises the strong old house of Haworth, built of gray stone, with a shingle roof and small windows; and the shadows of the ancient elms that toss and nod about it are sharp on the walls, or blurred, as the uncertain moon-light changes.

The hall-door has a great old-fashioned latch, and standing together under the stone porch the Squire essayed to open his door and give his guest welcome, but the bolts were drawn and all secure. Then he hammered at the door with the knocker, and then whacked the old oak more lustily with the butt of his gun.

"I'm so sorry the storm prevents their hearing," said he, a little ashamed of his hospitality.

Perhaps old Martha Gillyflower thought he had outstayed the due hour of return, and intended a hint to that effect.

"I'll call them, at the windows," said he. And running round the corner and to the far window, which is that one of the three kitchen-windows which looks from the side of the house, and having there summoned the garrison effectually, he returned to the porch before the hall-door was opened.

CHAPTER II.

HAWORTH HALL.

GOOD MRS. GILLYFLOWER was the Squire's housekeeper. Mall Darrell was a wiry girl—a "hobble-de-hoy," with a check bedgown, bare arms, and a rubber that had plainly touched the pots always in her hand, and one shoulder something higher than the other; and Mall constituted the household whom Mrs. Gillyflower chiefly commanded. There was, besides, Peter Clinton—a thick fellow in barragan jacket, and trousers always clayey about the knees; for he was gardener as well as groom, and outdoor factotum. Tom's thumbs looked as if they had been beaten

broad long ago on an anvil, and his nails and hands were always grimed with garden-mould, and he lived in two rooms that were somewhere among the stables.

The hall-door, being unbarred, opened with a swoop that carried Mall Darrell, who did the office of portress, against the wall, and made the candle, prudently held a long way off in Martha Gillyflower's hand, flare with a great agitation.

"Come in, please," said William Hawthorn.

And the stranger in the cloak, fluttering in the breeze, stepped into the hall; and William got his stalwart shoulder to the old oak-door, and forced it, with a struggle, into its place, and there was an instantaneous calm; and the candle-flame was serene, and lighted stout old Martha's face till every wrinkle was marked, and every pucker stood out like those of a burgomaster's wife in a Dutch portrait.

When Mrs. Gillyflower beheld the stranger, her voluble welcome and remonstrance just commenced was suspended, and her lips closed. With her chin in the air, and the corners of her mouth depressed, she eyed the tall stranger askance, with a jealousy that bordered on dignified scorn.

Without removing her hood, the tall slender form in the dark cloak glanced quickly, this way and that, over her shoulder, and from under that hood William Hawthorn had just a shadowy glimpse of an oval face and a splendid pair of eyes.

It was but momentary and obscure, for now she was looking straight at the house-keeper, and the Squire could see again but the *tournure* of the draped figure.

"Martha—I say, Mrs. Gillyflower—pray attend to me. I wish you to make this" (how was he to style her?)—"this lady as comfortable as you can. There's a fire, of course—and tea—and—and supper. And she is making a journey; and she'll pass to-night under your care; and—and treat her hospitably and kindly, if you please."

The young Squire said this with an effort of self-assertion, for he was extremely embarrassed by old Martha's fixed and severe glance, which she had transferred from the unknown to him.

He felt indescribably disconcerted—he felt that he was looking "put out;" and his pride resented the contrast which it

recognized in his guest, who stood there looking at the old woman with an air as serene as that of a princess who has taken the veil.

"Certainly, sir—you're master here," said the old servant, dryly; and making a short courtesy, that was rather a snub than a civility, to the stranger, she led the way to the kitchen.

He watched his guest as she walked down the tiled passage, and then he turned and entered his study.

The rooms in that house are not stately—very much the reverse; they are very low, and not very large. Here was one hardly fourteen feet square, wainscoted round with oak, with two narrow windows, curtained with thick red stuff, discolored by time, and with a threadbare carpet, much too small for the floor.

But it is an extremely cosy room notwithstanding. It has a huge old-fashioned hearth, in which was then burning a cheery fire of mingled peat, wood, and coals, lighting it all up merrily. Right opposite, ticked from the wainscot that homeliest and snuggest of inelegant articles—a Dutch clock, near to which hung his trout and pike rods, his landing-net and gaff, an old silver-mounted pair of family horse-pistols, and a duck-gun; all round the room were fixed the antlers of deer—ancient decorations transferred from the hall; and the studious pretensions of the young man were vouched for by a few shelves, as rude as the other furniture of the room, from which his books showed their well-worn backs. All the furniture was clumsy and out of date, and before the fire stood a table hardly compatible with romance, on which were tea-things, bread, butter, and a red round of beef; while a brass kettle sang pleasantly from the bars.

"I do hope old Martha is really making her comfortable. I wonder who she is? If she is a lady, she does not choose to be recognized as such—that is plain. She will know, of course, that I could not have asked her, having no lady to receive her, into these sitting-rooms." He glanced round, and smiled as he thought the dignified phrase, for he did not actually speak it. "Well—yes; I may be better yet—finery, wealth; never so snug again, though."

I wonder whether moments ever came in which our liberated friend Robinson

Cruoe regretted his cave, with its rude furniture, his chests and his hammock, and his harmless comrades the dog and the parrot, and dismissed the tranquil image with a sigh.

"I'll make no difference: I'll go to the kitchen at my usual hour, and smoke my ten minutes by the chimney; but I don't think old Martha would like to disgrace Haworth by neglecting a guest."

The young Squire was hungry; he ate heartily. And then he sat before the fire; and the thought of the beautiful figure in the dark mantle was with him still.

CHAPTER III.

A BATTLE WITHOUT RESULTS.

WILLIAM HAWORTH had poked the fire only twice, when a sharp knock at the door announced Mrs. Gillyflower. She closed the door, having stumped in, clearing her voice, not to lose time as she did so, in such hot haste to speak was she; and she made a halt, and a "right-face," and a courtesy.

William was very fond of old Martha, and a little henpecked by her. Her air and look embarrassed him; he was in an unpleasant suspense, and had only time to say, "Well, Martha?"

"I'm come, sir, to gie ye warning; I'll leave you this day month, or any day sooner ye please. I a' been lang enough in Haworth House. I shouldn't ken the ald place, wi' the changes that's like to be."

"Why, what do you mean, Martha?—what have I done?" said the Squire, standing up and opening his hands in expostulation.

"What a' ye done, Master Willie? Well, I think when ye bring in a young fool o' a lass like that—a young lady, I believe I'm to call her—Lady, indeed! Cow-lady (ladybird) off the moss, more like—bring her in, I say, by the hand—"

"I did not bring her in by the hand," replied William, indignantly.

"And what has that to do wi' the matter, Master Willie? What does it signify, sir? Not that bit o' stick that's burning in the peat, there. But whether ye brought her in by the hand or no, it's plain ye should put her out by the lug."

"Why, what the devil has she been doing?" demanded William, firing up with a stamp on the floor.

"I don't say she's been doin' nout, did I? All I say's this—and queer crack-

brain'd work it is!—how does you and me know who or what she is? I won't make a butt' o' such folk for no one; catter-waulin' over the moss wi' her company-keeper, mayhap—and a brave gowk they've made o' you—and I'm vexed to think you'd be so dafy. Ye usedn't to du a that lids, Master Willie—and what will the nebbers consait?—and what will the nebbers say?"

"Neighbors, indeed! I'd like to know where the neighbors are; and I give them all leave, when you can find them, to say what they please. I tell you, Martha, with your nonsense, you are enough to ruin the character of fifty men." And as he said this, indignantly looking on her consequential face and dumpy person, his own speech was on a sudden so very near upsetting him, that he turned abruptly, and I think his shoulders shook a little.

"Listen to me," he said, turning again, with a countenance graver than ever; "and perhaps, once for all, you'll hear reason. Returning home, only three minutes before I knocked at the kitchen-window, I saw this young woman—I suppose she's young, as you say so; I'm sure I don't know—standing alone in the storm, at the Mickle Steans. I suppose the poor creature meant to pass the night there. Would it have been creditable to Haworth House, and the old name, and to you as housekeeper, if I had passed her by, and left her in the mirk and storm—to be found dead, perhaps, in the morning, within ten-score steps of our door? Do you really mean to say that, in the name of virtue, I should have left her, the young woman as you call her, in a storm like this—do you hear the windows? do you hear the noise?—without a bield to shelter her, and perhaps to be smooed in the moss? I hope there's hardly such a monster on earth."

"Well, you know. Don't ye be in such a hurry. How could I know? and if, as you say, 'twas so near the door, and the night being so—I'll no deny. But ye ought to be prudent, Master Willie; ye're the head o' a house now, mind, and ye'll be looked to for example; and the apostle says—there's a waster on yon can'le—'ye must not avoid evil only, but the appearance thereof.' And I suppose she'll no' be puttin' her staff here, and she'll be gangin' in the morning; and 'twas very unfortunate the thing should have happened so, but being as you say, I suppose it just

couldn't be helped, ye'll no' be makin' a custom of it, and that's all we can say about it, if we were to talk till doomsday."

Had the guest of Haworth Hall been short and crooked, pitted with the small-pox, and blind of an eye, this debate upon eternal principles would, I daresay, have been spared: Mrs. Gillyflower would not have had a word to say in favor of exposing young women, for whole nights together, to storms in the dark; and the ancient rites of hospitality would not have found, perhaps, quite so passionate a vindicator in William Haworth.

If feminine beauty be, in general, a letter of recommendation, it is also, with the gentler sex, a challenge and an alarm. It is only a different acknowledgment of the power of the talisman.

He laughed to himself, as he poked the fire for the third time. "Certainly it is high time I should stand up for my rights a little. Good old Martha would tread down my prerogative to something very small indeed, if I allowed her to bully me as she seems to wish; in that I suppose they are all pretty much alike, but who is there like her in everything else? I could not live in this place if she went away, and she could not live away from it; she's the last of the old people here, and she's such an old darling! I hope, I'm sure," he suddenly thought, "she'll give her her breakfast in the morning."

CHAPTER IV.

SMOKE.

Now, it was a custom of our recluse Squire, every night at a quarter to ten (for which important hour he used punctually to set the "alarum" of his Dutch clock), to shut his book, take his pipe, and pay old Martha a visit in the kitchen, and have a talk with her as he smoked his churchwarden up the capacious chimney.

At that hour Mall's scrubbing and scouring for the day was over, and good Mrs. Gillyflower's labors of direction had come to an end; and the kitchen was tranquil, and the "housekeeper" disposed to chat a little before she betook herself to her bed.

The shrilly ring of the clock suddenly startled William from his book—it was a quarter to ten.

"Yes, my smoke. No, I'll *not* smoke here. I don't see why I shouldn't take my pipe to the kitchen, as usual, and have a look at her. I will."

And accordingly he popped his homely canister of tobacco into his pocket, and with his pipe in his fingers, and a candlestick in the other hand (for the hall of Haworth boasted no light), he set out on an exploration unusually interesting.

As he entered the tiled passage he heard such sounds of merriment from the kitchen as had not enlivened Haworth Hall for many a day. The sound of laughter is not only cheery to listen to, but it excites a sympathetic merriment in the hearers; and alone as he was, and utterly ignorant of the fun that provoked it, William laughed quietly in unison, in spite of himself.

The laughter which echoed from the kitchen was that of hale old Martha, and the young clear cackination of Mall Darrell; and between these peals he heard a low sweet voice narrating the story that, no doubt, stimulated all the mirth.

He could not find it in his heart to risk its interruption, and he waited, enjoying a sympathetic laugh, every time the merriment grew wild in the kitchen, until the story was plainly ended, and old Mrs. Gillyflower and Mall with great hilarity began to talk together. When this had a little subsided, William, with his pipe in one hand and his candle in the other, entered the snug old kitchen.

His guest was standing in the attitude in which she may have recounted her story, with one hand on the tall back of the chair, and an indescribable grace, and even dignity, in her pose. He thought he had never seen so beautiful and singular a creature.

There was no vulgar flurry or fidget; she simply awaited his notice, if he chose to give it, with a serene self-possession.

Perhaps I shall best describe the points that struck him in the stranger, by transcribing a little pencil-note he made in his study, an hour later, in meditative idleness, to aid his memory in making a sketch. It is as follows:

"Black hair—*very* black; low forehead; small head, beautifully set on; large brilliant black eyes, with long lashes; an oval face; a very small nose; small pretty ears; very pretty mouth, brilliantly red; very even little teeth; complexion clear brown, with a color seen richly through. Her figure, long-limbed, slender; flat shoulders, and very slender waist; distance from the waist to the feet

long in proportion ; her hands small ; in walking, her steps not long enough to show her feet before her dress ; her dress, I think, a very dark gray, comes up to her throat, and is long in the skirt. She has put aside her cloak ; a very high bearing ; an air of independence and equality that resembles command, yet very civil and gentle ; perfectly self-possessed ; her voice low and very sweet, with a pretty accent.

"How comes this something wild and queen-like, with so perfectly feminine a bearing ?

"She *is* a lady—I think a foreign one ; her accent is not quite English. A Spaniard, perhaps.

"Suppose she should prove an escaped nun !

"Not a bad conjecture. I wonder whether that is a conventual dress. I wish I had some drawings. We shall see its color with certainty in the morning. I think I saw beads and a cross for a moment.

"We shall see how she bears the Bible ; we shall hear what she has to say about religion.

"What a Diana she looks !

"I should like to see the villain who, as Sheridan Knowles says, dares touch her with but a look !"

This was thought down an hour later, and the sheet of paper has several sketches, each an improvement on the other, not one satisfactory ; and under his disappointing essays he had written, in a kind of despair :—

"Or like the borealis' race,
That flits ere you can mark the place."

Whatever William had expected, he certainly fancied that the embarrassment would have been altogether on the stranger's side. Well, it had turned out differently. This girl—she did not look more than eighteen—was quite unabashed, and William somehow did not mind lighting his pipe until he returned to his quaint study.

He did not return to his book—that was pretty well out of his head.

It was simple curiosity, he told himself. Of course she was herself a very interesting person, he allowed, for he was a frank fellow ; but it was the situation—the romance—the utter uncertainty, that really employed his thoughts ; it was, in short, the story more than the heroine, he could swear, that exercised his imagination.

After he had bidden her welcome to

Haworth Hall, and they had exchanged courtesies upon that occasion as guest and host, she seemed no longer to concern herself about his presence ; her attention was unaffectedly engaged about other things. And while he was telling old Martha the story of his adventures on the moss that night, he was secretly mortified to observe that the stranger (for whom he perhaps intended it) was whispering something to Mall Darrell.

One thing was plain, and did not displease him : Martha Gillyflower had grown into something more than toleration of her, and the unknown had, in fact, grown into high favor with Martha.

William Haworth went to sleep that night thinking of his guest, and the first thing he thought of in the morning was the same run-away nun. But was she a nun ?

She had made them almost die of laughing with the story of a series of adventures which a poor man whom she knew had undergone at a fair in Warwickshire. Was that the sort of story which a young lady who had taken the veil would have been likely to hear ? On the other hand, why should she not ? She had not always been a nun, and even nuns hear stories.

"I think old Gillyflower would like to keep her for a little longer ;" and if so, he would give her leave.

CHAPTER V.

HER STORY.

MRS. GILLYFLOWER and she were sitting next morning in the kitchen, at the little deal table, with a coarse but very white cloth on it, and the tea-things. Mall Darrell had done her breakfast, and was washing potatoes and peeling turnips, quite out of hearing, at the open door of the scullery, through which, faintly, were audible in the kitchen the crow and gobble of the busy poultry ; and close to the kitchen-window, that opened in the side-wall, roses, planted by Peter Clinton, shook themselves up and nodded in the comparative shelter, and tapped on the panes, while the tall trees outside swayed their boughs and rustled boisterously in the still vehement wind.

"Darrat ta, lass ! yer no gangin' to-day. Why, see how it blaas, an' the branches swings, an' the Squire himsel' has bid ye. An' I tell ye ye'll no flit the day—ye shan't goa noo, not a bit—ye'll just bide where

ye er; ye'll stay ower the night, an' gang in the mornin,' if ye will. I like ye, lass; I see ye're none o' them flirilig fools; ye hev sense an' observation, an' ye ken the ald saw to 'be merry an' wise.' Ye can make a body laugh when ye like. But ye're no gilliver, not a bit; ye hev principles an' feelin' like mysel', though ye don't keep braggin' o' them, nor talkin' any such clish-ma-clash; an' I like ye, lass, an' I should na wonder if I came to like ye better."

Old Martha was talking heartily, and honestly too. She had formed instinctively a good opinion of her new acquaintance; and such opinions, mysteriously but irresistibly derived, command our confidence often more than any others.

She meant to be encouraging; she had placed her broad dumpy hand upon the slender one of the girl, whose arm rested on the table.

The girl looked at her with a grave countenance, in which were yet mingled expressions odd: something of amusement—something of disdain—something of liking.

"Well, Mrs. Gillyflower," she said, drawing back her hand sedately, "you're kind—I don't mind if I do; 'twill be four rounds of the clock to-morrow; after that, I provide for myself."

"Provide for yersel'? Well, I'm glad ye hev no care o' that sort to grieve ye; ye're sure ye can?"

"I can."

"H'm! Well, that's a comfort—people and friends, I daresay?"

"I have friends, and I have relations," said the girl, quietly.

"Where do they live?"

"A good many miles away, but not so far that my feet won't carry me to them. I can walk a long way, when I like."

Mrs. Gillyflower was curious; her little round gray eyes were peering vainly into the dark, fiery, unfathomable eyes of the girl.

She felt that this girl was a different nature—a more potent spirit—that she could make nothing of her.

"Well, lass, I tell ye what," said the old woman. "We are not ower rich here, any o' us; that is, we hev quite enough, d'ye mind, but none to spare. But I doubt ye'r ill-provided—an' I have a bit o' money by me—an' I'd like to lend ye a pound, an' ye'll pay me whean ye can, or

whean ye like; but ye'll want somethin' by the way, an' ye'll no refuse."

The girl quickly replaced her hand on the dumpy fingers of the old woman, with a movement like a caress; and with a wild smile she looked on her for a moment, and said, "You are very good natured, Mrs. Gillyflower—yes, and if it ever lies in my way to do you a good turn, I'll do it. Thank you very kindly; it was well-meant, but I don't need it, Mrs. Gillyflower. Look here!" and from her pocket she took a little scarlet-cloth purse with a silk cord tied round it, and poured out a tiny pile of silver on the table; and then, sweeping it back again, she continued: "And I'll tell you how I happen to be making this journey alone—I didn't intend, but you're good-natured—I ran away!"

"Ran away, child—hey? Not from a husband, though?" she asked, with a sudden consternation.

The stranger laughed.

"No—no! that never was our way. I've been used cruel bad. I've a step-mother. I wouldn't wonder if you had a stepmother yourself, once?" she added, after a moment's pause.

"Well, noo, that *is* queer. So I had, lass, that *was* a tazzle, I can tell ye, and mickle she made me dree. I forgie her, an' may God forgie her too! But I'll never forget her, if I was to live for a thousand year.—An' so ye hev a step-mother? Tell me more, poor lassie! I ween there was cause, an' to spare, why ye should flee out o' her hands, as Jacob did fra the hands o' his unnatural brother Esau."

"'Twas all about a man," said the girl.

"A man?" repeated Martha Gillyflower, much interested. "Well—go on, dear."

"She wanted to give me to a wicked man—the worst fellow, almost, she knew. Ha!"

The ejaculation was like a gasp, quick and hard, and accompanied with a strange smile that showed her little white teeth suddenly—expressed abhorrence powerfully.

"That fellow, as I guess from the looks and whispers of some that knows all about him, has murdered people—several, and I think I know where some of the graves is. Well, *there* was a man to choose! And I said '*No*.' She wanted

to be rid o' me, for one thing, and to put me into the hands of a devil for another. I said 'No, I'd die first.'

"Ye were right; I'd a' done the same myself, lass. I telt ye, right. I kenned quick enough ye were nane o' them strackle-brained queans, I kenned ye had reason for what ye did."

"Ay, so I had. And she and I had words, and she snatched up the cudgel to break my head; and I caught it fast in my hand, and I flung her down; and 'twas just ay or no with me should I kill her—it's a heavy cudgel—'twas like lightning; I did not know myself—just a flicker and a chance—but I didn't come down with it, and I flung it over the casties; and said I, 'Tis the last time ye'll ever lift that to me!' and I left her that night."

"And right well done o' you. I'm maist sorry ye did not gie her a clink whaar 'twould make her lugs sing, a-toppa t' head; but ye did right to spare her, 'twas only what a Christian should."

"And she'll try to set that fellow on my track," continued the girl, "to kill me, if she can."

"And where did you live?"

"Well—a good way off—the name don't matter."

"And where are ye gangin'?"

"To friends and kin."

"And had ye no kin living nigh yer stepmother?"

"Ay, some; they left me to her, though—they don't care. I have a grand-aunt there; if she was younger, she loves me, and would not see me wronged, but she's too old for that work; and—ye were so kind, I've told ye all—and I mind the time I thought there was not a sore heart or wildered brain in all the world.—Hey! Why, there's a bird and a pretty cage! That's a bullfinch, and it can't whistle, I'm sure, but I'll teach it!" And by this time she was beside the cage, and began very sweetly to whistle a little tune. "Ay—ay, see how he cocks his ear! I love birds! He will, the darling—he'll whistle, I tell ye!"

CHAPTER VI.

SUNRISE AND LIGHT.

PETER CLINTON rode the pony to the queer little post-town nine miles away, once a week, sometimes twice, when the Squire expected a letter, and

brought home, at least, the county newspaper.

That morning the *Beacon of Northumbria* lay long on his table unopened. The Squire's head was running upon the adventure of last night, and the beautiful guest whom a chance storm had cast at his door. When at last he did unfold that chronicle, a minute assured him that "there was nothing in the paper." How wearisome seemed the doings of the magistrates, the price of sheep, even the excitement of the hour—the inquest upon the peddler who died of a heart-complaint, at the "George" in Golden Friars!

But when he took up the paper a second time, a little paragraph, hid away in a corner, accidentally caught his eye, and instantly riveted his attention. It was printed in the following terms:—

"The neighborhood of Fothergang, twelve miles from Tatham, on the old Harrogate road, and on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, was thrown into considerable excitement, on the morning of the 14th instant, by the intelligence that a young nun had made her escape in the course of the night from the Convent of St. Mary, which was opened about five years since, as our readers will remember, with considerable *éclat*, near that hamlet. She is supposed to be travelling on foot, most probably in the direction of Morpeth, where she is stated to have some Protestant relatives resident, on whose protection she probably reckons. Formal information has been given to the magistrates of this elopement by the Superioress of the Convent, who thus invokes the aid of the civil power to recover the custody of the young person who has made her escape. It is understood, however, that some messengers in the employment of the convent are already in pursuit. In the convent she is styled Sister Euphemia—her real name has not transpired. She is stated to be under 20, rather tall and slight, with dark eyes and hair—intelligent and good-looking. Her conventual faults were—'too great a proneness to talk,' 'restlessness,' a 'tendency to levity,' and 'a disposition to question the authority of superiors.' Great excitement prevails in the neighborhood, and we need hardly say that the sympathies of the inhabitants are altogether with the poor young nun who has made her escape. It is thought that any

attempt to bring her back publicly, and consign her to the tender mercies of the conventual authorities, would produce a very alarming state of feeling in the vicinity—possibly a somewhat riotous search and rescue within the walls of the convent itself. It is stated that the local magistrates have applied to the Home Office for instructions under the circumstances."

This piece of intelligence William Hawthorn read over and over till he could have repeated it, word for word, by rote.

Nothing in the paper, indeed? Floods of light!

William changed color again and again—from red to pale, and from pale to red.

Had that eloquent paper, the *Beacon of Northumbria*, ever excited readers so fearfully before?

With a great sigh, at last the Squire laid the paper down, smiling darkly to himself over the discovered mystery. For the present he would keep his proofs to himself. With his penknife he carved the paragraph out of its place in the paper, and locked it up quickly in his desk.

He would not take old Martha quite into his confidence; but he must sound her, and put the solution conjecturally before her. Her opportunities were so multitudinous; trifles would help the proof. It was very odd, but the idea had struck him, at once, that this girl, with her singular manners and unaccountable dignity, might be what this paragraph very nearly proved her.

He might, he thought, fairly be a little conceited of his penetration. The thing, however, was not quite proved yet. The solution might be something quite different. But, with the same dark smile, he thought, "We must at least admit that it is not altogether improbable."

Half an hour after, also, Mrs. Gillyflower, having no one else to talk to, popped into William's study, and after some conversation—about Peter Clinton's administration of the garden, and the old kitchen-jack that would not wind—suddenly recalled his wandering thoughts, and fixed them in a moment, by beginning: "That poor young lass has been and telt me all that's foan-out at heyam, and ill-served she has been wi' a raggard step-mother. I ken that sort over-weel mysel'."

And with this exordium she told the story, and William shut his Sanscrit Dic-

tionary, and stood listening with a romantic intensity, and his elbow on the chinney-piece.

The Squire of Haworth Hall had been a distinguished man in his college—a hard reader when he chose, a debater, a writer of essays; and he was, like many ingenious men with brilliant imaginations, one who could see a good way into a millstone.

"That young lady," said he—"for so I am sure she is—has a rosary with a cross to it; I saw it for a moment. Mind, Martha, this is quite between you and me, and you are not to repeat a word of it. She has quarrelled with her superioress, and possibly about some confessor she dislikes. She calls her superioress a stepmother, and so on. If we had time, I've a book there, which says, that when nuns have any complaint to make of their condition to people of the world, they often do so in allegory—I mean, a kind of parable."

"Well, that is queer. I never saa a nun in a' my days before, an' I should not wonder; but who'd think, to look at her an' hear her talk, she was that sly; but I consayted them nuns was always dressed in a windin'-sheet like, but doubtless you know best."

"Nothing, except from books. And she stays till to-morrow, then? That's right. The wind has shifted, not at this side of the house now; but still it is a high wind, and may be higher by evening."

"I left her whistling to the bird. She did look bonny, keekin' into the cage! She's a bonny lass, ain't she?"

"Yes—I daresay those who like dark beauties; but I'm held so fast to my books that my eyes are, growing old, I fancy, and they can hardly admire anything. My eyes are on Sanscrit; and my heart in India. Not but I hope to come home, some day, with a hatful of money, to spend the rest of my days in the old place—where you are to welcome me back again, mind; and you'll keep the old house together, and the fire burning, while I'm away, and write me a letter every post; and you'll have my tea and a hot bannock ready for me, just in the old way, the evening I come back."

And, so saying, he placed a hand on each shoulder of the old woman, and looked very kindly down into her face.

"Hey, yer na gane yet, man—who kens?" said the old woman.

"True enough—who kens? as you say, Martha."

"Ay, ay—man proposes, God disposes; and I'll not be greetin' for my bonny lad, till I see his trunk packed and his hat on, for the flittin'."

And with these words, smiling bravely, her eyes filled up with tears; and turning briskly, she said:

"Hoot, lad—I'm wastin' the whole mornin', and nothin' down for dinner yet, and talk 'ill never mak ye fat. Get along wi' ye, an' let's mind our business."

And away she trotted.

The Squire went to the window; and to the left, a little way off, he saw the tall slender girl, very busy choosing and plucking roses from the huge bushes that grew near the paling.

How her head is set on! How she holds herself! She steps like a deer. How beautiful she is!—how elegant! How small her hand is!

Her black tresses were blown in the wind, and her fingers brushed them back every now and then. He lowered the window, smiling. At the noise she looked round at him, from the nodding bunch of roses in her hand, standing quite still, very gravely. Then she said something he could not hear, and smiled a little anxiously, and looked gravely at him again.

"You are too much at the corner there," he called, smilingly; "it is quite sheltered this way."

She drew near, in her leisurely way, walking with her short steps and high air; and with her grave proud look, she said, with the roses in her hand, a little toward him:

"I was gathering some flowers, sir; I hope it ain't any harm?"

There is something interesting in that voice, so sweet and gentle, that contrasts, somehow, with the style of her beauty and her proud bearing.

"Would not you be better with something on? Aren't you afraid of this rough wind? If you'll allow me, I'll go and ask Mrs. Gillyflower for your cloak and bonnet; I'll fetch it in a moment."

"No, thank you, sir," she answered, still gravely, though he was smiling. "I like the wind; I'm used to it—it never hurt any one."

"Well, you'll allow me to show you where there are much better roses, and I think other flowers?"

"Thank you, sir."

In a moment he was out on the grass—without a hat, of course; he would have been ashamed to wear one while her head was uncovered.

"It is so sheltered this way," he said, "just round this corner; and here, you see, the roses grow like great hedges."

And so they did—nothing the better of the wind, of course, but still very splendid festoons of red, white, and yellow roses.

"And this little nook is so sheltered; you don't feel the wind unpleasantly here."

It was a recess under the gable of the house, beyond which were the rear of tall stable-walls covered with ivy, and a great walnut-tree threw its shadow on the grass.

"Oh, yes; those roses are very fine; may I gather some, sir?"

"Certainly," said William, in a lower tone, that confessed the power of beauty. "You are *very* welcome to anything, everything you like, at Haworth."

William's color was heightened as he spoke. But there was nothing in the girl's manner to show that she thought herself addressed in any unusual strain, or that the speech could be made to comprehend more than the flowers she had asked leave to take.

For a few seconds they were both quite silent, and the handsome girl went on plucking these roses.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SQUIRE IMPROVES HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH HIS GUEST.

WILLIAM was long to talk, but he did not know how to begin. He felt a little *gêné*. In the girl's serenity there was a feeling of inferiority that embarrassed him. He was very much afraid that she would have completed her task, and gone away with her arm laden with flowers, before he had made up his mind what to say. He was standing beside her without a word, and looking, he began to think, very foolish; and his awkwardness was enhanced by the secret misgiving, "What an ass she must think me!"

At last a thought struck him, and he said:—

"I was so glad you stayed with us."

"You are very kind, sir—yes, forty-eight hours—thank you, sir."

"If you had gone, you know, it would have been as much as saying you thought

us churls, and did not trust our hospitality ; and I wish—it is not impertinence, I assure you—to ask you, if you'll allow me, just a question or two. May I ?”

“Certainly, sir,” said the girl, turning toward him, and standing like a picture of a Southern Flora, with her roses hanging clustered over her arm, and her eyes lowered to the grass near her foot. She does not look as if he were going to question her, but proud and grave, as a princess going to hear a petition.

“It was only this,” he began. “Mrs. Gillyflower says you are going to make a journey to the residence of some of your friends. I don't know, of course, what the distance may be ; but if you will allow me, I will tell Clinton, and you can drive in the tax-cart, twenty miles, in any direction you please.”

“Thank you, sir—that's very kind of you ; but I'll walk, sir,” said this independent heroine. “I've very good shoes, sir.”

And, by way of demonstration, she put out, in a strong shoe, the very slenderest and shapeliest foot he had ever seen.

“Well—and will you pardon me this ? You know you are very young,” he added, wisely, “and you can't have much experience in travelling, especially in such travelling. And I rather think you have been leading a particularly quiet life.”

He said this pointedly, *apropos* of another accidental glimpse of her rosary, and he paused for a little ; but there followed not the least sign or movement to indicate acquiescence or denial.

“And at all events,” he said, “I wish so very much you would allow me to renew Mrs. Gillyflower's offer ; she is really quite unhappy about it, and so am I—very ; you ought to have some little provision more than she says you have about you.”

“That's good of you, sir, but I have more money than I want ; very little would carry me a long way.”

“I see you are more cruel than you look ; you won't allow me to be of the least use—you'll accept nothing from us. I think that is hardly kind, Miss—Miss—You have not even told me your name.”

“Any name you please will do, sir.”

“Oh, I may take my choice,” he laughed. “I know that young ladies, when they betake themselves to a solitary life, change their names, as they do when they

marry. Miss Mayflower, or Miss Nightingale, becomes Sister Eugenia, or Sister Cecilia ; and I suppose you mean that I am at liberty to choose from the calendar, and I can't choose very wrong.”

He said all this archly ; he fancied—simple youth !—that he might bring about a confidence, and become a champion ; and he was growing to feel that he would give half Haworth for a chance of fighting in her quarrel. But the girl stood, as before, with her eyes lowered to the grass near her foot.

“You've refused all my poor requests,” said he. “I believe that compassion is killed in the shadow of the cloister, and a cruel purity, taintless and cold as snow, dwells only in that colorless and freezing life. May I ask you a question ?”

“Surely, sir.”

“Is it true that you fear a revengeful man is in pursuit of you ?”

“Mrs. Gillyflower told you that—did not she ?” asked the girl, raising her splendid eyes to his.

“Yes, certainly, it was she,” he replied.

“It is so, sir—quite true. That's why I stayed ; I would not have him overtake me in a lonely place. He's always plotting mischief and rolling revenges. They say he's mad ; drink, I think, has made his brain unsound. I should have to run and fight, and fight and run, for my life. He would not think twice ; he'd fell me with his cudgel, as ready as look, and throw me in a brook.”

“Thank you for speaking so frankly,” said he. “Now, remember you are my guest, and your life is *dear* to me ; you shan't leave this to-morrow.”

“Have you heard he's about here ?” she asked.

“No matter,” said he, evading. “You must stay over to-morrow. I say I will not risk you.”

“I would stay to-morrow, sir, only I'm sure my people will be looking for me ; I sent them word.”

“That's no reason. If they care for you as they ought, they should be only too glad that you were made safe until that ruffian is off your track. Pray remain ; do—I entreat !”

He placed his hand upon her arm as he pleaded.

“It is very good of you, sir ; and as you say, so I will.”

“You have made me so happy,” said

he, and he did look quite radiant; "and I'll tell Martha. Perhaps you'd prefer that she should ask you; and would not it be well if you told her everything? You have no idea what a wise old woman she is. She could give you such good counsel, and who knows but it may end by your staying with her—for I'm sure you like a quiet life—a great deal longer than you ever dreamed."

And so he went on, eloquently, for a good while.

What was there so odd and unsatisfactory in the expression of her beautiful features, as the girl listened to his eloquence? He tried afterwards to analyze it. It resembled the expression which they wore in conversation with Martha Gillyflower—the expression with which a beautiful girl might listen to the kindly prattle of a child who thought itself wondrous wise. Amused superiority and good-nature, and something of sadness and compassion, were there.

"Well, I've been giving very wise advice, as I supposed, and I see you are laughing at me," said he, with a smile.

"No, sir, I don't laugh; you would not think that, but what you say would not answer me; there's no one thing about it I could do."

She smiled genuinely now, and shook her head.

"Well, I've had my innings, and done no good; will you try now? I should be very glad of good advice. Here I am, a poor man, of an old but decayed family, and far from content with his lot: what do you advise me to do?"

"I'm not fit to advise such as you are, sir."

"Pray do, though. How can you tell?—how can I? I have no one to advise me, and your counsel might be the very best I could have."

"I don't think so."

"Well, but try—pray do."

"Do you understand horses?"

"No."

"Are you going for a soldier?"

"No; what would you change about me?"

"I don't know, sir; I think I'd throw the books out o' the window."

"Why?"

"They're not manly. Why should you be sitting all day, like a woman, in a room—stifling?"

"But I must earn money, and I can't do that without reading."

"Liberty is better than money. What does a man want, after all, but bread and health? Men shutting themselves up in a house, like ladies! I sometimes wonder they're not ashamed!"

There was no enthusiasm, real or affected, in this speech, which she spoke musingly; but it nettled him, for he thought he saw in her pretty face more of the old expression of amusement and disdain.

"Well, I for one don't like it—I hate it!" pleaded he. "But so it is. We must do it, or be nowhere in the great race."

"The great race up a hill, they say, and over a scaw; that's what makes them old and tired before they're well begun, spending their lives chasing—nothing!—in place of learning how little will make a man happy, and living in freedom."

He looked in her face, and somehow he felt that the girl was right, and life a fallacy and a perversion.

"I dare say you are right," he said, with a sigh. "I'm sure you *are* right; but we are entered so early for the race—in for the combat before we know; and then habit and pride. You speak truth, I think; but after a certain point is past, truth only makes us sad."

"I'm going now, sir; in——"

"And—and—you won't tell me your name?"

"I could tell you many names, sir, that would do as well as mine."

"As well!—How?"

"As well to call me by, for a day."

"Well, you won't trust me."

"There's none but enemies near here that knows my name. I'd rather not, sir."

"I must only make a guess, then—shall I?"

"No harm, sir—no good; you'll never guess it," she answered, carelessly.

"Will you tell me truly if I make a good guess?"

"I don't think you will."

"I think I could tell you one that is very like it."

"Perhaps you could, sir."

"Well, then, I think it is not very unlike—*Euphemia*," said William Haworth, with a smile.

His meaning glance was met by a sudden flash from the girl's splendid eyes:

and she looked at him, for a moment or two, with a sort of startled expectation. It subsided in a moment more, but the Squire had made his inferences.

"You see, I'm not quite so much in the dark as you supposed," said he, still smiling; and then more earnestly he continued: "But you are not to suppose—I am sure you could not do me that wrong—that if an accident has told me more than you intended to confess, I could be base and cowardly enough to permit any human being, while you honor my poor house with your presence, to trouble your quiet, or endanger your liberty. Pray rely upon me. We have never been cowards—never been traitors. I would defend you with my life!"

She looked with a side-glance of her large eyes in the face of the enthusiastic young man, and then down on the flowers that lay in a blooming sheaf on her arm, and said:—

"Some folks say you northern squires are hard—but all agree you're proud—and you'll allow none, small or great, that depends on you to be wronged; and I think you're kind beside, sir, and would not like to see any one in trouble. Is not that so?"

William smiled.

"You give us north-countrymen a good character, and me in particular; and I am too much gratified by your commendation to refuse it. But, be that how it may, rely on us; we will take good care of you while you remain at Haworth."

"You are good to me—all," said the girl; "and please, sir, I'll go in with these roses now—very kind; and I hope God will bless you!"

"And, mind, you've promised you stay over to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir—thanks."

"Give me your hand upon it."

And so she did, instantly. What a pretty slender hand it was! He was holding it longer than need be.

"I keep my word, sir, always. I'm grateful, sir, for your kindness," she said, with a grave and gentle air, drawing her hand back at the same time, as if to settle the straggling flowers on her arm; and so she was gone, and he alone.

And William Haworth sighed, and leaned his shoulder against the tree, and sighed again. He was thinking of liberty, and sighing to think that yearn-

ing for it was vain as for heaven. And yet—why?

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOCK, NACK, BALLO."

THAT evening, in his study, William was disturbed by faint and far-away sounds of merriment from the kitchen. It is a house of thick walls and strong doors, but in the silence of his room the merry vibration reached him. He went into the hall and listened, and heard, at the end of the passage which leads to the kitchen, such a hurly-burly of hilarity as he could not have conceived it possible for only three people to make.

The old housekeeper was screaming peal after peal of laughter, such as he did not think mortal could utter, and retain any breath at all. A wonderful grunting or snoring sound, uttered with a sort of rhythm, accompanied one of the oddest songs he had ever heard, the melody of which resembled a piece of church-music, with a wild comic refrain attached to it at every verse. It was sung by a very sweet voice—a demi-contralto, rich and powerful, which somehow he had no difficulty in allotting to the stranger.

Now what could the row be, he wondered: some fun, of course, that delightful girl has set going.

Well, certainly, she was the mistress of these revels, and very funny the fun was to witness, if not to describe.

They had been drinking their tea together—Mrs. Gillyflower, the guest, and Mall. Tea ended, the girl had resumed her work, and old Martha and the stranger began to talk. A very voluble companion, in truth, was this guest, and kept the old woman, who loved a talk and a story, very agreeably employed.

Now she was telling her a long story—the sort of thing that old housekeepers like to gossip over. It was about her mother's last illness, and her death.

There were touching incidents at the close, and the young girl told them with a true simple eloquence, that moved good Martha Gillyflower, albeit she despised the melting mood, to tears.

That strange girl did not weep, although she drew tears from the proud energetic old woman.

"Come—come, ma'am, you must cry no more; I'll bite your little finger if you do."

The old woman looked at her, not knowing what to make of her threat ; for she seemed very serious, and showed the tiny edge of her white teeth.

"Na—na, lass ! ye'll no bite my finger," said Mrs. Gillyflower, drying her eyes quickly, with a little severity.

"Don't you tempt me, Mrs. Gillyflower."

"Don't ye talk nonsense, child."

"Well, ye've stopped crying, and that's all I wanted. Mall's done her work ; we're going to dance a dance for ye. Give her leave to come—do, please ; pray do.—Mall ! Mrs. Gillyflower says ye may come."

Well, Mrs. Gillyflower did agree, with just reluctance and conditions enough to reserve her importance, and in a moment the tiled floor was cleared.

"Where's the bellows ? that's right—and here's a stick. Now, Mrs. Gillyflower—mind, I'm the bear-leader, and a fiddler beside ; and the bear is sick, and I'm lamenting with him over his sickness. And we try a dance now and then, but it won't do ; and Mall is the bear. I'll have her ready in a minute ; and may I throw this wood on the fire to make a good blaze, that you may see us well ? Come in, Mall—bring your candle—come into the room, till I dress you for the bear."

Grinning from ear to ear, in marched Mall, with lengthy strides, and in two or three minutes emerged with a vizard on, made of brown-paper stitched over with tufts of black wool, a clever imitation of a bear's head ; her arms and legs encased in long black stockings, the feet of which were stuffed out so as to resemble two long paws. The gait of the bear had been carefully rehearsed. The bear was muzzled, and a cord from its nose tied round the fiddler's arm : and with bent knees, lifting its feet high at every step, and paws raised after the manner of a begging dog—her dark dress so disposed and tied about her as to harmonize with the other dispositions, and make a very good rough imitation of the brute—in came the interesting invalid, hanging his head, now on this side, now on that, and emitting dolorous grunts ; while the woe-begone fiddler, with his bellows to his chin, the stick, by way of bow, across it, and the cord about his arm—turning up his eyes in agony, or rolling them on the bear with rueful affec-

tion—gave a final charge to his associate performer :

"Now, mind all I said. Remember when ye sit down, and when ye stand up ; and every time I call ye 'Sir Bruin, the Bear,' ye make a low bow, mind ; and when I sing 'My son ! my son !' ye hug me with your arms ; and when I sing quick, 'Oh, poor fallow—Yock, nack, ballo !' * then ye dance round, first on one leg and then on the other ; and when I say 'Chatters, mooie, cherro †—We'll drive him in the barrow,' you sit down fainting-like. And now look, Mrs. Gillyflower, please ; we're just beginning."

It needed no such exhortation, for that good woman, with a recluse's appetite for fun, was staring and listening, all eye and ear, with a preparatory grin on.

So the dramatic dance and song commenced : and to those who have ever witnessed it performed with the gravity of genuine humor, the mutual and somewhat ceremonious respect of the bear and the fiddler, the suffering and the sympathy, the tender affection and condolences, and the momentary gleams of hope and hilarity—it will be no wonder that, before it had proceeded far, old Martha was in such screams of laughter that it was a marvel she did not roll off her chair, or die in the struggle to catch her breath.

The beautiful creature who played the fiddler could not, do what she would, divest herself of her grace and her prettiness, and her clever acting was made but the more irresistible by these pleasant incongruities.

Old Martha shook—she shrieked—she rolled ; down her cheeks streamed tears of merriment ; she inarticulately waved her hands imploringly, to arrest the fun that was convulsing her. But it proceeded to the end, and caused the uproar that disturbed William, who, I am afraid, was beginning to grow more idle than was right.

He would have liked to pay his visit to Mrs. Gillyflower then, but he feared he might interrupt the fun. He stood, and listened to the strange hurly-burly, highly amused, and also interested. Sometimes he lost

* In a foreign language, which the stranger understood, these words mean "Eyes, nose, hair ;" and were introduced in the refrain describing the ubiquity of the sufferings of Sir Bruin, every part being affected.

† In the same language, and similarly introduced, these words mean, "Teeth, mouth, head."

patience with honest Martha, whose roars of laughter almost drowned the song, which he thought wonderfully quaint and pretty, and the voice quite beautiful. I think he was fast falling in love with his mysterious guest.

"Well," said old Martha, breaking in on his solitude, "that's the lithesomest lass that ever I sid. If you'd a' sin how connily she did it!"

"I heard you laughing, and I thought I heard singing."

"So you did," cried Martha, hilariously, and she described the whole performance with boisterous merriment.

"I tell you what, I never laughed so in my life before; an' I saw a play in the York theatre, an' singin' an' dancin' there, but nothin' like this to make a body laugh. Hoot, man! where war ye that ye didn't come and see it?—ye'd a' never forget it while ye lived. I wish she may be as skilled in graver things, tho', but I don't know what to make of her."

"What is it, then? tell me what you mean," said he, struck by the sudden gravity of her looks.

"Well, I'll tell ye. I took down the Bible this evening, when we had done our tea, and I read a chapter; and she listened quite quiet, and when I shut it she asked me, 'What book is that?' I looked at her, thinkin' she was funnin' me. But twasn't nothin' o' the kind. Then I consayted she meant, 'What book o' the Old Testament is it?' So I said, 'Genesis.' 'And who wrote Genesis?' says she. 'The Bible,' says I, 'is the Word of God.' 'Ay, but you said this is Genesis,' says she. 'An' don't you know,' says I, 'that Genesis is a part o' the Bible?' 'I might a' known it,' says she, 'if I liked.' Well, that puzzled me a bit, and I looked at her in a sort o' jummlement, for I didn't know what to make o' her; and seein' me look so earnest, she laughed hearty, you'd think she'd a' died a'most. Well, I considered, an' remembrin' what ye said, I thought, if she be a nun she must be a Catholic, an' Catholics, as I've heard say, never reads their Bibles; so just to try, says I, 'To-morrow's Sunda, ye'll be comin' to church, I suppose?' 'The Squire goes to church?' says she. 'Yes, an' reads his Bible, too,' says I. 'I don't mind if I do,' says she; 'but my bonnet blew off on the moss the evening I came, and can ye

lend me anything to put on my head?—and I've no good clothes, nothin' with me.' So Mall is stayin' at home, and she'll lend her Sunda bonnet, an' she's comin' to church; so she can't be a Catholic, ye see."

"That does not follow—it is no proof at all. I've seen Roman Catholics in church. They have no objection—at least no difficulty. They can say their own prayers to themselves while ours are being read, and so don't hear one word of them. Have you ever seen her tell her beads, though, or tap her breast with her closed hand at her prayers?"

"I don't go into her room for her candle till she's in bed, so I can't say what her prayers may be."

"Have you ever seen her cross herself like this, before or after meals, when we say grace?"

"No, sir."

"They do it very quietly, to avoid singularity; but watch her to-morrow, and we'll see how church will please her. Her not being well up in her Bible looks very like it. I rely very much on first impressions. I think she is a foreigner, and I think she is a Roman Catholic. We shall see."

"Well," said Martha, "I'm jealous of that myself."

"And now I'll take my pipe to the kitchen; she won't mind, and it would be a pity to break an old custom," said the Squire.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RUINS OF HAZELDEN.

NEXT day William walked to Wymering Church, five miles away, whither Clinton drove Martha Gillyflower and her guest. The tall girl with her dark-gray cloak on, and a borrowed black straw bonnet of Mall's, and a black veil supplied by the good old woman, was a demure and nun-like figure enough. If she knew nothing of our church service, she nevertheless went through—shall I call it?—her drill very exactly; she imitated, I suppose, the down-sittings and up-risings, the kneelings and the courtesies, and the reverential air of the worthy old housekeeper, close by whose side she stood, enjoying, as they did in the quaint little church, a small seat to themselves near the door.

It is not possible, however, quite to

veil such beauty as that of the young girl who stood beside Mrs. Gillyflower. That devout woman was made uneasy and indignant by the marked attention with which the three persons who constituted the worth and gallantry of that primitive place of worship regarded her companion. Squire Belleston, who lived four miles away at the other side, and is a lean young fellow of 50, with a good deal of gold-chain and jewelry, and a flower always in his button-hole, ogled the pew, with marked but sly benignity, during the admirable sermon of the Rev. Doctor Runt. Short Mr. Alfred Runt, the rector's eldest son and heir, did, in more earnest if less graceful fashion, the same thing; and young Mr. Sudors, the doctor's assistant, who had come all the way from Golden Friars to spend the day, sacrificed the entire Litany to ogling in a lost sweet way the self-same point of observation—sucking all the while the polished ivory ball that forms the handle of his cane, and which he was very near swallowing in consequence of a sudden look of fierce detection from Mrs. Martha Gillyflower.

These interesting young gentlemen would possibly have given that discreet chaperone further trouble, had they not been entangled in the porch by their young lady acquaintances and others. So Martha in the tax-cart led by Peter Clinton, and the strange girl on foot, found themselves quite unmolested ascending the steep bit of hill under the old ash-trees near the church.

Perched on a bough of one of these great ash-trees that stoop over that narrow road, and half-hid among the ivy that thickly covers it, a little black-eyed sun-burnt boy looked down on them as they slowly made their way up the hill. He dropped from the branch to the road, and ran after the girl, begging with the whine of a professed mendicant.

When the horses had reached the top of the hill, the girl had fallen some way behind, and was talking with the little fellow, who was walking slowly up the hill beside her. She questioned the boy sharply, and lent an attentive ear, with a very thoughtful face, as he answered volubly. When Clinton looked back, he saw her dismiss him with a wave of her hand; and then she hurried after the tax-cart, and got up in silence, with an anxious and pale face, and did not speak to Martha

till they had got a long way towards home.

"How long have you lived, Mrs. Gillyflower?" she asked, at last.

"Hoot, lass—there's a question! Well, a good while, ye may suppose."

"Well—well! well—well!" said the girl, sadly.

"And what's the matter now, wise-head?"

"I was thinking ye must be pretty well tired," she said, sweetly, with a shrug.

"Tired! Not I, lass; I'm good for twenty years yet."

"I don't know what we're put here for. Life's a fire that burns *sore*, Mrs. Gillyflower: I'd rather mine was cold," wailed the girl. "'Taint long cutting a grave, and then there's no more trouble about a poor fool!"

"By Jen, here's a doleful homminy!" said the old woman. "Do you want to put us in the dumps? Awa' wi' ye, ye goose!"

"Goose and gander; your parson said the same to-day—up in his box," said the girl, more like herself. "If I'm a fool, he's a bigger! And what are you, Mrs. Gillyflower, to go all that way to listen to his preaching?"

"There's a wide difference between a parson in a pulpit and a chit like you, lass, jiggin' heam in a gig. Can't ye talk o' something else, dear, and leave those things to sich as understand them?"

"That's a secret we'll all understand some day," said the girl, and laughed gently.

About an hour later William tapped at the kitchen-window, close to which the girl was whistling to the bullfinch.

"Come out, Miss Perdita, please, till I show you one of our castles; and if old Martha hears you whistling on Sunday, I don't know what may happen. I know I dare not do it."

She blushed, she laughed, and she ran out.

"You were very good to come, and make no favor of it," said William, speaking low.

"It is none, sir. It may lie in my power yet to serve you, and if it should, I will."

"I'm sure you would—though I don't deserve it. I call you Miss Perdita, because I don't know your name, and you won't tell it; and I should consider that a favor, for instance, if you would."

"Any name you please, sir. Names are nothing."

"We go by this path. You see the ruin, quite close to us. We lived there once, before this house was built. But why won't you tell me your name?—ain't that very unkind?"

"'Twould be no kindness to tell it, sir; my name's no consequence."

"If you knew me better, perhaps you would tell it?"

"Yes, sir—if I knew you better."

"And liked me better?"

"I'm of no consequence, sir; I shan't be here long," she said, very gravely. "I should not like my name mentioned. If some people could find out where I was, they would hurt me, I think; and please, sir, don't ask me."

He walked on a few steps in silence, looking down at the grass near his feet—disappointed. After a while, said William, raising his eyes, and looking about him:

"There is one place that I have been at, that is wonderfully like this; and oh! I wish I knew everything that has ever happened there."

Rather a crazy speech was this, but he looked serious enough. He was thinking of the paragraph about the fugitive nun in the *Beacon of Northumbria*, which had begun to trouble him.

"It is a place on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire; it is very like this—only it has a nunnery, but that is in a hollow, and shows very little; and there is a ruined castle there—so like this—with just the same kind of trees about it; it is called Fothergang, and I think you have been there, not very long ago; I'm nearly sure—and—will you tell me?"

It was not mere curiosity that urged this question. It was an entreaty rather than a question, and urged with an earnestness that was pathetic.

The girl looked at him darkly with a side-glance for a second, and dropped her eyes, and then looked, in silence, at the walls of the old castle; and then, with a fearless look at William, dismissing her momentary embarrassment, and with a little tone of defiance in what she said, she answered:

"Yes, sir, I have seen that place; I suppose you have been told so. I've been at Fothergang lately; and now you may

tell the people that's looking for me, if ye like."

She turned away slowly, pale, and with a faint smile in which he saw pain and scorn.

"Tell those people!" he repeated. "Why, I'd *die* to protect you! How can you—how could you—say anything so cruel? Not to living creature but yourself should I for worlds say anything that could endanger you!"

"I was vexed. I don't think, maybe, all I said; and I won't talk of Fothergang another word."

"Nor I," said the Squire, "nor ask a question."

A considerable silence intervened before he resumed his office of cicerone.

"From this little knoll it looks very well. I don't know why they did not go on living there; it was a much finer building than the house. The house was built just 180 years ago, and we have been growing poorer and poorer ever since. It was not lucky, you see. There used to be fighting here long ago, in these northern counties—very different from our times. We had seven castles; that is half as many as the Howards had," said William.

"One house is enough for a family—and too much often," she said, quietly.

"You mean where there is not money to keep it," said William with a shrug and a laugh.

"You say you're poor, sir, but you've been very kind; would not it be vile in me to laugh at your poverty? You'll not think so of me." She looked beautifully proud, and her fiery black eyes turned on him for a moment. "I would not let any one make little of you, sir."

I don't know that William Haworth had ever felt so gratified before. He was silent for a little time—he was so happy and proud.

He did not acknowledge it; he went on speaking of the ruined towers before them. He was looking at her, and had never seen, he thought, anything so beautiful. William Haworth, you never were in so great danger before! He was growing, without half knowing it, to love her.

"Come as far as that door; through it you can see a great deal."

They stood side by side, and she looked into the *chiaroscuro* of the old chamber; and on its great stone angle, on which was seen the chiselling of seven hundred

years before, she leaned her hand, an image of perishable youth and grace.

"You never saw a place like that before, did you?" said William.

"Oh yes, sir; we were once close to one very like this. I used to be in it every day, running up and down a curlikew stair like that, and running along the wall at top; I was always very nimble."

So William told his story, and pointed out all that was worth seeing; and, leaning on the side of the doorway, he looked at her and sighed.

"I like *you* better every hour: it is hard you don't like me better!" and with this odd and sad speech he was silent. Then he said:

"I tell you what—I'll set this down in my mind. Whenever you tell me your name, it will be a sign that you trust me more, and like me better; and I won't ask—you shall do it of yourself. But I'll tell you mine. My name is Willie, and you must call me by it, and never '*Sir*' any more."

"I'm only a poor girl, sir; I could not do that."

"You will—I entreat!"

"No, sir. My people—we keep separate—they like that best. I'll take no such freedom, sir; I'm only a poor girl."

"No, you're not poor. You're the

wealthiest girl in England, in the true wealth of beauty, and grace, and mind; and the finest lady that ever I saw or could imagine!"

"I did not think you could talk so foolish, sir," said the girl, turning her head toward home, with a pained look.

"Is it foolish ever to speak the truth?" said he, impetuously.

"I'm going home, sir, to the house; the old lady will be expecting me. There was a thing I was going to tell you—a question to ask—but that don't matter."

"But it does matter; I implore of you to tell me!"

"No, sir. I don't like that wild talk you're so fond of—it's making little of me."

"It was, perhaps, very wrong," he said, after a moment's thought. "I'll be quite different, you'll see. You must forgive me. You don't think—you couldn't—that I ever forgot the respect I owe you?"

"No, I don't think that; but I don't like it, sir, nohow; and can't we talk quiet, like other folk?"

"Well—well, can I do more than promise? I won't; I'll speak just as you please. I'll keep my word, upon my honor!"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you."

(To be continued.)

Quarterly Review.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

MARY ascended the throne in 1553, and reigned five years. During that period neither Bible nor Testament was printed in England. Rogers, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and others, who had so largely assisted in giving the Scriptures to the English people in their own tongue, were burnt at the stake; and some of the noblest of England's worthies were driven from their native country, and forced to seek an asylum in Geneva. In that city, where the profound Biblical scholarship, impassioned eloquence, and extraordinary sagacity of John Calvin had effected a reformation in both Church and State, the minds of the English exiles were turned to the necessity of an improved translation of the Sacred Scriptures. None of those hitherto published satisfied critical scholars. The "Great Bible" was even less

satisfactory than that of Tyndale, and the interpolations introduced into it from the Vulgate tended in many cases seriously to mislead the inquirer after truth. It was therefore resolved to prepare and issue a new translation. Geneva was at that period a place singularly adapted for the successful accomplishment of such a work. It was the centre of Biblical learning. Calvin and Beza, with others, were engaged in a critical revision of Olivetan's French version; a revised Italian version was also in preparation under the editorial care of Gallars and Beza. Robert Stephen, who had already distinguished himself in Paris both as a profound scholar and careful editor, was then an exile in Geneva, where, in 1551, he published his famous Greek Testament side by side with the Vulgate and the Latin of Erasmus.

Before leaving Paris he had printed two editions of the Hebrew Bible, to one of which was attached the Commentary of Kimchi on the Minor Prophets. Other important aids were accessible to the Genevan exiles. Leo Juda's Latin version of the Old Testament was completed by Bibliander and Pellican, and printed at Zurich in 1543; a revised edition of Erasmus' translation of the New Testament was added to it in 1544. Beza's Latin version of the New Testament was printed in 1556, and excelled all its predecessors. Castalio's Latin version was published at Basle in 1551, and his French version four years later. It was, therefore, under the most favorable circumstances the revision of the English Bible was undertaken at Geneva.

The New Testament was first revised, apparently under the sole charge of William Whittingham, Calvin's brother-in-law. Whittingham was a scion of a noble English family, and was born at Holmeside Hall, near Durham, in 1524. He was educated at Oxford, and travelled extensively on the Continent, visiting many of the great seats of learning. On the accession of Queen Mary he fled to Frankfurt, and soon afterwards took up his residence in Geneva. He was an accurate scholar; he had a sound judgment and a keen perception of the style and phraseology best adapted to set forth the meaning of the sacred text. In his preface he tells us that the English text "was diligently revised by the most approved Greek exemplars and conference of translations in other tongues." This sentence accurately describes the character of his work. It was not a new translation. Tyndale's version was his basis. Stephen's recently published Greek Testament was the original text used, and none equal to it had yet appeared. The Latin translation of Beza was the chief source, or at least suggester, of his emendations. He exercised an independent judgment on each word and passage, though in the first instance his attention appears to have been called to defects by the readings of Beza or Castalio. Indeed, in a few cases, Beza's rendering was followed in preference to that of Tyndale, though the latter was right; thus, in Luke ii. 22, Tyndale reads "their," the Genevan "her;" in Gal. iv. 17, Tyndale reads "you," the Genevan "us." Still Whittingham's re-

vision was thorough, and on the whole judicious. He kept very closely to the Greek, and yet expressed the sense, for the most part, in terse and idiomatic English. The New Testament was published on the 10th of June, 1557, in *duodecimo*, with a prologue by John Calvin; and the expense was defrayed mainly by John Bodley, the father of the founder of the Bodleian Library. It was the first Testament in which the text was divided into separated verses. The verses, which had originated with Robert Stephen a few years previously, had only been marked on the margin of his Greek Testament of 1551. Another important innovation may be noted; words which had no equivalents in the original, but which were added to complete the sense, were printed in italics. Brief explanatory notes were placed upon the margin, and contributed much to make the work popular among the masses of the English people. Regarding the notes, the writer says he "omitted nothing unpounded whereby he that is anything exercised in the Scriptures of God might justly complain of hardness." The notes have in many cases a strong doctrinal bias.

The revision of the Old Testament was commenced immediately on the publication of the New, and went on without intermission for two years. The names of the revisers are not all known; but it is certain that, in addition to Whittingham, Anthony Gilby and Thomas Sampson wrought at it, and were probably aided among others by Miles Coverdale and John Knox. The "Great Bible" was adopted as the basis; but its text was revised with very great care, and brought into closer correspondence with the Hebrew. The revisers were manifestly men of competent scholarship and profound Biblical knowledge. They took full advantage of all external assistance. The Latin versions of Leo Juda, Sebastian Münster, and Sanctes Pagninus, and the French translation of Olivetan as revised by Calvin, were constantly consulted, and many important emendations made from them. In those books originally translated by Tyndale (Genesis—2 Chron.) the text is not much changed; but in the poetical and prophetic books the changes are so numerous that it may almost be considered a new translation. It is much more literal, and at the same time more forcible, than its

predecessors. The New Testament was again revised, evidently by a new hand, and the changes introduced, chiefly from Beza, are not improvements. The whole was completed and published in one volume, quarto, in 1560, with the following title, which fairly describes it:—“*The Bible: that is, the Holy Scriptures, conteyned in the Olde and Newe Testament. Translated according to the Ebrue and Greke, and conferred with the best translations in divers languages, with moste profitable annotations on all the harde places, and other thinges of great importance, as may appeare in the Epistle to the Reader.* At Geneva. Printed by Rouland Hall. M.D.L.X.” Queen Mary died in 1558, and Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of England. To her this Bible was dedicated.*

The Genevan Bible was far superior to any that preceded it. It is confessedly the best in the English language, with the exception of the Authorized Version. Its authors say, in their perface:—“We may with good conscience protest that we have in every point and word, according to the measure of that knowledge which it pleased Almighty God to give us, faithfully rendered the text, and in all hard places most sincerely expounded the same. For God is our witness that we have by all means endeavoured to set forth the purity of the Word and right sense of the Holy Ghost for the edifying of the brethren in faith and charity.” The Genevan Bible, though never formally sanctioned for public use in the churches, soon took the place in public estimation hitherto held by Tyndale’s, and long continued to be emphatically the Bible of the English people. In this respect it well-nigh supplanted all others, and retained its place for eighty years, during which time it passed through about one hundred and fifty editions. The place of its origin, the manner in which it rendered ecclesiastical terms, and the tenor of its annotations, endeared it to the hearts of the Puritans of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland. It may be added that it was the first English Bible

printed in Roman type, all previous to it having been in “black-letter.” It was also the first which had its text divided into verses.

Soon after the accession of Elizabeth the heads of the English Church, under the leadership of Archbishop Parker, began to consider the propriety of preparing a version of the Bible which might be authorized by the rulers of Church and State, and acceptable to all sects and classes in the nation. None of those yet published had attained that desired end; and it began to be felt that even the best of them did not fully represent the advances already made in Biblical literature. Parker resolved at length to divide the Bible into a number of sections, and to portion them out for translation or revision among a select few, whose position in the Church, and established character for scholarship, might tend to give their production weight with the public. Each man, on completing his section, was to send it back to the Archbishop for final revision and approval. So far as can now be ascertained, fifteen men were engaged in the work, of whom eight were prelates, namely, Alley, Davies, Sandys, Horn, Grindel, Parkhurst, Cox, and Guest. From the fact that the majority of the revisers were Bishops the version was called “The Bishops’ Bible.” The revision was begun in 1564, and the Bible was published in 1568, in a magnificent folio volume, printed by Richard Jugge, with the simple title, *THE HOLIE BIBLE*. It was, no doubt, an improvement on “The Great Bible,” for it omitted most of the interpolations from the Vulgate, and to some extent amended the text, adopting the best renderings of the Genevan, and giving a number of new and happy translations from the Greek, in the New Testament. But on the whole it was not satisfactory, and it disappointed the expectations of the learned. The scholarship of the editors appears to have been defective, especially in Hebrew; and the plan followed by Bishop Guest in regard to the Psalter was calculated to corrupt, rather than amend, the version. He thus explains it in a letter to Parker:—“I have not altered the translation but where it gave occasion to an error. Where in the New Testament one piece of a Psalm is reported *I translate it in the Psalms according to the translation thereof in the*

* The expense of publication was principally borne by John Bodley, or, as the name is sometimes written, *Bodelleigh*, who obtained from the Queen a patent giving him sole authority to print this Bible for a period of seven years. The patent is dated 3 Jan. 1560–61. Anderson ii. 324.

New Testament!" The pernicious effect of such an uncritical mode of procedure may be easily imagined.* A new edition of "The Bishops' Bible" appeared in 1572, the New Testament portion being further revised. Still it did not command the confidence of the learned; it did not satisfy the wants of the Church; and it did not gain the affections of the people, who continued to prefer the Geneva. "The Bishops' Bible," however, deserves the attentive consideration of every student, for it formed the basis of our Authorized Version, although the latter was prepared on different and far sounder principles.

The Roman Catholic translation of the Scriptures, although it had little influence upon the formation of our English Bible, demands a brief notice in a historical and critical point of view. It was only under strong pressure from without the version was undertaken and issued. Some leading Roman Catholic divines had charged the various Protestant versions with grievous errors and gross misrepresentations of the Divine Word; they felt themselves, therefore, bound to establish their charges by producing a translation of their own under the infallible sanction and guidance of the Church. The New Testament was first undertaken. The translation was made, not from the Greek original, but from "the Authentic text of the Vulgate." Its authors were certain English refugees at Rheims, where it was published in 1582. Its title is as follows:—"The New Testament of Jesus Christ, translated faithfully into English out of the Authentical Latin, according to the best corrected copies of the same, diligently conferred with the Greeke, and other editions in divers languages: With . . . *Annotations*, and other necessarie helpes, for the better understanding of the text, and specially for the discoverie of the *corruptions* of divers late translations, and for the clearing of *controversies* in religion, in these daies." The promoters of the version were Gregory Martin, a graduate of Cambridge, and Cardinal Allen, or Alleyn. The latter was educated at Oxford, and was a distinguished scholar. He held a living in England, but, on the accession of Elizabeth, he retired to Louvain, and afterwards

to Douay. He was instrumental in founding seminaries at Douay, Rheims, and Rome, for the purpose of supplying the Roman Catholics of England with trained priests.

It is enough to say of the Rhemish version that it retains all the corruptions, errors, and interpolations of the Vulgate. It was not the Latin text of Jerome which the Rhemish translators adopted as their standard, though even that, in Jerome's own opinion, was imperfect; but it was a text which, during a long course of ages, had gradually become more and more corrupt, until the Council of Trent was forced tacitly to acknowledge its defects. Yet, with a strange disregard alike to criticism and history, the translators say that the Latin they adopt "is not only better than all other Latin translations, but than the Greek text itself in those places where they disagree." The language of the Rhemish version is barbarous, many of its words are unintelligible to ordinary readers, and many of its renderings grossly erroneous. A few examples will suffice to establish these statements: Heb. xi. 21, "And adored the top of his rod;" Rev. ii. 21, "And I gave her time that she might do penance;" Rev. vi. 11, "And white stoles were given, to every one of them one;" Phil. ii. 7, "And he exanited himself;" Gal. v. 4, "You are evacuated from Christ;" Eph. vi. 12, "Against the rectors of the world of this darkness, against the spirituals of wickedness in the celestials;" 1 Tim. vi. 20, "O Timothee, keep the depositum;" Heb. xiii. 16, 17, "and beneficence and communication do not forget; for with such hostes God is promerited. Obey your Prelates, and be subject to them;" Rom. viii. 18, "For I think that the passions of this time are not condigne to the glorie to come that shall be revealed in us;" 1 Cor. v. 7, "Purge the old leaven, that you may be a new paste, as you are azymes. For our Pasche, Christ, is immolated." What possible meaning could ordinary readers extract from such language? It is only too evident that the version was made rather to cloak than to reveal the meaning of Scripture. Many single terms are so rendered in the text, and so interpreted in the notes, as to pervert the plain sense. One great object the translators had in view evidently was, to propagate the false and pernicious dogmas of Popery, by comments which have

* See Westcott, p. 132; Strype's "Parker," i. 416.

been well described as "a mass of bigotry, sophistry and unfairness."*

In the year 1609 a version of the Old Testament, made from the Vulgate, and similar in character to the Rhemish translation of the New, was published by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church at Douay. An example or two will best show in what style the translation was made. Psalm lvii. 10, "Before your thorns did understand the old briar; as living so in wrath he swalloweth them." Isaiah ix. 6, "For a little child is born to us and a son is given to us, and principality is made upon his shoulder." Dan. ix. 18, "For neither in our justifications do we prostrate prayers before thy face, but in thy many commiserations." Even thoughtful Roman Catholic scholars have in some cases shown their disapproval of this crude and barbarous translation, by quoting from the Authorized Version in preference.†

Soon after the accession of James I. to the throne, a conference of the leading clergy was held at Hampton Court (in January, 1604) "for the determining of things pretending to be amiss in the Church;" and it was there agreed, on the suggestion apparently of Dr. Reynolds, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, that a new version of the Bible should be prepared, under the supervision of the representatives of Church and State. The king, after due inquiry on the part of the prelates of the Church, and the heads of the two Universities, was advised to nominate fifty-four of the first scholars of the kingdom to the work. The list was completed and ratified on June 30, 1604. The nominations appear to have been made without regard to sect or party, and solely on the ground of eminent qualifications. The higher Church party had their representatives in L. Andrews, Barlowe, and Ravis; those of more moderate views, and semi-Puritan tendency, had theirs in Reynolds, Chaderton (or Chatterton) and

Lively; while the learned, independent of any party, were represented by such men as Saville, de Saravia, and Bedwell. Canon Westcott's estimate of the staff of revisers is just: "Of these scholars," he says, "many (as Andrews, Overall, Saville and Reynolds) have obtained an enduring reputation apart from this common work in which they were associated. Others, whose names are less familiar, were distinguished for special acquirements requisite for their task. Lively, Spalding, King, and Byng were successively professors of Hebrew at Cambridge, and Harding and Kilbye at Oxford. Harmer and Perin were professors of Greek at Oxford, and Downes at Cambridge; Bedwell was the most distinguished Arabic scholar of the time. Saravia was an accomplished modern linguist. Thompson (Camb.), Chatterton, Smith, and Boys were equally distinguished for their knowledge of ancient languages."* The competency of such men for the work assigned to them no scholar will question. Had the critical apparatus we now possess been in their hands, so as to enable them to elaborate a pure Hebrew and Greek text, and to apply to its elucidation all the resources of grammar and philology, ere they proceeded to revise the English, we should have inherited from them a version which probably never could have been surpassed. In addition to scholarship, they had the indispensable qualification of being deeply imbued with the spirit of the sacred writers. They were not more eminent for learning than for piety.

Before commencing their labors they received a code of instructions in substance as follows: 1. The *Bishops' Bible* to form the basis, and to be as little altered as the originals would permit. 2. The proper names to be retained as near as possible. 3. The old ecclesiastical words such as *Church* (instead of *congregation*) to be kept. 4. When a word had different meanings, that was to be kept which best accorded with the use of the Fathers, the propriety of the place, and the analogy of faith. 5. The division of chapters to remain. 6. No marginal notes to be affixed, except for the explanation of Hebrew and Greek words. 8. Every man of each company first to trans-

* In proof the student is referred to the notes on the following passages: Luke xvii. 14, Heb. xi. 21, Acts xvii. 34, 1 Tim. v. 15, Rom. v. 14, Luke xxii. 31, Matt. xii. 32, Acts ix. 39, John xx. 23, John v. 39.

† Such as desire to see a full exposure of its erroneous renderings and sophistical notes, may consult Fulke's *Defence of the English Translations* (London, 1617), and Cartwright's *Confutation* (London, 1618).

late or revise all given to that company ; then the company to meet and decide what should stand. 9. Each section thus revised to be sent to each of the other companies for examination. 10. Any company, upon examination of the section so sent, objecting to words or phrases, to note them and send them back with their reasons for objecting. If not accepted, the disputed passages to be reserved for a general meeting of the leading translators. 11. When any place of special obscurity is doubted of, men of known learning, wherever found, to be consulted. 12. Bishops and clergy to be informed of the proposed work, and all such persons as are noted for learning to be requested to forward hints or suggestions to the translators. 14. The following translations to be used, when they agree better with the original than the Bishops' Bible : 1. Tyndale's ; 2. Matthew's ; 3. Coverdale's ; 4. Whitchurch's (The Great Bible) ; 5. The Genevan.

Of the fifty-four scholars originally nominated, only forty-seven undertook the task. They were divided into six classes, and were appointed to sit—two classes at Westminster, two at Oxford, and two at Cambridge. The presidents, classes, and arrangement of books were as follows :—*Westminster*. 1. Dr. Lancelot Andrews, Dean of Westminster, afterwards successively Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, a profound linguist. To this company, ten in number, were assigned the books of Genesis to 2 Kings. 2. Dr. William Barlowe, Dean of Chester, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and Lincoln. This company numbered seven in all, and revised Romans to Jude. *Oxford*. 1. Dr. John Harding, Regius Professor of Hebrew, afterwards President of Magdalen College. This company consisted of seven men, and revised Isaiah to Malachi. 2. Dr. Thomas Ravis, Dean of Christ Church, afterwards successively Bishop of Gloucester and London. In this company were Dr. Peryn, Professor of Greek, Dr. Harmer, ex-Professor, and five others. To it were assigned Matthew to Acts, and the Book of Revelation. *Cambridge*. 1. Edward Lively, Regius Professor of Hebrew. He died in 1605. His place was probably taken by Dr. R. Spalding, who succeeded him in the Professorship. To this company, eight in number, were assigned 1 Chronicles to Ecclesiastes. 2.

Dr. John Duport, Master of Jesus College. In this company was the celebrated scholar John Boys, or Bois, and five others : to it was assigned the Apocrypha.

When the work had begun it was found necessary to add an additional rule, to the effect that “three or four of the most ancient and grave divines in either of the Universities, not employed in translating, be assigned by the Vice-Chancellor, upon conference with the rest of the Heads, to be overseers of the translations, as well Hebrew as Greek, for the better observation of the fourth rule.” All the arrangements were completed in 1604, and many of those nominated appear to have entered immediately upon their duties with praiseworthy ardor ; but the classes were not called together, and the formal work of translation and revision was not commenced till 1607, and it was not completed till 1610. In the latter year three copies of the entire Scriptures, revised by each class, were sent to London—one from Westminster, one from Oxford, and one from Cambridge. Here a committee of six delegates, two from each place where the classes met, reviewed, revised, and arranged the whole materials. Among them were Boys and Downes, whose qualifications for such a task were pre-eminent. It appears that six others were added to the delegates, doubtless to consult with and assist them ; but their names are not known. They labored during nine months, meeting in Stationers' Hall, and receiving for their support a small weekly pension. The manuscript, revised and completed by them, was handed to Dr. Miles Smith, who, aided by Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, prepared it for the press, and corrected the proofs. Smith was a profound Oriental scholar, and discharged his duties with singular ability. He was commissioned to write the Preface, and he has given us in it, after a short history and defence of former versions, a very clear and satisfactory account of the mode in which the whole work was conducted, and the time and pains expended upon it. Unfortunately, while the fulsome dedication to King James is retained in our Bibles, this important preface is generally omitted. Though somewhat quaint and pedantic, it contains a vast mass of interesting information, and throws clear light on some of the peculiarities of our version. At length, in 1611, the first edition of THE

AUTHORIZED VERSION was published in one large black-letter folio, "*imprinted at London by Robert Barker.*"

As the manner in which it was prepared and the materials made use of must always be subjects of special interest to the student of Biblical literature and to the general public, a brief account of them will now be given. Dr. Smith says in his Preface: "Truly we never thought from the beginning that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make a bad one a good one; but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against—that hath been our endeavor, that our mark." The translators acknowledged the general faithfulness and substantial accuracy of the versions of Tyndale and Coverdale, and of the revised editions made by the English Bishops and the Genevan exiles. They had in these a solid basis; and their task was to examine, collate, and critically revise, so as to bring the version into closer and fuller conformity with the originals. With what care and labor they accomplished this task Dr. Smith further indicates: "Neither did we run over the work with that posting haste that the Septuagint did, if that be true which is reported of them, that they finished it in seventy-two days; neither were we barred or hindered from going over it again, having once done it. . . . None of these things: the work hath not been huddled up in seventy-two days, but hath cost the workmen the pains of twice seven times seventy-two days, and more." The entire time spent upon it was about seven years. Three years, 1604–1607, were occupied in preliminary arrangements, and individual investigation on the part of the fifty-four scholars nominated, and numerous others whom they consulted. Three years more were occupied in the systematic and united work of the six classes. Each member of each class translated all the books entrusted to the class; then the whole class met, and, after calm and thorough revision, adopted a common text; then that text was transmitted in succession to each of the other classes for revision; then a text of the whole Bible, approved by the entire six classes, was submitted to the final revision of six elected delegates, with six consulting assistants, and their approved manuscript was placed in the skilful

hands of Dr. Smith finally to examine and prepare it for the press. A more complete system could not have been invented. When we consider the varied learning of the translators as linguists, naturalists, antiquarians, historians—when we consider the time occupied, and the repeated revision of the work by individuals, by classes, and by the united body—we cannot wonder that the result was so eminently satisfactory.

The translators did not confine their attention to English, nor even to modern versions. "Neither did we think much," says Dr. Smith, "to consult the translators or commentators, Chaldee, Hebrew, Syrian, Greek, or Latin; no, nor the Spanish, French, Italian, or Dutch; neither did we disdain to revise that which we had done, and to bring back to the anvil that which we had hammered; but having and using as great helps as were needful, and fearing no reproach for slowness, nor coveting praise for expedition, we have at length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the work to that pass that you see." A close and critical examination of the *Authorized Version*, and a comparison of it with the previous English and other translations, show that Dr. Smith's words are strictly true. Every verse appears to have been weighed with scrupulous care, and everything tending to make the translation more literal, more plain, more terse and forcible, was adopted. The original texts were always the final standards of appeal; but in investigating the real sense every assistance, from whatever quarter, from versions ancient and modern, was made use of; and in expressing that sense in vigorous, idiomatic English, words and phrases were freely taken from others. Even the Rhemish version of the New Testament supplied a number of expressive words of Latin origin, and a few happy renderings. The Genevan was largely drawn upon. "The chief influence of the Rhemish version," Mr. Westcott well observes, "was upon the vocabulary of the revisers, that of the Genevan version on the interpretation."* In the Old Testament the Antwerp Polyglott, published in 1569–72, rendered essential service, especially its sixth volume, which contains the very accurate interlinear Latin translation of the Hebrew

text by Arias Montanus. The Latin version of the Old Testament and Apocrypha, published a few years later (1579) by Tremellius and Junius, was also consulted, and furnished some excellent renderings. For faithfulness and perspicuity this version has never been surpassed. The Latin translation of Castalio, begun at Geneva in 1542 and finished at Basle in 1550 (published 1551), was likewise used, as was that which bears the name of Leo Juda (Tiguri, 1543). Dr. Smith mentions the *Spanish, French, Italian, and German* versions as having been consulted. He doubtless refers to the Spanish of Cassiodore de Reyna, translated from the original and printed at Basle in 1569; to the French of Olivetan, revised by Calvin, and afterwards more fully by the College of Pastors and Professors at Geneva, and published in 1588; to the Italian of Diodati, translated at Geneva, and published in 1607; and to the German of Luther and the Swiss-German, published at Zurich, under the care of Leo Juda, in 1529. In the New Testament the admirable Latin version of Beza, first published by Robert Stephen at Geneva, in 1556, was used in bringing out the nicer shades of meaning, which previous English translators had sometimes overlooked. Not only was the sense of the originals faithfully studied, but the selection of words and phrases, and the structure and rhythm of sentences, best calculated to give force and beauty to the version, were watched with the most scrupulous care. Every clause, and indeed every word, was anxiously weighed, and no point was considered too minute for the keen critical eyes of the laborious and conscientious revisers. The italics and marginal readings show how anxious they were to bring the reader into contact with the very letter of the originals. By the *italics* he could see at a glance any word inserted for explanation, and which had no direct representative in the Hebrew or Greek.* By the marginal reading he could see where, after all research and study, a doubt as to the best rendering still remained on the authors' minds. Of the latter Dr. Smith writes in the Preface: "There be many words in the Scripture, which be never found there but once, so that we

cannot be holpen by conference of places. Again, there be many rare names of certain birds, beasts, and precious stones, etc., concerning which the Hebrews themselves are so divided among themselves for judgment, that they may seem to have defined this or that, rather because they would say something, rather than because they were sure of that which they said. Now, in such a case, doth not a margin do well to admonish the reader to seek further, and not to conclude or dogmatize on this or that peremptorily?"

The above facts show at what an extraordinary cost of time, labor, anxious care, and scholarship, our English Bible has been produced. It is the result of a century of toil and study. About the year 1511 Tyndale appears to have seriously turned his thoughts to the translation of the Scriptures; in the year 1611 the *Authorized Version* was published. During the interval the work not only occupied the attention of the ripest scholars in England, but it was aided, directly or indirectly, by the most accomplished Biblical critics in Europe. It is in no respect sectarian. It has seized and appropriated all that is best and purest, wherever its source. Its history, when known, cannot fail to infuse into the mind a deeper veneration for it, and a fuller confidence in its faithfulness. There is a romance in some of the incidents of that long history, and a pathos in some of its tragic scenes, which fix it indelibly on the memory, and endear it to the heart of the Christian. The men who laid the foundation of our English Bible were thoroughly in earnest. They were moved to their work, and sustained in it by a higher than human power. Hardships, persecution, even death itself, did not shake their firm resolve to give to their country the pure Word of God. Tyndale, Rogers, and Cranmer became martyrs to that noble resolution: and in a spirit worthy of those holy men, the Translators of the *Authorized Version* introduced the finished work to their readers: "It remaineth," they write, "that we commend thee to God, and to the Spirit of His Grace, which is able to build farther than we can ask or think. He removeth the scales from our eyes, the vail from our hearts, opening our wits that we may understand His word, enlarging our hearts, yea correcting our affections, that we may love it above gold and silver, yea

* The original edition of 1611 was printed in *black letter*, and the supplemental words, now printed in *italics*, were in small Roman letter.

that we may love it to the end. O receive not so great things in vain : O despise not so great salvation."

The Authorized Version has been examined by the ablest scholars and critics in this and other lands, and all have combined in bearing testimony to its general faithfulness, and its extraordinary force and beauty. "The style of our present version," says Bishop Middleton, "is incomparably superior to anything which might be expected from the finical and perverted style of our age. It is simple, it is harmonious, it is energetic." It has drawn forth glowing panegyrics even from Roman Catholic divines. Geddes thus writes :—"The highest eulogiums have been pronounced on the translation of James I., both by our own writers and by foreigners ; and indeed if accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text, be supposed to constitute the qualities of an excellent version, this, of all versions, must, in general, be accounted the most excellent. Every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter and point seems to have been weighed with the nicest exactitude, and expressed, either in the text or margin, with the greatest precision." Still more remarkable is the testimony of one of the most distinguished scholars who has left the Church of England for that of Rome : "Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country ? It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things instead of words ; it is a part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness ; the memory of the dead passes into it ; the potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses ; the power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. . . . In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

Yet still our English Bible is a human work, and it exhibits some of those imperfections which necessarily belong to everything human. To point out all its imperfections would require a critical examination of each book. To particularize them is

not our object here. Our object is rather to indicate their general character, and the sources from which they mainly spring ; and thus to guide and stimulate to fuller investigation, and more thorough critical study, those who desire to make our noble version still more worthy of the confidence of all classes of Christians.

The primary source of imperfection in the Authorized Version is the state of the text from which it was made. The Hebrew text of the Old Testament has comparatively few defects. The Jews preserved and copied it with scrupulous care ; and the recension of the Masorites was so thorough, and so conscientiously minute, that little room has been left for emendation ; and what emendation an advancing criticism has rendered necessary might be effected by a skilful use of the materials embodied in the Hebrew Bible of Kennicott, the "*Variæ Lectiones*" of De Rossi, and the works of some more recent Hebrew critics. But the case is very different with the "*Textus Receptus*" of the New Testament. Greek Biblical Criticism has made great progress during the past half century. Ancient manuscripts of the highest authority have been discovered, others long known have been more fully collated. No critical scholar would now adopt the Greek Text which the authors of the Authorized Version had before them. It is well known that some passages in it are interpolations ; * that others are seriously corrupted ; † and that a few in the Book of Revelation are not original. ‡ The manuscript of that book on which Erasmus based his text was defective, the last six verses were entirely wanting ; he admits that he supplied them by translating the words of the Vulgate into Greek, and his translation has been in part retained in the "*Textus Receptus*." The labors of Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and others, have now to a great extent prepared the way for the removal of interpolations and corruptions, and for the elaboration of such a text as would form a sound basis for the revision of our English New Testament.

The grammatical knowledge of the

* *c. g.* 1 John v. 7 ; John v. 4 ; Acts viii. 37, etc.

† 1 Tim. iii. 16 ; Matt. xix. 17 ; 1 Pet. iii. 15, etc.

‡ xiv. 1 ; xxii. 14.

Hebrew and Greek languages is much more thorough than it was in the 16th and 17th centuries, and the apparatus for their critical study is far more complete. The peculiarities of Hellenistic Greek especially have of late been systematically investigated and developed by some of the most acute scholars in Britain. By these means we are now able to detect grammatical inaccuracies in our version which mar its beauty, and sometimes obscure, if they do not even pervert, its sense.* The finer shades of meaning, especially in the Epistles of Paul, are occasionally lost, by a failure on the part of our old translators to perceive, or at any rate to express, the precise force and bearing of a tense, or a case, or a particle.† The scholarship of such men as Ellicott, Wordsworth, Alford, and Lightfoot, in this country, and of Meyer, Wieseler, Schott, and Harless in Germany, gives fair hope that the time is not far distant when, in regard to sound critical exegesis, the New Testament at least may be successfully revised.

Again, in our version it often occurs that one Hebrew or Greek word, when frequently repeated, is represented by several English words; while, on the other hand, two or more Hebrew or Greek words, entirely distinct in sense, are represented by one English word. The real meaning of Scripture is thus often misrepresented, and the English reader has no means of removing or even perceiving the error. The original translators appear to have been to some extent conscious of this, for Dr. Smith says in his Preface: "Another thing we think good to admonish thee of, gentle reader, that we have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words." The time has surely come when this pregnant source of error should be removed. No Biblical scholar can question its evil effects. To see them he has only to look at such passages as the following:—Rom. iv., where λογίζομαι is rendered "count," "impute," and "reckon," and the force and precision of the Apostle's reasoning is thereby in a great

measure lost; John xvi. 23, where two Greek words (ἐρωτήσετε and αἰτήσητε) of different significations are rendered by the one term "ask"; Psalm xxx. 3 and xvi. 10, where the same Hebrew word (חַיָּה) is translated in the one place "grave," in the other "hell," while it means neither the one nor the other; Matt. xxiii. 33 and Acts ii. 31, where two distinct Greek words (γεννῆς and ἄδου) are rendered by the one English word "hell." These are but types of a class of errors which the works of Trench, Webster, Scrivener, Keil, and others, will contribute largely to remedy.

Critical scholars know, moreover, that the exact lexical and grammatical meaning of Greek and Hebrew words has, in some instances, been strangely mistaken or overlooked by our translators; and charges have occasionally been brought against the Divine authority of Scripture founded on these very blunders. We may instance the wrong translation of ἵνα (it should be "ask") in Exodus xi. 2, and the mistake in rendering the Hiphil form in Leviticus iv. 12 (it should be "he shall cause to be carried forth"). So in Heb. x. 23, ἐλπίς is rendered "faith"; and in Col. i. 15, πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως is rendered "the first-born of every creature," thus tending to obscure the doctrine of our Lord's divinity.* The use and force of the article in the New Testament have to a large extent been overlooked by our translators, and many passages therefore seem weak and almost meaningless which in the original are full of force and significance.

One other defect may be noticed. Words and idioms occur which have either become obsolete, and therefore unintelligible to those for whose benefit the version was mainly designed, or they have become, in our more scrupulous age, indecent, and therefore obnoxious to people of refined taste. Every parent is conscious of this when reading the Bible with his children; and clergymen are not unfrequently pained and embarrassed by it in conducting the worship of the sanctuary. Mr. Malan justly observes: "By far the greater portion of desirable emendations in the English Bible consists in expressions unfit for public, and unneces-

* e. g. Matt. xxv. 8, "Are gone out;" Luke v. 7, "Their net brake;" John viii. 58, "Before Abraham was (γενέσθαι), I am (εἰμι)," etc.

† See examples in 1 Tim. vi. 5; 2 Cor. vii. 10; Rom. v. 1, etc.

* Other examples may be seen in Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; 2 Tim. xxi. 7; 2 Cor. vii. 10.

sary for private, use ; which in nowise affect the sense of the text ; and which, therefore, may be altered, not only with impunity, but even with advantage." *

These errors and blemishes, and such as these, might be removed, and ought to be removed. It is positive unfaithfulness on the part of those who have ability and opportunity to decline the task. The Word of God, just because it is God's Word, ought to be presented to every reader in a state as pure and perfect as human learning, skill, and taste, can make it. The higher our veneration for it the more anxious ought we to be to free it from every blemish however small and unimportant. But nothing, in truth, can be unimportant which dims the light of Divine Revelation. "If," says Bishop Ellicott, "we are truly and heartily persuaded that there are errors and inaccuracies in our version, if we know that by far the best and most faithful translation the world has ever seen still shares the imperfection that belongs to every human work however noble and exalted—if we feel and know that these imperfections are no less patent than remediable, then surely it is our duty to Him who gave that blessed Word for the guidance of man, through evil report and good report, to labor by gentle counsels to supply what is lacking and correct what is amiss, to render what has been blessed with great measures of perfection yet more perfect, and to hand it down thus marked with our reverential love and solicitude as the best and most blessed heritage we have to leave to them who shall follow us." †

But it has been said revision will unsettle the popular mind, will shake the confidence of the Christian public in our Authorized Version. We believe it will have the very opposite effect. The popular mind has already been thoroughly roused, if not unsettled. The confidence of the Christian public must be already shaken by the statements and admissions made on all sides. Has any scholar ventured to deny that there are errors in our Authorized Version? Is it not so that each new commentator, in order to bring out the full meaning of Scripture, is obliged to make a version of his own? Is not every Biblical critic compelled honestly

to admit that our English Bible is capable of improvement? These facts are known to the public. They have been discussed in Convocation. They have been paraded in the pages of our periodicals, and the columns of our newspapers. Is it wise, therefore, while acknowledging imperfection and confessing error, to shrink from, and even denounce, revision? We believe that no course could be more calculated to unsettle the popular mind. It must create in thoughtful men feelings of distrust. Will they not naturally ask, Are favorite doctrines at stake? Are the foundations of our faith in danger? If not, then why not consent to revision, so that acknowledged obscurities may be cleared away, and palpable errors removed? We are convinced that a scholarly revision would be the very best safeguard against the dreaded evils, for it would show authoritatively that our Version is *substantially* correct.

Those who oppose revision seem to be ignorant of the fact that the authors of our Version disclaimed all idea of infallibility, admitted defects, and invited scholars of succeeding ages to aid in perfecting their work. They seem to forget, also, that the Version has already undergone some considerable revision. Let any one compare the original edition of 1611, Dr. Blayney's Standard folio of 1769, and the last Oxford reprint. He will be astonished at the changes which have been introduced. The words printed in italics have been largely altered ; marginal readings have been added ; old forms of words, and occasionally expressions, have been modernized. These changes have escaped the notice of the great body of Christians ; and so also would most of those which any competent band of revisers would now introduce.

The task of revision is confessedly a difficult one. It must be conducted under the guidance of genuine scholarship, combined with refined taste, sanctified wisdom, and absolute freedom from prejudice. The leading rule throughout should be, that no change be made in the Authorized Version except where palpable error exists, or where the rendering obscures the sense of the original. The pedantry that would discard the homely but vigorous Saxon, and employ Latinized terms and phraseology, or that would sacrifice English idiom to slavish literality,

* "Vindication of the English Bible," p. 346.

† Preface to "Pastoral Epistles," p. xiii.

could not be tolerated. It must not be forgotten that the English Bible is the patrimony of the whole English people. Protestants who speak our language, in whatever part of the world they dwell, claim and have an interest in it. Their claim must be recognized and respected. Revision must be so conducted as to command their confidence; it must be above suspicion of reflecting the views of any sect, party, or school of theology. Dean Alford has said "that no new rendering is safe until it has gone through many brains, and been thoroughly sifted by differing perceptions and tastes." We would add that to be generally acceptable, as well as safe, each new rendering must be viewed and moulded with scrupulous care from different ecclesiastical standpoints.

We believe, therefore, that revision can only be attempted under the direction of a Royal Commission, which should be instructed to select a body of competent scholars—representative men—from every section of Protestants in these lands, and to invite others from America to co-operate. The results of their revision ought, in the first place, to be published separately, and copies sent to heads of churches, to universities and colleges, and to leading Biblical scholars in all countries. Criticisms and suggestions should be invited. Then, after allowing sufficient time for full consideration on the part of all interested, the Revising Body might calmly and thoroughly review the whole, and recommend what they saw fit for adoption.

Meantime care must be taken on the part of those who desire to further the work, especially on the part of leaders in the church, not to excite unnecessary alarm. It is a revision we advocate, not a new translation. We would protest against "sending our Bible into the crucible to be melted down and recast." We deprecate the sweeping statements made in some recent speeches and pamphlets. It has been said, for example, that "to correct every error in the Authorized Version would involve the necessity of a constant course of revision and alteration," and that it would "very materially alter the general character of the text of Scripture." Thorough Biblical critics know

that these are grievous exaggerations, and that such language is calculated not only to leave a wrong impression and create a false issue, but to excite grave apprehension in the minds of the Christian laity of England. We must win confidence by gentle wisdom. We must allay false and foolish fears by showing how comparatively little there is to amend. For, after all, notwithstanding numerous errors, blemishes, and archaisms, the Authorized Version is still pre-eminent. It has many noble qualities. In the simplicity and chasteness of its style, combined with general dignity and vigor of expression, it has never been equalled. There is no straining after effect. It has all the Saxon purity of the classic age of English literature; and, besides, it has become a part of the national mind. It pervades the whole literature of the country. Its pithy sentiments, its pointed proverbs, its happy turns of expression, its noble figures are on every lip. The press, the pulpit, private devotion have made it so familiar, that no great change would be tolerated, even were it desirable or necessary. It has entered into the very hearts of the people. It is interwoven with all that is noblest and purest in our national literature. And, what is of incalculable importance in these days, it forms the one indissoluble link of union between different sects and rival communions, and it contributes to bind us together as a Protestant nation, by a tie which even the strife of party and the war of politics cannot sever. Its blemishes, too, numerous as we acknowledge them to be, change no fact, alter no precept, obscure no doctrine. They slightly mar the surface, and this with delicate hand we ought to remedy; but they do not mar the exquisite symmetry, nor touch the firm foundation of revealed Truth. View it as a whole, our Authorized Version is well-nigh perfect. To the eye of the critic a word may be out of place, the beauty of a sentence may be spoiled by an archaism, a human corruption may be here and there rudely inserted, a fragment of a precept or promise may be misplaced or wanting; but the Divine Word itself is there in all its substantial integrity.

TRIBUTE TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY THE HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

THE following forms a part of the eloquent address of the Hon. M. P. Wilder, President of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, at its annual meeting in Boston, January 5, 1870. After dwelling at some length on the origin and aims of this Society, and the benefits resulting from mutual labors, the address says :—

Gentlemen, the world moves on, and we must move with it. Perpetual change, perpetual improvement, is the battle-cry of our age, and he who is not ready to move forward with it, will surely be left by the wayside. Our age is alike distinguished for its remarkable activity, its startling enterprise, its noble achievements. In all that pertains to intelligence, in art, science, and literature—in everything which pertains to the comfort, happiness, and culture of the human family, the present is infinitely superior to any or all that have preceded it. Never before have we enjoyed such privileges for the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge. We seem to have come forth from the relative obscurity of the darker ages, and to have arisen with the dawn of a brighter and more glorious day. We begin to see where we are, to comprehend what we are doing, and to anticipate in some measure the destiny which awaits this grand triumphal march of Christian civilization. Could those who have gone before us have seen what our eyes have been permitted to behold; could they have traced, as we now do, this onward advance to the benign influences of their early examples; could they have witnessed, as we have done, these remarkable results, this advancement to higher and higher degrees of excellence, how would their hearts have rejoiced in view of this continual approach towards the utmost boundary of human attainment.

It has been said of late that the industrial, commercial and other great interests of New England are on the decline; that her political position in the community of States must hereafter be of a secondary character. We are not among those who are willing to believe in this decadence of her prosperity or of the influence of her institutions. We believe in the blessings

which flow from well-directed industry, the supremacy of the laws, and the benign results of civilization, virtue and truth. New England men are too often charged with extolling her importance and merit; but while we would acknowledge the rising greatness of our Western and other States, empires though they may be, still we would be just to ourselves in sustaining her honor, and perpetuating the virtues of her sons. How has she encouraged and fostered every effort for the spread of the gospel—for the diffusion of knowledge—for the extension of human freedom—for the support of constitutional authority—for the progress of internal improvements and the development of national resources. How has she sent her sons, as pioneers to colonize by her enterprise, to utilize by her industry, to enrich by her wealth, and to build up by her example new States for the diffusion of the piety, patriotism, and principles of her fathers—and so, in the future as in the past, wherever their feet shall be planted, however dense the forest, however distant the shore, there her churches, school-houses and benevolent institutions shall rise, the blessed harbingers of future good. But whatever rank may be assigned by Providence to New England in the future, in the calendar of States, her name will forever be cherished by grateful millions for the good she has already done. The lustre of her renown can never be tarnished. The light of her example can never be darkened. In the language of her great expounder, "THE PAST IS AT LEAST SECURE."

Whenever I reflect on what New England has done for the world, what she has done for the cause of education, religion, civil polity, and for the amelioration of the ills that flesh is heir to, the blood courses more freely in my veins, and my heart rises in gratitude to the Giver of all good, that he permitted me here to be born—here to live. Here let me die.

Trace for a moment some of the incidents of her history. Look at New England, presenting examples of genius, enterprise and benevolence unsurpassed in the annals of the world.

Who was it that drew the lightning from the fiery cloud and held it in his hand!

Who was it that laid the mystic wire dry-shod, from continent to continent, in the almost fathomless abyss of the mighty deep!

Who was it that taught the electric spark, with tongue of fire and quick as thought, to speak all the languages of the globe!

Who was it that brought the heaven-born messenger, Lethean-sleep, to assuage all human suffering, and to blot from memory the cruel operations of the surgeon's knife!

Who planted the first free school on this continent, if not the first free school in the world—the free school, that tree of knowledge, whose fruits are freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of worship—that tree whose leaves are, literally, for the healing of the nations!

Whose sign-manual appears at the head of the signers of that immortal Declaration of American Independence—who were they that fell where yonder column rises—and who were the volunteers that rushed first to the defence of the Capitol in the late fearful crisis!

Who were the men who conceived the idea, and laid the plan for the greatest missionary enterprise on our western shores; going forth with the ensign of the cross in one hand, and the flag of our nation in the other, to the distant islands of the sea!

Who were the men on this hemisphere, that first stood forth as the almoners of human freedom and equal rights, boldly declaring, with their lives in their hands, like Paul on Mars Hill, that God "made of one blood all the nations of men"!

By whose bold adventure, untiring energy, and wonderful despatch, was our western continent spanned by the iron tracks of the Pacific road!

And who is he that has been so lately honored with princely burial at Westminster Abbey among sovereigns and illustrious men, and whose remains, by order of her majesty the queen of Great Britain, are now under royal convoy to his native land, in testimony of his noble benefactions to mankind! Were not these New England men? Were not these—all these beneficent acts and achievements—the result of New England mind, New England culture, New England genius?

It is our duty to treasure up these events and incidents, and to transmit them to

future generations. It is these which have elevated our institutions as shining lights—whose beneficent rays have penetrated the darkest recesses of the earth—and whose golden record shall gleam with brighter and brighter effulgence, on the historic page.

But while we rejoice in this record, we cannot but deplore the loss of much valuable history in the past. How much is lost every day, which

—“like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever.”

How many men of worth in the ranks of merchants, artisans, and the various departments of industrial and professional life have passed from the stage of action, to whom the city of Boston is indebted for the eminence and prosperity to which she has attained, and of whom, so far as history is concerned, no record on its page has ever been made. It is the purpose of our Society not only to preserve the history of the illustrious men and deeds of New England, but to make a record of the lives and services of all her sons who have in their vocation been instrumental in promoting the welfare of mankind.

History is the great source from which we derive instruction and reproof. History erects her beacon lights to warn the mariner of the rocks and quicksands that endanger his voyage—history floats on the river of life seeds of noble deeds and virtuous example, which shall germinate on its banks, producing glorious harvests down the long line of its shores to the ocean of eternity. And how grateful the reflection that the principles which have made us what we are, must ever control the destiny and happiness not only of our own republic, but of all free republics. Let us then treasure up these precious memorials of our fathers, that the virtues of the great and good may be wielded for the benefit of our children and our children's children—and thus let us hold up the mirror to each succeeding age, through all recorded time.

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

Let therefore no particle of valuable history be lost. The grains of sand make the mountain. The incidents of history

pile up those lofty pyramids of thought and example, from whence the historian, with telescopic eye, circles not only round the broad horizon of the present, but

stretches with far-reaching glance back over the misty landscape of the past—

“Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.”

Macmillan's Magazine.

PRINCIPLES AND PREJUDICES.

“hoc te

Crede modo insanum, nihilo ut sapientior ille
Qui te deridet, caudam trahat.”

IF the following remarks should seem to any of our readers to border too closely on the region of acknowledged truisms, a little reflection will perhaps satisfy them that the general recognition of a truth does not, as a matter of course, supersede the necessity of enforcing it. But we are disposed to doubt whether the hasty and superficial manner in which these two words—“prejudice,” namely, and “principle”—are made use of in the world, *has* ever been properly brought home to the minds of the majority of men. At all events, if it has, the result is only what we see in the cases of those numerous moral duties which everybody allows and nobody ever fulfils. The abuse of these terms is certainly sufficiently prevalent to justify the few pages that we propose to devote to the subject.

It is certain that the majority of mankind employ both of these words with considerable laxity and ambiguity; and, indeed, it will very frequently be found that what men call principles are after all nothing but congenial prejudices, and what they call prejudices only uncongenial principles. Both terms alike represent honest convictions; nor is it an adequate distinction that a prejudice is a belief imbibed without examination, while a principle is one derived from independent inquiry: since this definition, correct as it may be in theory, can never be practically effective in a busy world where the number of men in any one generation who have the leisure for independent inquiry is necessarily exceedingly small. Principles, therefore, must be taken second-hand from those we trust as well as prejudices; and any distinction founded upon the supposed originality of the former must be abandoned as soon as we

come within the region of practical casuistry.

In what logicians call necessary matter, a principle is simply some proposition of which the human intellect is incapable of conceiving the contrary; and we can scarcely call a man prejudiced for believing that the whole is greater than the part. But in all probable or contingent matter wherein propositions are incapable of demonstration and conclusions of certitude, there is hardly any opinion of any sort or kind, however well attested or generally received, which an adversary may not with some show of plausibility stigmatize as prejudice. If the conventional use of this term “prejudice” be pushed to its logical results, the only unprejudiced man will be the man with no opinions at all. But is this the class of man which the railers against prejudice desire to see multiplied in the world? Because, be it remembered, if once this view of the subject be adopted, it cannot be confined within limits. We cannot say that on one set of subjects it is desirable that a man should not have fixed opinions, and on another that he should. That would be an arbitrary distinction which philosophy rejects at once. If we choose to say, *παντὰ βέλτιστα*, well and good; but then we *must* say *παντὰ*.

Again if we say that we don't object to a man's having a set of fixed opinions, whether gotten second-hand or not, but only to his refusal to listen to any adverse arguments, and that this is what we mean when we say that a man is prejudiced, still we are in a difficulty; for, after all, it is but our own assumption that the man does not listen. When we say that this or that person won't listen to reason, all that is meant, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is, that he does not agree with ourselves. Or we have, forsooth,

such an exalted estimate of our own powers of argument, and of the justice of our own cause, that we cannot conceive it possible we should fail to convince an honest listener. But in these cases, are not we ourselves the really prejudiced party?

The fact is, it is high time that this very comprehensive noun should be pared down to dimensions more consistent with modern phraseology. The time has been when your ordinary respectable Englishman would as soon have thought of going abroad without a regular and well-cut set of principles as without his breeches. And nobody dreamed of blaming him for it, or of calling such properties prejudices. The term was then reserved for what was really deserving of reproach. But for the last fifty years this encroaching expression has been rapidly extending its authority into spheres where it has no right of entrance. Prejudice has now become a pluralist, and in this reforming age we wonder it has so long escaped the rage of the enlightened critic.

Our readers, however, are not to suppose from the foregoing observations that we profess ourselves unable to lay down any line of demarcation by which prejudice and principle may be distinguished from each other; or even that we desire to confine the former term to the class of cases we have mentioned. Our own view is rather this, that we ought to use the term with strict reference to the powers of the human intellect; and, withdrawing it altogether from those extended spheres of thought in which, as we have already said, independent investigation is to the large majority impossible, restrict it to those narrower fields of observation in which it is not only possible to, but binding upon, every man to exercise his own reason. In the wide ranges of religion, politics, mental philosophy, etc., we believe the word "prejudice" to be wholly, or almost wholly out of place. In dealing with social or scientific questions, on the other hand, we are constantly in the presence of errors to which the word may properly be applied. Let us consider this point a little further.

Suppose that a man is a Tory in politics, a High Churchman in religion, a realist in metaphysics, or the contrary

of these respectively—a Whig, a Low Churchman, and a nominalist—he will in either case find plenty of people to impute his opinions to prejudice. The Tory will have his laugh at the whole group of prejudices, as he calls them, which are associated with Hampden and Sidney, with the glorious Revolution, and with the great Reform Bill. The High Churchman will sneer equally at the ridiculous prejudices which make a bugbear of the Pope, and the blind hatred of forms and ceremonies which characterizes the Protestant school. The realist will look down with pity on the shallow obstinacy and pert conceit which refuses to look below phenomena, and turns a deaf ear to the assertion that there *are* more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in its philosophy. But the tables are quite as easily turned. The superstition of divine right, the preconceived resolution to see nothing that is not bad in the working of popular institutions, the tenacious adherence to abuses because they are old, are as readily made out to be Tory prejudices, as faith in the Revolution families, the national debt, and the German alliance are made out to be Whig ones. And so with divinity and metaphysics, the Low school can retort upon the High school with equal force and pertinence the human origin of sacerdotalism, and the absurdity of transcendental metaphysics. And who is to decide between them? To be able to give even that provisional answer which may satisfy a man's self, founded simply on the greater probability, demands almost the devotion of a lifetime to historical and metaphysical studies. If we attempt to determine such questions by practical considerations, we plunge into new difficulties. If we say that such and such a creed or theory has done more good in the world than some other, we are directly thrown back upon the definition of the word "good." No; it is certain that the opinions which nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand out of every million of men entertain on these questions *must* be such as it has now become the fashion to call prejudices. They must have been derived from fathers and mothers and schoolmasters. But seeing the impossibility of getting them by any other means, our

contention is that they ought to be admitted by all sensible men to do duty for principles, and that for the whole of this subject-matter the word "prejudice" should be allowed to drop out of our vocabulary.

There is likewise another point of view from which the incapacity of this term in connection with political and religious considerations is still more plainly visible. In subjects which have been argued out there is no room for that intellectual calousness which refuses to listen to new statements. In progressive sciences the case is different. But the vertebral principles of religion and government are reducible to some three or four, the comparative merits of which have been before the world for three thousand years. Nothing new has been said about any one of them for ages past, nor seems likely to be for ages hence. On these questions, then, men must now patiently await that illumination which is promised us hereafter before they can attain to any greater certainty of judgment. And under these conditions, we repeat, the intellectual calousness or obstinacy which refuses to listen to new arguments can hardly come into play. From this point of view, then, prejudice seems to be a word which is wholly out of place in such company. And it is to be noted in connection with this view of the subject, that the opinions, prejudices, or principles, whichever we choose to call them, of the world at large, are on those important matters fundamentally what they ever were—in politics from the birth of philosophy, in religion from the birth of Christ. Men have ceased to believe in astrology, alchemy, and witchcraft. They have learned to believe in the revolution of the earth and the circulation of the blood. But the progress of the human race in all such matters leaves the old divisions of opinion upon human and divine government what they were in the lifetime of Aristotle. The principle of hereditary monarchy, after passing through a variety of phases, still survives in full vigor. Aristocracy, oligarchy, plutocracy still have their advocates, and democracy is still attacked and defended exactly as it was at Athens. Not a single new principle of government* has been evolved out

of the human mind since the publication of the *Politics*.

In the matter of religion our assertion may perhaps be thought too sweeping; and it is difficult to explain what we mean without some appearance of profanity. But even those who impugn the last Revelation from on high do not profess to expect another. So far it is accepted as final. And nobody contemplates any further theological discoveries which shall change our ideas of God, as Judaism first, and Christianity afterwards, changed the ideas of the heathen. For the rest, mankind are still divided as ever into those who acknowledge a mystical element in religion, and those who do not. The former takes many shapes, but the principle at bottom is the same: and what is more, the two parties can only fight each other over and over again with the same weapons. The experience of man can neither amend nor modify the message of God. And scientific objections to the truth of the Bible do not affect the present question at all. The mind which accepts the stupendous mysteries of the Incarnation and Atonement will not be much troubled by the inadequacy of the Israelitish camp to accommodate the Israelitish people. People forget this truth who talk about the unreasonableness of Popery for instance, and profess wonder at the folly of those who at the present day seek to impose on the Church the dogma of Papal infallibility. If you come to that, all religions are unreasonable, and half the dogmas of the Romish creed are incredible. One of the great charms of Mr. Disraeli's writings is his remarkable freedom from all prejudices of this nature; and nothing can be more delightful than the Olympian serenity with which he handles these and kindred topics in his last novel. Superstition is merely a nickname which rival theologians delight to hurl at one another. All religions appeal from the understanding to the imagination. It is only a question of more or less. To speak of Romanism as *the* representative of superstition is mere prejudice. This of course is not what Mr. Disraeli says: but the mind which placed Cardinal Grandison, Theodora, and Lord Culloden alongside of each other, means that or something like it.

We should observe here that the finality of religious controversies has not escaped the vigilant eye of Lord Macaulay (see

* Representation is not a new principle, it is a different practice.

his Essay on Ranke). But he has not made the present application of it, nor does he seem to have seen that what he says of theology may for all practical purposes be extended to politics.

Upon all these great questions, therefore, it is not so much that men shut their ears to the reception of new truths, as that there are no new truths to be expected. Most men by the time they are thirty join themselves to one of the two great divisions into which mankind are marked off, and think no more about it. Their choice is regulated often by family influence, often by the clergyman or the tutor, and very often by mere temperament. In the nature of things, it can rarely be regulated by independent thought. Both views of religion and government have stood, they know, the test of long experience; and both have a great deal to be said for them. Neither can be *very* injurious to human happiness; and no man can at any future time conscientiously reproach himself with having adopted either. The political and religious opinions of a man in this frame of mind must, we repeat, be admitted by courtesy to be principles; or else we must find out another word instead of prejudice whereby to designate a wholly different class of prepossessions which are certainly irrational and mischievous.

We have no intention of offering anything like a complete classification of these last. The majority of them appertain either to the physical sciences or to our estimates of life and human nature. The physician or surgeon who refuses to give a fair consideration to new modes of treatment, or perseveres with the old in the teeth of ascertainable facts, affords perhaps the best illustration of that mixed moral and intellectual vice to which we desire to restrict the use of the word prejudice. But social prejudices are more common, and though not intrinsically so dangerous, are at least equally injurious to the happiness and prosperity of the world. These may be divided roughly into prejudices against classes, prejudices against persons, and prejudices against things.

Of the class prejudices which exist in this country we shall say very little, nor do they afford the best illustration of our meaning: because, although from the highest and broadest points of view, the interests of all classes are the same, yet from lower

and narrower points of view they do at least *appear* to differ; and there is consequently large allowance to be made both for those who distrust the people and those who abuse the aristocracy. Each person must here be judged by his opportunities of knowing better; and perhaps it would be found, with regard to this division of our subject, rather difficult to define the point where prejudices end and principles begin. For we often cannot tell how large an element of independent inquiry has contributed to the formation of opinions which we designate as class prejudices. It is quite possible that reading, observation, and reflection may lead a man to precisely the same creed which he imbibed with his mother's milk; and in that case, of course, the second process of acquisition must be held to justify the first. But after all, perhaps, we are here rather wandering from the point; as conclusions of the above kind are likely to partake to a large extent of a political character, and to be without the pale of social questions. There is, however, one prejudice of this class which is an excellent specimen of its kind, and holds its ground with a tenacity which is truly surprising: we mean the prejudice which a certain class of town people entertain against country people, and a certain class of country people against town people. Our readers may fancy that we are dreaming. But we certainly are not, and did our space permit we could give some amusing instances to the contrary.

Prejudices against persons are usually the result of behavior which does not commend itself to our own preconceived ideas of what is right and proper. Such are the prejudices which prevail against all irregular modes of life that do not run in recognized grooves. Literature is the most remarkable of these; and a prejudice against literary men is still a trait of English society which evinces great vitality. This is a prejudice which every man could dissipate if he chose; and it is accordingly an excellent instance of the right use of the word. Prejudices against a man who gives up a profession for which he feels instinctively, over and above the evidence of experience, that he is unfitted, are another very common exhibition of the same vice. We dislike a man who kicks over the traces by which we ourselves continue bound. Prejudices of this kind show that narrowness

of mind and peculiarly ignoble kind of intellectual pride which is always afraid of making admissions against itself, or indeed practically of allowing the existence of any exceptions at all to any rule whatever, though if men only use their eyes the whole world is full of them. And the worst of this kind of prejudice is that its practical results are contagious. In arguing with a man of this sort the most candid disputant is disabled from making those concessions which, by reducing a question to its first principles, preclude controversy and prevent the useless expenditure of much valuable logic. Prejudices against individuals founded on little tricks of manner are ridiculous when they *are* prejudices: but then very often they are not. If you see a man put his knife in his mouth once, or gobble his dinner like a pig, you may be pretty sure that it is not your inestimable privilege to have seen him do it either for the first time or the last. And such habits violate social laws which rest on too general an acceptance to be called prejudices. To what extent eccentricity merely, which does not violate any of the laws of good breeding, can be held to justify dislike, is a very nice question of social casuistry. Mr. Peter Magnus didn't like originals; he didn't "see the necessity for them." And we all appreciate the pleasant satire upon priggism which is conveyed by this description. But, on the other hand, there *are* kinds of eccentricity, aversion to which cannot be stigmatized as a prejudice, though it may indicate a certain species of narrowness. On the whole, we should be disposed

to say that a keen sense of humor is one's best preservative from falling into prejudices of this nature: and that where a man of humor recoils from a display of eccentricity, the oddness will generally be found either to be the result of affectation, or else really to denote some degree of mental aberration—the one a disgusting, the other a painful, exhibition.

Prejudices against things run into the above, but still they have a separate existence. There are men who think it a sin ever to feel cold; and won't allow you, if they can help it, to approach the fire: others who feel equally strongly on the question of heat, and are much displeased if not allowed to place you opposite a great drawing furnace at every season of the year. Some people, even some families, have a particular way of dressing, a particular mode of shaking hands, a particular way of walking in the street, and think evil, more or less, of all who differ from these fashions; and such persons occasionally have it in their power to make themselves extremely disagreeable. A whole chapter might be written on these traits by themselves, but we have now sufficiently explained the limits we desire to place upon the application of the term "prejudices." To apply it to men's opinions upon great subjects, which, however acquired, are acquired after all by the only means which are open to the vast majority of mankind, is to saddle a common disability with the odium of a special vice; and to shelter the latter behind a plea only proper to the former.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LEGEND OF LA BREA.

THIS myth about the famous Pitch Lake of Trinidad was told almost word for word to a M. Joseph by an aged half-caste Indian, who went by the name of Señor Trinidad. The manners and customs which the ballad describes, and the cruel and dangerous destruction of the beautiful birds of Trinidad, are facts which may be easily verified by any one who will take the trouble to visit the West Indies.

Down beside the loathly Pitch Lake,
In the stately Morichal,*

Sat an ancient Spanish Indian,
Peering through the columns tall.

Watching vainly for the flashing
Of the jewelled colibris;*
Listening vainly for their humming
Round the honey-blossomed trees.

"Few," he sighed, "they come, and fewer
To the cocorite† bowers;
Murdered, madly, through the forests
Which of yore were theirs—and ours."

* A magnificent wood of the Mauritia Fan-palm, on the south shore of the Pitch Lake.

* Humming-birds.
† Maxmiliania palms.

By there came a negro hunter,
 Lithe and lusty, sleek and strong,
 Rolling round his sparkling eyeballs,
 As he loped and lounged along.

Rusty firelock on his shoulder ;
 Rusty cutlass on his thigh ;
 Never jollier British subject
 Rollicked underneath the sky.

British law to give him safety,
 British fleets to guard his shore,
 And a square of British freehold—
 He had all we have, and more.

Fattening through the endless summer,
 Like his own provision ground,
 He had reached the summum bonum
 Which our latest wits have found.

So he thought ; and in his hammock
 Gnawed his junk of sugar-cane,
 Toasted plantains at the fire-stick,
 Gnawed, and dozed, and gnawed again.

Had a wife in his ajoupa *—
 Or, at least, what did instead ;
 Children, too, who died so early,
 He'd no need to earn their bread.

Never stole, save what he needed,
 From the Crown woods round about ;
 Never lied, except when summoned—
 Let the warden find him out.

Never drank, except at market ;
 Never beat his sturdy mate ;
 She could hit as hard as he could,
 And had just as hard a pate.

Had no care for priest nor parson,
 Hope of heaven nor fear of hell ;
 And in all his views of nature
 Held with Comte and Peter Bell.

Healthy, happy, silly, kindly,
 Neither care nor toil had he,
 Save to work an hour at sunrise,
 And then hunt the colibri.

Not a bad man ; not a good man :
 Scarce a man at all, one fears,
 If the Man be that within us
 Which is born of fire and tears.

Round the palm-stems, round the creepers,
 Flashed a feathered jewel past,
 Ruby-crested, topaz-throated,
 Plucked the cocorite bast,

Plucked the fallen ceiba-cotton, *
 Whirred away to build his nest,
 Hung at last, with happy humming,
 Round some flower he fancied best.

Up then went the rusty muzzle,
 "Dat de tenth I shot to-day :"
 But out sprang the Indian shouting,
 Balked the negro of his prey.

"Eh, you Señor Trinidadada !
 What dis new ondacent plan ?
 Spoil a gen'l'man's chance ob shooting ?
 I as good as any man.

"Dese not your woods ; dese de Queen's
 woods :
 You seem not know whar you ar,
 Gibbin' yuself dese buckra airs here,
 You black Indian Papist ! Dar !"

Stately, courteous, stood the Indian ;
 Pointed through the palm-tree shade :
 "Does the gentleman of color
 Know how yon Pitch Lake was made ?"

Grinned the negro, grinned and trembled—
 Through his nerves a shudder ran—
 Saw a snake-like eye that held him ;
 Saw—he'd met an Obeah man.

Saw a fêtitsh—such a bottle—
 Buried at his cottage door ;
 Toad and spider, dirty water,
 Rusty nails, and nine charms more.

Saw in vision such a cock's head
 In the path—and it was white !
 Saw Brinvilliers † in his pottage :
 Faltered, cold and damp with fright.

Fearful is the chance of poison :
 Fearful, too, the great unknown :
 Magic brings some positivists
 Humbly on their marrow-bone.

Like the wedding-guest enchanted,
 There he stood, a trembling cur ;
 While the Indian told his story,
 Like the Ancient Mariner.

Told how—"Once that loathly Pitch Lake
 Was a garden bright and fair ;
 How the Chaymas off the mainland
 Built their palm ajoupas there.

* From the Eriodendron, or giant silk-cotton.

† Spigelia anthelmia, a too well-known poison-plant.

* Hut of timber and palm leaves.

"How they throve, and how they fattened,
Hale and happy, safe and strong ;
Passed the livelong days in feasting ;
Passed the nights in dance and song.

"Till they cruel grew, and wanton :
Till they killed the colibris.
Then outspake the great Good Spirit,
Who can see through all the trees.

"Said—' And what have I not sent you,
Wanton Chaymas, many a year ?
Lapp,* agouti,† cachicame,‡
Quenc § and guazu-pita deer.

"Fish I sent you, sent you turtle,
Chip-chip,|| conch, flamingo red,
Woodland pau,¶ horned screamer,**
And blue ramier †† overhead.

"Plums from balata †† and mombin,§§
Tania,||| manioc,¶¶ water-vine ;***
Let you fell my slim manacques,†††
Tap my sweet morichè wine.†††

"Sent rich plantains,§§§ food of angels ;
Rich ananas,|||| food of kings ;
Grudged you none of all my treasures ;
Save these lovely useless things.'

"But the Chaymas' ears were deafened ;
Blind their eyes, and could not see
How a blissful Indian's spirit
Lived in every colibri.

"Lived, forgetting toil and sorrow,
Ever fair and ever new ;
Whirring round the dear old woodland,
Feeding on the honey-dew.

"Till one evening roared the earthquake :
Monkeys howled, and parrots screamed :
And the Guaraons at morning
Gathered here, as men who dreamed.

"Sunk were gardens, sunk ajoupas ;
Hut and hammock, man and hound :
And above the Chayma village
Boiled with pitch the cursed ground.

"Full, and too full ; safe, and too safe ;
Negro man, take care, take care.
He that wantons with God's bounties
Of God's wrath had best beware.

"For the saucy, reckless, heartless,
Evil days are sure in store.
You may see the Negro sinking
As the Chayma sank of yore."

Loudly laughed that stalwart hunter—
"Eh, what superstitious talk !
Nyam * am nyam, an' maney maney ;
Birds am birds, like park am park ;
An' dere's twenty thousand birdskins
Ardered jes' now fram New York."
C. KINGSLEY.

The Saturday Review.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

NOT only the English nation, but all nations and people that speak or understand the English tongue, will hear with the profoundest regret of the death of the great novelist ; and no writer can undertake the melancholy task of noticing the loss we have sustained without feeling how large a blank is made by the sudden death of an author whose compositions have furnished one of the chief sources of intellectual wealth to this generation. The language of Mr. Dickens has become part

of the language of every class and rank of his countrymen. The characters of Mr. Dickens are a portion of our contemporaries. It seems scarcely possible to believe that there never were any such persons as Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Nickleby and Mrs. Gamp. They are to us not only types of English life, but types actually existing. They at once revealed the existence of such people, and made them thoroughly comprehensible. They were not studies of persons, but persons. And yet they were idealized in the sense that the reader did not think that they were drawn from the life. They were alive ; they were themselves. And then the atmosphere in which they lived was one of such boundless fun, humor, and geniality. No book

* Cœlogenys Paca.

† Armadillo. § Peccary hog.

¶ Penelope. ** Palamedea.

†† Minusops.

||| An esculent Arum.

¶¶ Jatropha manihot, "Cassava."

*** Vitis Caribæa.

††† Euterpe, "mountain cabbage" palm.

§§§ Mauritia palm. §§§ Musa. |||| Pine-apple.

† Wild cavy.

|| Trigonía.

†† Dove.

§§ Spondias.

ever was or will be like *Pickwick* in this respect, and Mr. Dickens wrote it when he was twenty-four. Age did not certainly improve Mr. Dickens, for, as must necessarily happen, his works were very unequal, and some of his later works were his worst. But it is astonishing to think what an extraordinary wealth of creations of character of the first order of excellence he has left behind him. With the single exception of *Little Dorrit* there is not one of his numerous stories that has not touches of the master-hand and strokes of indisputable genius. To a degree unequalled by any other novelist except perhaps Scott, he had the power of making the reader feel thoroughly at home in an imaginary world, and of being and living and moving in it naturally. No club of a benevolent old gentleman and a few friends ever went on as the *Pickwick Club* is represented to have gone on, just as no knights and barons and Jews and foresters ever went on as their representatives go on in *Ivanhoe*. But the world of the *Pickwick Club* and the world of *Ivanhoe* seem not merely entertaining and natural, but actually existing to the reader. And of all great novelists Mr. Dickens was far the easiest to read and re-read. *Pickwick* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* are exactly as entertaining the fortieth time they are read as the first. The goodness of the fun, the delightfulness of passages we know thoroughly well in them, takes us continually by surprise, just as Falstaff is always better if we open the book than we recollect him to be. And then the characters of Dickens are drawn from such a wonderful variety of sources. Without vulgarity they give a body to what we may imagine to be the varieties and habits of character in sets of persons with whom we are unacquainted. Sam Weller and his Mary are the expressions of all that a boots and a housemaid are capable of being; and as to the United States, all that can be said or thought of that portion of the life led there which comes within the sphere of a novelist is to be found in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The characters of Mr. Dickens exist almost entirely in what they say, and this is the highest and rarest form of the art of the novelist. Balzac, for example, who on the whole has no superior and few equals in the composition of fictions, scarcely depends on the dialogue at all for giving a clue to

the character; whereas Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, and Mrs. Nickleby are scarcely known to us at all except by what they say. It is this peculiarity which perhaps has made the writings of Mr. Dickens so popular with persons of all classes, and all types and degrees of education. The sayings of the characters in them are recollected, but these sayings are themselves the constituent elements of the characters, and thus the characters of themselves become to the public a part of the public itself.

Undoubtedly the writings of Mr. Dickens had their defects, and he was far too great a writer to make any one hesitate to speak with equal freedom of these defects and of the prodigious merit of his best compositions. He was to some extent a mannerist and a sentimentalist, and he was often the victim of some little trait of look or character that he had assigned to one of his imaginary personages, and on which he loved to dwell with a painful persistency and minuteness. In some of his later novels, too, there was an air of too much study of a particular effect, and a tendency to try to prove to himself and his readers that he was following rules of art which he had invented, and the following of which gave a virtue to what might otherwise be called tedious. But he did not over-write himself, and he never ceased to do his best. The story which he has left unfinished was full of life, interest, and brilliancy. The genius of no man can suffice to go on making great creations forever, and no novelist has ever been independent of his experience and of his physical state, his spirits and his time of life at the period of composing. Even Shakspeare only drew one Falstaff, and some of his comic characters are only endurable because they are Shakspeare's. It is useless to pretend that the later writings of Mr. Dickens are equal to his earlier writings. After he was thirty-five he published nothing of first-rate excellence except *David Copperfield*. Scott, on the other hand, published no novel at all until he was past forty. The difference was partly a difference in the class of fiction, but it was also due probably to the fact that the one writer began early and the other began late. There is no such thing as a boundless imagination, and the later writings of Mr. Dickens were worse than the earlier be-

cause he had gone through the finest creations of character that it was in his mind to conceive. But even if it is admitted that his range of creation was proved to be exhaustible, yet it is equally true that of characters neither sublime nor vulgar he had a greater range than any other novelist ever had. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that twice as many of such characters can be named from the writings of Mr. Dickens as can be named from the writings of any one of even the first writers of fiction. And then in all the best of his works the story is so good throughout. There is so little that is dreary or dull or poor, and the aspect of things presented to us is so pleasant and cheerful. The workhouse of *Oliver Twist*, the den of Fagin, the school of Mr. Squeers, are all lighted up with the drollery and oddity and rapid touches of quaint vitality that enter into the description. In his later works, Mr. Dickens became too minute in his descriptions, and he was often minute in describing what had no power to interest the reader. But in his best novels the amount of life and movement that is put into each chapter is wonderful : and evidently, as has so often been the case with men of high genius, his characters grew and unfolded themselves to him as they did to others, so that he did not so much create them as seem the organ of their creation. All his richest and finest characters keep getting better as the story goes on. Bailey junior or Mr. Micawber or Dick Swiveller were probably at first of as little importance to the author as they seem to the reader ; but as they were introduced again and again they were found to have things to say that made them what the reader knows them to be, and the excellence of which was perhaps sometimes surprising to the author himself.

Mr. Dickens, however, was to himself always something more than an artist. He set himself a variety of tasks, the due discharge of which seemed to him of great importance. He had certain doctrines in morals which he wished to inculcate. He was bent on preaching the views of charity and tolerance which he believed it to be of great use to men to hold, and to hold firmly. Much of the liberalism of the present day in England, and of its peculiar type, is due to Mr. Dickens. So far as the exclusiveness of religious sects

has died away in England, its decay may fairly be in a large measure attributed to the circulation of Mr. Dickens's works in the families even of the most exclusively religious people. That there is fun and goodness in all sorts of persons, high and low, and even very low, was a theme on which he loved to dwell, and which he brought home to all his readers by the example of the characters he delineated. There was also in all his works an unvarying respect for the sanctity of home and the goodness of women. To be liberal, be fond of fun, and to like a happy, innocent home, was the type of excellence he has set before the generation which he has largely influenced ; and possibly his sentimentalism, while it wearied some of his more fastidious readers, may have helped to produce good moral effect on the wider world which he attracted and enlightened. He was also a just man, a hater of petty tyranny, of the despotism of beadles, and the recklessness of the lower herd of schoolmasters. His evident sincerity of purpose gave a kind of dignity to his writings, and took away from them all air of coming from a man who was merely making merry to get money from the public. On one or two occasions he set himself to attack abuses of a larger kind, the existence of which filled him with real pain and grief ; and even if he exaggerated the slowness of Chancery and the ineptitude of the Circumlocution Office, it was clear that he was attacking real abuses, which practical men since he wrote have striven hard to remedy, and satisfactory remedies for which are being only slowly and with great difficulty discovered. Lastly, he was an artist who was not only fond of his art and proud of his success in it, but who looked on art as imposing duties and responsibilities on those who devote themselves to it. He always accepted the applause of the public as a tribute not only to himself but to the calling he pursued, and to the high aims with which it might be connected. In all this he never faltered ; and death has now stricken him down at a time when he has lately abandoned a source of great profit in order to give himself up to doing what he thought most worthy of him. That what he hoped to do must now be left for ever undone is a thought which will inspire many Englishmen with a sorrow scarcely less than that they would

feel if a friend long known and long loved had been taken from them.

From the Spectator.

THE greatest humorist whom England ever produced.—Shakspeare himself certainly not excepted,—is gone ; and though we have no intention here of making one of those hasty estimates of his great achievements which journalists too often compose in haste to repent at leisure, it seems the fittest of all moments to call attention to one of the least calculable of all effects of a great humorist's career, the wonderful influence his writings have exerted in softening the strong lines of demarcation between the different classes of English Society, and the extraordinary stimulus they have thereby given to the various great efforts of the day for ameliorating wretchedness and reclaiming crime. That humor which so delighted in the grotesque as almost to make oddity a condition of the humorist's favor, should tend so powerfully as Mr. Dickens's humor has tended to soften the worst moral grotesquerie of society, is certainly curious enough. But so it unquestionably is. We may trace to *Oliver Twist* not only the first great wave of interest in the dangerous classes,—for the wonderful descriptions of Charley Bates, the Dodger, and the other young thieves whom the funny old gentleman educated in the art of picking pockets, undoubtedly produced the first movement for reformatory schools,—but also the first great attempt on the part of the public to discriminate between the wholesome severity of the Whig poor law and the vulgar selfishness of parochial cruelty. The gentleman in the white waistcoat who wanted to apprentice Oliver to the cruel sweep may be said to have been an incarnate protest by Mr. Dickens against that vulgar and fatal misinterpretation of the Whig policy which has since caused so dangerous a reaction against it ; and Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney to have been his literary warnings against that selfish and wicked neglect of our workhouses, and especially the workhouse hospitals, which was two years ago revealed, to the horror and disgust of the public, in the reports of the *Lancet* and other papers. So, too, his Dotheboys Hall, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and especially his terrible picture of Smike, the lad starved and beaten

into partial idiocy, gave the first great impulse to that indignant love for the young, and the pity for their helplessness, which in later times has almost passed into a worship of children. And yet Mr. Dickens has not only never been a professional philanthropist, but he has exerted his great powers to the utmost to ridicule professional philanthropy. In his very last work, which is, we deeply regret to learn, like Mr. Thackeray's last work, a mere fragment, though one in which his great powers seem to have caught some of the glow and freshness of his youth, the sketch of Mr. Honeythunder, the professional advocate for universal brotherhood, promised to turn out one of his greatest satirical pictures. Nobody can forget the ridicule he poured on Mrs. Jellyby and her flannel petticoats for the African missions, or the bitter severity with which he criticized the cut-and-dried certificated schoolmaster (Bradley Headstone) in our *Mutual Friend*. All he has done to soften the sharp distinctions between class and class has been done without any weakness at all for the technical agencies which, no doubt, in some greater or less degree, have been instrumental in accomplishing it. It was the great triumph of his humor to sharpen the vision of mankind for hideous moral contrasts which he knew as little as any of us how to remove ; and for the systematic methods of attacking which he had even less taste than most other men,—his genius, like most other geniuses, revolting against system, and the conventional types it tends to produce.

From the London Daily News.

THE death of Charles Dickens is yet so recent, and the feeling which it has inspired is still so akin to a personal sorrow, with all its sacred associations of tenderness and love, that it is difficult to compose the mind to the frigid mood of criticism. Of no literary man of modern times can it be so truly said that he was equally known to the public as an individual and as an author. All classes had an interest in the man Dickens to the full as great as that which they felt in the writer. By his frequent appearances in public as a reader, and as an amateur actor, and by the practical interest which he took in all the great social movements of the day, his personal appearance, his

voice, and his manner were familiar to the great mass of Londoners, and in a less degree to provincial Englishmen, as well as to Americans, so that he seemed to be the friend of all who read his books and felt the electric thrill of his genius. That this was partly owing to the increased facilities which modern times afford for bringing famous people into immediate contact with the public is perfectly true; but it was also due in part to the particular nature of the man. For, though there never was a popular author so little given to courting notoriety, or seeking in brilliant social circles the homage which he must have been sure awaited him, he was always in strong sympathy with the public, and, next to the quiet of his Kentish home, loved to feel himself in personal association with the living masses of mankind, in the prosecution of some honest work of amelioration, or the enjoyment of some common pleasure. Hence, the first current of one's thoughts on hearing of his death runs rather in an affectionate than a critical channel. Yet the writings of Dickens were, after all, the largest part of him, and that with which we are the most deeply concerned. The coming and going of men is as the rise and fall of sand-heaps in the desert; but genius is abiding and inflexible. A mind such as that which has just departed from us is no less the property of our descendants than of ourselves. It has the quality of an immortal possession; and the critics of a remote future will estimate its character and its elements, its growth and its productions, with a calmness, an accuracy, and a completeness denied to those who write under the shock of a public loss, and with the emotions inspired by a newly-opened grave. That the author of *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*, of *David Copperfield* and *Bleak House*, has already taken his place among the immortals of English literature, cannot admit of a doubt. His precise position has perhaps yet to be determined; but the fact that his place is secure, and that it is eminent, is certain. The mere circumstance that he should have retained the most conspicuous seat in contemporary letters for four-and-thirty years, never once waning in popularity, is evidence of that strong coercive power which is one of the prerogatives of genius. Mr. Dickens owed nothing to fortune, to oppor-

tunity, or to external assistance. Seldom has great success been so entirely due to the great nature which it crowned. Mr. Dickens came up to London a middle-class youth, with no influential friends, and with nothing more than the ordinary degree of middle class schooling, which in those days was not equal to what may now be obtained. He went through the rough, but instructive, training of a journalist, and by sheer force of mind and breadth of sympathy became the most vivid and living interpreter of our age which the middle period of the nineteenth century has seen. There is a certain significance in the fact that his career began shortly after the Reform Bill of 1832, and has closed about the same length of time after that of 1867. The era defined by those two dates was pre-eminently the epoch of middle-class predominance; and Mr. Dickens was to some extent a middle-class writer, excepting in as far as genius such as his transcends all class distinctions. He was especially the favorite of middle-class readers; and his point of view, with reference to most questions, was that of the orderly, temperate, industrious, educated, yet not fastidiously erudite, public that creates the commerce of England, and sets the mark of her industry over all the globe. Signs are not wanting that the England of the earlier Victorian epoch is passing away, but its most distinctive features are fixed forever in the colors of life itself, by the genius that Providence has just removed from us in all the fulness of its splendid powers.

A vivid sympathy with human character and action is perhaps the most salient quality of Mr. Dickens's genius. There have been better constructors of stories; writers of more thoroughly or more choice-ly artistic habits; some who have had a more curious perception of the hidden depths of the human soul; but none, short of the very greatest, who have possessed a more extraordinary power of creating types of character which we recognize at once, and which maintain a place in our recollections after many a memory of those whom we call real persons has grown dim. There are not very many authors in literature to whom this power can be attributed; and it is the most conclusive proof that can possibly be given of the presence of absolute genius, as distinct from mere cleverness.

This mysterious fecundity, which out of the cogitations of the brain can produce what might almost be described as living organisms—shadowy beings that we know like personal acquaintances, that walk by our side through life, and start up at odd moments, to amuse, to cheer, to exalt or to warn—this strange and really awful power is given to few, but was given in no small measure to Charles Dickens. It was the evidence of his affinity with such men as Shakspeare, Cervantes, Goethe, and Scott. Indeed, we doubt if any English author, with the exception of Scott, has shown so great an affinity with the genius of Shakspeare as the novelist to whom, in the flesh, we are now compelled to bid adieu. It is true that he was neither the poet nor the philosopher that Shakspeare was; but, though in a less profound manner, he seemed to touch the great round of human sympathies at nearly all points of contact, and to make us feel the electric currents of our nature from pole to pole. He loved life for its own sake, and not merely as the text for a sermon, or the subject of an experiment; thinking it well that there should be these many-colored diversities of character, this complication of passions, desires, hopes, fears, and strivings. With some strongly-felt and strongly-expressed opinions on several subjects, he was nevertheless not at all a party man; reckoning the sum of humanity higher than its separate cyphers, and seeing interests in our common flesh-and-blood, and our common spiritual needs, that transcend the obligations of sect and the triumphs of temporary warfare. In reading his works we feel ourselves in the presence of a living man—hearty, vigorous, joyful, yet full of exquisite sensibility to sorrow, and with a fine perception of the mysterious and eternal depths out of which we come, and into which we go. It is a remarkable quality of the fictitious characters he created, that we often recollect them after the particular incidents with which they are associated have been forgotten; so real are they—so instinct with the power of perpetuating their own existence, of passing out of their original framework, and of making their lives one with ours. People have often remarked of late that in some of his readings Mr. Dickens did not come up to their idea of such and such a character. It was not the real

Sam Weller, or Mrs. Gamp, or Mr. Micawber. Whether they were right or wrong in so thinking, what a testimony is such a thought to the reality of the creations, and to the hold they had obtained upon the popular mind!

Humor, pathos, and picturesqueness, were Mr. Dickens's three great powers. He had, however, at times, great tragic exaltation, and a ghastly strangeness; and, though not actually a poet, he felt many things poetically. His faults were exaggeration, caricature, grotesque oddity, and a certain tendency to theatrical grouping and coloring. This is not the time, however, for inquiring into the blots upon a genius so broad, luminous, and animating. In losing Charles Dickens we lose a portion of English existence. Our world will look strange without him; we seem to enter on a newer and less joyous life, in writing the record of his death. He has built himself a home in many hearts, and the tears that have so often been shed at his bidding, will follow him to his rest. Of the numberless charities of his kindly and manly life, this is not the place to speak; but those who have any connection with his loved profession of letters, whether with any share of his genius or in more humble ways, should recollect and reverence his admirable self-respect, his severe self-discipline, and his tireless industry.

From the London Times.

THE mere announcement that Charles Dickens is dead, repeats the common sentence passed on all humanity. Death has once again demanded its own, and made a claim which all men must sooner or later meet. We forget how many mortals breathe their last in every minute according to the calculations of statistical authorities. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and yesterday, the 9th day of June, 1870, will be an evil day in the memories of all who can appreciate true genius and admire its matchless works. We have had greater writers both in poetry and prose, but they were not of our day and generation. For us just now this loss is our greatest. It would have been great at any time from the moment when he turned with aversion from the drudgery of a solicitor's office, amid the forebodings of his friends, and thenceforward rose in

the clear light of literature, until he soared in the sunshine of success far above all his fellows. There are minds of such jealous fibre that the very merits of an author, his mightiest gifts and his most special talents, only serve as food on which to nourish their prejudices. Such are they who, while forced to admit the wit, humor, and power of Charles Dickens, always added, "but he was vulgar." Yes, in one sense he was vulgar; he delighted in sketching the characters not of dukes and duchesses, but of the poor and lowly. He had listened to their wants and sorrows, seen them in their alleys and garrets, had learnt their accents and dialect by heart, and then, with a truth and liveliness all his own, he photographed them in his immortal works. In that sense alone was Charles Dickens "vulgar." He was of the people, and lived among them. His was not the close atmosphere of a saloon or of a forcing house. In the open air of the streets, and woods, and fields, he lived, and had his being, and so he came into closer union with common men, and caught with an intuitive force and fulness of feature every detail of their daily life. His creations have become naturalized, so to speak, among all classes of the community, and are familiar to every man, high or low. How many fine gentlemen and ladies, who never saw *Pickwick* or *Sam Weller* in the flesh, have laughed at their portraits by Charles Dickens. How many have been heart-broken at the sufferings of *Oliver*, been indignant at the brutality of *Bill Sykes*, wept over the fallen *Nancy's* cruel fate, and even sympathized with the terrible agony of *Fagin* in the condemned cell, who but for Charles Dickens would never have known that such sorrows and crimes, such cruel wrongs, and such intensity of feeling existed in those lower depths of London life, far above which, like the *Golden Gods of Epicurus*, they lived in careless ease, till this great apostle of the people touched their hearts and taught them that those inferior beings had hearts and souls of their own, and could be objects of sympathy as well as victims of neglect.

We have heard it objected also by gentlemen that Charles Dickens could never describe "a lady," and by ladies that he could never sketch the character of a "gentleman;" but we have always observed that when put to the proof these

male and female critics failed lamentably to establish their case. We are not sure that Charles Dickens's gentlemen were all as well dressed as those who resort to *Poole's Temple of Fashion*, or that his ladies were always attired in the very last fancy of *Worth*. Dress is no doubt what may be called in the catechism of gentility the "outward and visible sign" of a gentleman, just as the outward fashion of a lady is shown by her dress; but even these are nothing if that "inward and spiritual grace" which is characteristic of the true gentleman and real lady be wanting, and in that grace, however negligent they may be in their attire, the ladies and gentlemen in Charles Dickens's works are never deficient. We are not denying that the true type of gentle life is to be found in the upper classes. Far from it. We only insist, when we are told that Charles Dickens could not describe either a lady or a gentleman, that there are ladies and gentlemen in all ranks and classes of life, and that the inward delicacy and gentle feeling which we acknowledge as the only true criterion of the class may be found under the smockfrock of the ploughboy as well as beneath the mantle of an earl.

When a great writer, on his deathbed, was with his last breath instructing his children in the secret of his success, he said,—"Be natural, my children, for the writer that is natural has fulfilled all the rules of Art." And this was pre-eminently the case with Charles Dickens. His great characters have struck fast root in the hearts of his countrymen, for this, above all other reasons, that they are natural—natural both relatively to the writer who created them, and to the station in life in which they are supposed to live. Like the giant who revived as soon as he touched his mother earth, Charles Dickens was never so strong as when he threw himself back on the native soil of the social class among which he had been born and bred, whose virtues, faults, and foibles he could portray with a truth and vigor denied to any other man. That he was eminently successful may be proved by his works. He is gone, indeed, but they remain behind and will long speak for him. Every day will only add to the universal feeling that he wrote not for this age alone, but for all time, and that this generation, in losing sight of him, will hardly look upon his like again.

That he was eminently truthful, trustworthy, and self-denying can be gainsaid by none. But of the man himself, apart from the writer, it is as yet too soon to speak. We live too close to the man to be able to discriminate his excellence, which will live forever; from his faults, which will be forgotten ere the year is out. In this the world is very charitable. It has no memory for small errors; they wane and perish while the pearl which they encrust and perhaps conceal grows day by day more truly orient, and increases with value as generation after generation vanishes away.

Nor do we know why we should repine at the manner of his death. It was said of old that those whom the Gods love die young. If it cannot be said that Charles Dickens died young, he has departed from among us at least at an earlier age than many who were at least not more than his equals in fame. Happy, no doubt, he was, in that he was snatched away in a

moment of time. He died without a pang, and the victim to no lingering disease. That still and solemn voice to which we must all one day listen whispered to him "Come," and he went. His work was done on earth; and in the fulness of his labors though not of his years, he obeyed the summons, and departed from among us without a murmur. In this working country, and especially in this working age, which incessantly proclaims the worth of labor as its watchword, it is something to mark the career of one who still toiled on, and not the less patiently and earnestly for his triumphs, till, when the shout of victory was ringing in his ears, he was cut off in an instant, like a flower of the field, so that when people rose up and looked to see the news of the morning, a sudden affliction fell upon them as they read that a great master of English had passed away from them at nightfall, and that the magic pen of Charles Dickens would write no more.

London Society.

A ROMANCE OF A COUNTING-HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

IT came about in this way. I had married and was going to make my fortune, and therefore (having that laudable end in view) left a good situation in Yorkshire to settle down in Liverpool as a merchant "on my own account" and commence to make it without delay. I had not much capital, and so resolved to economize at first. In course of time I imagined the tidy brougham and the country house across the Mersey would certainly come; and one serene September evening, many years ago, I was walking up and down St. George's landing-stage, building castles in the air, wondering whether rents were high at New Brighton, and whether Kate would prefer a pony phaeton to a brougham. I am *not* sorry to add that I still reside in a modest house up Edge Hill way, and that I come to business as Cæsar went to Rome, according to Joe Miller, "*summa diligentia*," on the top of an omnibus. I was waiting for Mr. Moss Moses to return to his office in a street hard by—call it Mersey street, and for the reason that Mr. Moss Moses had a furnished place to let which his advertisement called "two spacious counting-rooms"—good-

ness knows I never counted much there in the shape of coin; and I did not like the situation; nor the narrow, dark staircase; nor the look of the boy of Hebrew extraction who bawled "Cub id," when I knocked, and told me "Mr. Boses would be id at eight o'clock;" but twenty-five pounds a year was very cheap, so I told my young friend I would call at that time, and look at the "counting-rooms."

How well I remember that night! The ferry-boats from the Cheshire shore gliding along with their lights twinkling like glowworms, the vast hull of the Great Eastern just visible in the Sloyne, the squared yards and all a-tant look of a seventy-four of the old school, showing black and distinct against the daffodil sky, and the lap of the swell against the under timbers of the stage—I was inclined to be sentimental; but Mr. Moss Moses claimed my attention, and once more I entered his office, and found him awaiting me. He was a little, fat, good-tempered Jew, who spoke decent English; and who, I afterwards found out, was constantly affirming in season, and out of season, that he was no descendant of Abraham.

"Hillo, Brunton!" he cried, jumping

from his chair. "My lad told me you'd been; where have you been these two months and more? Look here, old fellow, I've advertised your place; but you can have it on the old terms."

"Some mistake, sir, I believe," and I handed him a card bearing the inscription "Charles Harker."

He took it and held it to the gas-light, looked at the back, considered it endways, and pondered over it upside down. Then taking the candle his clerk had brought, held it close to my face.

"If you are not disposed to proceed to business, I will bid you good-night," said I, greatly annoyed at his manner.

"It's him, and it ain't him," he said aloud; "Carl never could look a man in the face as this one does. And yet I don't see my way through the features."

"There is no necessity for you to trouble yourself about my features!" I exclaimed, opening the door—"good night."

"Stop, stop, my good sir! and don't be offended. It was a mistake. All Isaac's mistake, upon my honor."

"All a b mistake," echoed young Isaac.

My curiosity was excited, and, besides, I really wanted the offices; and I therefore allowed myself to be persuaded into mounting the narrow staircase, until we faced a door bearing the name of Brunton on it in white letters, and having the two upper panels glazed, more, I should imagine, to supply light to the staircase than for admission of light to the office.

Mr. Moss produced a key, and turning to me with a good-natured smile, said, "I'd have sworn you were Brunton five minutes ago, but I am sure now that I was wrong, Carl always swore as he came upstairs, and you haven't. It's Brunton's face all but the eyes, and I'd swear to the eyes anywhere. That is to the twinkle of 'em, you know."

And he unlocked the door and invited me within.

Walking to a table on which he had placed the light, I took a chair, and produced my pocket-book.

"Before we go further, Mr. Moss, let us quite understand each other. I have no wish to derive any benefit from any virtues Mr. Brunton may possess, and I am going to convince you that I am what I represent myself to be. Be good enough to read that letter."

It was one from a merchant in the north, only received that morning, and mentioned circumstances which were sufficient to settle any doubts as to my identity.

Mr. Moss read it, folded it up briskly, and presented it to me with a bow.

"Sir, I apologize. I confess that up to this moment I fancied it was Carl; but what puzzled me was, that such a surly fellow should take to larking and playing the fool. You are very much like my last tenant, sir, that is all."

"Very well; now that matter is settled, let us look at the rooms."

The lighted gas showed me a large one and very barely furnished. There was a large leather-covered table with a desk on it, four chairs, an inkstand, and a partially filled waste-paper basket, and that was all.

"Rather meagre, Mr. Moss."

"Now, my dear sir, what more could you want? Would you like a safe? I've got one to spare down-stairs and you shall have it, and a new mat for your feet—there now—I hate haggling."

"Let me see the other room, please."

It was one which a person sitting at the table would have right opposite to him, and it had no door. "It was a clerk's office," Mr. Moss said, "and you wanted your eye on such chaps." I suggested that the principal might sometimes want privacy, whereupon he said "he had the door downstairs and it should be hung at once if I wished it." But having no intention of engaging a clerk at present I told him it was of no consequence.

The room was about half the size of the outer one, and contained a desk and stool. There was a large closet for coals and such-like matters, and a good allowance of dust and cobwebs all over.

"I'll have it cleaned up to-morrow," said Mr. Moss. "It looks beautiful when clean, and you'll find the desk to be real Spanish mahogany."

They would suit me well enough, and I told Mr. Moss so; paid him a quarter's rent in advance, and rose to depart.

"Oh! by-the-way, Mr. Moss," I exclaimed, a sudden thought striking me; "I will send a man to paint my name on the door, and on the wall downstairs."

"Very good, sir; I would do it at once if I were you. Carl was a loose fish, and

if you delayed it until you got here you might be annoyed."

"How so? What was he?"

"Take a cigar first, Mr. Harker, you'll find no better in Liverpool. Lord! how like him you do look when I don't see your eyes."

"And yet I have not been thought to resemble a loose fish before, Mr. Moss."

"I didn't mean that. Have you never seen an ugly person resemble a very handsome one? I have many a time. Well, about Carl: he was here about two years, and call me a Jew if I could reckon him up. He used to come here about noon, and work up to eight or nine o'clock at night; but what business he worked at I could never find out. I know he had a big ledger, and two or three such books; but a big ledger won't make a business any more than a big carpet-bag will, and he always carried one. He would come and smoke a cigar with me now and then; but I never came up here during all that time, and he kept this door locked. He always seemed to be expecting a blow did poor Carl, more like a rat in a corner than anything else, poor beggar! Well, sir, one morning I found the key on my mat, and found the place just as you see it, and have never seen Carl since. One or two queer-looking men have inquired about him, and asked if he was coming back, and I said most likely he would, and likely enough he will."

"Not at all an interesting story," I thought, and I felt inclined to yawn in Mr. Moss's face; but I thanked him for his information, and promised to take possession in three days, which I spent in presenting my letters of introduction, and making other arrangements for the prosecution of my plans.

At length the eventful day arrived, and I stood in my own office, with my name emblazoned on the door and passage wall. I was waiting for a friend to call on me (who, by-the-way, had promised to put me in the way of doing some business that very day), and felt impatient for his arrival in consequence.

The office was clean and tidy, and the floors had been well scrubbed.

Why hadn't they emptied the waste-paper basket of all that lumber?

The office-keeper had lighted a fire, and I took up the basket to perform the operation myself; but from some cause or other

I placed it on the table and began idly to burn the scraps one by one.

I had nearly disposed of them all when a scrap attracted my attention and I read it. It was torn so as to leave a few words intact, and it ran thus—

"Louise has given your description, and you may rely on our finding you. Forward the plates at once, or——"

Then another piece of mysterious paper, apparently a plan of some place or other. What did this mean?

But I had no time to consider, for my friend entered, and putting the two pieces of paper in my drawer, I emptied the basket in the fire, and went out with him to do a good day's work.

Returning late in the evening, I relit the fire, and addressed myself to the writing of two important letters to be posted by 11.30 that night, in order to be in time for the Cunard liner, which sailed early in the morning; and then it was that the black darkness of the doorless room opposite to me began to trouble me most.

It had troubled me before, but on this night it troubled me tenfold. From childhood I have been imaginative, and knowing this, I stirred the fire, called myself an ass, and went on with my letter. But not for long. My eyes wandered to the black darkness of the doorway, and I began to ransack my memory for statistics of men who could tell by some occult power if any one were hidden in the room they entered; and I laughed aloud when I remembered that I had read of one sensitive gentleman, who by this same occult sense had found that a surgeon's skeleton was in a closet behind him.

I own I dislike being in the dark, but I will do myself the justice to say that I have resolution enough to overcome the dislike.

Therefore I proposed to myself to very quietly walk into the dark room which troubled me (and without a light), look out of the windows, and slowly return.

I went—the very first step beyond the threshold dispelled my fears. I could see the glimmer of the stars through the glass, hear the rattle of the cabs outside. Why, it was quite a cheerful place, after all!

Ha! there was a shuffling noise there by the closet, and then my fears returned and overpowered me. I strove to walk out like a tragedy hero; but my pace quickened as I neared the door, and heard

the shuffling noise close to me, and the next moment a powerful hand was at my throat, and helpless on the floor with the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed to my head. I was bound and dragged into the outer office, thrust into my chair and confronted by two quiet-looking men, one of whom laid his revolver on the table, saying at the same time with an ugly sneer: "So, Brunton, we have caught you at last."

CHAPTER II.

THE speaker was a mild, intelligent-looking man of about thirty-five. In a proper dress he would have looked like a high-church clergyman. His companion was evidently a foreigner, and I imagine a German. He was about fifty years of age and wore spectacles, and a profusion of beard and whiskers covered more than half his face. But he had a winning smile and good teeth, which he often took an opportunity of showing.

"We have found you at last."

I am thankful to say that I am not nervous when I *see* a danger, and I boldly replied—

"My name is Harker and not Brunton; Mr. Moss, the landlord of these premises, has noticed my resemblance to his late tenant, and is satisfied that I am not the same. Depend upon it that I shall make you repent this outrage."

I tried to rise to call for help from the street, but the pistol was cocked and pointed at me, and there was that in the man's face which cautioned me against rashness in my helpless position.

"I will sit down," I replied, "and hear what you have to say; but if I choose to do it I shall do my best to raise an alarm in spite of your revolver."

"Vell spoke, Carl," said the foreigner; "Louise always say he a plucky one."

"Now then, Brunton," whispered the other. "let us have no nonsense. We have not met before, it is true, but Louise has so well described you, that putting another name on your door was simply idiotic. Besides one of ours has watched for your return, and we communicated with him directly we landed. Go free if you like, *but we will have the plates.*"

"Dat's the matter vid us," echoed the German; "ve vill have the plates."

"I know nothing of any plates," I cried, "nor of Louise, nor of you. All I know

is, that you will see the inside of a prison very shortly."

"And you think you can throw us, throw ME over in this way! Do you think you deal with children?"

"I think I deal with a burglar. Most certainly with a rascal of some sort or other."

Here my two friends held a whispered conference. Then he of the revolver turned sharply towards me.

"Will you marry Louise? Will you give up the plates, and marry my sister?"

"She lofe you like old boots," added the German; and from which I opine that he prided himself on a knowledge of English idiom.

In spite of my serious position I was getting thoroughly amused. The dark doorway held unknown terrors to my excited imagination; but two commonplace fellows who had made a mistake only caused a feeling of merriment, even in spite of the revolver.

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you," I replied. "I am flattered by the lady's preference; but having one wife already, I fear I must decline taking a second; and as for the plates, please explain what you mean."

The answer to this flippant speech was a blow on the face, which sent the blood streaming on the floor.

"You'll remember insulting the sister of Louis Orloff! Here, Baron, let us gag him, and search; he will be raising an alarm presently."

They thrust a piece of rope between my teeth, compressing my windpipe to make me open my mouth; and there I sat helpless whilst they turned out the contents of my desk and drawers, not forgetting my cashbox, which was opened with a key taken from my waistcoat pocket, and the contents appropriated. Knowing that the two scraps of paper I had found in the waist-paper basket, and placed in my drawer, must have reference to their visit, I watched very anxiously when they opened it. But they escaped notice, and I felt that I had got some clue to the mystery, even if these men escaped; and I had quite determined that they should not escape, for I was insecurely bound, and had been working hard to get my right hand free, and, thanks to having a very narrow one, I now found myself able to slip it through the loop which en-

circled the wrist ; but I "bided my time," for I saw that a false move might bring a bullet through my head.

"De plates is in ze oder room, Carl Brunton, mon ami," said the Baron, smiling, and patting my shoulder. "Vy not say? Vy shoot we you? You do dem so well, ve no get any like dem. And you use them yourself, and den, Ach Gott ! you upset de cart of de apple."

"Yes," I thought ; "and it's odd to me if I don't upset your cart of de apple before long."

"In dare ; in back room?" asked the Baron, with another amiable smile.

I said, "Yes," with my eyes.

"See now, my Louis, you were too rough. You into him pitch like dam. So see him amiable." Then to me—

"And you vill marry Louise, who love you like old boots?"

My other hand was free now. I tried to speak, and implored with my eyes for the gag to be removed.

The Baron removed it, and while doing so I resolved on a plan of operations.

"You will marry Louise and give us the plates?"

"I will give you every satisfaction."

"That is business," said Louis Orloff, coming forward. "First the plates. Then you return with us to New York, and keep your promise to Louise. Why give us this trouble? I tell you frankly that the expense will be deducted from your share, and that you will be strictly watched in future. I should have cut your throat but for my promise to Louise. Now, where are the plates?"

"Look in the closet in the next room ; rake out the coals, and take what you find."

"Good. Come, Baron."

And they left me to operate on the coals. Springing up, I seized the revolver, darted to the door, and in a moment had locked them in. But my triumph was of short duration : for Orloff was on the other side like lightning, the rotten wood-work tore out under his vigorous wrench, and his hand was on my throat before I could grope my way to the stairs.

Then I knew that life depended on the struggle, and I fought like one possessed for the revolver. The Baron came to his friend's help ; but I found time and opportunity to send him reeling to the ground. Orloff was the weaker man, but he outdid

me in skill ; and a dexterous feint threw me off my guard, leaving the revolver in his hands.

Purple with passion, he fired instantly, and I felt a sharp sting in my left shoulder ; and then all earthly things seemed to be fading away, and a world beyond opening to view.

When I recovered, I found myself laid on a mattress on the office-table, and my wife tearfully bending over me. There was a calm-faced surgeon, too, who showed me the ball he had extracted, and told me to cheer up, for I should be better in a few days, for no damage was done. Mr. Moss was there too, and came to my bed—I mean my table-side, and whispered how he had been called up by the police, who, hearing a pistol-shot, had come upstairs, and arrested Orloff and the Baron, and, finding me on the ground bleeding, had sent for a surgeon and my wife, having found my private address from a letter in my pocket.

I was only faint from loss of blood ; the bullet did little damage, and I preferred getting up, and then gave an account of the evening's adventure, not noticing at the time that a tall inspector of police was in the room.

"Will you kindly show me those pieces of paper?" he said, advancing. "I have the men in Mr. Moss's office ; but beyond the assault on you I have no evidence against them ; but I know them well."

I produced them, and the inspector fastened on the one which seemed to be a plan, then looking around, said—

"This is a plan of your office."

"Call me a Jew if it ain't!" exclaimed Mr. Moss, taking it.

"Yes, it is certainly a plan of your office. See, here is the doorway, and there comes the other room. Then there is a cross against the fireplace in this room, on what I judge from the lines to mean the fourth board from the hearthstone, and another cross against the sixth from the hearthstone in the other room. Get a crowbar, Mr. Moss."

"There's one downstairs."

I do believe that if you'd asked for a crocodile he would have got one "downstairs."

Crowbar and a policemau to wield it were soon produced, and then the mystery was unravelled.

Close to where I sat were unearthed

several copper plates for the forging of Russian rouble notes of various amounts ; and in the back room under the flooring were found several hundreds of well-executed forgeries carefully soldered up in a tin case, together with correspondence implicating Orloff and the Baron. It appeared that Brunton was engaged by a New York gang to engrave the plates, and that he had never seen his employers, the agent between them being the Louise before mentioned, whose fair hand I had been compelled to decline. Brunton had evidently become frightened, and had fled. He was no traitor, or he would have decamped with the plates. Perhaps the dread of having to espouse Louise may have had to do with his flight. She was a very handsome woman, if I may judge from a photograph of her found in the tin case, but looked like one accustomed to rule, and who would not hesitate to administer wholesome correction to her spouse.

Assisted into a carriage which was waiting, I had the satisfaction of seeing the Baron and Orloff brought down in handcuffs, the Baron regarding me with a sweet smile, and Orloff scowling on me like a fiend. I did not prosecute, for they were so well known to the police as forgers, that there was evidence enough for the Russian Embassy to procure a conviction and a sentence of ten years' penal servitude : and in due time I recovered, and dismissed the matter from my mind.

But I had not heard the last of it. About twelve months after the trial and condemnation of the Baron and his friend there came one night a timid knock at my office door, and my clerk (for I had such a luxury then) ushered in what, at first sight, seemed to be a moving bundle of rags. Strictly speaking, the bundle of rags insisted on seeing me, and ushered itself in, spite of all remonstrances.

It came and stood before me, and resolved itself into the resemblance of a man—a man lean, haggard, sunken-eyed, ragged, and dirty, but with a face something like my own ; and without putting a question, I knew that I stood face to face with Carl Brunton, and I addressed the rags by that name.

"I took that name," the poor, shivering thing replied, "but my name is—but no matter. May I speak to you?"

"Yes ; go on."

"Will you give me some drink first ? I have had none to-day, and I feel delirium tremens coming on. Oh ! how cold it is, and how I shiver !"

I sent the clerk for some brandy, which he took raw, and with shaking hand held out the glass for more.

"I imagine it is Mr. Moss you want to see, is it not ? If so, you will find him to-morrow, at ten o'clock."

"No, no, you, you I want—I—I am very poor, very poor. Will you give me sixpence ?"

I gave him half-a-crown.

"Now what can I do for you ?"

"I—I left some property here when I went away. You won't refuse to give it up ? I seem poor, but I am rich—ah ! so rich !—and I will pay you well."

"You mean the forged rouble-notes and the plate you engraved them from ?"

"Ah ! Who told you that ? Then you have found them, and used them ? I ran away from them, and wished to lead a better life, but they drew me back ; and now you have robbed me, and I shall starve."

I explained to the poor wretch what had become of his possessions, and how they were found, and inquired if he had not heard of the fate of his accomplices.

"No ; I have been wandering about the country, living in hospitals and work-houses, because they hunt me down from place to place. They will kill me as they killed the Posen Jew and the engraver at Stockholm, all because they demanded a fair share. They are dogging me to-night—one of them is outside now. Let me see, what did I come here for ? Oh, sixpence. Lend me sixpence ; I'll give you a hundred pounds for it to-morrow."

I made a further donation, and, as the man was evidently in a state of delirium, I told my clerk to fetch a medical man. But before he could execute the order, the bundle of rags crept down the narrow stairs, sitting on each step, and wriggling by aid of his hands to the next below, whilst we, unable to pass him, looked on, wondering how it would all end.

The street gained, he stood upright, and casting a terrified glance around, fled away into the darkness, and we, following in the direction he had taken, learned shortly afterwards that a beggar had thrown himself into the Mersey from St. George's landing-stage, and had sunk to rise no more.

His body was never found, and I, having had enough of Mersey street, moved my quarters, much to the regret of Mr. Moss, for, quoth he, "Two of 'em are at Portland, and another at the bottom of the river; so you may call me a Jew if any one troubles you again."

But I went; and the office is still with-

out a tenant, and I shudder when I pass through the street at night, and looking up, see the two black shining windows, like two great eyes watching me, and fancy I can see a shadowy form in rags, pressing its face to the glass, and gibbering and mowing at the busy stream of human life which surges to and fro forever.

The Academy.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FARADAY.*

BY DR. BENCE JONES.

UNDERTAKEN and executed in a reverent and loving spirit, this work makes Faraday the virtual writer of his own life; his letters, lectures, and the extracts from his journals, being arranged and united so as to form a repertory of exceeding interest and importance, by Dr. Bence Jones.

Everybody now knows the story of Faraday's birth: that his father was a smith; that he was born at Newington Butts in 1791; that he slid along the London pavements, a bright-eyed errand boy, with a load of brown curls upon his head and a packet of newspapers under his arm; that the lad's master was a bookseller and bookbinder,—a kindly man, who became attached to the little fellow and in due time made him his apprentice without fee; that during his apprenticeship he found his appetite for knowledge provoked and strengthened by the books he stitched and covered. Thus he grew in wisdom and stature to his year of legal manhood, when he appears in the volumes before us as a writer of letters, which reveal his occupation, acquirements, and tone of mind. His correspondent was a Mr. Abbott, a member of the Society of Friends, who, with a forecast of his friend's greatness, preserved his letters and produced them at the proper time.

In later years Faraday always carried in his pocket a blank card on which he jotted down in pencil his thoughts and memoranda. He made his notes in the laboratory, in the theatre, and in the streets. This distrust of his memory reveals itself in his first letter to Abbott. To a proposition that no new inquiry should be started between them before the old one had been exhaustively discus-

sed, Faraday objects. "Your notion," he says, "I can hardly allow, for the following reason: ideas and thoughts spring up in my mind which are irrevocably lost for want of noting at the time." Gentle as he seemed, he wished to have his own way, and he had it throughout his life. Differences of opinion sometimes arise between the two friends, and then they resolutely face each other. "I accept your offer to fight it out with joy, and shall in the battle of experience cause not pain, but, I hope, pleasure." Faraday notes his own impetuosity, and incessantly checks it. There is at times something mechanical in his self-restraint. In another nature it would have hardened into mere "correctness" of conduct; but his overflowing affections prevented this in his case. The habit became a second nature to him at last, and lent serenity to his later years.

In October 1812 he was engaged by a Mr. De la Roche as a journeyman bookbinder; but the situation did not suit him. His master appears to have been an austere and passionate man, and Faraday was to the last degree sensitive. All his life he continued so. He suffered at times from dejection; and a certain grimness, too, pervaded his moods. "At present," he writes to Abbott, "I am as serious as you can be, and would not scruple to speak a truth to any human being, whatever repugnance it might give rise to. Being in this state of mind I should have refrained from writing to you, did I not conceive from the general tenor of your letters that your mind is, at proper times, occupied upon serious subjects to the exclusion of those that are frivolous." Plainly he had fallen into that stern puritan mood, which not only crucifies the flesh, affections, and lusts of him who harbors it, but is often

* 2 vols. 8vo. Phila.; J. B. Lippincott & Co.

a cause of disturbed digestion to his friends.

About three months after his engagement with De la Roche, Faraday quitted him and bookbinding together. He had heard Davy, copied his lectures, and written to him entreating to be released from Trade which he hated and enabled to pursue Science. Davy recognized the merit of his correspondent, kept his eye upon him, and, when occasion offered, drove to his door and sent in a letter offering him the post of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. He was engaged upon the 1st of March, 1812, and on the 8th we find him extracting the sugar from beet-root. He joined the City Philosophical Society, which had been founded by Mr. Tatum in 1808. "The discipline was very sturdy, the remarks very plain, and the results most valuable." Faraday derived great profit from this little association. In the laboratory he had a discipline sturdier still. Both Davy and himself were at this time cut and bruised by explosions of chloride of nitrogen. One explosion was so rapid "as to blow my hand open, tear away a part of one nail, and make my fingers so sore that I cannot use them easily." In another experiment "the tube and receiver were blown to pieces, I got a cut on the head, and Sir Humphrey a bruise on his hand." And again speaking of the same substance, he says, "when put in the pump and exhausted, it stood for a moment, and then exploded with a fearful noise. Both Sir H. and I had masks on, but I escaped this time the best. Sir H. had his face cut in two places about the chin, and a violent blow on the forehead struck through a considerable thickness of silk and leather." It was this same substance that blew out the eye of Dulong.

Over and over again, even at this early date, we can discern the quality which, compounded with his rare intellectual power, made him a great experimental philosopher. This was his desire to see facts, and not to rest contented with the descriptions of them. He frequently pits the eye against the ear, and affirms the enormous superiority of the organ of vision. Late in life I have heard him say that he could never fully understand an experiment unless he had seen it. But he did not confine himself to experiment. He is seriously considering the most effective me-

thods of scientific exposition. "A lecturer," he observes, "should appear easy and collected, undaunted and unconcerned ;" still "his whole behavior should evince respect for his audience." These recommendations were afterwards in great part embodied by himself. I doubt his unconcern, but his fearlessness was often manifested. It used to rise within him as a wave, which carried both him and his audience along with it. On rare occasions also, when he felt himself and his subject hopelessly unintelligible, he suddenly evoked a certain recklessness of thought, and without halting to extricate his bewildered followers, he would dash along through the jungle into which he had unwittingly led them ; thus saving them from ennui by the exhibition of a vigor, which, for the time being, they could neither share nor comprehend.

In October, 1813, he quitted England with Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy. During his absence he kept a journal, from which copious and interesting extracts have been made by Dr. Bence Jones. Davy was considerate, preferring at times to be his own servant rather than impose on Faraday duties which he disliked. But Lady Davy was the reverse. She treated him as an underling ; he chafed under the treatment, and was often on the point of returning home. They halted at Geneva. De la Rive the elder had known Davy in 1799, and by his writings in the *Bibliothèque Britannique* had been the first to make the English chemist's labors known abroad. He welcomed Davy to his country residence in 1814. Both were sportsmen, and they often went out shooting together. On these occasions Faraday charged Davy's gun ; While De la Rive charged his own. Once the Genevese philosopher found himself by the side of Faraday, and in his frank and genial way entered into conversation with the young man. It was evident that a person possessing such a charm of manner and such high intelligence could be no mere servant. On inquiry De la Rive was somewhat shocked to find that the *soi-disant domestique* was really *préparateur* in the laboratory of the Royal Institution ; and he immediately proposed that Faraday thenceforth should join the masters instead of the servants at their meals. To this Davy, probably out of weak deference to his wife, objected ; but an arrangement was come

to that Faraday thenceforward should have his food in his own room. Rumor states that a dinner in honor of Faraday was given by De la Rive. This is a delusion ; there was no such banquet ; but Faraday never forgot the kindness of the friend who saw his merit when he was a mere *garçon de laboratoire*.*

Faraday returned in 1815 to the Royal Institution. Here he helped Davy for years ; he worked also for himself, and lectured frequently at the City Philosophical Society. He took lessons in elocution, happily without damage to his natural force, earnestness, and grace of delivery. He was never pledged to theory, and he changed in opinion as knowledge advanced. With him life was growth. In those early lectures we hear him say, "In knowledge, that man only is to be contemned and despised who is not in a state of transition." And again—"Nothing is more difficult and requires more caution than philosophical deduction, nor is there anything more adverse to its accuracy than fixity of opinion." Not that he was wafted about by every wind of doctrine ; but that he united flexibility with his strength. In strong contrast with this intellectual expansiveness is his fixity in religion, but this is a subject which cannot be discussed here.

Of all the letters published in these volumes none possess a greater charm than those of Faraday to his wife. Here, as Dr. Bence Jones truly remarks, "he laid open all his mind and the whole of his character, and what can be made known can scarcely fail to charm every one by its loveliness, its truthfulness, and its earnestness." Abbott and he sometimes swerved into word-play about love ; but up to 1820, or thereabouts, the passion was potential merely. Faraday's journal indeed contains entries which show that he took pleasure in the assertion of his contempt for love ; but these very entries became links in his destiny. It was

through them that he became acquainted with one who inspired him with a feeling which only ended with his life. His biographer has given us the means of tracing the varying moods which preceded his acceptance. They reveal more than the common alternations of light and gloom ; at one moment he wishes that his flesh might melt and he become nothing ; at another he is intoxicated with hope. The impetuosity of his character was then unchastened by the discipline to which it was subjected in after years. The very strength of his passion proved for a time a bar to its advance, suggesting as it did to the conscientious mind of Miss Barnard doubts of her capability to return it with adequate force. But they met again and again, and at each successive meeting he found his heaven clearer, until at length he was able to say, "Not a moment's alloy of this evening's happiness occurred. Everything was delightful to the last moment of my stay with my companion, because she was so." The turbulence of doubt subsided, and a calm and elevating confidence took its place. "What can I call myself," he writes to her in a subsequent letter, "to convey most perfectly my affection and love for you ? Can I or can truth say more than that for this world I am yours ?" Assuredly he made this profession good, and no fairer light falls upon his character than that which reveals his relations to his wife. Never, I believe, existed a manlier, purer, steadier love. Like a burning diamond, it continued to shed, for six-and-forty years, its white and smokeless glow.

Faraday was married on the 12th of June, 1821 ; and up to this date Davy appears throughout as his friend. Soon afterwards, however, disunion occurred between them which, while it lasted, must have given Faraday intense pain. It is impossible to doubt the honesty of conviction with which this subject has been treated by Dr. Bence Jones, and there may be facts known to him, but not appearing in these volumes, which justify his opinion that Davy in those days had become jealous of Faraday. This, which is the prevalent belief, is also reproduced in an excellent article in the March number of *Fraser's Magazine*. But the best analysis I can make of the data fails to present Davy in this light to me. The facts, as I regard them, are briefly these.

*While confined last autumn at Geneva by the effects of a fall in the Alps, my friends, with a kindness I can never forget, did all that friendship could suggest to render my captivity pleasant to me. M. de la Rive then wrote out for me the full account, of which the foregoing is a condensed abstract. It was at the desire of Dr. Bence Jones that I asked him to do so. The rumor of a banquet at Geneva illustrates the tendency to substitute for the youth of 1814 the Faraday of later years.

In 1820, Oersted of Copenhagen made the celebrated discovery which connects electricity with magnetism, and immediately afterwards the acute mind of Wollaston perceived that a wire carrying a current ought to rotate round its own axis under the influence of a magnetic pole. In 1821 he tried, but failed, to realize this result in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. Faraday was not present at the moment, but he came in immediately afterwards, and heard the conversation of Wollaston and Davy about the experiment. He had also heard a rumor of a wager that Dr. Wollaston would eventually succeed.

This was in April. In the autumn of the same year Faraday wrote a history of electro-magnetism, and repeated for himself the experiments which he described. It was while thus instructing himself that he succeeded in causing a wire carrying an electric current to rotate round a magnetic pole. This was not the result sought by Wollaston, but it was closely related to it.

The strong tendency of Faraday's mind to look upon the reciprocal actions of natural forces gave birth to his greatest discoveries; and we, who know this, should be justified in concluding that, even had Wollaston not preceded him, the result would have been the same. But in judging Davy we ought to transport ourselves to his time, and carefully exclude from our thoughts and feelings that noble subsequent life which would render simply impossible the ascription to Faraday of anything unfair. It would be unjust to Davy to put our knowledge in the place of his, or to credit him with data which he could not have possessed. Rumor and fact had connected the name of Wollaston with these supposed interactions between magnets and currents. When, therefore, Faraday, in October, published his successful experiment without any allusion to Wollaston, general, though really ungrounded criticism followed. I say ungrounded because Faraday had actually called upon Wollaston, and not finding him at home, did not feel himself authorized to mention him. It should be remembered that Wollaston had *written* nothing which could be referred to publicly, and that Faraday's experiment was really different from his. In December he published a second paper on the same sub-

ject, from which, through a misapprehension, the name of Wollaston was also omitted. Warburton and others thereupon affirmed that Wollaston's ideas had been appropriated without acknowledgment, and it is plain that Wollaston himself, though cautious in his utterance, was also hurt. Censure grew till it became intolerable. "I hear," writes Faraday to his friend Stodart, "every day more and more of these sounds, which, though only whispers to me, are, I suspect, spoken aloud among scientific men." He might have written explanations and defences, but he went straighter to the point. He wished to see the principals face to face—to plead his cause before them personally. There is a certain vehemence in his desire to do this. He saw Wollaston, he saw Davy, he saw Warburton; and I am inclined to think that it was the irresistible candor and truth of character which these *viva voce* defences revealed, as much as the defences themselves, that disarmed resentment at the time.

As regards Davy, another cause of dissension arose in 1823. In the spring of that year Faraday analyzed the hydrate of chlorine, a substance once believed to be the element chlorine, but proved by Davy to be a compound of that element and water. The analysis was looked over by Davy, who then and there suggested to Faraday to heat the hydrate in a closed glass tube. This was done, the substance was decomposed, and one of the products of decomposition was proved by Faraday to be chlorine liquefied by its own pressure. On the day of its discovery he communicated this result to Dr. Paris. Davy, on being informed of it, instantly liquefied another gas in the same way. Had he a right to strike thus into Faraday's inquiry? I think not. Having done so, ought he not to have left the matter in Faraday's hands? I think he ought. But Davy, I submit, may be excused for thinking differently. A father is not always wise enough to see that his son has ceased to be a boy, and estrangement on this account is not rare; nor was Davy wise enough to discern that Faraday had passed the mere assistant stage and become a discoverer. It is now hard to avoid magnifying this error. But had Faraday died or ceased to work at this time, or had his subsequent life been devoted to money-getting instead of to research,

would anybody now dream of ascribing jealousy to Davy? I think not. Why should he be jealous? His reputation at this time was almost without a parallel; his glory was without a cloud. He had added to his other discoveries that of Faraday, and after having been his teacher for seven years, his language to him was this: "It gives me great pleasure to hear that you are comfortable at the Royal Institution, and I trust that you will not only do something good and honorable for yourself, but also for science." This is not the language of jealousy, potential or actual. But the chlorine business introduced irritation and anger, to which, and not to any ignobler motive, Davy's opposition to the election of Faraday to the Royal Society is, I am persuaded, to be ascribed. Even from this point of view I agree with Dr. Bence Jones in thinking the affair a sad one.

These matters are touched upon with perfect candor and becoming consideration in the volumes of Dr. Bence Jones; but in "society" they are not always so handled. Here a name of noble intellectual associations is surrounded by injurious rumors which I would willingly scatter for ever. The pupil's magnitude and the splendor of his position are too great and absolute to need as a foil the humiliation of his master. Brothers in intellect, Davy and Faraday, however, could never have become brothers in feeling; their characters were too unlike. Davy loved the pomp and circumstance of fame; Faraday the inner consciousness that he had fairly won renown. They were both proud men. But with Davy pride projected itself into the outer world; while with Faraday it became a steady and dignifying inward force. In one great particular they agreed. Each of them could have turned his science to immense commercial profit, but neither of them did

so. The noble excitement of research, and the delight of discovery, constituted their reward. I commend them to the reverence which great gifts greatly exercised ought to inspire. They were both ours; and through the coming centuries England will be able to point with just pride to the possession of such men.

The 29th of December 1827 marks an epoch in the history of the Royal Institution; for on that day Faraday delivered "the first of a course of six lectures adapted to a juvenile audience." Nowhere was the philosopher more at home than in the presence of the children. I have already written of him thus:—"To his range of character he owed his fascination. He was a sage among the sages and a youth among the young. In his juvenile lectures he did not descend to his audience by an act of voluntary condescension. Inspiration, rather than volition, was his motive power. He saw himself surrounded by joyous, hopeful, eager listeners, who acted upon him as one of his own magnets on a body susceptible of 'influence.' That portion of his large nature which belonged to boyhood was roused to sympathy, and out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke." The first lecture I ever heard Faraday give was one of those "juveniles." It was full of beauty both of intellect and soul. Sir Roderick Murchison once gave me a vivid account of his first lecture in the *laboratory* of the Institution. It was delivered without preparation, but with enthusiastic applause. In April 1827 Faraday began his afternoon courses in the *theatre* of the Institution, where, to use the words of Dr. Bence Jones, he continued to lecture, as nobody else could lecture, for nearly thirty years. This brings us to the end of the first volume of a truly invaluable work.

JOHN TYNDALL.

(To be concluded.)

The Spectator.

LIFE IN THE PLANET MARS.

In a book far more entertaining than any modern novel Mr. Proctor* has given us,

* *Other Worlds than Ours.* The Plurality of Worlds studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches. By Richard A. Proctor, F.R.A.S. London: Longmans.

amongst a number of other studies of worlds in physical conditions widely different from that of our own, a chapter of the highest interest on "Mars the Miniature of our Earth,"—the specific interest of the essay being the very close analogy

it proves in the physical condition of Mars to that of our own earth, so that we have a far larger basis of similarities from which to draw our inferences to other similarities which we can, as yet, only conjecture, than we have in the case of the Moon, or even the planet Jupiter, or Venus or Mercury,—worlds in all of which there is some vast fundamental difference of condition which must affect the whole course of nature there. In the moon there is the fatal difference of no atmosphere, and none, therefore, of the enormous variety of phenomena,—evaporation, clouds, colors, vegetation, lungs, etc.,—dependent thereon. In Mercury and Venus, if there is not, as we should suppose on the first look, an amount of heat which would make those planets quite intolerable to the various races of creatures inhabiting our earth, we have at least no right as yet to *assume* that there is not, and no evidence at all really demonstrating the existence of those general physical conditions on which alone we can base an argument from analogy. In Jupiter there is pretty clear positive evidence that the conditions of existence are quite inconsistent with life as we know it. In all probability, the body of the planet is still a glowing uncondensed mass of molten matter, with an atmosphere heavily charged with boiling vapor; and if there be life at all of our kind in the Jovian system, it must in all probability be on the satellites, and not on the planet itself; and even they are composed of so light a material, as compared with the earth or the moon, as to suggest a very different general physical condition. Of course, there is nothing to prove that intellectual beings, like ourselves in reasoning powers, may not exist in the fiery furnace of the sun or on the cinder which we call the moon, or, indeed, in empty space itself; but there we come into the region of pure conjecture, and the argument from analogy wholly fails. Nothing is beyond pure conjecture. A hundred thousand intellectual beings like myself may be dancing on the paper on which I am writing, for anything I know; but I have no reason to think so, and I have very little more reason to think that such beings exist either on the sun or on the moon, for the only circumstance which favorably distinguishes these positions from empty space, for the abode of beings like ourselves, is the existence of a force of gravity

there, more or less resembling the force of gravity which keeps us rooted to the earth; and even that circumstance as regards the sun can hardly be said to furnish an analogy, for at the surface of the sun, to say nothing of the difficulty of living in a furnace, the force of gravity itself would be so enormous as to crush any one with the body of a man. While, therefore, there is nothing to prevent our conjecturing inhabitants for all the suns in space, there is precisely as little reason for doing so, as for conjecturing inhabitants for the intervening celestial vacuum. The mere attraction of our attention to these particular points in space by the lights suspended there, ought no more to suggest living beings in any degree like ourselves, than the shining of a candle should suggest to a moth that in the flame of that candle living beings like itself exist. In point of fact, the moth would be much nearer the mark if it peopled the dark intervening spaces with moths, and *excluded* them from the various luminous points visible to it; and so as regards *solar* worlds, not only have we no reason to single them out for conjectural inhabitants, but, as far as we can reason from analogy at all, we have special reason to single them out as localities in which creatures like ourselves are even *more* unlikely to exist than in the empty celestial spaces themselves. No doubt it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that there may be planetary systems for most or all of the solar worlds, like that to which we belong, and that there, if beings more or less like ourselves do not already exist, preparation may be making for them. But what we want to insist on is, that so far as we can *reason* at all in this matter, we can reason only by analogy; and that argument, as distinguished from mere conjecture, fails us, just so far as we have no tangible analogies of physical condition on which to build.

Now, in the case of the planet Mars, and in the case of the planet Mars alone, our astronomers have really established the existence of a similarity of physical condition, which gives us the strongest positive grounds for inferring that even such creatures as we now are could somehow make shift to live there, though, of course, not without a certain amount of preliminary discomfort while we were trying to acclimatize ourselves. Mr. Proctor's

graphic account of these similarities, and his delightful chart of the planet's continents and waters, suggest to us to discuss one or two of the known differences of condition, in their relation to the probable results upon the history and civilization of the Martialists. First, let us briefly say that the Martialists have a world less in area than one of our hemispheres to explore,—that, in spite of this, it has not very much less *land* than the earth, a much less proportion of its surface being occupied with water than of our globe,—that its seas are of the general type of the Baltic and the Mediterranean, for the most part narrow, straggling, inland seas,—that the greatest seas are in the neighborhood of the cold South pole of Mars, which has a climate far severer than the North pole; that there is a world of perpetual snow at each Martial pole, which can be seen to diminish as the summer returns to each hemisphere, and to increase again as winter comes back; that in spite of the preponderance of land, a vast deal of rain falls on Mars, especially in winter, clouds often hiding the configuration of the continents from our astronomers, and then suddenly dispersing, and leaving the continents clear again,—a clearing-up which usually happens about the hour of noon in Mars, just as our weather so often changes as the sun passes the meridian; that the length of the Martial year is nearly twice as long as ours; and that the force of gravity on Mars is much less than half what it is with us, so that, as Mr. Proctor expresses it, “a Daniel Lambert on Mars would be able to leap easily to a height of five or six feet, and he could run faster than the best of our terrestrial athletes.”

The general result, then, of the telescopic observations on Mars, and the deduced calculations, may be said to be,—(1) with certainty, that the weight of objects of the same mass in Mars is much less than half what it is here, and that consequently there would be a far greater range of activity for creatures of the same size; that falls would be less dangerous, that the strain on walls, or columns, or any other supports would be much less, and that therefore roofs, arches, and structures of that kind might be easily set up on a much larger scale by creatures of equal skill with ourselves; but, on the other hand, that *friction*, which is more or

less proportional to pressure, and, therefore, in the case of piles of stones, etc., to weight, would be far less than on the surface of the earth, so that any violent *lateral* disturbances such as hurricanes, would exert a still greater effect than on our earth in destroying such structures, since there would be less solidity, and, therefore, less frictional resistance to overcome in overturning them. Again, the vastly diminished weight of given masses would give a very great advantage to all kinds of engines of draught. Carriages, carts, and railways would attain a vastly greater speed than on our earth, and the sledging on the snow-fields of Mars might be as swift as the wind. All these inferences are matter of certainty, so far as they go. But (2), there seems a very great probability that the atmosphere of Mars is relatively considerably denser than ours, since at a distance from the sun so much greater that the planet probably receives, directly, less than half the light and heat we receive, there seems no sign of any arctic severity, and clear evidence that the atmosphere holds vast quantities of watery vapor even in winter, which points to a general temperature considerably higher than our world would have if removed to the same distance from the sun, especially when one considers how much less water to supply vapor, and how much greater a proportion of land than the earth, Mars contains. Again, the rapidity with which storms clear off from a big continent and leave the outline clearly marked after being all enveloped in mist before, seems to show the existence of very rapid currents of air; and this, no doubt, the greater inclination of the axis of Mars, giving a greater range to the northward and southward journeys of the sun, would promote. Putting these facts together, then, we should infer that the atmosphere of Mars is, in proportion, heavier than that of the earth, and therefore a warmer envelope for the planet, that its winds are more violent, and that the great difficulty of the architects of the planet is more likely to be the strengthening of their structures against lateral forces,—hurricanes, for instance,—than against the strain of gravity. Their outer walls would have to be comparatively much more solid,—their difficulty in raising broad arches and spacious roofs would be much less; and locomotion on Mars must be much more easy and

speedy, *cæteris paribus*, than locomotion on the earth.

If this be so, we may see a fitness in the much larger proportion of land in the planet and the comparative narrowness and smallness of the seas. Probably life in Mars is faster than it is here. It is very improbable that the civilization of the different continents there is divided by periods extending over thousands of years. There is probably no one of the great continental tracts of Mars known there as "the New World." If great migrations of conquering races have taken place on Mars as on the earth, they have probably succeeded each other faster, having a less surface to move over, less obstacles perhaps in the way, and greater advantages in locomotion. We should not be surprised, too, if the Martialists had got greatly ahead of us in respect of navigating the air. We know that the density of the planet as a whole is less than three-fourths of that of our earth, so that it seems likely that the tissues of the body of a Martialist which must be fed from the substance of the planet, are, on the whole, intrinsically lighter than those of man's body. But if the Martialists' bodies are intrinsically lighter, and their atmosphere a good deal heavier than ours, ærial transit may be a very easy matter to them, and it is quite conceivable that their normal mode of locomotion may be through the air.

Again, if we are right in supposing the currents of air in Mars to be of more than usual violence, while the solidifying force of friction which resists them is much smaller than here, it may be a reasonable inference that "natural selection" has already weeded out the loftier growing trees, which would stand less chance in encounters with hurricanes than our own, and it is not improbable that the tendency of the greater facilities for motion, and the greater velocity of life in Mars altogether, would be that all its animal inhabitants

range wider for their food, and obtain less on a given area than on our earth. We should be disposed to conjecture that it is a world in which speed is greater and of more importance than even on the earth, and if so, it seems likely enough that the difficulty we have supposed as to the solidity of walls exposed to the atmospheric currents of Mars, is got over as the difficulty of building durable structures is generally got over in our own tropics, where earthquakes are so common,—by not building durable structures at all, but only very light and fragile ones,—a process which would, of course, be much easier where all the materials were lighter and all motion swifter than with us. In a word, it seems likely that the distinctive feature of life on Mars is velocity, that the creatures there live faster, move oftener, undergo more change, just as the planet itself passes through a far faster orbit (though its orbital velocity is not quite so great as ours) in one of the Martial years. But that such a characteristic would tend to quicken the progress of the mind and of discovery is doubtful. With us civilization has never advanced rapidly till it had become tame and, so to say, plodding, and the excitements of local change at least had become few. But the great seasonal changes on Mars,—especially in the Southern hemisphere, where the winter and summer are aggravated by the enormously increased *distance* of the Sun at that period when his rays are least direct, and his nearness at that period when his rays are most direct,—contribute to confirm the impression we have drawn from other considerations, that physically, at least, the life there has far more of rapid change in it than we can easily conceive, but whether that has developed or arrested the mental and moral progress of the Martialists is a question, of which the elements are altogether too conjectural for serious discussion.

Leisure Hour.

ON THE THUGS OF INDIA.

WE remember during the Indian mutinies reading a comical incident which momentarily relieved the sad monotony of the narratives of disaster continually arriving from the East. A Highland regiment had just landed in Calcutta, and

was about to proceed up-country to aid the gallant band then maintaining the struggle of civilization against surging barbarism. The first oriental whom a stalwart Highlander happened to set his eyes upon after he had landed in Calcutta,

was a miserable specimen of humanity—slim, weak, and timorous. It amazed the Highlander how such people as the one on whom he looked could have succeeded in working such mischief, and partly to give vent to his indignation for the evil deeds they had done, partly to express his conviction that small and effeminate men were not “foemen worthy of his steel,” he seized the tiny Bengali, and contemptuously held him out at arms’ length. We do not know what became of the Highlander, but hope he got safely to Delhi, or Lucknow, or any other place where hard fighting was in progress. If he did so, he would find that the Bengali whom he had treated so disrespectfully was no average type of Indian men. The sepoy whom he had been sent out to fight were, many of them, more than six feet high, and of decided military spirit. In climate, India is an epitome of the whole world; the polar zones finding a certain parallel in the snowy region of the Himalaya, while the low-lying country at the base of that gigantic chain is not much less hot than Central Africa. All intermediate climates—that, for instance, of the south of Europe or that of our own island—are found at one elevation or other on the Indian hills, and the nations of India are quite as diverse from each other as those of Europe. Nay, in some particulars, they are more so. Not merely are there broadly marked nationalities differing from each other in important respects, but in each locality there are at least a hundred or more castes, consisting of people who have intermarried only with each other for countless generations, so as at last to found new ethnographic races. But are these races all on a par in civilization? Quite the reverse. There are Hindoos, especially educated Bengalis from Calcutta, who can pen an article in an English quarterly review, so well composed that no one on reading it would have the faintest suspicion it was written by a foreigner; while, on the other hand, there are hill or jungle tribes so far behind in civilization, that they still use bows and arrows in war, try at times to offer human sacrifices, and have no literature at all in their language, the reason being that none of them or their ancestors have ever been able to read or write. Instead of the 200,000,000 of Indians being very

much of one type, they are actually much more diverse than are the people of Europe.

We need not at present go further into detail on this subject, but instead would point out one or two general principles which considerably aid in bringing order out of what else would be confusion. One is that a low-lying tropical country in proximity to the sea, and in consequence having a moist atmosphere, tends to enervate the inhabitants. Hence the natives of the Lower Ganges are physically feeble and unwarlike, though as a compensation they have received great mental subtlety. A tropical country again, remote from the sea, and consequently liable to be swept by a dry wind, which is simply a modified type of the Arabian simoom, is not at all so unfavorable as at first sight would appear for physical development. The climate of Upper India is one like that last described, and many of the races and nationalities there are warlike in no slight degree. Another cause tends to produce the same result. The natives of the Lower Ganges eat chiefly rice, which we do not believe to be very nourishing, while those of Upper India live on more nutritious grains; nay, more, many of them have no scruple about partaking of animal food.

Most of the Thugs are from Upper India, and all require to be muscular men. Many of our readers are familiar with the word and pronounce it as if it were an English word, with the first two letters like *th* in *thunder*. Anglo-Indians, however, in pronouncing the word thugs, omit the *h*, which is here so soft in the native languages as to be nearly inaudible, and pronounce thugs like tugs, that is, as in the English word steam-tugs. The root of the name Thugs is an Indian one, signifying to deceive. A Thug, then, is a deceiver, one who lures unwary travellers into his toils, and then makes away with them to possess himself of any money or other valuables they may have in their possession.

The nefarious institution has existed in India from time immemorial, great facilities for it being afforded by the fact that till lately most of the travelling was done on foot, on horseback, or in miserable native vehicles, and during the

night. The general way in which the Thugs gained access to those they sought to destroy was to pass themselves off as people going on business from some one place to another, but very much alarmed lest they should fall in with Thugs! Coming upon a group of innocent merchant-travellers they would politely salute them, say a few words on the current topics of the day, and finally add, "It is said that this road is very much infested by Thugs, and we are in consequence greatly alarmed." To this the unsuspecting victims in all likelihood replied. "We also are greatly afraid." On this the ruffians proposed that both parties should travel together for mutual protection, a plan which was immediately assented to. As the journey probably lasted weeks, they had ample opportunities of ingratiating themselves with those they meant to slay; till at length they thought they might without risk carry out their nefarious intention. Under some pretext a certain number of them went on in advance to a lonely spot near the road, and dug graves for the intended victims. When these approached the spot, the Thugs managed so to arrange themselves that two, or generally three of them might be grouped together around each innocent traveller. A signal was then given by the chief of the ruffian gang, and in a few moments none but the Thugs were alive. The bodies were hurriedly committed to the graves after being plundered, and in a country where thousands were yearly perishing on religious pilgrimages, the non-arrival of the travellers at their villages excited little notice and no alarm. "He has died on the road," it would be said of each, and then the apathetic Hindoo would dismiss the subject from his thoughts.

In order to be qualified for their horrible employment, they cultivated the manners of gentlemen, and were so polished and affable that native travellers very rarely suspected their real character—nay, they not unfrequently deceived Europeans. The aristocratic Anglo-Indian, as a rule, associates far too little with the natives of the East, though always ready to redress their wrongs when these are fairly brought to his notice. With all his exclusiveness, how-

ever, he often relaxes a little in presence of a native whom he thinks in all respects worthy. Such a man was supposed to be found in the person of a native draper in an eastern cantonment, in the Nizam's dominions. Of course, the draper required to be periodically absent from his shop to buy articles in lieu of those constantly being sold; and a certificate was given him by an officer to facilitate his progress on such occasions, by telling all whom it might concern, that he was a man whom Europeans delighted to honor. Will it be credited that the draper was all the while a Thug, and that he kept his stock up to the proper level by periodically infesting the roads, murdering honest merchants and others, and then appearing with innocence depicted on his countenance, to talk with Europeans and natives as they visited his shop, and discourse unctuously on the new patterns he had just introduced?

Another and yet more curious incident occurred about half a century ago, in connection with Thuggery. There was one of the fraternity who so ingratiated himself with a European postmaster, that the latter, in all good faith, gave him a certificate testifying that he was "a young man of high birth and great promise." Some time afterwards, he was sent by General Ochterlony, as chief of four "peons,"* or petty officials, appointed to escort a young lady of his family from Delhi to Calcutta. The party set out, and all went prosperously with them for a time. One day, however, a "peon" was discovered misbehaving with a native female servant of the young lady's, and the escort fearing that she would report the matter to the general, all took flight, leaving her to make her way to Calcutta as best she might. Of course, none of them could again show their face in Delhi, so they were under the necessity of making a livelihood somewhere else. The four ordinary peons are understood to have done this in an honest way; but their chief, the young man of high birth and *great promise*, being every inch a Thug, took to the

*We have not in Britain any functionaries exactly corresponding to Indian "peons." The police make the nearest approach to them, but the peons have far more varied duties than our own police.

roads, and supported himself there by wholesale murders. Some readers will naturally exclaim, "What a narrow escape the young lady had, with such a ruffian to watch over her safety!" The initiated, however, know that she was really in much less peril than she appeared to be. The Thugs very rarely attacked Europeans. One reason was, that the disappearance of any member of the governing class would be sure to excite inquiry, and might result in the detection and destruction of the Thug fraternity. In this country, a gentleman or lady of some position in society could not disappear without calling forth all the ingenuity of Scotland Yard, in efforts to unravel the mystery. Even more so would this be the case in India. Europeans resident in that land are, as a rule, in positions so important, that any young lady from the family of a general would be looked up to by the Hindoo natives almost as much as a countess would be here; and we do not think it ever once entered into the mind of the young man "of great promise" to despatch the young lady he had been sent to escort.

When an aggravated crime is committed in any community, that community itself is put on moral trial. The opinion it expresses of the crime and its perpetrators affords an infallible index of its own moral state. It therefore becomes a painfully interesting inquiry how the people of India regarded the Thugs and Thuggery. We are sorry to say that the answer is most unsatisfactory. With many classes of the community the Thugs are popular men. There were landed gentlemen who encouraged them to settle on their estates, the reason being that when the ruffian murderers returned from their expeditions they spent money freely on the estate. Many merchants favored them because they could buy goods from them below prime cost. But may it not have been that the humbler agricultural classes—the farmers and laborers, living in the rural villages in Arcadian simplicity, were more sternly virtuous? We wish it were possible to think so; but there is an ugly incident which suggests a contrary conclusion. A gang of Thugs were once being pursued by the native authorities, who really seemed anxious to arrest them. They, in alarm, faced about, and retreated, presenting guns at their pursuers. They fell back on an agricultural village, and, as the price

of assistance, offered the inhabitants, who perfectly knew their occupation, half of the plunder they had taken from their murdered victims. The villagers accepted the offer and took part with the Thugs, but were defeated. The murderous gang then fell back on a second village, where an offer of the remainder of the plunder enlisted the inhabitants of that new place in their defence. At least, however, it will be said, all the native governments of India held aloof from those enemies of the human race. Alas, no! there was one government which actually raised a revenue from the business by taxing 200 Thug-houses, inhabited by 400 Thugs, 500 rupees, that is £2 10s. per house, or £1 5s. per man, for liberty to commit wholesale robbery and murder!

One element in the system of Thuggery casts a lurid light on Hindooism. A person would fancy the Thugs to be men who never entered a place of worship; but instead of this they were people who professed to be more pious than their compeers, being devoted to *Kálee*, the Hindoo goddess of destruction. They supposed the bloodthirsty goddess to look approvingly on their evil deeds, prayed and invoked her assistance before they started on an expedition, and postponed one if the omens were unfavorable. We can understand the poor hill "Kookies" conscientiously supposing it needful to follow the death of a chief by offering human heads in sacrifice, but to pocket the proceeds of a murder and call it a pious act seems to us uncommonly like hypocrisy. If such procedure is to the last degree censurable in a Hindoo, what must we say of it when the perpetrator is a Mohammedan, who combines with veneration for the idol-hating Mohammed, the worship of an idol representing the most sanguinary of all the Hindoo divinities, as a preliminary to committing wholesale murders for pecuniary profit.

Yet though the picture of the Thugs and their evil practices is, morally considered, a very dark one, we are glad to be able to add that it is irradiated by at least one gleam of the primitive light from heaven. We refer to the fact that Indian boys, despite their love of adventure, do not take naturally to Thuggery, but require a long course of evil training before they accept the wicked occupation as their life-work. The first step in dead-

ening and destroying their conscience is to inspire them with a love of vagrancy and a distaste for steady work. There is more or less love of roving in every one, the quality taking a noble form in a Franklin, a Mungo Park, or a Livingstone, and an ignoble one in the idle pauper, who, under the name of a "casual" quarters himself on the hard-worked rate-payers in all imaginable places, without ever feeling a blush of shame. When an Indian boy whom it is sought to seduce into Thuggery has become hopelessly wedded to a vagrant life, he is next informed that he must abandon that mode of existence, unless he gain pecuniary resources for carrying it out. These, it is represented to him, can best be procured by robbing travellers on the road. When this crime no longer appears to him revolting, he is next told that a traveller, when assailed, naturally makes resistance, and that in the scuffle he may unhappily be killed. Lastly, and after an interval, he is plainly informed that to avoid the possibility of a traveller giving evidence against the robbers who assailed him, he is killed before he is plundered. An affecting incident once occurred, which satisfactorily showed that a boy, whose conscience was as yet undebauched by the course of training now described, was totally unfit to take part in Thuggery. An Indian youth of fourteen years old, called Kurhora, was a great favorite with a gang of Thugs, who, however, had as yet given him no information as to the nature of the work in which they were employed. Some of them were engaged in murdering a traveller, while one firmly grasped the bridle of a pony on which the boy was riding, in the rear of the party, the object of course being to prevent his riding forward and coming upon the murderers at the very time they were committing their crime. Boys will be playful, and Kurhora thought it a good joke to twitch the bridle out of the hand of the man who held it, and gallop the pony away to the front. He came up at the very time of the murder, and was so shocked by what he saw, that he went into convulsion after convulsion, and, despite all efforts to save his life, died. There is a conscience, and often one of considerable sensitiveness, in an Indian boy; though if subjected to noxious heathen influence, it becomes fearfully deadened after maturity is

reached. Some surprise may be felt that such ruffians as Thugs should have favorites, and a member of the fraternity was once questioned on the subject. It was asked if the children of Thugs continued to reverence their fathers after they become acquainted with their occupation. The answer was brief and decisive. "Yes, the same: we love them and they love us." It is very curious that it should be so. Surely the affection felt is something of an animal instinct, like that of a tiger for his cubs, or the cubs for the tiger, and which we know can exist side by side with intense ferocity.

It is one of the good acts of our Eastern government that it has given the death-blow to Thuggery in the East. From 1807, when attention was first drawn to the subject, to the time when the system became virtually extinct, it continued to hunt down the gangs unceasingly. Some Thugs turned king's evidence, and were allowed to go free. Some were released on bail. Some were imprisoned for shorter, and some for longer periods. Some were transported, and the worst were executed. It was proved beyond a shadow of doubt that many of these last had been concerned in an almost incredible number of murders, one man having had to do with about 200. A large number of the imprisoned Thugs were taught tent-making, and the writer of this article has himself travelled, as many other Europeans have done, with a tent equipage made by Thug murderers' hands. He also had the opportunity once of dashing rapidly through an Indian jungle in a bullock carriage used by an officer high in the Thuggee department, who had had it made with particularly strong springs, that it might go through nearly roadless wilds, which no other vehicle could have traversed. The writer did not fail to ask his companion whether or not Thuggery was extinct in India. "It is all but extinct just now," was the answer; "but if our government were to relax its vigilance, it would soon rise and flourish again." Since the conversation took place, various railroads have been constructed in India, and native travellers have had the good sense to take advantage of them for safe and speedy journeying. As the system is more largely developed, the Thug's occupation will be gone, for the practice of taking long journeys on foot will be as obsolete

as it is in our own land. Let us hope also that the moral state of India may yet be so raised as to render Thuggery impossible. None will dare to point to anything in Christianity which can coun-

tenance them in robbery and murder, and if once our holy faith be believed in India, the baleful institution of Thuggery will die a death from which it will rise no more.

Leisure Hour.

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO FISHES.

EVERY one has heard the legend of St. Anthony's preaching to the fishes, but few may have read the sermon which he is said to have delivered. As this sermon contains more sense and less error than is commonly heard in discourses by preachers of the Romish Church, we give it at full length as translated from the Italian by a great master of English. Addison. Travelling in Italy, he met at Padua with the "Life of St. Anthony," "the great saint," he says, "to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam: and that would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it; it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night."

So much for Addison's visit to the tomb of St. Anthony. Now for his version of the celebrated sermon to the fishes, prefaced by the following explanatory statement:—

When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the seashore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at

last addressed himself to them in the following words:—

"Although the infinite power and providence of God, my dearly beloved fish, discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures, nevertheless the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings. For notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tost among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the divine greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The Holy Scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

"Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that, without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance that, when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

"It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations,

the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes. You have the water for your dwelling, a clear, transparent element, brighter than crystal ; you can see from its deepest bottom everything that passes on its surface ; you have the eyes of a lynx or of an Argus ; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in everything that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding everything that may be hurtful ; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves and to propagate your species ; you obey, in all your actions, works, and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

"The colds of winter, and the heats of summer, are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings, and earthquakes ; you have no concerns in the blossoms of spring or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years, the variableness of the weather or the change of seasons.

"In what dreadful majesty, in what

wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge ! You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

"All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favors. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude, make at least some sign of reverence ; bow yourselves at his name ; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities ; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you can, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you."

He had no sooner done speaking, but, behold a miracle ! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father, St. Antonio. The legend adds, that after many heretics, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.

POETRY.

A FAREWELL.

I.

To part in midmost summer of our love,
When first the flower-scents and the linnet's
tune
Have fallen into harmonies of June
About our lives new-linked, and all above
The flower-blue heaven lies for bliss
aswoon,—
Were this not sad ? Yet love must live by pain,
If one would win its fragrance to remain.

II.

Were it not sadder, in the years to come,
To feel the hand-clasp slacken for long use,
The untuned heart-strings for long stress re-
fuse
To yield old harmonies, the songs grow dumb
For weariness, and all the old spells lose
The first enchantment ? Yet this thing must be,
Love is but mortal, save in memory.

III.

Too rare a flower it is, its bloom to keep
In the raw cold of our unlovely clime,
Too frail to thrive in this our weary time.
I would not have thy kisses, sweet, grow cheap,
Nor thy dear looks round out an idle
rhyme,—
And so I hold that we loose hands and part ;
Dear, with my hand you do not loose my heart.

IV.

Sweet is the fragrance of remembered love ;
The memory of clasped hands is very sweet,
Joined hands that did not once too often meet
And never knew that saddest word "Enough !"
And so 'tis well that, ere our springtime fleet,
Thus in the heyday of our love part we :
Farewell, and all white omens go with thee !

V.

Is it not well that we should both retain
The early bloom of love, untouched and pure ?

There is no way by which it may endure,
 Save if we part before its sweetness wane
 And wither; since that life is so impure,
 And love so frail, it may not blossom long,
 Unscathed, amid our stress of care and wrong.

VI.

We were not sure of love, my sweet,—and yet
 The fragrance of its Spring shall never die.
 Sweetheart, we shall be sure of memory,
 That amber of the years, where Time does set
 The dear-beloved shapes of things gone by,
 Whereby their gentle semblance may evade
 The ills that lurk in eld's ungenial shade.

VII.

So, sweet, our love shall, in the death of it,
 Revive, as corn that withers in the ground,
 And somewhere after casts fresh blades around
 And yields full golden sheavage, as it fit.
 It may be that new flowers will too be found
 Among the stubble, and the pale sweet blooms
 Of Autumn glorify our woodland glooms.

VIII.

The memory of our kisses shall survive,
 And in the glass of time be consecrate.
 Our love shall with the distance grow more
 great,
 And shall for us be sweeter than alive,
 When dead; for memory shall reduplicate
 The sweetness of the past, till you and I
 Cherish as angels' food each bygone sigh.

A MORNING PICTURE.

THE Morning opens like a rose,
 The Eastern skies are faintly flushed,
 While all the West is filled with clouds,
 Where late the last sweet evening blushed.
 No sparkles from the dewdrops come;
 A fleece-like mist hangs o'er the vale;
 The clouds as stately and as slow
 As ships in some calm ocean sail!

The unsunned breeze is cool and fresh,
 By tall woods winnowed till it dies;
 And half across the placid pool
 The massive oak-tree's shadow lies.
 The lark now rises from his nest,
 Soars heavenward till his form is dim:
 Soon in a sea of sunlight lost
 His notes with liquid freedom swim.

The flowers awake, and now dissolves
 The mist that clung to wood and wold.
 And all the clouds about the sun
 Appear like hills of snow and gold.
 Old earth is gay with light and dew,
 The new morn gleaming on her breast;
 While like a flaming jewel glides
 The pauseless sun unto the West.

S. H. BRADBURY.

ISABEL.

SOFT waves of warm brown hair,
 With gold lights shining through,
 Shading a face as sweetly fair
 As ever fancy framed in air,
 As ever painter drew.

Sweet spirit, frank and true,
 With love, with kindness rife;
 What tender heart but to thee drew!
 What kindly eye but in thee knew
 The sunshine of our life!

Sweet Spring, bright Summer past,
 And Autumn come again;
 The west wind's spoils are falling fast,
 What is our change brought with that blast?
 Why fall our tears like rain?

Only a new-turned heap,
 One little grave, new made:
 Bare is the earth o'er which we weep;
 Never a flower to pluck and keep,
 Never a grassy blade.

Silence, where late was mirth;
 One mother's heart half-riven;
 One vacant seat beside a hearth;
 One loving spirit less on earth;
 One angel more in heaven!

IN A PINE GROVE.

I STOOD beneath some venerable pines,
 Where stately stems, like clustered columns, rose,
 In wide cathedral aisles whose distant roof
 Soars like the arch of heaven's protecting dome.
 I stood and listened, to a sound like waves
 In long folds leaping on a distant shore,
 With measured constant motion; with a tone
 Symphonious with the silence of the stars.
 Remembrance came of one calm eventide,
 Passed on the lofty margin of the sea,
 Among the ruins of a noble pile,
 That lifts its old gray visage to the storm;
 As in the troublous times of bygone years,
 When grave recluses paced the solemn nave,
 And music blended with torn ocean's roar:
 Whence, far to sea, the plaintive vesper chime
 Told the brown fisherman the hour of prayer.
 Was that some Novice of the olden time,
 By western window seated, while the sun
 Touched lovingly her wealth of golden hair,
 And lit with rosy glow the Abbey walls?—
 Only the shafts of sunset through the stems,
 The sound of wind among the clustering pines.

IN LATE AUTUMN.

PRIMROSE and cowslip have I gathered here,
 Anemone and hiding violet,
 When April sang the Spring song of the year:
 Now all is changed; the Autumn day is wet
 With clouds blown from the West, and vapors
 fold
 Over the dropping woods and vacant wold;
 The latest flower of the field is dead;
 The birds that sang to me are mute or fled,
 Save one that like a larger berry clings
 On the green holly bush, and sings and sings
 A farewell to the sun that, low and pale,
 Lightens a wild sky like a distant fire;
 The wind beats on the tree-tops like a flail,
 And strews the red leaves in the pools and mire.

CHARLES DENYS CONWAY.

October, 1869.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The English Note-Books of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Edited by MRS. SOPHIA HAWTHORNE. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*, 1870.

IN these volumes the reader will find the raw material from which Hawthorne constructed "Our Old Home,"—probably the best record of English travel that we have had from the pen of an American. They are much more consecutive and finished than the American Note-Books, being a complete journal of his four years' residence in England and his many excursions to famous places, and a record of the impressions made upon him at the moment. They will probably, too, prove more interesting to the average public, but to us they seem less characteristic of Hawthorne's genius, and fail to bring us into such close relations with the silent, solitary, self-questioning worker. There are in these volumes extremely few of the quaint, peculiar, and occasionally terribly suggestive paragraphs which formed the charm of the American Note-Books; though when we stumble upon them, jotted down at the end of some long description or casual comments, the impression of their unutterable strangeness is wonderfully deepened. It is like tramping along the blaring highway and coming suddenly upon some solitary church, or nameless ruin, or unrecorded tomb-stone, which sets us to meditating upon life and human destiny and "the abysmal depths of personality."

Hawthorne is one of the pleasantest of travelling companions, and his exquisite artistic susceptibilities, and the remoteness and "odor of antiquity" which pervade his style, render it peculiarly appropriate in the description of the venerable cathedrals and crumbling ruins which he so much delighted to visit. It inspires one with a vague disgust of the newness, and rawness, and crudeness of our own life when a book like this causes him to reflect how History in its most touching and venerable aspects crops out everywhere upon the surface of the island which was "Our Old Home." For it is literally astonishing to find how many of these monuments there are in England. We are so accustomed to think that London and the Lake Country, and Skiddaw and the Highlands constitute all the charms that England has for the traveller, that the truth is little short of a revelation.

The English Note-Books, it is announced by the editor, are to be followed next season by the Italian Note-Books. These latter will conclude the Note-Books, and will probably prove the most interesting of the series, though all of them have an increased interest when we learn (as we do) that they form the only record we shall have of Hawthorne's life. The autobiography is mental mainly, and very sketchy and incomplete; but it is better doubtless than any which could have been written, and Hawthorne shrank from the thought of any other.

Miss Van Kortland. A Novel. By the author of "*My Daughter Elinor.*" New York: *Harper & Bros.*, 1870.

WE are all waiting of course for "the American novel," the critics especially having long been on the lookout for it, and when "*My Daughter*

Elinor" appeared a few months ago it was hoped, and even asserted, that our vigil would soon be brought to a close. For "*My Daughter Elinor*," in spite of many faults, contained some good work and gave promise of better. But it will scarcely be denied that "*Miss Van Kortland*" shows a falling off from the author's first attempt. It seems less carefully thought out, and the work less carefully done. Not that there are any evidences of haste exactly, but the deliberateness, so to speak, which was one of the most promising things in "*My Daughter Elinor*," is wanting in the present work, as if the author had adopted the dangerous conclusion that the decided success of his first book released him from the necessity of laborious effort, or as if he were rather too anxious to follow up his former achievement.

"*Miss Van Kortland*," to proceed with our criticism, has a very commonplace plot; which is not of much importance provided we have accurate observation and development of character. But here, too, the author has exaggerated his tendency, which was observable in his first novel, to substitute a characteristic for character, and to insist upon it until it ceases to be entertaining, if it does not become tedious. There is not a single average person in the book, not one who has not some strained peculiarity; nor are those selected at all typical. They would be more conspicuous oddities in real life anywhere than even in the pages of a novel. Moreover, it is rather discouraging to find that "*Ouida's*" all-accomplished Guardsman, who writes poems or plays or magazine articles with equal facility, provided he can but bring his mind to bear upon such trifles; who goes forth among women conquering and to conquer; and who is altogether as impossible a creature as was ever evolved from the depths of an undisciplined imagination,—it is discouraging, we say, to find that this marvellous gentleman has been transplanted to American soil, and is to be found sauntering through New York parlors and wandering over Pennsylvania coal-fields. With all its defects, however, "*Miss Van Kortland*" is far from being a bad novel. It contains some very clever chapters, the scenic background is genuine, and the dialogue is easy and natural. Altogether we should say that from all the novels of the season it would be difficult to select one which will afford more pleasant or more healthful reading.

The Principles of Domestic Science. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER, and HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. New York: *J. B. Ford & Co.*, 1870.

BOTH Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe have produced some good work in their day, but we doubt if they have ever done better work, or work more necessary to be done, than will be found in this volume. "While they sympathize with every honest effort to relieve the disabilities and sufferings of their sex," the authors "are confident that the chief cause of these evils is the fact that the honor and duties of the family state are not duly appreciated; that women are not trained for these duties as men are trained for their trades and professions; and that, as a consequence, family labor is poorly done, poorly paid, and regarded as menial and disgraceful." And the object of

the work is to lay down the "principles of Domestic Science," to show that it is a science as well as a very beautiful art, and well worthy the devotion of the most cultivated and refined women in the land. It would be impossible to overpraise the comprehensiveness and thoroughness with which this work of exposition is done; it would be almost equally difficult to do it justice; but we may safely say that if it meets with anything like the acceptance which it ought and must receive, it will do more for the true elevation of women than all the platform ranting that will be heard during the next quarter of a century. One scarcely realizes how comprehensive the principles of Domestic Science are until he reads this book, with its suggestions and information about everything, from the building of a house and ventilating and warming it, to the baking of good bread and the laws of health.

The book is adapted for a text-book "for the use of young ladies in schools, seminaries, and colleges," to supersede, we suppose, some of the current educational frippery. It is almost too much, however, to hope that it will be generally adopted, for such a thing would imply pretty distinctly the inauguration of a domestic millennium. It would also imply a revolution scarcely less radical in its way than that advocated by Miss Anthony.

In a few months another volume is to be issued, as a complement to this work, to be called *The Housekeeper and Health-keeper*. It will consist of receipts and instructions in all branches of Domestic Economy, and we should say that any young wife, with these two books and the amount of brains and persistence which it requires to do up her back hair or prepare for a ball, will have all the material she needs to enable her to perform successfully the duties of the family.

The Juno Stories. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Dodd & Mead, 1870.

If we concede the necessity of putting such stories into the hands of children at all, we suppose it must be confessed that these "Juno Stories" are very much superior to the average. They present no impossible ideal, the moralizing is not too painfully didactic, and the style has the unusual merit of being such as not to render the infant mind weaker than it is by nature. The remarks with which Mr. Abbott prefaces the first volume are excellent, and we commend them to the attention of both teachers and scholars,—to the former, as Gail Hamilton would say, for doctrine and reproof, and to the latter for instruction. Two volumes of the series have been issued, and the remaining three are to follow next Fall. The style in which they are published is extremely handsome and tasteful.

Put Yourself in His Place. By CHARLES READE.

THOSE who desire to read Mr. Reade's last novel will find no difficulty in suiting themselves both as regards style and price, there being no less than six editions in the market. First there are Messrs. Sheldon & Co., who publish with the author's sanction, and who issue an octavo illustrated edition in large type, and a 12mo edition uniform with the Boston "Household Edition."

Then come Harper & Bros. with an octavo edition in cloth and paper, and the smaller volume, all illustrated. Finally, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. issue it in a style uniform with their "Household Edition" of Reade's novels, making the ninth of the series. Strange to say, however, there is no quarrel among the rival publishers, amicable arrangements having been made all round. The novel itself is not so good as Mr. Reade's earlier works, but it is absorbingly interesting and intensely characteristic.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.]

Woman's Friendship. By GRACE AGUILAR. New Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 357.

Contarini Fleming. By BENJAMIN DISRAELI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 106.

Breezie Langton. A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five. By HAWLEY SMART. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 201.

Life at Home. By WILLIAM AIKMAN. New York: S. R. Wells. 16mo, cloth, pp. 249.

Sanctum Sanctorum; or, Proof-Sheets from an Editor's Table. By THEODORE TILTON. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 325.

Sermons Preached at Brighton. By FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON. A new Edition. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 838.

Gwendoline's Harvest. A novel. By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 85.

Stern Necessity. A novel. By F. W. ROBINSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 154.

The Portrait in my Uncle's Dining-Room, and other Tales. From "Littell's Living Age." Boston: Littell & Gay. 8vo, paper, pp. 107.

Free Russia. By WM. HEPWORTH DIXON. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 359. Illustrated.

Miss Thackeray's Works. Complete Edition. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 425. Illustrated.

Kilmory. A novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 136.

Poems. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp.

The Seat of Empire. By CHARLES CARLTON COFFIN. "Carlton." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 232. Illustrated.

Prophecy a Preparation for Christ. Bampton Lectures. By R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo, cloth, pp. 397.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

The son of Mendelssohn is collecting materials for a biography of his illustrious father.

In a recent number of the *Westminster Review* there are some hitherto unpublished letters of the poet Coleridge.

The famous critic Dr. David F. Strauss, the author of the *Life of Jesus*, has just published a biography of Voltaire.

The translation of Mr. Motley's "*History of the Netherlands*" into French, by M. Rordy, has reached its third volume.

A manuscript by Grandillonius, the instructor of Descartes, of the year 1619, has been discovered in the library of Tours.

M. Louis Blanc has finished the fourth volume of his *Histoire de la Revolution Française*, and it will soon make its appearance.

Sir Arthur Phayre, who has been making an antiquarian tour of Northern India, is soon to publish "an exhaustive work" on Buddhism.

There is a very severe, and, as it seems to us, a very unfair review of Mr. Curtis's "Life of Daniel Webster" in the *Spectator* for June 11th.

At length there is a ladies' newspaper in India, the *Bungo Mohila*, or *Woman of Bengal*, published at Calcutta in Bengali, and edited by a Hindoo lady.

The Royal Library of Paris, which is now the most magnificent public library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes, was started 500 years ago with ten volumes.

It has been ascertained that Dr. Monck, the Swedish naturalist, was one of the numerous victims of Lopez. His collections, however, were saved, and are on their way to Stockholm.

Saint Marc Girardin, an eminent publicist, noted for his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, succeeds the late M. Villemain as Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy.

The great Dictionary of Music, left unfinished by Professor Barbieri, has been handed over for completion to Professor Beretta, of Bologna, with whom is associated M. Charles Molossi.

A scholarship in honor of Sir Walter Scott is about to be founded at the Edinburgh University. Among the subscribers are a son of Burns, a son of Wordsworth, and a son of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

The increasing attention paid to English literature everywhere is indicated by the announcement that it will be made the subject of several courses of lectures in the University of Berlin during the next half-year.

Apropos of our notice of the *Sun* last week, we have been reminded that the *Morning Post* is an older journal than the *Times* and the *Sun*. The oldest existing daily paper in London is the *Public Ledger*.—*Athenæum*.

A notary who was for many years Lamartine's man of business, certifies in a public letter that to his certain knowledge Lamartine in the course of 20 years spent 200,000 fr. in charity in the department of the Saône-et-Loire.

Sensational fiction must surely supply some very

generally felt want of the human mind. The *Revista Europea* for April remarks upon the great popularity of English and French sensational novels published in the Italian newspapers.

The speeches of Richard Cobden are at length announced for publication. They are arranged by John Bright, assisted by Professor Rogers, and will doubtless form a valuable and interesting contribution to the popular literature of Free Trade.

In our notice of "*Janus*" several months ago, we remarked that Prof. Dollinger was generally agreed upon as its author. It is now said that Dr. Dollinger had no direct connection whatever with the work, and that the author is Prof. Huber, of Munich.

Sir Henry Bulwer's "*Life of Lord Palmerston*" will appear before the end of the present season. It is said that it will probably show Lord Palmerston's character to have been simpler and more frank than the present generation is inclined to believe.

The new theory of the relation between "dust and disease" is attracting great attention, and will soon have a literature of its own. Dr. Angus Smith is preparing for publication a new treatise on impurities in the atmosphere, and how to detect and remove them.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has recently raised the expectations of the reading world by the announcement, which is guaranteed not to turn out a canard this time, that a MS. of some of the missing books of Livy has been discovered in the Library at Liegnitz in Silesia.

Audubon's own copy of his *Birds of America*, in four large volumes, half bound, and five volumes of letter-press, with his autograph in each volume, is advertised for sale in England. Some one of our American collectors ought to possess himself of this work.

It is reported that Victor Hugo is about to marry a young lady of Brussels, who is said to be very beautiful and worth 100,000 guilders. Victor Hugo is now 68 years of age, he is hale and hearty, and is said to seem stronger and more youthful than he was 20 years ago.

It is said that M. Gustave Doré has lately signed a contract for five years with an English publisher, by which he undertakes to come to London for two or three months every year, to make two hundred and fifty designs on each occasion. For these he is to receive 250,000 francs a year.

A curiosity in literature has appeared in Dresden. A blind and dumb poet of that city has published a book of aphorisms entitled "*A Book of Wisdom and Truth*," which has reached its third edition; also a volume of poems which has reached its second edition. The name of the poet is Heinrich Martin.

There is a rumor that Thomas Carlyle is coming to the United States as soon as he has completed the revised edition of his works upon which he has been engaged for two years. Several of the great European authors are likely to meet here at that time, among them it is said Auerbach and M. Prévost-Paradol.

Two new members have been elected to fill

vacancies in the French Academy. The successful aspirants are M. Xavier Marmier, and M. Prosper Duvergier de Hauranne, a personal friend of M. Thiers. It seems to us that more famous litterateurs might have been found in France on whom to bestow these dignities.

The Rivista Contemporanea Nazionale Italiana ceased to exist with the last number for June; its interests have been transferred to the new review, the *Rivista Europea*, which will continue to be under the editorship of Professor Angelo De Gubernatis, who, in 1869, was himself editor of the *Rivista Contemporanea*.

The Earl of Albemarle is preparing for publication a volume of memoirs and reminiscences that will throw a pleasant light upon a dismal period of English history—the close of the Regency and the beginning of the reign of George IV. Lord Albemarle's grandmother, Lady de Clifford, held the office of governess to the Princess Charlotte.

Mr. Robert Buchanan finds repose in variety of labor. His new work, "Ballads of Life," will appear immediately. It will have not only its serious but its humorous side; the latter in a poem called "The Wake of Tim O'Hara." Satire will not be absent. Contemporary bards will be passed in review, in a piece to be named "The Session of the Poets."

Revision of the Bible.—It is now definitively decided that the Bible shall be revised. On the 7th of May the Convocation of Canterbury pledged itself to a revision of the Authorized Version, and elaborate rules regarding the method of procedure, and the division of the labor, have already been issued. These rules are very similar to those which governed the translators under King James.

A somewhat neglected portion of the history of this century will be illustrated by Mr. Bollaert's "Wars of Succession of Portugal and Spain, from 1826 to 1840." The Duc de Saldanha, whose present popularity with the Portuguese army is mostly due to the share he took in those wars, has, it seems, looked over the proof-sheets, and written to the author to express his approval of the book.

It is rumored that Louis Napoleon has finished the first volume of his *Life of Charlemagne*. We had thought that the reception of his work on Cæsar would have convinced the Emperor that it is one thing to be a successful politician, but quite another to write a successful book. An author, however, with the treasury of an empire at his back, can afford to disregard the vulgar considerations of cash.

A new English monthly has been started, called the *Poetical Magazine*. It is devoted to the writings of amateur poets, and will place before the public the effusions which have hitherto generally found their way into editors' scrap-baskets. It will probably succeed, however, for, as *Appletons' Journal* remarks, it will be taken by its contributors at least, and these will include all the versifiers in the land.

Prof. Giuseppe Brambilla has published at Como a letter on Theodor Mommsen's "Roman History." The *Rivista Europea* says that this letter consists of about a hundred pages of angry

writing against the illustrious German historian, who in some chapters of his history speaks unfavorably of the moral and intellectual qualities of the Italians. Signor Brambilla's letter, however, is scarcely a serious answer to the unfavorable judgments of the historian.

Messrs. Trübner & Co., the English publishers, announce as in preparation a translation of Auguste Comte's *Politique Positive*—not the *Philosophie Positive*, but the later work which gave the final view of his doctrine, and which is called his "principal work" by the translators. Some of the most eminent disciples of the Positivist school in England have undertaken the task of translation. They include Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Beesley, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Hut-ton.

A work of some interest to readers of fairy legends and mythology, under the title of *Old Folk-Lore, or Traditions and Superstitions of Ireland*, is just about to issue from the press of Messrs. Cameron & Ferguson, Glasgow. The book, which is from the pen of a well-known popular Irish writer, "Laghiensis," includes various details of Irish historic, traditional, and legendary matter, of a nature hitherto neglected and unexplored. The localization of the legends and myths will impart a scientific character to the work.

The English "Historical Manuscripts Commission," appointed to make search among the archives of old English families for archæological purposes, have discovered among other things, the original MSS. of the English Book of Common Prayer. We may note also as of general interest the original letter in the writing of Charles I., addressed to the House of Lords in May, 1641, recommending that Strafford be imprisoned rather than executed, and containing the postscript, "If he must die it were a charity to relieve him until Saturday," and an original petition from Laud, while imprisoned in the Tower.

At length after long research Mr. Froude has succeeded in discovering the letters of Eustace Chapuys, who was the ambassador of Charles V. in England during the critical period from 1529 to 1545. It was known that if these letters could be found they would throw much light upon the tragedy of Anne Boleyn, and other matters which were transpiring in England at that time; but they were not at Brussels, nor at Simancas, nor at Madrid, and have only just been brought to light among the Austrian archives at Vienna. Mr. Froude has extracted from them "Fresh Evidence about Anne Boleyn," and has an article in the last number of *Fraser's*. It is difficult to tell what the drift of the Evidence is going to be, as the paper is unfinished; but so far as it goes it seems to bear rather against the position which Mr. Froude has taken in his History.

The Fortnightly Review for June has the following curt notice of Matthew Arnold's recent essays on *St. Paul and Protestantism*:—

"A valuable contribution to the formation of a Rosa-Matilda school of theology, prefaced by an exhortation to the Dissenters to submit with a sweet reasonableness to the pretensions of the Anglican sect. Theological rose-pink would have a better chance if there were less science in the air, for one thing, and if Mr. Arnold could, for

another, blot out from men's minds all that half of New Testament teaching which is dead against rose-pink. And the Dissenters would be more likely to be impressed by the exhortation, if it had shown any faintest appreciation of the ignoble attitude, morally, intellectually, socially, of the other side. If truth were a thing of minor consequence, and justice an open question, Mr. Arnold's essay and its preface would be extremely important."

The French Academy again attracts attention by filling some of its vacancies. It was formed in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu; and the constitution given by his charter, which has never been changed, defined its object as the establishment of a standard of the French language, both by rules and examples. There can be but forty members, and vacancies are filled for life by election, exclusively on the ground of merit as men of letters. Each new member delivers a eulogy on his predecessor. It is commonly said that members live longer than any other men; vacancies are extremely rare, and hundreds of authors, each "among the first of the age," are always waiting at the doors. There were lately five vacancies; the place of Lamartine has just been filled by the choice of Emile Ollivier, the Prime-Minister; and Napoleon III. and George Sand are both talked of for other seats, although emperors and women have not heretofore been regarded as candidates.—*Putnam's Magazine*.

Apròpos of the election of Jules Janin to the Academy, the Pall Mall Gazette says:—"At last, after many years of patient expectation and more than one disappointment, Jules Janin—we had almost written the venerable Jules Janin—has attained the great object of a life devoted, with rare simplicity and singleness of purpose, to literary work and literary culture. Nor were his dramatic criticisms the only credentials with which he presented himself to the suffrages of the Academy. He has written several short novels and a history of the Revolution. But these were his "pot-boilers." His labor of love was his translation of *Horace*; and if sympathy of nature and congeniality of tastes and temperament are the qualifications of a translator, it would not be easy to find a more Horatian interpreter of the delightful Roman poet than Jules Janin, whose cottage at Passy (where Ponsard died) is his Sabine farm." Jules Janin said when he heard he was appointed to the French Academy: "Now my mother-in-law will believe that I am a literary man."

The Daily Press in Great Britain.—A recent number of the *Printer's Register* of London gives some instructive and interesting facts in connection with the growth of the daily press of the United Kingdom. It is especially noticeable, in contrast with newspapers, scattered over the United States, London has eighteen dailies, of which one is in the French language; New York has twenty-six, excluding theatrical programmes, of which eight are in foreign languages. It is probable that the capital invested in daily papers in New York City exceeds that so done in London, and their aggregate circulation must be much less. Twelve only of the quotidian journals of London are devoted to news, and the combined circulation of the whole eighteen equals 270,000. America is about 200,000 more. There are six dailies in Liverpool against fifteen in Philadelphia; six in Dublin against ten in Chicago;

four in Glasgow against eight in Boston; three in Edinburgh against nine in Baltimore; two in Birmingham against seven in Cincinnati; four in Manchester against seven in San Francisco; and the other cities of England show a like disproportion. In 1870 there were published in the provincial towns of England fifty dailies; in Wales, two; Scotland, ten; Ireland, fourteen; and the Channel Islands, one. This makes a total of ninety-five, compared with above 550 in the United States. To purchase a copy of every daily paper issued, would cost \$850 per annum.

Newton-Pascal Papers.—Professor Grant, of Glasgow, has just published a detailed account of the proof adduced by him that these documents could not but be spurious. It is briefly as follows:—In the three editions of the *Principia*, published in 1687, 1713, and 1726 respectively, Newton avails himself of the best astronomical observations at his disposal, in each successive edition, changing his numerical results to suit the most recent discoveries. Between 1662, the year of Pascal's death, and 1687, advances, amounting almost to a revolution, were made in practical astronomy, and these were continued between 1687 and 1726. If Pascal had really been in possession of the idea of gravitation, his results relative to the masses of the planets, &c., would necessarily be based on observations prior to 1662, and would be rude and defective when compared with those even in the 1687 edition of the *Principia*. In the forged documents, however, the numbers are not approximations, as might have been expected, to Newton's first results; but correspond *exactly* to those published by him in 1726, which were based upon the observations of Pound and Bradley, men who were not born when Pascal had died. While it is just that the late Sir David Brewster, Martin, and Le Verrier should have their share of credit for exhibiting the falsity of the papers, the detection of so important a piece of evidence—as conclusive of their spuriousness as the occurrence of the word "its" was of the Rowley poems—should not be forgotten in the records of what will hereafter appear as one of the most singular chapters in the history of astronomy.

Jane Austen.—The writer of an elaborate article on Jane Austen, in the last number of the *North British Review*, thus appreciatively sums up the character and genius of that most lovable of authors:—

"She shows what patience, perseverance, modest study, and a willingness to keep her compositions for the test of time, could do for a genius not very commanding in its own nature. Her example preaches with the mediæval poet,

'Ars compensabit quod vis tibi magna negabit.'

Art will make up for want of force. Altogether, she is a luminary not beyond the spell of ordinary human magic,

'A being not too wise or good
For human nature's daily food.'

But this is no more than a New Zealander might have said of the missionary whom he was about to eat. Miss Austen should have some more distinctive appraisement. In the gallery of authors hers is one of the most graceful and kindly figures. There is not a quality in her which is repulsive,

not one which calls for suspension of judgment or the allowance usually claimed for the eccentricities of genius, not one so transcendent as to raise her above imitation or emulative hope. Hers is a magnetic attractiveness which charms while it compels. As she has a way of melting love into intelligence, so her intelligence becomes in turn amiable. Montalembert's first literary essay was the biography of a woman, who, in a different sphere, and for different reasons, exerted this kind of influence over his mind; and he adopted as his own the title which the simple devotees of Germany from Tauler downwards have given to die liebe H. Elisabeth, la chère Sainte Elisabeth. Might we not for like reasons borrow from Miss Austen's biographer the title which the affection of a nephew bestows upon her, and recognize her officially as 'dear aunt Jane?' "

Burial of Charles Dickens.—At 6 o'clock on the morning of June 14th the remains of Charles Dickens were conveyed from his residence at Gads-hill, by train, to the Charing Cross Station. There waited at the station a plain hearse, without the usual English trappings, and three plain coaches. In the first coach were placed the children of the deceased, Charles and Harry Dickens, Miss Dickens, and Mrs. Charles Collins. In the second were Miss Hogarth, the sister-in-law, and Mrs. Austen, the sister of Dickens, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Jr., and John Forster. In the third coach were Frank Beard, Charles Collins, Mr. Overy, Wilkie Collins, and Edmund Dickens. The entire party were attired in deep but simple mourning, without bands or scarfs. There was no crowd at the Charing Cross Station, and the procession was driven at once to Westminster Abbey, where the remains were received by Dean Stanley and other officials, and placed in the Poet's Corner, at the foot of Handel and at the head of Sheridan, with Macaulay and Cumberland on either side.

The usual flowers were strewn upon the bier. Dean Stanley read the burial service, the coffin was deposited in its final resting-place, and the funeral of Dickens was ended.

Upon the coffin-plate were inscribed the words:

Charles Dickens.
Born February 7, 1812,
Died June 9, 1870.

There seems to have been some hesitancy at first as to the proper resting-place for Mr. Dickens, he having, it is said, intimated during his lifetime a disinclination to any public funereal pageantry, and the decision was finally left to the government. There are few who will not agree that Westminster Abbey is the most fitting place that could have been chosen. Some, it is true, have expressed a regret that he was not "buried in some quiet country church-yard, among the people whom he loved so well;" but with this we can feel little sympathy. Westminster Abbey will be a shrine for reverential pilgrimages long after the sentiment which inspires such a wish, founded upon a pseudo taste for the picturesque, will have passed away; and no Englishman nor American, no admirer of immortal genius anywhere, will stand hereafter in the grand old Abbey and look upon the monu-

ments of England's illustrious dead who would not be disappointed should he fail to find among them the tomb of Charles Dickens.

SCIENCE.

Electrical Resistance Pyrometer.—A pyrometer, or heat-measurer, is an instrument used for measuring very high temperatures, especially the temperature of furnaces in metal, glass, and pottery works. The pyrometer hitherto used is that known as Wedgewood's, in which the shrinkage of a piece of fireclay indicates the temperature. But this method has never been regarded as satisfactory; and Mr. C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., with characteristic ingenuity, has invented what he calls the Electrical Resistance Pyrometer, which is based on a certain peculiarity in the pure metals, that their resistance to the electric current increases with the temperature. He coils a platinum wire of known resistance round a small cylinder of fireclay, and by a tube or shield of platinum, protects it from the destructive action of the flame of the furnace without preventing access of heat. When the instrument is in operation in a roaring furnace, the resistance of the enclosed wire increases rapidly, and the amount thereof is measured by a compact resistance-measurer specially designed for the purpose by Mr. Siemens. This measurer is placed outside the furnace, where it can be easily read off, and is connected with a small Daniell's battery and the pyrometer by wires. The importance of this arrangement to all who work in metals may be judged of from the fact that it measures accurately the highest temperatures, even to the melting-point of platinum.

Electricity in the Human Body.—In a short paper, by Sir Charles Wheatstone, on a *Cause of Error in Electroscopic Experiments*, read at the Royal Society, the author shows how easy it is for a person making delicate electrical experiments to avoid error. The human body becomes electrical in different degrees according to circumstances, but particularly in a well-warmed room in frosty weather, when walking across the carpet or rubbing it with the feet will charge the body with electricity, and on touching with the finger the electrometer or galvanometer, the needle is seen to make a wide sweep round the dial. Different amounts of deflection may be produced by changes of dress: they are less forcible when worsted stockings are worn than with cotton, and can be made to vary with the material of the boot-sole. Consequently, any one investigating the phenomena of animal electricity must guard very carefully against his own 'personal error,' as astronomers would call it. Even stamping on the carpet, and immediately raising the foot, will produce a movement of the needle over several degrees. The effect can also be shown when two or more persons join hands; and a clever spirit-rapper might persuade credulous folk that the spirits with their occult influences were at work among the party.

Ocean Statistics.—The Meteorological Office of the Board of Trade, in carrying out their scheme of Ocean Statistics, from which great advantage may be anticipated to navigation and to meteorological science, have constructed two charts, of which all whose business it is to go down to the sea

in ships will appreciate the value. One is a Wind-chart, the other a Current-chart. They include a district of the Atlantic lying between the equator and 10 degrees north, and 20 degrees and 30 degrees west, and contain the results of about five years' observations made during the month of November. In the same way the prevalent winds and currents for each month of the year are to be shown; so that at whatever season a vessel may be on her voyage, the captain will be able, by consulting his charts, to choose the route in which he will be likely to find the most favorable wind and current. The advantage will be great, especially in that equatorial belt of calms known among sailors as "the Doldrums." The advantage will, of course, be largely increased when similar charts shall have been constructed for every district of the ocean wherever ships sail; and not only commerce and navigation, but physical science, may be expected to benefit by the intimate knowledge that will be obtained of the winds and currents of the globe.

A Prize.—The Philosophical Faculty of the University of Göttingen has announced for the 11th March, 1873, a prize of 500 thalers in gold, and a second prize of 200 thalers in gold on the Beneke foundation, for the best new determination of the atomic weights of the metals of the earth. The limits of error in the results obtained must be exactly fixed, and the investigation must be accompanied by a complete critical review of the existing scientific material connected with it. In his classical researches in this field, Stas ascertained the combining weights of ten elements, leaving those of five-sixths of the elements more or less unprecisely determined. It has been resolved, therefore, to subject some of the numbers to careful revision, and those attached to the earth-metals have been selected. The dissertation, written in Latin, French, German, or English, and distinguished by a motto, must be deposited with the Dean of the Faculty on or before August 31, 1872.

Gold and its Goings.—The estimated amount of gold in existence at the commencement of the Christian era was \$427,000,000. At the discovery of America, in 1492, this amount had diminished to \$57,000,000. In 1600 the amount had risen to \$105,000,000; in 1700 to \$351,000,000; in 1800 to \$1,251,000,000. The Russian mines, extending over one-third of the surface of the globe, on parallel fifty degrees north latitude, were discovered in 1810.

In 1843 the estimated amount of gold in existence was \$2,000,000,000.

Next followed the discoveries in California, February 9, 1848, and in Australia, February 12, 1851, which added enormously to the gold production. In 1853 the amount in existence was computed at \$3,000,000,000; and in 1860 it was \$4,000,000,000.

From the commencement of the Christian era to the discovery of America, it was estimated that gold had been taken from the surface and mined to the amount of \$3,800,000,000. From that date to the close of 1842, \$2,800,000,000; to 1860, Russia adds \$746,000,000 and California and Australia, \$2,000,000,000 more. The amount of gold at present in existence is estimated at \$5,950,000,000. The quantity of gold and silver, of all denominations, in all quarters of the globe, is

set down by the best authorities at from three to four hundred millions pounds sterling; and the quantity of plate and ornaments at about \$400,000,000.

In the reign of Darius gold was thirteen times more valuable, weight for weight, than silver. In the time of Plato it was twelve times as valuable. In that of Julius Cæsar gold was only nine times more valuable, owing, perhaps, to the enormous quantity of gold seized by him in his wars. It is a natural question to ask, what became of the gold and silver? A paper read before the Polytechnic Association by Dr. Stephens, recently, is calculated to meet this inquiry. He says, of our annual gold product, full fifteen per cent. is melted down for manufacture; thirty-five per cent. goes to Europe; twenty-five per cent. to Cuba; fifteen per cent. to Brazil; five per cent. direct to Japan, China, and the Indies; leaving but five per cent. for circulation in this country. Of that which goes to Cuba, the West Indies, Brazil, full fifty per cent. finds its way to Europe, where, after deducting a large percentage used in manufacturing, four-fifths of the remainder is exported to India. Here the transit of the precious metal is at an end. Here the supply, however vast, is absorbed, and never returns to the civilized world.—*Christian Union*.

New Method of Producing Ice.—In the new machine for producing ice and cold, invented by Franz Windhausen, of Brunswick, we learn that the process takes place in a cylinder, where the air is first powerfully condensed, then cooled by the admission of water, and finally expanded till its pressure is about equal to that of the atmosphere. This simple process, we are told, leads to astounding results, for it lowers the temperature of the air to about 50 degrees Celsius, so that after the latter has been conducted, in moderate quantities, into a space through which water flows, this water is almost immediately turned into ice, of which enormous blocks may be thus obtained if desired. The inventor is very sanguine about the utility of the machine for cooling large apartments, theatres, hospitals and other localities where the want of pure, cool air is often much felt. No chemicals whatever are required, either for the freezing or cooling process.—*North German Correspondent*.

Tarchiani and Billi's Method of Embalming.—The experiments which have recently been made in Italy for the purpose of discovering a method by which animal substances might be embalmed, or attain to a stony consistence by which they might be preserved from natural decay for an indefinite period, have not been confined to Prof. Abbate in Southern Italy; for Messrs. Tarchiani & Billi, of Florence, have also succeeded in imparting a stony consistence to portions of the human viscera, such, for example, as the heart, lungs, liver, and kidneys: these objects have very much the appearance, as well as the hardness of the well-known preparations of Segato, which are to be seen at the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence. The method by which this result was attained, it will be remembered, was lost to science at the death of the discoverer, as Segato never divulged his secret during his lifetime. Animals, such as cats, dogs, and birds, have also been very well preserved by the present process of Tarchiani, particularly the latter, the feathers not being in the least man-

ner apparently injured by the process of petrification to which they had been submitted; these several preparations, we have been assured by the discoverers, have been embalmed without any of the contained viscera being removed or touched; the animal, or a portion of the same, is placed in a bath containing the necessary ingredients, which are also stated to be very moderate in price and simple in their application; the same bath, we are also informed, will serve to prepare many objects, and can be kept for a long period without deteriorating or losing any of its original strength. Tarchiani having so far succeeded in petrifying animal substances, which process might be applied to the preservation of anatomical preparations, as well as to objects of natural history, has endeavored to apply his system to the preservation of meat and poultry, with a view to its application in South America. Several pounds of raw beef were placed in a box containing the antiseptic agent in the month of August, 1866; the box was then closed and seals placed upon it in the presence of several witnesses; these same parties were present at the opening of the box in the month of February, 1870 (the seals having been examined to ascertain that they had not been tampered with); the meat was then found to be perfectly free from smell, and was considered to be sound; it was then roasted and eaten by many persons present, and was considered to have acquired a taste as if it had been placed in a strong solution of salt, although not in any manner presenting the appearance that beef acquires when it has remained for some time in pickle; the color was natural, and the beef entirely free from any odor; the fat had been particularly well preserved; in fact, the beef was considered to be far superior to any meat that might have been placed for the same period (six months) in brine. This first experiment, however satisfactory it may have appeared to be as a first essay, was not considered sufficiently conclusive by the members of the Committee appointed to examine into the merits of the process to warrant any report being drawn up for presentation to the Italian Government; consequently a second trial was demanded, and on the 20th of February, 1870, twenty to thirty pounds of raw meat were placed in a box, which was then closed and sealed by the members of the Committee in the presence of many witnesses; the box was then deposited in safe-keeping, to be opened on the 20th of May, 1870, in the presence of the parties who have affixed their seals, when a careful examination of the contents will take place, and a correct report will be made to the Italian Government as to the value of Messrs. Tarchiani and Billi's process.

Breadth of the Spectrum-lines.—In some new researches, especially by Plücker, Hittorf, and Wüllner, a change is described in the spectra of gases, which appears to be in part produced by high pressure and high temperature. Herr Lippich attempts to establish an explanation of the widening of the spectrum-lines in elevated temperatures, from the gaseous theory of Krönig and Clausius. He develops the influence which the progressive motion of the gas-molecules will exercise upon the wave-lengths of the emitted light, and shows that the spectrum-lines must have a certain breadth, if the rapidity of this progressive motion is not to be neglected in comparison with

the rapidity of light. The widening also of single lines in the spectrum of the sun, which has been very recently described, Herr Lippich examines from the stand-point of his theory.—*Poggendorff's Annalen*, vol. 139, p. 465.

Dynamic Power of the Sun.—In a very able, short, and clear memoir, Signor Stanislas Vecchi treats, in the *Nuova Antologia* for May, 1870, of the dynamic power and action of the sun, and its most recent applications to industry. In the first place he gives the scientific calculations of the absolute and modified power of the sun upon our earth, and its principal effects in determining action or work in nature. He then proceeds to mention the action of light and heat on the atmosphere in producing currents in the air and in water, the consequent production of rain and water-courses, their chemical action on the air, and on the earth, the consequent effects on vegetation, the effects of their former activity stored up in minerals, in coal, in volcanic phenomena, &c., their relations to vegetable and animal life, and finally to industry, which avails itself of minerals, vegetables, air, water, and all other substances formed by the action of the sun's heat and light in producing further dynamic power.

The Motion of the Solar Prominences.—With reference to Mr. Lockyer's observations that the various vapor-currents in the hydrogen envelope, which has been called the chromosphere, and defined as possibly the outer layer of the sun's atmosphere, were so rapid and violent that the position of the hydrogen lines in the spectrum was altered, and that by noting the amount of alteration, the actual velocity of these "solar storms," as Mr. Lockyer has termed them, could be determined without difficulty; Father Secchi, of Rome, who a long time ago denied the accuracy of these observations, and the validity of these conclusions, has quite recently returned to the charge. Father Secchi asserts that the alterations observed in the wave-length are really due to the *sun's rotation*, and then he proves by calculation that the velocity of the sun's surface at the equator is 429 kilometres per second. He next calculates what alteration this motion should make in the position of the hydrogen lines in the spectrum; and last of all he points his spectroscope to the sun and sees exactly such alterations as his calculations require. Now this at first appears a final answer to Mr. Lockyer, but Volpicelli and Fizeau have pointed out that Father Secchi's calculation in fact shows him to be ignorant of Mr. Lockyer's reasoning, and that his 429 kilometres per second should really read two kilometres.

ART.

The Works of Ancient Masters as valued by their contemporaries.—This high esteem in which the ancient painters were held by their contemporaries is shown again clearly in the value which their works commanded. If it be true that a marble statue, made by an inferior artist, was worth currently 450*l.* sterling, \$2,400 gold, in that Rome where statues, as Pliny says, were more numerous than the inhabitants, where Nero brought five hundred, in bronze, from the temple of Delphi alone, and from the soil of which had been

dug—in the time of the Abbé Barthélemy—more than seventy thousand; if it be true that for the *Diadumene*, Polycletus was paid a hundred talents (21,600*l.* or \$108,000 gold), and that Attalus in vain offered the inhabitants of Cnidus to pay all their debts in exchange for the *Venus* of Praxiteles, — the other productions of high art, of which Athens acquired a monopoly, must have risen to a value which in our days can scarcely be believed. From the uniform testimony of Plutarch and Pliny, who would have been contradicted if they had asserted falsehoods or exaggerations, Nicias refused for one of his pictures sixty talents (12,960*l.*, or \$64,800 gold), and made a present of it to the town of Athens; Caesar paid eighty talents (17,280*l.*, or \$86,400 gold), for the two pictures of Timomachus, which he placed at the entrance to the temple of Venus Genetrix; a picture of Aristides which was called the *Beautiful Bacchus*, and the *Diadumene* of Polycletus, were each sold for one hundred talents (21,600*l.*, or \$108,000 gold); and when the town of Sicyon was laden with debts which its revenues were not sufficient to pay, the pictures which belonged to the public were sold, and the produce of these works sufficed to pay the amount — *From the Wonders of Italian Art*, published by CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.

Discovery of Art Treasures in Italy.—The *Gazzetta di Mantua* of March gives details of some very important fresco paintings just discovered in and near Asola. Those in S. Erasmo are partly late Byzantine; those in S. Rocco are, from their style and beauty, attributed to Perdone. But the most important is a fresco of the Last Supper, in the manner of Leonardo da Vinci, discovered in the church of S. Croce, about three-quarters of a mile from Asola. In the draperies, distribution of viands on the table, and in the background, there are divergences of detail from the great fresco of Leonardo. Researches are now being made for documents throwing light upon the history of these frescoes.—The *Perseveranza* of Milan (April 25th) reports that, in the execution of some sewage works in the Piazza del Duomo, the remains of a beautiful construction, with *tesserae* of colored marbles, have been found, corresponding to the description given of a magnificent palace, with circus and baths, which Nerva is said to have constructed on this spot. A large number of human bones have also been found at different depths, and among these some fine and very ancient spurs.—The *Monitore di Bologna* of the 23d April, 1870, says that the excavations at the Certosa of Bologna have lately brought to light a large cista, and a fourth tumulus containing bones and ashes, with which were mixed fragments of figured vases and cups, one of them an elegant piece of workmanship in bronze. The most interesting object is a large cippus, just dug up in almost perfect preservation. Its form is a truncated oval. It is covered with three rows of bas-reliefs: in the uppermost of which is a serpent and a sea-horse; in the middle one a *biga* with figures; and in the lowest a figure and a winged *genius*. It is considered unique of its kind.—We learn further from the *Adige* of Verona (5th April) the discovery of some beautiful frescoes under the whitewash on the walls of the cathedral of that city. Nearly the whole of one wall has been now uncov-

ered, which contains a very valuable painting by Falconetto. The other walls contain pictures by the same Falconetto, and by Cavazzola, Mantegna, Morone, Liberale, and Benaglio. The discoverer, Sig. Nanin, is writing a description of them.

The *Moniteur des Arts*, of Paris, gives some interesting information on the subject of picture-copying in Italy. In the Uffizi Palace at Florence there are one hundred artists at work daily. A picture perpetually being copied is a triptych by Fra Angelico, with a border of heavenly musicians. It takes eight days to copy one of these angels well, and the copy sells at from sixty to eighty francs. Before this picture four copyists are always at work. In the gallery of the Pitti Palace there are not so many copyists. Nevertheless they manage to finish three hundred reproductions annually. The favorite subject in this gallery is the “*Vierge de la Chaise*” of Raphael. It takes two months to turn out a single copy of this work. The copyists are chiefly Italians. There are a few Frenchmen and Germans, but very seldom is an Englishman found here. It will be recollected that one of the most beautiful characters in Hawthorne’s “*Marble Faun*” was one of these copyists, an American artist, named Hilda.

An immense depot of ancient marble has been discovered on the banks of the Tiber, at Rome, a few feet beneath the soil. The depot is composed of large and small blocks of every shape and size, hewn and unhewn, pillars, pilasters, chapters of columns of every style of Grecian architecture, in every stage, finished and unfinished. Many of the blocks bear the names of the builders or contractors, the use for which they were destined, and the marks of the implements with which they were cut eighteen centuries ago; they comprise marbles of every description, from the rarest to the most common, many being from the famous African quarry which is now unknown. The pope has sent several blocks of marble of great beauty from this depot, to adorn the cathedral of Cologne, which is now nearly finished.

London artists generally take up their abodes in the suburbs of London; and, judging from the Academy catalogue, their favorite home is Kensington, the dwellers in which send one hundred and eight works, while Paddington contents itself with sixty-one, Chelsea with fifty-nine, Fulham with thirteen, Kilburn with nine, Hammersmith with seven, Brentford and Chiswick with four, St. John’s Wood and its neighborhood with fifteen; and Hampstead, Highgate, Haverstock Hill, Belsize, etc., supply about twenty-one works. Kensington, then, is not only the “court” suburb, but also the “art” suburb.

A collection of enamelled porcelains has been discovered on Mount Beuvray, the site of the ancient Gallic oppidum, Eibacte, where excavations on a large scale have been made during the last two years. The earthen and porcelain vases are uniformly stamped with Greek letters, which confirms the assertion of Caesar that the ancient Gauls made use of Greek characters in writing their language.

A writer in the *Spectator*, referring to the pictures in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy,

says: "The scale of English color seems visibly changing. The crude thick coloring in full tints of the Pre-Raphaelites is yielding to a fashion of very thin coloring in pale tints and half-tints, varying from a light gray to a sickly yellow."

The famous collection of antique gems, belonging to Prof. Berghau, of the Academy of Fine Arts in Nuremberg, and known among archaeologists as the largest and most valuable private accumulation of the kind in existence, is now offered for sale.

The Forty-fifth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design was brought to a close on Saturday, June 25. The exhibition seems to have been more successful, from an artistic point of view, than any other which has recently preceded it, the pictures being numerous, and, on the whole, quite creditable; but the attendance was, if possible, more meagre than ever. It is astonishing and most lamentable to see the absolute indifference with which the public regard our National Academy, and it is melancholy to think that the Academy itself is in great part responsible for such a state of affairs. Unless something is done pretty soon to revitalize it, the Academy had as well close its doors and dispose of its property. There is to be a Summer Exhibition, commencing some time this month.

Many years ago, and before Landseer was as renowned as he now is, he was very poor; and it is said that one day he paid £1 for the body of a dead lion, from which he made a most successful picture, called "A Lion attacked by a Serpent." He was fortunate enough to find a purchaser immediately, and this was the commencement of his fame. The dead lion turned Landseer into a living lion.—*Court Journal*.

Mr. Woolner is to execute, by request, a bust of Mr. Charles Dickens; he has the advantage of a mask which was cast for the purpose.—*Athenaeum*.

VARIETIES.

Programme of the coming General Conference of Christians, in New York.—The great Protestant Conference of Christians, to be held next month in New York, will undoubtedly take rank among the most important religious assemblies ever convened in America.

The subjects to be discussed embrace nearly all the great questions which during the past century have been agitating Christendom, and the distinguished men who compose the Conference, and will take part in its deliberations, from the various countries of the old world, are such as probably never before met in council. Such a Conference cannot fail to promote very greatly that Christian union among Protestants which we all so much desire to see developed.

The following Programme of its contemplated proceedings will, we think, be of more than transient interest.

PROGRAMME.

PRELIMINARY SESSION.

Thursday Evening, September 22d.

Social reunion of Members and Delegates in a public hall.

Address of Welcome, by the Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., LL.D., New York; and Replies by Officers and Delegates of Foreign Alliances.

Friday, September 23d.

I. Organization of the Conference—Election of Officers, etc.

II. Address by the PRESIDENT of the Conference.

III. Reports on the Present State of Protestant Christendom.

Rev. EUGENE BERSIER: State of Religion in France.

Prof. A. THOLUCK, D.D., Halle: Evangelical Theology in Germany.

Rev. H. KRUMMACHER, Brandenburg: Practical Religion in Germany.

Rev. COHEN STUART, Rotterdam: Holland and Belgium.

Prof. REVEL, Florence: Italy.

Rev. ANTONIO CARRASCO, Madrid: Spain.

Dean KIND, of the Grisons: Switzerland.

Bishop MARTENSEN, or Dr. KALKAR, Copenhagen: Scandinavia.

Rev. Dr. KOENIG, Hungary: Austria.

Rev. ROBT. MURRAY, D.D., Halifax: British Provinces of America.

Rev. ABEL STEVENS, D.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.: United States.

Saturday, September 24th.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

I. Vital Union by Faith with Christ—the Basis of Christian Union:

Rev. JOSEPH ANGUS, London, D.D.

Prof. CHAS. HODGE, D.D., Princeton, N. J.

II. The Communion of Saints; Modes of its Promotion and Manifestation—Christian Union consistent with Denominational Distinctions:

Bishop McILVAINE, D.D., D.C.L., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rev. C. D. MARSTON, Rector of Kersal, Manchester.

III. The Evangelical Alliance—its Objects and Influence in promoting Christian Union and Religious Liberty:

Rev. JAMES DAVIS, Sec. of the British Organization.

Bishop GEO. D. CUMMINS, D.D., of Kentucky.

IV. Relations Spiritual and Ecclesiastical, between the United States of America and the British Empire:

Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D., London.

V. Religious Relations between America and Continental Europe.

Prof. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., New York.

Sunday, September 25th;

Morning.—Sermons by Ministers from Europe in all the Churches opened to the Alliance.

Evening.—Meetings for Prayer and short Addresses in various Churches, and in different Languages.

Monday, September 26th.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS ANTAGONISTS.

I. Rationalism and Pantheism:

- Prof. VON DER GOLTZ, D.D., Basel, Switzerland.
- Prof. W. F. WARREN, D.D., Boston.
- II. Materialism and Positivism :
 Pres. JAMES M'COSH, D.D., LL.D., Princeton, N.J.
- III. The Causes of, and best Methods of Counteracting Modern Infidelity :
 Rev. JOHN CAIRNS, D.D., Berwick, England.
- Prof. THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, D.D., Bonn, Prussia.
- Rev. HENRY ALLON, London.
- IV. Harmony of Science and Revelation :
 General Superintendent W. HOFFMAN, D.D., Berlin.
- Prof. ARNOLD HENRY GUYOT, Princeton, N.J.
- V. The Gospel History and Modern Scepticism :
 Prof. J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, D.D., Utrecht, Holland.
- VI. The Gospel and Philosophy :
 Prof. ERNEST NAVILLE, Geneva.
- VII. Reason and Faith :
 Rev. E. A. WASHBURN, D.D., New York.
- VIII. Christianity and Humanity :
 Prof. F. GODET, D.D., Neuchatel.

Tuesday, September 27th.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- I. Personal Religion—its Aids and Hindrances :
 Prof. PHELPS, D.D., Andover, Mass.
- Rev. RICHARD FULLER, D.D., Baltimore, Md.
- II. Family Religion :
 CHARLES REED, Esq., M.P., England.
- Rev. W. S. PLUMER, D.D., Columbia, S. C.
- III. Sunday Schools :
 Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D., Philadelphia.
- Rev. EDWIN B. WEBB, D.D., Boston.
- Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., New York.
- IV. Religious Aspects of Popular Education in Christian Countries :
 Hon. Baron VAN LOON, Amsterdam (with regard to Holland).
- Pres. MARK HOPKINS, D.D., Williams College, Mass. (with regard to America).
- Prof. PFLEIDERER, Wurtemberg (with regard to Germany).
- V. Religious Education in the South :
 Rev. P. SEARS, D.D., Staunton, Va.
- VI. Demands of Christianity upon its Professors in Commercial and Public Affairs—The Right Use of Wealth :
 Bishop MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., Philadelphia.
- Pres. MARTIN B. ANDERSON, LL.D., Rochester, N. Y.
- VII. Revivals of Religion: how to make them productive of permanent good ;
 W. W. PATTON, D.D., Chicago, Ill.
- S. W. FISHER, D.D., Utica, N. Y.
- VIII. Christianity and the Press :
 G. H. DAVIS, LL.D., Sec. London Rel. Tract Society.
- Rev. W. R. WILLIAMS, D.D., New York.

Wednesday, September 28th.

PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM.

- I. Principles of the Reformation—Supremacy of the Bible—Justification by Faith—Christian Liberty :
 Prof. I. A. DORNER, D.D., University of Berlin.
- II. Effects of the Reformation upon Modern Civilization :
 Prof. I. LICHTENBERGER, D.D., Strasbourg.
- Prof. GEO. P. FISHER, D.D., New Haven.
- III. Present Aspects of Romanism—Ultramontaniam—The Ecumenical Council of 1869—Temporal Power of the Papacy—Lessons to be learnt from Romanism :
 Rev. EDMUND DE PRESSENSE, D.D., Paris.
- Rev. R. S. STORRS, D.D., Brooklyn.
- IV. The training required to enable Protestant Ministers effectually to meet the Intellectual and Practical Demands of the Present Age :
 Rev. FRANK COULIN, D.D., Geneva.
- Prof. ALVAH HOVEY, D.D., Newton Centre, Mass.

Thursday, September 29th.

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

- I. Present State of Religious Liberty in the different nations of Christendom :
 Rev. EDWARD STEANE, D.D., London.
- II. Church and State :
 Rev. FRED. FABRI, D.D., Barmen, Prussia.
- Prof. THEODORE DWIGHT, LL.D., New York.
- III. Constitution and Government in the United States as Related to Religion :
 Pres. WOOLSEY, D.D., Yale Cottage, New Haven.
- IV. Legislation upon Moral Questions :
 Hon. W. M. EVARTS, LL.D., New York.
- V. Sunday Laws :
 ALEX. LOMBARD, Esq., Geneva, Switzerland.
- Hon. WILLIAM F. ALLEN, Albany, N. Y.
- Rev. JOHN GRITTON, Lord's Day Observance Society, London.
- VI. The Free Churches on the Continent of Europe :
 Prof. ASTIE, Lausanne, Switzerland.
- Prof. C. PRONIER, Geneva, Switzerland.
- VII. The Effects of Civil and Religious Liberty upon Christianity :
 Prof. DANIEL R. GOODWIN, D.D., Philadelphia.
- VIII. Support of the Ministry :
 Pres. W. H. CAMPBELL, D.D., New Brunswick, N. J.
- Rev. JOHN HALL, D.D., New York.

Friday, September 30th.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS—Foreign and Domestic.

- I. Protestant and Roman Catholic Missions compared in their Principles, Methods, and Results :
 Rev. DR. GRUNDEMANN, Gotha, Germany.

II. Protestant Missions among the Oriental Churches.

Rev. Dr. H. H. JESSUP, Beirut, Syria.

III. Missions among Civilized and Uncivilized Nations:

Rev. JOSEPH MULLENS, D.D., Secretary of the London Miss. Society.

IV. Territorial Divisions of Missionary Fields of Labor:

Rev. RUFUS ANDERSON, D.D., Boston.

Rev. Professor A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D., Edinburgh, Dean of the Chapel Royal.

V. Obligations of Science, Literature, and Diplomacy to Christian Missions:

Rev. Dr. VAN DYCK, M.D., Beirut, Syria.

Hon. PETER PARKER, M.D., LL.D., Washington, D. C.

VI. Evangelization of the Masses in Nominally Christian Countries—Inner Missions in Germany—City Missions in England and the United States, &c.—Lay Preaching:

Count ANDREAS BERNSTORF, President of the German Branch of the E. A.

Rev. Dr. NAST, Cincinnati.

Dr. L. S. JACOBI, Bremen.

VII. Christian Work among Western Settlers, the Freedmen, Indians, and Chinese in the United States.

Bishop PAYNE, Xenia, Ohio (Freedmen).

VIII. Laws and Modes of Progress in Christ's Kingdom.

Rev. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D., Hartford, Ct.

Saturday, October 1st.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL EVILS.

I. Intemperance and its Suppression:

Prof. H. A. NELSON, D.D., Lane Theol. Seminary, Cincinnati.

II. Pauperism and its Remedy:

Rev. W. MUHLENBERG, D.D., New York.

G. H. STUART, Esq., Philadelphia.

III. War and its Prevention:

Rev. HENRY W. BEECHER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IV. False Theories of Marriage, with special reference to Mormonism:

Prof. DANIEL P. KIDDER, D.D., Chicago.

V. Christian Philanthropy—Hospitals—Deaconesses—Refuges—Ragged Schools—Prisons:

Rev. Dr. WICHERN, Berlin, Prussia.

Rev. THOS. GUTHRIE, D.D., Edinburgh.

GEORGE HANBURY, Esq., London.

Count ACENOR DE GASPARIN, Geneva.

Rev. Dr. PASSAVANT, Pittsburg, Pa.

ANGUS A. CROLL, Esq., London.

Bishop B. BIGLER, Lancaster, Pa.

Sunday, October 2d.

CLOSE OF THE CONFERENCE.

MORNING.—Sermons in various churches in New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity.

EVENING.—Farewell Service of the Conference, with Addresses and Prayers in each language represented.

CONGRESS ON MATTERS OF EMIGRATION.

On Monday and Tuesday after the Conference an International Congress will be held for the

Discussion and Promotion of the Material, Social, and Spiritual Welfare of the Emigrants, in which Delegates from Europe and America are to take part.

The New Life Insurance Company.—The press have with a pleasant unanimity called favorable attention to the new Life Insurance company which opens its operations under such fine auspices and with such a suggestively sound name, "The Merchants'" company. That this name is not a mere name, but is significant of facts, is evidenced by the list of directors, where are found the names of gentlemen eminent in this metropolis of riches for their wealth, their experience, their well-known and successful careers in commerce, finance, and trade. They are "merchants" who certainly could not afford an enterprise to go out with their endorsement unless it stood high in ability to perform its undertakings in assuring all policies issued and in the integrity and efficiency of its management.

The company starts out with the peculiarity of *no new features*; that is, it is based on the plans and rates and arrangements of the oldest and most successful companies, embodying all the real, tested, proved improvements, and will be managed by officers of long experience and known performance, under the supervision of directors whom the community has confidence in. This is the prospect. The purely mutual principle of operation, giving every policy-holder a share of the profits; the non-forfeitable policies, giving patrons the benefit of every dollar they pay in; the freedom from restrictions on travel, residence, occupation, etc., making it an agreeable company to insure in; and the low ratio of expense adopted as the central point of management, guaranteeing a constant effort to keep the common interest of all concerned in view—these are indicative of the right kind of Conservatism, and if these promises are fulfilled as faithfully as they are intelligently made, there can be no reasonable doubt of the great success of the company.

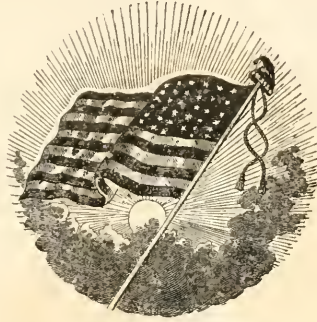
One point, however, has been determined upon in order to increase the interest taken in the company's labors, by places throughout the country where insurance is effected. That is, to appoint from among those holding policies for ten thousand dollars, *Local Directors*, whose privilege and duty it will be to keep up a supervisory connection with the business of the company in their immediate vicinity.

Should any desire information concerning rates of premium, or on the general subject of Life Insurance, the company advertise that they will very cordially furnish books and pamphlets treating on these matters, either to personal applicants at their office, 257 Broadway, New York, or by mail.—*Christian Union.*

Professor Frazer, of Edinburgh, whose edition of the *Life and Works of Bishop Berkeley* will shortly be published, is at present in Ireland, collecting materials for a biography of the philosopher, respecting whom much information hitherto unpublished has come to light. The forthcoming edition will contain an additional tract, preserved in Berkeley's autograph in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and hitherto unpublished.



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bishops on the Liberal side has just appeared under the title "Ce qui se passe au Concile." It portrays, with force and indignation, the several events which have gradually suppressed all freedom in the assembly, especially since the decree of the 20th of February. This regulation is a genuine monstrosity; never was a more insolent defiance launched against just and rightful claims. The Opposition felt themselves hampered by the rules at first imposed on their deliberations; their complaints were answered by an aggravation of those rules that was simply scandalous. Upon this, they communicated their grievances on the points in debate to one of the great commissions. A summary report on their amendments and objections was presented. The oral debate was opened, but it was deemed sufficient response to these demands, that all discussion of them should be formally adjourned *sine die*.

The following extract from the pamphlet named above, expresses the justifiable indignation of the men who were thus trampled on:—

"Let us call up in thought the simplest notion of an Œcumenical Council, which is that of an assembly of bishops met to deliberate and decide in tranquillity and freedom under the presidency of the Pope, and then let us seek for its realization in the proceedings of the last four months beneath the dome of St. Peter's. Do we find it in the preparation for its work? There the influence of the bishops had been *nil*. Is it to be found in the debates that have ensued? By an unprecedented self-abnegation, the assembly has allowed its power to be absorbed by commissions selected without its privity, under high pressure from one party, and as it were unawares. Debate in general convocation has been a mere illusion; discussion has been muzzled, and free speech gagged. Or is it discoverable at the moment of voting? This also is without warrant or control, always at the mercy of a triumphant majority. On the other hand, passion is dominating more and more; old traditions and usages are abandoned, just claims forgotten, and the most elementary rules set at naught. We ask ourselves where is the Council? Those who form the majority are nevertheless persons distinguished for piety and virtue; they know that the mere name is not enough to constitute an Œcumenical Council; that certain rules cannot be disregarded with impunity; that a good cause does not need to be supported by violence!"

From the same source we give the following information concerning the proceedings of the Council during the last three months:—

"According to official statistics lately published at Rome, the number of Fathers actually seated in conclave at the Vatican is 759: seven having died since its opening, and four having obtained leave of absence. Of these 759 there are, in round numbers, 50 cardinals; 100 vicars-apostolic; 50 generals of orders and mitred abbots; more than 100 bishops of the Propaganda, 276 Italians, of whom 143 belong to the Pontifical States."

These numbers require some comment in order to convey their full significance. "Vicars Apostolic" occupy a relation to the Pope similar to that of civil functionaries in a despotic State to the sovereign who appoints them. The Propaganda founded by Gregory XIII. in 1585, consequently after the Council of Trent, added a new and powerful contingent to the docile soldiers of the Pope. The Episcopate of South America, Italy, and Spain is, in consequence of recent political revolutions, entirely at the mercy of the Holy See, to which it clings for support against the civil power. Besides this, the Papacy has acquired the right to nominate the bishops of more than 900 sees, all of which are absolutely dependent on it. While France, Germany, and Portugal, which reckon eighty-three out of the one hundred and eighty millions of Catholics, are represented by only one hundred and fifty-three bishops, the States of the church, which cannot exceed one million of Catholics, send one hundred and forty-three, almost thirty times more in proportion than the afore-named countries. We must not forget, moreover, that more than half the assembled Fathers are boarded and lodged at the Pope's expense. Many of these have been seen to shed tears under a conflict of feeling between the claims of conscience and the duties imposed by the hospitality they have received. Such are the elements of the majority on whose decisions hang the destinies of the church.

That which greatly aggravates the state of things as regards the minority, is the constant and eager interference of the Pope in every proceeding of the Council. We have already seen him, before its opening, making every preparation to secure the accomplishment of his own purpose; from

that time he has taken advantage of every opportunity, not hesitating even to decide beforehand the gravest questions submitted to the Council, and proclaiming to all who would listen, his own divinely appointed infallibility, as a characteristic of which nothing can deprive him, and declaring that those who dispute it are "bad Catholics." We ask, then, what is the use of a Council, and is it not a farce to pretend to submit to its deliberations a question which is predetermined?

As an example of Papal influence and abuse we may cite the terms in which M. de Montalembert, immediately after his decease, was characterized as a monster of pride, because, in his last letter, he had denounced Ultramontane idolatry. On this account the Pope set himself against the religious service which had been arranged by the friends of M. de Montalembert, substituting in its stead a low mass in an obscure church, simply to be said for "un certo Carlo." This was meant as a gross insult to the whole of Liberal Catholicism, which into the bargain was accused of semi-Catholicism. The affair with the Orientals is of a still more serious nature. The Oriental Catholics have always been allowed some special privileges as relics of their ancient freedom. They have been permitted to use their own form of worship, to elect their own bishops subject to the appointment of their Patriarch, and were only required to furnish the Pope with a document containing a profession of faith which constituted their union with the Papacy. The Holy Father, taking advantage of the complaisance of Monsignor Hassam,—a former pupil of the Propaganda, now Patriarch of the Armenian Church,—obtained from this courtly prelate the renunciation of his own rights and those of his community. But the scheme has not proved successful, and a section of the Armenian Church has just formed a schism at Constantinople. Neither threats nor promises could prevent this recoil from Roman tyranny. An Armenian archbishop who was known to the Vicar-General as strongly opposed to Monsignor Hassam's compliances, was compelled to take refuge in an Armenian convent, to escape being arrested in the streets of Rome. Pontifical authority did not even draw back from the conventual inclosure, but threatened to seize the rebel in his retreat. The convent resisted, and claimed Turk-

ish protection after allowing the archbishop and his vicar to make their escape. The Chaldean Catholics found themselves despoiled of their rights in a similar fashion. The Pope had himself appointed, without their intervention, two of their bishops. Their ancient bishops and patriarchs refused to come to Rome except under the promise that these newly-made bishops, whom they regarded as thrust upon them, should not also be present. But the Propaganda took care to override this promise, and in a tumultuous scene, wrung from the aged Patriarch of Babylon the renunciation of the liberties of his Church. His signature, obtained unawares at the close of a discourse in which he had maintained the right to liberty of worship, will have no weight in Chaldæa, where it will, no doubt, lead to a schism. It seems that the gentle Pontiff shrinks from nothing that he deems requisite to quell resistance.

He has not dared to use similar means with the recalcitrant bishops of the west; but he has not spared them in his briefs and discourses, as may be inferred from the following extract of a brief address to Dom Guéranger, the great champion of infallibility, whose work entitled "*La Monarchie Pontificale*," is the most important manifesto of the Ultramontanists:—

"BELOVED SON,

"It is a thing greatly to be lamented, that we find among nominal Catholics, men who, while they glory in that name, are wholly imbued with corrupt principles, which they hold so obstinately, that they will not submit their minds to the judgment of the Holy See, when it runs contrary to their own, even though it be corroborated by common consent, and the sanction of the Episcopate. Nay, they go still farther, and in defence of modern progress, and the welfare of society, they endeavor to bring the Church to their own views; regarding themselves as possessed of all wisdom, they do not blush to give the name of Ultramontanist to all who differ from them.

"They carry this folly to such an extreme, that they propose to remodel the divine institution of the Church, and adapt it to modern forms of civil government, in order that they may, with the greater ease, overthrow the authority of the supreme chief whom Christ has Himself appointed, whose prerogatives they dread. Their object is to disturb men's minds, to excite those of their faction and the ignorant vulgar against the faith generally professed. Beside the evil which they do in thus throwing the apple of dis-

cord among the faithful, and making a street-squabble out of questions of the most serious importance, they display a senselessness which we cannot but deplore, and which is equalled only by their audacity.

"For these reasons, we deem that you have done the Church great service in refuting the principal assertions which are met with in the works published under this influence, and by bringing to light the spirit of hatred, violence, and artifice, which characterizes them. You have achieved this work with so much firmness and brilliance, and with such abundant arguments drawn from antiquity and from ecclesiastical lore, that, condensing many things in few words, you have stripped off all their pretence of learning from men who have wrapped up their thoughts in language utterly bereft of sense."

After briefs of this class, which have been multiplied beyond all proportion, and which have been chiefly addressed to Infalibilist priests, who are under the influence or ecclesiastical sway of liberal bishops, we have had Papal allocutions addressed to the numerous visitors who came to offer to the Pope almost idolatrous incense. Pius IX. has taken advantage of every opportunity to crush the opposition bishops, and to exalt his own partisans. His fury knows no bounds, and no respect of persons. Witness the following fragment of the Allocution of January 9th.

"I am the Pope; the Vicar of Jesus Christ; the chief of the Catholic Church, and I have called this Council, which shall do His work. Some pretentious wise men would like to tamper with certain questions, and would not have us take one step against the ideas of the times, but these are leaders of the blind (*duces cæcorum*). I say,—I who cannot but speak the truth,—that if we would establish liberty, we must never fear to speak the truth, and to denounce error. I too would be free as well as the truth itself."

We give another fragment from a discourse delivered by the Pope on March 23rd, to his beloved Vicars Apostolic, who are as his body-guard.

"It is my joy to see you, and I believe also that it is your joy to be near to me. Pray;—for great difficulties surround us. A thought occurs to me, which I wish to communicate to you. It is at this moment as it was when Jesus stood at Pilate's bar—that which happened to Jesus is reproduced in the person of his

Vicar. The Jews were furious; Pilate wished to send them away, and to deliver the innocent One; but *si hunc dimittis non es amicus Cæsaris!* The Jews, the Pharisees, the multitude uttered that cry. Pilate dared not to be just! (Here, according to the *Univers*, the Pope made a gesture of disdain, and his words were uttered with an expression truly sublime.) And there are those now who are in fear of the world! They fear revolution! They know the truth well enough; they do not hate it; but, *non es amicus Cæsaris!* They will sacrifice all the rights of the Holy See, and their love for the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Miserable men! what must they do? They seek the applause of men. We, my children, we seek the approbation of God. You must sustain the claims of truth and righteousness. It is the duty of the bishops fearlessly to fight in the defence of truth alongside of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. My children, do not forsake me! (Cries of no, no!)"

The exultation of the inferior clergy knows no bounds. Every means are employed to fire their enthusiasm. The *Univers* continues to publish its ever-swelling list of signatures, accompanied with the demands of the Infalibilists, and with insult to all who oppose them. Priests who are daily arriving at Rome from all parts of France, are in a state of triumphant joy, which beggars description, but which surrounds the Council with an atmosphere of fanatical enthusiasm. On Saturday, May 14th, 300 of these men were received at the Vatican, when nothing could be heard but extatic and passionate shouts of *Vive l'Infaillible! Vive l'Infaillible!! Vive l'Infaillible!!!* The Pope blessed them with peculiar tenderness. Manifestations of this kind are organized whenever he goes out to visit a church, or to drive on the Pincian. A council held under such circumstances cannot be free. This circumstance will ultimately prove the stronghold of the Liberal party. The *Journal des Débats* has published letters from two of the most eminent French bishops, which breathe fiery indignation at Roman intrigues and Pontifical tyranny. The Germans use similar language. Both declare that such entire disregard of all conciliar rules has never been witnessed, that the constitution of the Church is trampled under foot, and that it is impossible to recognise the legitimate authority of such an assembly. Now that we know the way in which mat-

ters are managed at the Vatican, we can better understand the results of the first deliberations of the Council.

The canons of faith publicly proclaimed on Sunday, April 24th, present in themselves nothing of importance, except as their definition marks the first triumph of the Infallibilists. We cannot understand the admiration which they have elicited from some distinguished and liberal minds; such for instance as that of the author of the article in the *Correspondant* of May 10th, unless it be that in view of the long list of deplorable canons in the following chapters, he finds himself obliged to praise those which alone failed to rouse his indignation. In contrast with a thing which is altogether abominable, that which is less bad sometimes assumes the guise of goodness. *Primâ facie*, it is preposterous that the discussion of questions which open up all the canons of faith, should, because they do so, be fenced about by authority, and guarded by anathema. It may be conceded that a Council should decide points in dispute among Catholics, and determine the faith of those who acknowledge its authority, but in the face of the free thought which does not recognize its competence, it is imbecile to fulminate excommunications against those who laugh at its pretensions, and disdain the questionable advantage of its communion.

This discharge of ecclesiastical artillery makes a great blaze, but it is only a manifestation of weakness. It may have been of some importance when the Church was really queen and mistress of the nations, and when she alone possessed the right to teach, to restrain, and to chastise refractory minds. Her refusal to relinquish such pretensions only makes her the laughing-stock of Europe; for there is now but one spot in the wide world where she can enforce them, and that is Rome. There, her anathemas can still reach not only thought, but the thinker. But we do not believe that all this grand artillery of denunciations against free thought is aimed solely at the imprudent *savans* and critics who congregate in the Eternal City. The target would be too diminutive for weapons of such calibre. Arm-strong guns are not wanted to subdue a few recalcitrant schoolboys. No—the condemnations hurled against contem-

porary philosophy have no kind of significance; all this power is squandered not in serious fights, but in a species of fire-work, which the Council is letting off for its own diversion. The mere setting up of a tribunal is not enough to make its judgments effective; it is further necessary that the two contending parties should agree to appear at its bar, otherwise the judgment is little better than that of a Judge and Jury Club, or the decisions of *Perrin Dandin*, in Racine's "Plaideurs." Of the two adversaries between whom the Council professes to arbitrate, which are implicit faith and free-thought, one party only is willing to appear; unfortunately it is the one who is already seated on the tribunal, and who has pre-determined its own triumph. Reason and knowledge will not trouble themselves even to listen to its sentence, which is but a useless formality. When will the Church learn that in disputes touching questions of religion and philosophy, her only power consists in bringing argument against argument, and that the domain of discussion begins where that of docile superstition ends? Now-a-days, to mingle anathema with apology, is but to relinquish the hope of convincing without the power of compelling thought; it is but the sign of imbecile fury springing from a consciousness of a power for ever gone. A Council condemning freethought is doing a thing of about as much practical value as a French *Corps Législatif* pretending to make laws for Austria, or for England.

If we consider the canons of faith apart from the anathemas which accompany them, it will be seen that in view of the present state of religious thought, they are of the weakest possible character. Eschewing the broad affirmations on reason and faith, which are accepted by all Christian communions, the Council limits itself to the formation of a supra-naturalism, that is altogether superannuated. According to it, reason and faith are two distinct provinces, each of which has its own jurisdiction. There is not a trace in these canons of the grand moral apologetic of the Alexandrian fathers, of Pascal, or of Vinet, who did not content themselves with saying, that the mysteries of Christianity call for supernatural illumination, but who further established that between these mysteries and the sublime elements of our being,

there are subtle and mighty affinities,—that God is accessible to the heart of man, —and that faith is the upward glance of the soul, and of the conscience penetrating the invisible. The whole of this grand mysterious problem is resolved by the “Holy Father” in a few formulæ utterly destitute of originality or power. Surely, it is not worth while to pretend to have received extraordinary divine assistance, in order to enable one to lag behind the broad and copious apologetic of the times, and to content oneself with that which may be found in any nursery catechism. The fathers of the Council do not seem to suspect that there can be any truer, grander notion of divine revelation than that which they give us, and which simply assumes a supernatural knowledge of God’s will and decrees. In revelation considered as an actual manifestation of redeeming love, in a divine history, or rather in a divine person, who could say, “I am the Truth,” we have the central idea, and the most precious aspect of contemporary evangelical theology, one which raises it far above all the scholasticism of the past, but one which is of small account in the sacerdotal squabbles of the Vatican.

On two points of the highest importance, the Council has fallen into serious error. It has proclaimed the indisputable canonicity of all the books contained in the Vulgate translation of the Bible, comprising therefore the Old Testament Apocrypha, and utterly ignoring the enormous critical labors of the nineteenth century, and setting at nought the value of the testimony of fathers of the second and third centuries on such points as the origin of the Gospel of Matthew, or the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The Catholic Church is thus afresh disabled from taking part in one of the principal departments of Christian research, which is, by free yet conscientious investigation, to conserve the canon of Holy Scripture. What confirmation can such a theology bring to the points that are questioned by rationalists; such, for example, as the authenticity of the Gospel of John? The bare examination of these questions is forbidden, inasmuch as the canons must be swallowed whole. How many powers of high value are rendered barren and useless by such a decree!

The Council has placed itself in a still more aggravating position, by its canon

on the relations between science and the Church, which is thus defined. “If any shall say that human science ought to be treated with such liberty that its assertions should be held as true, even when they are contrary to revealed dogma, or that the Church cannot proscribe them; let him be anathema.” These words either mean nothing, or they imply that science, by whatever name it is called, must submit itself to orthodoxy—that consequently there is an orthodox chemistry and orthodox physics, and that the Church has the right to impose on them her conclusions. Verily, the moment is well chosen for the successors of those who condemned Galileo to hurl their defiance at modern science. One might suppose it to be their fixed resolution to stir up fierce conflict by thus mixing up matters of faith with wholly irrelevant questions. God has specially revealed that, and that only which man cannot discover for himself. Science belongs to the region of investigation. There is nothing more dangerous than to mix up two subjects which should be kept wholly distinct. This one canon is enough to show the fatal preponderance of the ultra party in the Council, for we may be sure it was carried, in spite of the strongest opposition from the liberal bishops. It is reported that they obtained some fortunate modifications in the compilation of the chapter *De Fide*, and that the original draft bristled with many other absurdities. We do not doubt it, but quite enough remain.

At the beginning of the chapter *De Fide* we find—possibly somewhat softened—the celebrated tirade against the Reformation which has made so much stir, in which it is represented as a kind of Pandora’s box, from whence every sort of mischief has issued. We are familiar with the noble protest raised by Bishop Strossmayer against this accusation, which he characterized as unjust, because it made no exception in favor of the truly Christian element in Protestantism. For this he had to encounter a deluge of abuse and the charge of heresy. The designation of the Church as the Catholic Apostolic Roman, has raised a storm, inasmuch as the last epithet seemed to be swallowed up in the others, until it was discovered that a lucky comma had prevented this fatal absorption, at least in the above-named phrase.

It was, however, for the last paragraph of the chapter that the opposition reserved its most strenuous efforts. To show the import of this we must quote it: "We warn all Christians that it is their bounden duty to observe the constitutions and decrees by which the Holy See has proscribed and condemned perverse opinions of this order which are not here enumerated at length (!)" This winding up of the chapter entirely destroys the value of any slight modifications that may have been obtained in the course of discussion; for it has reference to all decisions of the Roman congregation, past and to come. This final paragraph delivers over to the bigots every doctrinal question, and sanctions beforehand all their narrowest decrees. The Roman Index issues triumphant from this great deliberative assembly; but that which is victorious over all is the power of the Pope to formulate dogma. His infallibility is thus indirectly decreed in the very chapter where one would least have expected it to appear. We learn from the *Augsburg Gazette* that this article, when it was first propounded, excited strong opposition. To avoid compromising the whole chapter, the cardinal legate, in putting it to the vote, left out the concluding paragraph, which he promised to reserve for special discussion. This discussion has never come off, under the pretence of lack of time. The liberals have not insisted on it; eighty-three signified their opposition to the preliminary vote, but the fear of creating a scandal brought round all except Strossmayer—who was absent—to join in a unanimous "*Placet*." The liberals unfortunately were keeping their powder dry for the chapter on the "*Ecclesia*;" it was a stupid blunder, as they doubtless were themselves convinced on the very evening of the public "session," when they learnt with dismay that a favorable turn had been given to the *schema* of the infallibility, and that the opportunity for raising the question of its timeliness or otherwise was irrevocably lost.

We now come to the capital question of the Council, "papal infallibility." We have already referred to the publications of Mgrs. Deschamps and Manning on the one side, and to those of Mgrs. Maret and the Abbé Gratry on the other. We have a perfect cloud of pamphlets on the subject, foremost among which we must

place the defence of Pope Honorius by Dom Gueranger. The thunders and lightnings which issue from this cloud have been chiefly directed against Father Gratry. He, however, is nothing daunted by these attacks, and has just responded to them in a fourth letter, in which he still protests against the school of error and falsehood, which is bent on the triumph of the infallibility. We will, however, pass by these extra-conciliar manifestoes, and will speak only of that which passes within the Vatican, where events hurry on with ever increasing speed. There is not the least doubt that the ultramontanists hoped to carry the new dogma by enthusiastic acclamation. They have been disappointed in that hope, and have been compelled to submit to the formalities of a deliberation, the tardiness of which they have singularly abridged by the second rule of February 18th. From the month of January a *postulatum*, demanding the definition, was again laid before the Council. It was thus conceived:

"To the Holy Œcumenical Council of the Vatican. The undersigned Fathers, with all humility and earnestness, entreat the œcumenical synod of the Vatican that it would, by a decree in terms such as should exclude all possibility of doubt, declare that the authority of the Roman Pontiff is sovereign, and consequently exempt from error (*supremam ideoque ab errore immunem esse Romani Pontificis auctoritatem*), when he pronounces on matters of faith and morals, and teaches that which ought to be believed and adhered to, and that which ought to be rejected and condemned by all the faithful of Jesus Christ."

This first *postulatum* was supported by two other *postulata* of similar bearing, originated by the Italians and Spaniards. However, one hundred and thirty-seven of the moderates, after January 23d, signed a counter *postulatum*, in which they besought the Pope "not to permit the dogma of the infallibility to be brought before the Council for discussion." These are the weighty words in which the German prelates addressed the Pope:

"Great difficulties arise from the words and acts of the Fathers of the Church as contained in authentic documents of Catholic history and doctrine, which are opposed to the thesis recommended by the *postulatum*.

Unless these can be resolved, it will be impossible to impose this doctrine upon Christian peoples, as being a revelation from God."

Many of the bishops enforced their opinions by comments added to their signature. "All religion is at an end in Bohemia," said Cardinal Schwarzenberg, "if this definition is affirmed." No words can express the "evils which will accrue to the cause of religion throughout Hungary," says one of the prelates, "if infallibility is affirmed." These considerations, every way deserving of serious attention, have not even obtained an answer. The Pope has accepted the ultra-montane *postulatum*, and has thus settled the question of timeliness. The opposition, beaten here, find themselves driven back to the question of the vote. They have asked that at least it may be considered that virtual unanimity has always been deemed requisite to the proclamation of a new dogma. They take their stand on this basis: that a Council does not originate dogma, but that it simply gathers together and formulates that which has been the object of universal tradition; but the virtual unanimity of the episcopate is a necessary condition of this formulation, because it is clear that if a considerable number of the bishops do not receive a doctrine, that doctrine cannot be the object of universal belief. This argument, which, had it been accepted, would have ruined the whole Jesuit plot, has enraged the ultra-montanists beyond all bounds. Strossmayer saw this clearly enough when he brought it before the tribune of the Council, where it provoked a violent outburst of rage on the part of the majority.

The Roman Curia published an acrimonious reply in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, aimed against the pretensions of the unanimists. The anonymous author of this reply tries to prove that nothing is more canonical than for an Ecumenical Council to carry its decisions by a majority of votes. The mere fact that this question of the infallibility has not been withdrawn, shows that the Pope takes not the least account of the powerless minority who do not cease to protest against it. We have noted that this question was brought forward long before its regular turn, in order that the Council might not separate for its necessary summer prorogation, until it had

been declared. A gigantic effort has again been made by the Liberals. The learned Hœfele, Bishop of Rottenbourg, has treated anew, and in masterly style, the question of Pope Honorius, which, if dealt with honestly and without prevarication, would alone prevent the affirmation of papal infallibility; inasmuch as the condemnation by three Councils of a Pope as a heretic, must for ever overthrow ultra-montane pretensions.

Cardinal Schwarzenberg, in his recent pamphlet, has marshalled anew all the arguments of the minority, and concludes with a warning which, coming from his pen, may be regarded as serious. "He who exalts himself shall be abased. In the days of Boniface VIII. the papacy sought to raise itself above all civil authorities, and it has been miserably degraded as a temporal power. At the present time, it seeks to set itself above every other spiritual power; it will be spiritually cast down, creating at the same time an abyss between the Church and society." Cardinal Rausher looks at the question from the social point of view, and he shows that pontifical infallibility would entail the overthrow of all the existing relations between modern states and the Church of Rome.

It was not without great difficulty that these publications were issued at Rome; for while the infallibilists occupy every pulpit, and placard their manifestoes on all the walls, the minority meet with some rigorous prohibition the moment they attempt to reply. They are not free to correspond even by telegraph, and the Bishop of Orleans has been driven to send his letters through the kingdom of Italy, which he has so often accused of brigandage. A last *postulatum* of the liberals has been submitted to the Holy See. It takes up the plea urged by Cardinal Rausher, namely, the social and political consequences of the new dogma. It has had no effect. The report has been presented in the name of the commission *de Fide*, who have given it a new form, in which, however, the basis is in no degree altered, as may be judged by the following sample of the terms used:—

"The Holy Council approving, we declare and teach as matter of faith, that the Roman Pontiff, to whom in the person of Peter it has been said, among other words by Jesus Christ himself, 'I have prayed for thee that

thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren,' that the Roman Pontiff to whom this promise of divine aid has been made, cannot err; when fulfilling the functions of the supreme teacher of all Christians, he defines by his apostolic authority that which in matters of faith and conduct ought to be acknowledged as according to or contrary to the faith by the universal Church, and that his decrees and decisions in themselves unalterable should be received and maintained by all Christians, as soon as they are known, with perfect submission; and as the infallibility is the same, whether it is considered in the Roman Pontiff as chief of the Church, or whether we consider it as in the whole Church united in its chief, we further define that this infallibility attaches to one and the same object. If any one dare (which God forbid) to contradict this present definition, let him know that he separates himself from the truth of the Catholic faith, and from the unity of the Church."

It is clear that the formula adopted offers no concession. The personal infallibility of the Pope is asserted *de moribus* as well as *de fide*, but *mores* in Roman language comprehends not only all moral, but all social relations, and the encyclical of 1864 has made us acquainted with the all-embracing system of the Papacy. The Bishop of Poitiers has discovered a most ingenious argument to prove that the church rests solely upon its Roman chief. "St. Paul," he says, "was beheaded; consequently his head, which represents the ordinary episcopate, was not indissolubly united to his body. St. Peter, on the contrary, was crucified with his head downwards, to show that his head, which was the image of the papacy, sustained the whole body." This argument strikes us as eminently edifying and worthy of the cause it defends. We learn the entire scope of the arguments of the opposition from their publications. Their leaders, sure as they are of defeat, feel themselves in honor bound to battle to the end. They have even tried to touch the consciences of their adversaries. They have placed in the hands of every bishop a list of questions admirably drawn up, which challenges each father as a matter of obligation to ask himself whether in voting the new dogma he does not violate the rights of the Church, and give the lie to its most sacred traditions. It is verily a pretty story to talk of conscience and Christian morality to men who take the

Jesuits for their guides. Discussion is but a pretence, which they must get rid of with the utmost speed. Their success is predestined. They will not adjourn until they have laid the new idol on the altar. Prostrate worshippers, henceforth you come to listen, not to the voice of a man, but of a God; and that God no longer hidden in the depths of his own heaven, according to the doctrine of all the Paganisms. He does not even dwell in a remote Olympus; he moves before your very eyes; he goes out daily in his coach; and his divine decrees will find the electric telegraph convenient to carry his benedictions and his anathemas from one end of the world to the other.

We have referred to Cardinal Rausher's pamphlet, and also to his speech in the Council on the gravity of the social and political results of the new dogma; we have also mentioned the postulatium of the Liberal bishops in which this particular point is powerfully urged. It was inevitable that the subject should excite the attention of the European Governments. The project of the Pope's personal infallibility involves a menace against the security of the European States, inasmuch as it is equivalent to a rupture of all the Concordats; for it is impossible to conclude treaties of this nature with a God who is infallibly sure to be always in the right. But the Ultramontane party are not satisfied even with this implicit victory which must carry with it all besides; they have thought it desirable to elaborate a plan of ideal society, that is, society such as they wish to see it, such as they conceive to be possible. This plan is neither more nor less than a carrying out of the *Syllabus*, or rather of its dogmatization. Its character may be inferred from the *schemata* proposed in the chapter *De Ecclesia*. The version of this, which was given in the *Augsburg Gazette*, has not been disputed. The Canons XII., XX., and XXI. are perhaps worth quotation.

"Canon XII.—If any think that Christ our Lord and King has only given to his Church a power to guide by advice and persuasion, but not to ordain by laws, to compel and force by anterior judgments, and salutary inflictions, those who thus separate themselves; let them be anathema.

"Canon XX.—If any say that in the law of the political State, or in the public opinion of men, there exists the supreme rule of con-

science as respects political and social actions, or that the judgments by which the Church pronounces on what is lawful or unlawful does not extend to such actions, that an act which is unlawful in virtue of the divine or the ecclesiastical law can be made lawful by the power of the civil law; let him be anathema.

"Canon XXI.—If any say that the laws of the Church have not binding power, unless they are confirmed by the civil power, and that it belongs to the civil power, by virtue of its supreme authority, to judge and to decide in matters of religion; let him be anathema."

Putting together these three Canons, the logical inference is that of a theocratic government, with all its consequences. The civil power is made subordinate to the Church: charged to place its authority entirely at her service, and to execute the salutary pains which overtake heretics. Such are the propositions which the Jesuits dare to get voted by a Council held in the nineteenth century, more than sixty years after the French revolution, and in the face of Protestant nations. These propositions, once affirmed as dogma, must be believed on pain of damnation. They must be taught in all the schools, and preached in every pulpit. We can well understand that the Governments of Europe are greatly disquieted by them. Only it is not by diplomatic intervention with the appearance of influencing the deliberations of the Council, that they ought to act. This, however, is what was attempted by M. Daru, the French ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, and one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet. There is no doubt but that his aid was earnestly sought by the Gallican bishops. This was a grievous mistake: for in asking the assistance of the State, they furnished the Ultramontanists with a pretext for setting themselves up as the champions of the independence of the Church,—an utterly mendacious pretence on the part of those who madly dream of an inextricable intertwining of the spiritual with the temporal. It has always turned out that French bishops who have tried to prop themselves up by Government aid, have taken a disastrous step for themselves and for their country. They have compromised their own position and influence as liberals, and at the same time have exposed their country to insult. M. Daru wished, and endeavored to obtain the

entrée for an ambassador in the Council. Happily, his demand was negatived by the Court of Rome. The representative of France could not have restrained the follies of the Ultramontanists: on the contrary, his presence would have been a stimulus to those who believed that, in defying him, they would earn the confessor's palm. The proposal of an embassy being set aside, M. Daru fell back upon the memorandum to the Holy See. This he despatched from Paris at the moment when, for political reasons, he quitted the ministry, leaving the conduct of this delicate matter to colleagues who did not sympathise with his views upon the subject. The memorandum, after having been solemnly laid before the Pope, was treated as a nullity, notwithstanding that it was supported by diplomatic papers of similar purport from Austria and Bavaria. This document, written with all the ability which usually distinguishes French diplomacy, is disfigured by a flagrant contradiction. On the one side it is profuse in declarations of respect for the independence of the Council, particularly concerning the dogma of Papal infallibility, "which lies entirely beyond the region of politics." On the other hand it protests beforehand against the proposed canons on the relations between the temporal and spiritual powers, because they seriously compromise the foundations of modern society. But to what purpose is this distinction? It is certain that the Church feels itself as much called on to dogmatise on social, as on moral and religious questions. It thinks that it is bound to teach the world the true relations of human society. To oppose this species of dogma is to attack its independence. Besides, who does not know that the dogma of Papal infallibility carries with it all the social consequences which we dread, inasmuch as this proclamation sets the seal of divinity on the most monstrous political theories of the Papacy, and gives the Pope the right for the future to supplement the *Syllabus* to his heart's content. To declare oneself opposed to the canons of the Church and at the same time ready to accept, without reserve, the dogma of infallibility, is a farce. The memorandum, even if it had been accepted, would have been but a sword-thrust in water; and if the Church had professedly renounced the right of dogmatising on its relations to the civil

power, the dogma of the infallibility must render all this dogmatism perfectly unnecessary. Besides, Cardinal Antonelli answered M. Daru's memorandum in reference to the appointment of an ambassador, and this was done with that exquisite ingenuity, in that moderate and spiritual tone, which only conceals the inflexibility of the doctrine, under the form of courtesy. The Cardinal declared that Governments had nothing to fear from the decisions of the Council, because the Church is at the same time changeless in her doctrine, and flexible in carrying it out, that she can accommodate herself to existing circumstances, always reserving her own imprescriptible rights, and that she had already found a *modus vivendi* which would cause no difficulty to modern Governments, though she did not for a single moment renounce her belief that the State itself is divine in its final cause, and is bound to subordinate itself to the religious society. It was needful to give such an answer, which is indeed no answer, for it simply means that the Church abstains from re-asserting her despotism as long as she is helpless, and will patiently endure all the circumstances to which she is condemned, ready to watch for a favorable opportunity to assume her old domination. Meanwhile she strives by every means in her power to influence opinion, and makes use of liberty only in the hope of destroying it and re-establishing on its ruins the *regime* that prevails at Rome. Such is the goal that she sets before her.

We think that modern governments will not be content with this answer. They will undoubtedly be driven to the only efficacious reply, namely, to take a counter-step, and boldly to proclaim the separation of the Church from the State. It would be too ridiculous to maintain and protect a formidable power, which is permanently at war with modern society, and which may become the most dangerous conspiracy against the peace of that society.

It is in such a course as this, not in a feeble and superannuated Gallicanism, that we must seek a remedy for the alarming position into which the Council of 1870 is on the eve of throwing all Catholic nations. It will be extremely difficult for France long to continue to be the armed protector of the Holy See, and

while actually receiving a blow in the face, in the way of anathemas directed against her constitution, to mount guard around the Vatican.

The canons on the Church once decreed as commentaries on the proclamation of infallibility will entail on the constitution of the European States results which baffle calculation; and in the end we believe that it will be found that the cause of liberty is effectually served by the acceleration of that separation of the Church from the State, to which everything is rapidly tending.

We are too near the crucial hour of the Council to hazard suppositions on the probable resolutions of the opposition. We cannot believe that after declaring that there can be neither reason, conscience, nor good sense in accepting the new dogma, they can quietly submit. It may be remarked that this is not a question of a particular doctrine, which formulated by canonical rule ought to be accepted by Catholics, even though it may involve many serious difficulties. The dogma of Papal infallibility overturns every canonical rule, changes the constitution of the Church, and falsifies the mechanism of authority, since, as the opposition allege, it introduces into the creed an article which is opposed to all tradition. This has been maintained with equal learning and eloquence by the most distinguished representatives of French, German, and Hungarian Catholicism. They cannot draw back from such declarations.

There has lately appeared in Paris a very touching and eloquent pamphlet, entitled "La Testament de Lacordaire," an autobiography, dated by himself from his death-bed. The dying Montalembert edited it, and he has written a few prefatory pages, in which he has expressed all that was in his heart. He had not time to correct it before he sunk under the terrible disease which destroyed him. The pamphlet is the sacred legacy of these two illustrious representatives of liberal Catholicism. We quote the following page, which comes to us from their tomb, as their united protest against that which is now going on at Rome :—

"I do not presume to affirm what was the opinion of Lacordaire, touching the historical or theological question of the personal, indi-

vidual infallibility of the Pope, as it is taught in the present day.

"I simply affirm that his vigorous support, and warm sympathy, would not have been behind any of those who have held out, and will still hold out in the contest on this question, a contest which, far from coming to an end after the desired and pre-determined definition, will only become more enthusiastic and engrossing. I affirm that he would have kicked with no less energy than the Bishop of Orleans or Father Gratry against the Pontifical autocracy being erected into a system, and imposed as a yoke upon the Church of God, to the dire dishonor of France, and what is a thousand times worse, to the great peril of souls.

"Was it not he who witnessed concerning himself, that from the day of his initiatory consecration to God, he had never uttered a word nor written a phrase in which he did not aim to impart to France the spirit of life, in forms most likely to find acceptance, namely, those of gentleness, moderation, and patriotism?"

"Was it not he who in a memorable letter, unwisely published by the panegyrist of Monsignor Salinis, gave the first signal of that which we now see as the offspring of Lamennais under the Restoration, and who felt himself from that time obliged to protest against what he denominated the greatest insolence ever authorized in the name of Jesus Christ?"

Let us hope that the voices of the living will re-echo those of the departed, and that the men of the nineteenth century, in face of a more outrageous manifestation of Romanism than any which history records, will prove themselves worthy descendants of those of the sixteenth. The hour is momentous. The fate of Christianity in Catholic Europe hangs in the balance. We dare not contemplate the deluge of impiety, which will spread over these countries, if the Papacy and the Jesuits should gain an easy victory over a liberalism that loses heart in the conflict which awaits it. We trust that the men who form the Liberal party will weigh well their responsibilities in these times, which are without parallel in the past. May they reflect seriously on the irremediable disorders that must inevitably follow their submission to those doctrines of death which raise shouts of acclamation beneath the dome of St. Peter's.

[The Dogma of Infallibility was adopted in the Council on July 13th, by a vote of 450 affirmatives to 88 negatives. The Dogma was proclaimed on Sunday, July 17th.—EDITOR.]

St. Paul's.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

It is difficult to approach the subject of Madame de Maintenon. We must esteem her, but our esteem stops short of love or admiration. Her story is one of the strangest of romances; but a romance without heroism and without passion.

She was born in the room of the warder of a gaol,—in the conciergerie of the prison of Niort; and she came to be Queen of France in all but the name. Her grandfather was the grim, rigorous, dauntless, plain-spoken Huguenot chief and poet, Agrippa d'Aubigné—as different a personage from his granddaughter as can well be imagined. Agrippa d'Aubigné had a son Constant,—a reckless profligate,—the scandal and curse of this noble Huguenot family. He was a gambler and a drunkard from a boy, led early a vagabond life, went to Holland, lived dissolutely there, married a young creature without his father's con-

sent, killed her by ill-treatment, lost twenty times over all he had in the world at play, abjured his religion and became a Catholic, ousted his father out of one of his own castles, made it a rendezvous for women of bad life, till the stern old Huguenot took it from him by surprise and with an armed force in the night. Then he turned Protestant again, to act as traitor and spy upon the Calvinist party. After which his father scorned him, renounced him for ever, and cut off his inheritance. Notwithstanding, the worthless scapegrace managed to marry the gentle daughter of a nobleman of Bordeaux, the whole of whose property he made away with, and then got imprisoned at Niort in Poitou, on account of a treacherous correspondence with the English Government. His faithful, sorrowful, loving wife had followed him to prison, and there Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards Marquise de Maintenon, morganatic Queen of

France, was born the 27th of November, 1635. The worthless Constant d'Aubigné got out of prison, and dragged his wife and family to Martinique, where he made a fortune, got rid of it again, and died, leaving Madame d'Aubigné and her children in extreme distress. Poor Madame d'Aubigné under such trials had grown a patient, reserved, joyless woman, spare even of caresses to her children, begotten amid such trials and tribulations. She returned to France, battled with poverty desperately, lived even and sustained her children with the work of her hands. Her life was of the saddest, and something of her sad spirit was inherited by the child who was destined to have no small share in the direction of the destinies of France.

A sister of Constant, Madame de Vilete, had already, before the departure of her brother for Martinique, taken charge of the little Françoise,—she now again took the child under her care,—but she was a Calvinist, and another aunt, a Madame de Neuillant, a Catholic, came and carried off triumphantly her little niece with an order of the court, and the grand-daughter of the old Huguenot, Agrippa, was converted into a Catholic. This Madame de Neuillant, with all her intense zeal for the spiritual welfare of her niece, was sordid, mean, and avaricious. She gave the child at first, it is true, an education in convents at Niort and Paris; but when little Françoise had grown up, and was left an orphan,—by the death of her mother,—she made her taste of all the bitterness of dependence, and kept her in a state of privation.

Nevertheless, Madame d'Aubigné, before her death, had taken her daughter a little into the world of Paris, and under Madame de Neuillant, Françoise had seen something of its best society. The young girl, with her quiet reserved beauty, large dark eyes, elegant form, and discreet and ready wit, had made an impression on all she met. "La jeune Indienne," as she was called, from her Martinique residence, was, from the first, considered a very noticeable person. And she gained upon acquaintance with most,—but so poor, alas! Once she cried on entering a room, and sat down on a chair, and hid her feet under her dress, which was too short for her. Alas! Even in these noble days, what were beauty, wit,

and gentle worth to a poor girl who had outgrown her only presentable dress?

And yet, perhaps, there never was a society in which wit, and the grace of manner, and expression possessed by Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was more capable of being appreciated. When she returned to Poitou after her first visit to Paris, her letters were handed about as models of style and expression. And a Chevalier de Méré, a bel esprit of the time, has left a record, in which he speaks of her, not only as beautiful, but "as gentle, faithful, modest, intelligent, and using only her wit to amuse and render herself beloved." Poor Mademoiselle d'Aubigné! Had she really loved and been beloved at this time, the severe and shrewd childless Madame de Maintenon would never have been heard of; but there would have lived in the world, perhaps, a true woman the more,—a model wife, and a faultless and devoted mother. However, the irony of destiny was never more apparent than in her case. This peerless and intelligent young beauty, who would have made a fit wife for the noblest prince in Europe, who was destined even at fifty to captivate the proudest of living monarchs, was obliged, from sheer poverty, to accept the hand of a hideously deformed and paralytic buffoon,—as repulsive to appearance as the squatting figure of a Chinese idol. The union of Minerva with Pan or Silenus would be less shocking to the imagination. What must she not have suffered? No wonder, then, in later years she said, if her body was opened her heart would be found, *sec et tors*, like that of M. de Louvois. "J'aime mieux l'épouser qu'un convent," she said, and the resolution to make this sacrifice must have caused a convulsion to her system which paralyzed the healthiest impulse of the heart for ever. Nevertheless, she now, as throughout life, devoured her grief in silence. Her manners, self-esteem, and strength of will, combined with circumstances in forming for her a patience, a power of suppression, and secret indefatigable tenacity of purpose, which has, perhaps, no parallel in history. And she could say later of her life at the court, where the ennui and daily troubles she had to support were immense and unceasing:—"J'ai été vingt-six ans sans dire un mot qui marquât le moindre chagrin."

Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had made her entry into the Parisian world at a time when French society was going through one of the greatest changes of modern times. A new idea of simplicity and elegance of social life had found birth amid a sort of common inspiration and conviction that both manners and language contained much that were rude and barbarous. The development of social refinement, which was cultivated in the salons of the Hotel de Rambouillet, by a wondrous sympathetic co-operation of all that was distinguished in France, is one of the most curious events in history, and has helped to form the manners and forms of expression of every country in modern Europe. It was a great social movement.

Besides the brilliant assemblies of the Hotel de Rambouillet,—into which Mademoiselle d'Aubigné early found entrance and admiration, and where she met with ladies like Madame de Sevigné, and others, who remained her friends for life,—there was another society which was hardly less significant of the general tendency of the time, which met at the house, and around the chair, of the distorted cripple and comic writer, Scarron. Here, too, nobles of the court would assemble for the sake of the art and conversation to be found there, though the tone of morality was necessarily less severe than that to be found in the salons of the "déesse d'Athènes." It was a society of joyous livers and free talkers, who would not be scandalized at the presence of Mesdemoiselles Marion de Lorme and Ninon de l'Enclos. Scarron, the presiding deity of this little salon in the Marais, had been doubled up and twisted by rheumatism and paralysis in such fashion that his knees nearly touched his chin, only his tongue and his brain remained in invincible activity, and his comic spirits never failed him to the last. Scarron was the first man of letters in France who had a salon of his own. At the Hotel de Rambouillet it was the nobility who received the men of letters; at Scarron's it was the man of letters who received the nobility.

The burlesque poetry of Scarron has now little interest, though he was evidently a man of talent. His name would hardly now be often remembered, were it not for his strange marriage, which astonished the Parisian world in 1652.

Little Françoise d'Aubigné had, indeed, made a visit to Scarron's house, at the age of fourteen, being introduced there in company with her mother, by her aunt Madame de Neuillant. Madame d'Aubigné had made a short visit to Paris on law affairs, and lived in the same street and opposite to Scarron, and it was in Scarron's house that the little provincial girl had cried about her shabby dress. Shortly after Françoise having returned to Poitou, found herself alone with a dead mother in a little room at Niort, and no resource but Madame de Neuillant, who then again affected to take charge of her orphan niece, and with her the young girl remained for a time, half clothed, badly lodged, and ill fed.

Some young girls of her age at Paris, however, remembered the little creole stranger—La jeune Indienne—and corresponded with her. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné's letters were handed about as models of grace and good writing; Scarron read one of them, remembered his bashful little visitor of a year back, took interest in her lonely fate, and wrote her a kind letter. The young girl was brought again to Paris by her aunt, and again visited Scarron. Scarron seeing her wretched condition, offered her money to enter a convent, which she rejected. Scarron then offered marriage, and was accepted. The marriage took place when Françoise was seventeen years of age. When the marriage contract was drawn up, Scarron declared that he recognized in the bride, property to the amount of four livres of rent, two large mutinous eyes, a very good heart, a pair of pretty hands, and plenty of wit. When the notary asked Scarron what dowry he settled on her, he replied, "Immortality: the names of the wives of kings die with them, that of Scarron's wife will live eternally." So poor was the bride, that her wedding dress was lent her by a friend.

La voilà! la jeune Indienne at seventeen years of age, in the first blush of beauty and grace, married to a cripple, and obliged to live among a society of gay livers, whose talk, as we have said, at times was of the freest. That she succeeded in making herself respected by such company, speaks wondrously for her precocious tact and self vigilance. Yet she held her own, and contributed her

share to the general entertainment; in proof of which, we have on record the speech of the servant to her at a dinner one day when Scarron—though he was often frightfully poor—entertained company. “Encore une histoire, Madame; le rôti nous manque aujourd’hui.” However, it was a hard apprenticeship of self-restraint; but perhaps her life then, after all, was not so hard as that she afterwards knew as the wife of Louis XIV. The worst that is known, indeed, of Madame Scarron at this time is, that she admitted Ninon de l’Enclos to her intimacy, and that Ninon in latter times talked about a certain “chambre jaune” in a mysterious way; yet still she confessed she knew nothing certain. But to excuse Madame Scarron from having formed such an acquaintance as Ninon, it must be remembered that Ninon, styled the Parisian Leontium, was treated as a privileged person even by such ladies as Madame de Sevigné, who encouraged her son to cultivate her society, for the sake of her grace! Nevertheless, be this as it may, it is difficult to fancy Madame de Maintenon ever young, or gay, or passionate; although she said indeed of herself, “that she was gay by nature and sad by profession,” her natural gaiety was too early blighted in her to be at any time exuberant. And there is no trace that Madame de Maintenon ever had in her life a quicker rushing of the blood or a deep emotion of the heart at any time, which not a little chills the sympathies of all who have to deal with her story.

Scarron lived for eight years after his marriage, and his wife was left a widow at twenty-five. She never failed afterwards to speak of “ce pauvre estropié” as she called him, with a certain respect and esteem; but he had left her, for the time being at least, in as difficult a position as that in which he found her; perhaps, as la veuve Scarron, it was worse; he had enjoyed a pension from the queen-mother, but it died with him, and he had no property but his debts. Her friends applied to Mazarin to get Scarron’s pension renewed in her favor; but he, remembering a satire of Scarron’s against him, was inflexible. “Is the petitioner in good health?” he asked. “Yes.” “Well, then, she cannot succeed a man whose health was bad.”

Madame Scarron retired to a convent for awhile, where the Maréchale d’Aumont, a

relative, lent her a room, and offered, at first, to supply all her wants; but the Maréchale thought proper to talk so ostentatiously of her charity to her poor relative, that the pride of the latter revolted at last, and she had a load of wood which had been deposited before her window for winter firing restacked in a cart, and sent back to the Maréchale.

This painful position lasted a year, when fortunately for Madame Scarron, Mazarin died, and Anne of Austria was induced to renew the pension of Scarron to his widow; indeed, by aid of a little diplomacy on the part of Madame Scarron at court, the pension was unconsciously doubled. Madame Scarron now took a room in the convent of the “Ursulines, de la rue Saint Jacques,” where she had been once placed as a child, and mixed again with the Parisian world. Among her chief friends was the Maréchale d’Albret.

The wit and the tact, the gentle and discreet manners of Madame Scarron, made her society a necessity in the house of Maréchale d’Albert, and it was here that she met Madame de Montespan, her relationship with whom exercised so decisive an influence on her life; and it was here, too, that she met with the Princess des Ursins, whose destiny it was to be subsequently, and through Madame de Maintenon’s influence, the female prime-minister of Spain. But the modest fortune which she had obtained was not destined to last. The queen-mother died, and Madame Scarron’s pension was at an end also. She now received an offer of marriage from a rich but old and disreputable noble. This she refused, to the disgust of her friends, and she again fell into a state of distress. After having vainly endeavored to get her pension restored, she was on the point of following in the suite of the Princess de Nemours to Portugal, when a visit of adieu which she made to Madame de Montespan changed her future. The brilliant Madame de Montespan took an interest in the fate of her future rival, and through her interest the pension of Madame Scarron was restored.

The pension of Madame Scarron was thus renewed in 1666. At this time Louis XIV. was still in the height of his passion for Mademoiselle de la Vallière; but in the following year, the attractions of Madame de Montespan began to have effect, and in the year after, that brilliant and

superb lady had completely dethroned her more lowly-spirited and retiring rival, and she reigned absolutely in her stead, and in the face of the Marquis de Montespan. When the children of this double adultery came into being, some remaining regard for decency in the king induced him to determine that they should be removed and brought up in private, and then it was that Madame de Montespan bethought her of that discreet lady of whom all spoke so well, and whom she had so effectually befriended.

Madame Scarron was then coquetting with thoughts of retiring again to a convent, as indeed she coquetted with such thoughts her whole life long, but she had not yet quite abandoned the world, and was by turns studying the book of Job and the Maxims of M. de Rochefoucauld. Madame Scarron was sounded on the subject in mysterious fashion—would she take care of some infants—parents great people, whose names could not be revealed? Madame Scarron, however, could make a shrewd guess, and consented, if the king himself would ask her to undertake the charge.

A lady of very austere principles might perhaps have had some scruples in undertaking the charge of the illegitimate offspring even of a king, and of carrying off each successive child as soon as born to her sequestered domicile. But Madame Scarron, pietist as she was, could well conciliate devotion with a due regard to worldly advantage, and, moreover, could she not fortify herself by the example of Madame Colbert, who had consented to bring up the two children of Louis XIV. and Madame de la Vallière?

At first, nevertheless, the arrangement was kept a profound secret. There were two children; each of them was placed in a separate house with a nurse. To avoid direct suspicion, Madame Scarron was not to live with them, nor to change her way of life, but she was to give them all her care. We can conceive the existence of the beautiful widow at this time, going in disguise on foot to the suburbs of Paris, to one house after the other, carrying packets of linen, of food, and other articles under her arm; sometimes passing whole nights nursing a child; then returning to her own home in the morning by a back entrance; then dressing herself, and departing in a carriage from the front door to make her

visits as usual at the Hôtels d'Albret or de Richelieu, in order to keep the same face to the world.

Her charges increased rapidly in number. Madame de Montespan had seven children in all by the king. As soon as each child was born, Madame Scarron was sent for, who, with masked features, carried off the infant in a wrapper or a scarf in a hired vehicle to Paris.

An agitated existence this for a grave discreet lady, to have to fulfil all the duties of the beau monde—to have to pay due attention to Madame de Seigné, Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Coulanges, and all the great ladies and fine wits of the time, and to be diligent day after day, night after night, as head-nurse to all the little tenants of the little houses in the suburbs. In 1672, however, a change took place in the life of Madame Scarron. She was instructed to take a fine hotel in the neighborhood of Vaugirard, and to give herself up to the education of the children in secrecy and in retreat. Madame Scarron now for a season disappeared altogether from the world, and it was in this house of the Rue de Vaugirard that Louis XIV. first saw the lady who was destined by an astonishing caprice of fortune to be his wife. At first he could not endure her; "*Votre bel esprit*," he styled her, in speaking of her to Madame de Montespan. However, as he was fond of his children, he was a constant visitor to the Rue de Vaugirard, and his prejudices against her wore away. Seeing what attention the widow devoted to her charges, he said, "*Elle sait bien aimer, et il y aurait du plaisir à être aimé d'elle.*" A letter of Madame Scarron's about this times proves, moreover, that the king was actually already paying strong attentions to the secluded governess; that the fine world of Paris and Versailles were indulging in floods of gossip respecting the nature of the retreat of the fair widow. "*Ce maître vient quelquefois chez moi, malgré moi, et s'en retourne désespéré, sans être rebuté.*"

The prudence of Madame Scarron, which never forsook her in life, did not desert her at this crisis; she sends away the king in a state of despair, it is true; but still, although he was a married man with a mistress, she contrives not to extinguish desire altogether.

After a year, however, there was no occasion for this life of secrecy. In the month of December, the letters of legitimisation of the Duc de Maine, the Count de Vexin, and Mademoiselle de Nantes, were verified by the Parliament of Paris, and the scandal was publicly avowed; and in 1674 Madame Scarron went to reside openly with the children at Versailles, and was received by the queen.

Madame Scarron was at this time forty years of age. The Court of Versailles was then in all its glory. Amid all the temptations which surrounded her, the conduct of the widow was modelled upon this maxim of her own, "*Il n'y a rien de plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable.*" And her conduct was indeed immaculate, judged by the rule of a certain conventional religion and morality; but is there no other? This at least is certain, that by a "*conduite irréprochable*" she managed to supplant her benefactress in the good graces of the king. Madame de Montespan, nevertheless, at the beginning of the residence of Madame Scarron at court, was enchanted to have so prudent, so clever, and so well-behaved a person constantly about her, and even after she began to perceive the attractions of her governess for her royal lover, submitted to the course of events with courage, and without too much jealousy. Indeed, the friendship at first between the two ladies was of the most intimate character. Madame de Montespan confessed every secret to Madame Scarron, and they remained for hours together in *tête-à-tête* each evening, in a manner to give jealousy to the king himself. However, subjects of heartburnings and discord could not fail to arise between two persons so delicately situated and so different in character. Yet before they broke out, the king had on two separate occasions made presents to Madame Scarron, amounting to two hundred thousand francs, with which she purchased the property of Maintenon, on the road to Chartres, at ten leagues from Versailles.

A life of perpetual gala and fête was that of the court of Louis XIV., which contained within it all that was distinguished and gorgeous within the limits of France; and at Fontainebleau, at Chambord, and afterwards at Versailles and Marly, lived a life of unending revelry. The king, for whom the society of his own

plain and homely wife presented no charm, selected from the midst of this brilliant world a chosen few with whom to unbend. In the beginning of his reign the apartments of the Comtesse de Soissons, one of the nieces of Mazarin, was his favorite rendezvous, and the countess collected around her all the most eminent of the French and foreign nobility in France. Afterwards the charming Henriette d'Angleterre, the wife of monsieur, his brother-in-law, fascinated him with her graces, and he held his little private court sometimes with her and sometimes with the Comtesse de Soissons. What a life of balls, comedies, hunting parties, cavalcades, promenades in carriages in the forest after supper till two or three o'clock in the morning, luncheon in a gilded galley on the great canal at Versailles to the sound of music on the waters, surrounded by the most beautiful women in France as ladies in waiting! Then ensued the brief passion for Mademoiselle de Vallière, whose apartments for a while received the king's private court, in which he first learned to admire the more dazzling glories of Madame de Montespan. Madame de Soissons fell into disgrace, and finally fled from France, more than suspected of having been an accomplice in the poisonings of La Voisin. Madame Henriette d'Angleterre died the sudden tragic death, the shock of which still thrills us as one of the finest orations funèbres of Bossuet. The gentle and timid La Vallière, after a faint struggle with the ascendancy of her haughtier rival, laid aside the state and gorgeous attire of the duchess, and fled to the Carmelites, and passed away her life in midnight vigils, in sackcloth, in continual fastings, while the Grand Monarque and his Vasmistress were the centre of all honor and worship in the court.

A truly imperial beauty was this de Montespan, with her floods of blonde hair, her dazzling blue eyes, her deeply-arched eyebrows, her brilliant red and white complexion, and her splendid arms and hands, and her voluptuous graces; and to all the graces of form she added a prompt wit, a lively imagination, and a spirit so caustic, that when she stood at her windows with the king the courtiers feared to pass under them—they called that *passer par les armes*, so piercing was her satire. To all this the Montespan

united the attraction of infantine playfulness, toying with birds and pet animals like a child, to the diversion of the king. She had, too, as helpmates in her task of amusing the king, her two sisters, the Abbess of Fontevault and Madame de Thianges, both of whom possessed an almost equal share of the wit and the graces of their family—the Montemarts, renowned for such qualities.

Such was the lady, and such the society, towards which Madame Scarron had, for a high-minded, scrupulous, and devout lady, to play a very delicate part—a part rendered infinitely more difficult by the caprices and wayward airs of the chief daughter of the Montemarts, the mistress of the king. Her favorite maxim, “Il n’y a rien de plus habile qu’une conduite irréprochable,” has a greater value after one has become bosom friend of the mistress of the king and governess of her children. She lived at first retired with her little charges, clearing the ground we may say, gliding more and more by soft gradation into the intimacy of the king and his mistress, always, according to her own account, astonished at her progress, and wishing all the time for the strictest privacy and retirement. To believe her, she detested court life—*le pays*, as she called it, where she lived, but where the air seemed to agree with her passing well for somewhere about forty years.

A strange family existence that of these three persons—Louis XIV., Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Maintenon. The disputes between the two latter became constant; the education and treatment of the children were eternal topics for disagreement, not to mention that the mistress before long began to perceive that she had a veritable rival in the governess of her children. Madame de Maintenon contrived at length to interest the king in her disputes, and the great monarch said he had more trouble in keeping them on good terms than in settling the peace of Europe.

Had Madame de Maintenon any suspicion of the astonishing height of power which she was destined to reach? The question is impossible to answer. This is certain, that she unweariedly, and in the most dexterous manner, directed little moral hits both at the Montespan and at the king, at the improper character of their relations, and so prepared the way

for a separation. Madame de Montespan, to do her justice, took them very well. She had from time to time attacks of remorse, more especially when she was ill and weak, and of these the Maintenon always took advantage. “Come and see me,” the mistress wrote to her, after the birth of a child; “but, above all, do not make a promenade over me with those black eyes of yours, which frighten me.”

Madame de Maintenon, indeed, but came in aid of the exhortation of Bourdeloue and Bossuet at this time, and Madame de Montespan did precipitately, during the religious festival of Easter, retire from Versailles. The Grand Demoiselle de Montpensier, who had a tenderness for Madame de Montespan, went to see Madame de Maintenon to inquire if her friend was not coming back. “Elle se mit à rire et ne me répondit rien,” she says in her “Memoires.” Does Made-moiselle de Montpensier report correctly? If so, this is the worst thing we know about Madame de Maintenon. Was this dismal agony of her benefactress such a laughing matter? “Elle se mit à rire et ne me répondit rien.” Did so discreet and decent a lady ever go to such unseemly lengths? Alas! that laugh, if it really took place, was a touch of sincerity which is not to be found in her whole life.

Louis XIV., on his side, too, backed up by his bishops and confessors, and urged by the discreet smiles and approaches of the Maintenon, was now wholly resolved to break off so naughty a connection. He went away to his army without even seeing Madame de Montespan. Before he departed, he saw Bourdaloue, and he said to him, “Mon père, you ought to be content with me. Madame de Montespan is at Clagny.” “Yes, sire,” replied Bourdaloue; “but God would be more content if Clagny was at sixty leagues from Versailles.” Madame de Montespan had, in fact, come from Paris to Clagny, which is not very far from Versailles.

This retirement of Madame de Montespan caused an unusual sensation among the Court people. Madame de Sevigné and Russy Rabutin hardly knew what to make of it. What was the part which Madame de Maintenon played in this affair?

It is said that at a review of the Mousquetaires, at which the king had expressed great satisfaction, she had the audacity to

say, "Que feriez vous cependant, sire, si l'on vous dirait qu'un de ces jeunes gens vit publiquement avec la femme d'un autre comme si elle était la sienne." Madame de Caylus, Madame de Maintenon's own niece, is the authority; and she says, "*Le discours est certain.*" If Madame de Maintenon did make such a speech, it did not prevent her from writing to Madame de Montespan, after the taking of Ghent, "*Le roi va revenir à vous comblé de gloire, et je prends une part infinie à votre joie!*"

One can well conceive what impression a still handsome lady, with discreet and pleasant wit, playing the part of Minerva and Mentor at once upon the king, might exercise in such a conjunction. Nevertheless, Madame de Montespan, alas! did return to court. Bossuet, while the king was still on his way back, had written a tender and imploring letter to him, deprecating the return of the favorite and exhorting him to give his attention to the wretched condition of his provinces, "crushed beneath the disorders of the military and the abuses of the administration." And the king was exemplary in his devotions at Whitsuntide. Madame de Montespan, she, too, followed suit, in a milder way, and managed to content Bossuet. She found consolation in playing hoca,—a game of cards,—rather extravagantly at St. Cloud. Hoca, and building and a little divinity, and some respectful attentions to the queen, seemed at this time to fill up her existence. The queen and Madame de Montespan were for two hours on one occasion together in conference at the Carmelites, and both appeared equally content with each other. What was the subject of their conversation one would really like to know. Afterwards, the queen and Madame de Montespan were always together. The virtue of Madame de Montespan seemed on the point of rising to transcendent extremities. Madame de Sevigné thinks, if she can only stay where she is, her "greatness will pierce the clouds." She admires her building fancies beyond measure,—“You cannot tell the triumph she enjoys in the credit of her workmen, who number twelve hundred. Alas! poor France! The palace of Apollidon and the garden of Armida are but the poorest of shadowing of what she is about. As for me, I think of Dido building Carthage when I think of her. The wife of her ‘substantial friend,’—the queen,—makes

her visits, and all the royal family, one by one.” This effort of virtue on the part of Madame de Montespan was an immense success. Was it likely the king would remain long behind the rest in showing his admiration,—the more especially as the Maintenon was now far away with her young charge, the precarious little Duke de Maine, who had a lame leg, at the baths of Barèges, and the time of year was the sunny month of May. That Madame de Maintenon was inexpressibly anxious her letters show. She urges her friends to give her news. Still she had one consolation unknown to all; the king was in correspondence with herself.

Nevertheless his Majesty gave orders for his reception in July at Versailles,—and that the Montespan should be there to receive him.

As he approached Versailles, Bossuet and M. le Dauphin—Bossuet's pupil—met him with serious faces on the road to Versailles. The king noticed their mien, and said, "Say nothing. I have given orders for Madame de Montespan to have a lodging at the Château." However, at first the king gave his word that he and the Montespan should remain on terms of Platonic friendship. And so indeed they did, apparently, for a time,—a time long enough to let Madame de Maintenon return; a time long enough to let winter go by; a time long enough to let the king go again, campaigning in his heavy coaches, to Flanders, and to return therefrom in July, 1676. At the king's return the question then was, should Madame de Montespan remain or no at the court? It appears that Bossuet, even the grave Bossuet, was of opinion she might do so; but still it was thought wise (?) that there should be a preliminary meeting in private between the pair before they met in public, and this preliminary meeting, it was arranged, should take place in the presence of some of the most respectable and gravest ladies of the court. The king therefore paid a visit to Madame de Montespan; the grave ladies were there; the erring couple met in their presence. After a first greeting, however, the king drew the lady to the window. They talked a long time in a low voice; they shed tears, and then and there they both made profound bows to the most respectable and gravest ladies of the court, and retired to another room; from which retirement came, in course of

time, says Madame de Caylus, the Duchess of Orleans and M. le Comte de Toulouse.

The next letter which we have of Madame de Maintenon, after this event, is written in a kind of rage. She accuses Bossuet of having been made a dupe, and of lacking the spirit of the court, as he no doubt did. "Why does not the Père La Chaise," she asked vehemently, "absolutely forbid the king the sacraments?" Jealousy and spite really ought not to be suspected as having tainted any letter of so Christian a lady as Madame de Maintenon.

This last liaison of the king with Madame de Montespan was by no means of so solid a character as before. The king had sundry fugitive passions, which gave his mistress some lively fits of jealousy and anger. We have an account of one of the scenes between the king and the lady, caused by a temporary attachment of the king to Mademoiselle de Fontanges (Diane).

However, Madame de Montespan began veritably, by this time, to be aware that her real rival was Madame de Maintenon herself; signs, indeed, of the high place which she held in royal favor began to be apparent to all. Boileau and Racine, who had been named jointly "historiographers" to the king, and read passages of their composition from time to time in the room of Madame de Montespan, sometimes stayed to see the king and his mistress play cards. They observed that when Madame de Montespan gave utterance to some burst of humor, the king regarded Madame de Maintenon with a smile. On one occasion they found the king in bed, and Madame de Maintenon seated in a chair by the bedside. The king would sometimes pass two hours together in Madame de Maintenon's cabinet. At last came direct accusations and stormy scenes between Madame de Maintenon and the reigning mistress.

"Les bontés du roi ne me dédommagent point de la perte de ma tranquillité. Madame de Montespan veut absolument que je cherche à être sa maîtresse. Mais, lui ai-je dit, il en a donc trois? Oui, m'a-t-elle répondu; moi de nom, cette fille (la Fontanges) de fait, et vous de cœur. Je lui ai répondu en toute douceur qu'elle contait trop ses ressentiments. Elle m'a répondu qu'elle connaissait mes artifices, et qu'elle n'était malheureuse que pour n'avoir écouté ses ressentiments. Elle m'a reproché ses bien-

faits, ses présents, ceux du roi, et ma dit qu'elle m'avait nourris et que je l'étouffais."

When matters had reached this pitch, it might be imagined that the two ladies could not meet together at any time on very pleasant terms. Nevertheless, Madame de Montespan, who, with all her caprice and fits of ill-humor, was at bottom extremely good-natured, managed to laugh at times with the stealthy Maintenon, and to get all the gaiety out of her which she could. Madame de Caylus reports, "that on one occasion when the court was on one of its usual journeys, and Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon found themselves in the same carriage tête-à-tête, Madame de Montespan opened the conversation and said, "Ne soyons pas les dupes de cette affaire-ci. Causons comme si nous n'avions rien à démêler; bien entendu que nous reprendrons nos démêlés au retour," and that Madame de Maintenon accepted the proposition, and both kept the compact. Madame de Maintenon writes herself that on another occasion she and the mistress "walked arm-in-arm together, laughing a good deal, but none the better friends for all that." Like the preux chevaliers of old, the ladies could suspend their warfare, pass a gay hour or two together, and then resume their fighting.

The king at last, however, found a way out of this life of eternal bickering and jealousy for Madame de Maintenon. M. le Dauphin was about to be married to the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria. The Dauphine must have a household, and the king named Madame de Maintenon second dame d'atours, creating the place especially for her. Adieu, Madame de Montespan!

However, Madame de Maintenon moralises again in a letter to her director, l'Abbé Gobelin, in her usual fashion,— "Malgré l'envie que j'avais de me retirer, et malgré toute ma haine pour ce pays-ci, j'y suis attachée; c'est Dieu qui a conduit tout cela." It is pleasant always to think that "Dieu" thrust that greatness upon us, which our modesty and piety decline; and it was pleasant also for Madame de Maintenon to have so convenient a confessor as l'Abbé Gobelin, who always replied to her threats of retreat,— "Remain! God wishes you there!" This

was in 1680, and the queen did not die till 1683; during these three years the favor of Madame de Maintenon went on increasing, and Madame de Montespan's ill-humor increased in proportion. Majesty now passed very frequently two hours in the Maintenon's cabinet,—nay, even three hours when she had the migraine. Madame de Sevigné tells us that these conversations of Majesty with the *veuve Scarron* went on ever increasing, and became more and more beautiful—each of them was seated in an arm-chair, and the Dauphine paid them visits from time to time. The lady now began to inspire fear and respect, and the ministers even to pay her court. The king appeared to take more and more pleasure in her steady power of self-possession and her reasonable way of treating all things;—he appeared to be “charmed.” The staid and prudent lady was now forty-five. Nevertheless, her equable temperament had various struggles and agitations. Witness a letter to a lady friend: “*J’obtiens tout, mais l’envie me le rend bien cher. Mon cœur est déchiré, le sien n’est pas de meilleur état. A quarante-cinq ans il n’est plus temps de plaie, mais la vertu est de tout âge. Priez Dieu pour moi, je ne fus jamais si agitée ni si combattue . . . Je le renvoie toujours affligé et jamais désespéré.*”

Not long after this letter, when the brilliant and fair Fontanges died at twenty years of age, and the king had ceased to see Madame de Montespan, except in public, the courtiers began,—tout bas,—to call Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Maintenant. And Madame de Maintenant passed every evening, from eight to ten, with his Majesty.

“*M. de Chamaraude*,”—first maître d’hôtel of Madame la Dauphine,—says Madame de Sevigné, “le mène et la remène à la face de l’univers.” Signs of royal favor now, indeed, rained thick on the Maintenon. What was she, in fact? She was a sort of Platonic mistress of the king, and in such capacity had to set a high moral example. She took the unfortunate queen under her protection. In consequence of Madame de Maintenon’s manœuvres, the poor deserted lady met with greater attention than she had enjoyed during the whole time of her marriage. The retiring nature of the unfortunate queen was quite overcome with

such unwonted attentions, and so unequal, from timidity, to receive unwonted favors from her Olympian lord, that Madame de Maintenon had sometimes to push her, all trembling, into the royal presence. However, the queen did not support long this unexpected display of conjugal affection; it was too much for her apparently, for she died suddenly in 1683. The king, it was thought, felt her loss severely, saying, “*Voilà le premier chagrin qu’elle m’aît jamais causé.*” Madame de Maintenon was with her mistress when she died, and after the death-bed scene was about to retire to her apartments, when the Duc de Rochefoucauld took her by the arm and drew her towards the king, saying, “This is not the time, Madame, to quit him; in the state in which he is, he has need of you.”

Did Madame de Maintenon now entertain design of absolute marriage with Olympian majesty itself? Madame de Caylus tells us that during the journey of the court shortly after to Fontainebleau the agitation of the king’s lady counsellor was extreme, and that from thenceforward she was always with the king; she took part in all the journeys, travelling in the very carriage of his majesty, who never failed to visit Maintenon on his way to Chambord. Madame de Sevigné is astounded at her position. “*La place de Madame de Maintenon est unique en son genre; il n’en a jamais eu, et il n’y en aura jamais de semblable.*”

The deserted Montespan still figured in a spectral way about the court, the king still appearing every day, for form’s sake, for an instant or two in her apartment. The ex-mistress, for diversion and consolation, threw herself fervently upon devotion.

The exact date of the marriage of Madame de Maintenon with the king is unknown, but the fact is certain. It took place apparently about eighteen months or two years after the death of the queen, in the year 1685. The king was forty-seven, and Madame de Maintenon was the representative of fifty years of a conduite irréprochable; but la vertu est de tout âge. The court, accustomed to see Madame de Maintenon so constantly with the king, at first observes no difference in their relations. When the marriage began to be suspected, various indeed were the ways in which it was regarded. By some it was received with

admiration, by some with envy, by some with hopes of profit, and by some with profound astonishment and disgust. Indeed, the contrast which destiny here offered to the world was astounding. Louis the Superb,—after his Mazarinettes, his De Soissons, his La Vallières, his Montespan and his Fantanges, and a crowd of young and brilliant beauties,—had come to settle down in strict conjugal domesticity with a staid and serene elderly lady, three years older than himself.

Some rigorists, however, insisted still that a clandestine marriage was not sufficient to render the relations of the Maintenon with the king wholly without taint ; that consequently they still partook of the nature of a criminal attachment ; and some have asserted that Madame de Maintenon, after having by force of intrigue and cunning contrived to get the king to marry her privately, continued still the same manoeuvres to get him to give the marriage publicity. As to this latter point, there is no doubt that there was a great deal of scheming and counter-scheming. According to Saint-Simon, the Maintenon had at one time prevailed upon the king to have the marriage made public ; but Louvois, who had always sided with the Montespan, got wind of the project, went to Versailles, threw himself on his knees before the king and drew his sword, and implored his majesty to kill him on the spot rather than let him be the witness of such an infamy befalling the royalty of France ; and that the king, troubled, embarrassed, and stammering, gave his word that the marriage should always be kept secret. It cannot be known how far Saint-Simon's account is true ; but this is sure, that before the marriage Louvois received the confidence of the king ; and on hearing it, threw himself at his feet with tears, and besought him not to dishonor himself by marrying the “veuve Scarron.”

Saint-Simon believes also that a second attempt of the same kind was made by Madame de Maintenon, but was rendered abortive by the influence of Fénélon and Bossuet.

Nevertheless, Madame de Maintenon was addressed by a few of her intimate associates—four or five, perhaps—as “Your Majesty ;” and the court paid to her on all sides was without limit, since it was well known what influence she had upon the royal counsels. This veiled kind of

majesty, however, was in truth but a disguised servitude of the most painful and unavoidable character. Her chief occupation was to keep the king amused, or as she expressed it, make “piety tasteful” to his majesty—“à faire goûter la piété au roi ;” and without the help of cards and the lighter graces of the Montespan, to keep the king always amused, was a very serious undertaking. Louis XIV., to say the truth, had too much dignity of character to allow him to fall into the shameful excesses of a dishonored old age, like that of his grandson, Louis XV. ; and after the irregularities of his early life he found a support and stay in the prudent wisdom of Madame de Maintenon, of which he knew how to make good use. Louis XIV. finished his career with Madame de Maintenon by his bed-side ; Louise XV. died very nearly in the arms of the Du Barry ; and the difference between the two death-beds is significative of the difference of the two epochs in which they happened.

One cannot, however, feel any kind of real sympathy with Madame de Maintenon at any epoch of her life,—there is no real greatness, no real attraction about her ; secret contentment, secret delight, secret satisfactions of pride were the pleasures she aimed at having, and these she succeeded in obtaining. Her whole life was a sacrifice to this end, from the time of her marriage with the poor cripple Scarrion. In her letters are to be found pictures from her own hand of her life at Versailles, which, as Sainte-Beuve says, almost make us pity her. From the hour of her rising to the hour of her going to bed she had no respite. She was obliged to be everything, not to the king alone, but to the princes also who had been her pupils, and to all the royal family in the palace. She was a veritable servant of all work, for Louis would not sacrifice the smallest of his habits to make her more comfortable or put her more at her ease. Old as she was,—suffering from the cold in the vast apartments of Versailles and Fontainebleau, with huge doors and great windows on all sides of her,—she could not even put a screen round her chair to keep off the draughts, because the king never suffered from cold and liked symmetry in all things,—“Il faut périr en symétrie,” she writes. On one occasion, when she was ill in bed, suffering from a

fever, the king arrived, and had the windows at once thrown open. He liked air.

The only consolation that Madame de Maintenon can draw from her discomfort is, that all this agrees very well with the health of the king. Sometimes, when she was ill, anxious, tired, and worn out, the king would enter her room, and she would have to exert herself to amuse and entertain him for hours together; after which she would say to her attendant, as she retired to rest and the curtains were drawn around her,—“I have only time to tell you that I can do no more.” If she allowed the king to see her troubles or discomforts she was afraid that he would think that devotion was the cause of it, and so take devotion as dislike. On one occasion, after an evening of severe exertion in supporting the ill-humor of the king, she said, “I was driven to the last gasp, but the king did not perceive it; now I will go and weep between my four curtains.” All the squabbles of the royal family, all the jealousies of the legitimate and illegitimate princes and princesses fell upon her shoulders. All difficulties of the royal household she was bound to settle in discreet fashion, and with a smiling face, however vexed at heart and tired in soul. Besides this, a mass of business matters were thrust upon her, especially those connected with church matters; for, says Saint-Simon, she thought herself the “*Abbesse universelle* ;” and in her own letters she styles herself “*la femme d'affaires des évêques*.” People aimed at making her the channel of every kind of demand and solicitation;—it was in vain for her to busy herself in secrecy and try and make herself inaccessible.

On all affairs of state too she was obliged to keep herself informed, and have her opinions ready for the king; for every evening he transacted all his business with his ministers in her presence. Madame de Maintenon usually sat apart, occupied with reading or writing, or tapestry work. When on some difficult point, the king would say, “*Consultons la raison*,” then turn to the lady, and ask, “What does your Solidity think of it?” *Votre Solidité*, indeed, was a name habitually employed by the king to Madame de Maintenon. He said to her, “we call Popes *votre Sainteté*, kings *votre Majesté*,—you, madame, must be called *votre Solidité*.”

Amid the incessant torment and pain of such a life expressions escaped Madame de Maintenon at times indicative of the anguish she concealed beneath her smile. “*J'en ai quelquefois*,” she remarked, “*comme l'on dit, jusqu'à la gorge*.” And one day when she saw some little fish evidently ill at ease in one of the sumptuous basins of clear water at Versailles, she said “They are like me; they regret their destiny.”

This kind of life she had to endure till she was eighty, when the king died. Did she love him? The question is difficult to answer. At all events she did not wait to see the breath out of his body. As he was on his death-bed and his end evidently near she consulted her confessor. “You can depart,” he said, “you are no longer necessary.” “This conduct,” says Sainte-Beuve, “for which she has been reproached, proves at least one thing, that in such instants of separation and eternal farewells, she would rather trust to the guidance of her confessor than take counsel of her heart.”

After the king's death she retired to St. Cyr, where she died in 1719, at the age of eighty-four.

To treat of her influence on public affairs, of her part, real or supposed, in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and other great events, would have taken us beyond our limits. The truth is she initiated nothing, yet gave her countenance to all the senile follies of the concluding years of Louis XIV. How much of the intolerance of the declining years of the king can be traced to her cannot be surely known; but she had a passion for converting Calvinist children to the Catholic faith, and spared no means to accomplish her purpose. She looked upon herself as a kind of demi-saint—a sort of mature Esther raised up by Providence to guide the great king into the paths of righteousness. When counselled to write her life, she excused herself from the task by saying it consisted wholly of “miraculous passages in her inner nature.” The modesty of which expression must be patent to all. Michelet, a few words of whose sometimes reveal a character as with a flash of lightning, says of Madame de Maintenon, “*Sous son extérieur calculé de tenue de convenance son âme était très-âpre, comme on l'est volontiers, lorsque l'on a beaucoup pâti*.”

With one who,—as Michelet says,—had suffered much, one would not be too severe; yet Madame de Maintenon had a consolation amid all her trials, and under the astonishing weight of earthly grandeur she had to endure,—her pride in the conviction that she was a secret saint and

martyr as well as an unacknowledged queen. Job and the Maxims of M. de Rochefoucauld we know were at one time her favorite reading, and her chosen motto, “Il n’y a rien de plus habile qu’une conduite irréprochable.”

Cornhill Magazine.

THE HEART OF CRETE.

AMONGST the fateful accidents of earth’s surface,—the chances of rift and upheaval which have determined the character of the tribes of men,—one of the most remarkable is the Island of Crete, the home *par excellence*, from remotest antiquity, of intestine wars and insurrections, the coveted prize of all the nations who have hoped to control the Levant. In one of the playful spurts of the volcanic force which have made the earth the beautiful thing it is, a bit of the bed of the Mediterranean (then a fresh-water lake it is said) was hove up sharp on edge, some 16,000 feet, of which half is in air and half in water. On the south side it still plunges sheer from summit to abyss as precipitously as rock will lie; but on the other, it breaks by gentle degrees, and with occasional reassertion of upheaval, into laughing plains, extended by the alluvium of a thousand torrents, furrowing the rock into ravines and gorges, for picturesqueness and defensibility unsurpassed in the whole world; and like natural robber dens, menacing the fertile fields once the granary of imperial Rome as of later Venice.

The highest section of this ridge, which is the backbone of Crete, forms the district of Sphakia; and the magnificent plain which lies at the northern foot of the chain, and reaches out towards its kindred Argos, is the ancient domain of Cydonia, “mother of cities,” as she was known in the earliest days of Greek history. Here broke, in instinctive routine, the spray of those waves of Arian emigration which came from the north down on Italy, Hellas, and the Dorian lands; and here conquest always put the first foot on shore, driving back on those snow-capped mountains the heroic remnants of the preceding races. Here the Pelasgi, winged race (if they were a race), organized those invasions of the eastern shores of the Mediter-

anean, which have left indestructible memorials in the cyclopean city walls of almost every known antique seaside site, and poured into Egypt and Syria the progenitors of the Philistines, whose advent in the Delta, and his munificent permission to abide there, Thotmes III. records at Karnak. Here landed Metellus, and here, last of all, the Turk.

The Sphakian mountains have been always the centre of insubordination and revolt; and to overawe the mountaineers Venice rebuilt Cydonia, long destroyed, and called it Canéa, evidently a corruption of the old name, and made it a superb seaside fortress and naval arsenal. As you approach it from the seaward it is like all other Levant cities: a long line of white-washed houses, a light-house first singling itself out from the mass, then a tawdry building, higher than the rest of the town by its own height, the konak or governor’s palace. It is only when you have entered between the two points of the reef which make the harbor, that you are enabled to see the old town huddling in on the semicircular port; the picturesque bits of Venetian architecture, appended with Turkish latticed balconies; gateways where the lion of St. Mark still looks, though with mutilated face, seaward, whence his aid was wont to come. At the right a crumbling Venetian battery, and at the left the substructure of the old citadel, whereon is built the rubbishy konak, underneath which is the line of embrasure of a water-battery, and down the side of a lateral basin of the port a long line of gallery-houses, belonging to the arsenal, all of the same masonry and time, show that what the Turk has done to the town since he took it has only been surface work. The outer wall of the city, a superb example of Venetian military architecture, is in the same state as when the

city was taken from the Republic, save that the shot-holes have been filled up rudely; and the guns on the parapets are Venetian and contemporary Turkish, old bronze pieces whose discharge would certainly be more fatal to the gunners than to an enemy.

The great gate of Canéa opens towards the White or Sphakian Mountains, the ancient Leucæ Ora (in Cretan, Asprovouna), which rise in a succession of abrupt ridges from the verge of the plain of Canéa. The distance from city to summit, for a goat, is about twelve miles, but for a traveller, about forty. The mountaineers, who are, in their capacities, between the two, can come down from the highest ridges in five or six hours, and get back in twice as many. Looking from the city wall on the mountains there is a wide plain, covered with olive-groves, whose luxuriant green contrasts with the silvery grey of the Italian olive in a most remarkable manner, and from whose masses peep, here and there, the roofs and pinnacles of summer-houses and kiosks, the villas of the wealthier Turkish beys. Three miles of this bring us to a plunging ridge of mountains, cut into ravines by the torrents, sparse of vegetation of any kind, obdurate ungrateful rock, and then six or seven miles of undulating table-land before the precipitous upheaval of the Asprovouna, whose summits, grey and glistening, pinnacled and crystalline, look out from their 8,000 feet of supremacy over all the Grecian seas and most of the Grecian lands. From October to March, these crags, otherwise bare, are mantled in snow, which lies perpetually in the ravines. Here the cypress tires of climbing, and the wild goat defies the hunting of two thousand years to exterminate him; and here glens—to cross which is not given to man, scarcely to goats—cut up and forbid travel of any kind.

Where the tallest peaks cluster at the west of the long chain, which, from where we look, is plainly a dorsal ridge, there is a precipitous plunge in the mountain lines, and apparently the position of a glen. There is the Heart of Crete, the impregnable fortress of centuries of turbulence, insurrection, war; in whose defiles the mountaineer could trust his family and his treasure as long as he could wield his weapons. Here only, perhaps, in Christian

lands, has warring invader never set his foot. This is Samarià.

In the summer following the end of the Cretan insurrection, and the last of a term of consular residence in Crete, I made the visit, none should neglect who touch in the island, to this redoubtable glen,—visit which the state of hostilities previously existing had rendered unadvisable, not to say impossible, from the Turkish lines. And even when peace had been restored, and not a recusant fugitive remained in the mountain hiding-places, the local authorities could, with difficulty, reconcile themselves to the idea of my going there; and it was only after the failure of several petty intrigues to prevent my getting away, that they determined to pass to the other extreme and do handsomely what they could not avoid doing. I set out in the dawn of a July day with an officer of the mounted police, a chosen and trusty man, with one private of the same force, and my own cavass. The private rode a hundred yards a-head *en vidette* against any attack on the official dignity by unknowing peasant, or unheeding patrol or straggler of the faithful, and discharged his duty on the road to my complete satisfaction, no countermarching troops daring to hold the narrow way to the detriment of the consular dignity. The lawlessness of the Turkish administration in Crete has kept alive, more than in most of the Christian provinces of the Ottoman empire, the power of, and respect for, foreign officials. Just as much as the unjust governor dreads the inspecting eye and the exposing blue-book, so much the Rayah hopes from them, and honors the Effendi as the Turk curses the Ghiour; and so in Crete, the extreme of official deference is kept up, corresponding to the degree of official oppression hitherto* obtaining.

So when my avant-courier announced to the awkward squad of Anatolian infantry, ragged, sullen, that the "Consolos Bey" demanded the road, a savage frown of unwelcome gleamed through the disciplinary respect; while the shouting, chattering groups of Christian peasants ambling along on their mules and donkeys, with their little loads of fowls or oil for the market

* I should be unjust if I did not add that, from all that I could see after the war, the administration of the affairs of the island has wonderfully improved in all respects.

at Canéa, were generally arrested by the summons of the guard, and drew up respectfully at the road-side, the most respectful dismounting until I had passed.

The road, for ten or twelve miles, runs westward over a level plain, the ancient bed of the Iardanos, by whose banks we know, from Homer, that the Cydonians dwelt. The fact that the Iardanos (now called Platanos, from the immense plane-trees growing on its banks) now empties into the sea ten miles from Canéa, has puzzled geographers to reconcile Cydonia with Canéa; but on arriving at the point where the river debouches into and cuts across the plain, it will be seen that the new channel to the sea has been cut through the hills by the action of the river, and that the ancient course was evidently eastward through the still marshy plain into the bay of Suda, passing close to the position of Canéa.

The roads in Crete are marked with historical associations of all ages, as the Appian Way with recollections of the great dead. The town that we pass, near the mouth of the Platanos, was the ancient Pergamos, whither Lycurgus, to evade the possibility of his laws being evoked, banished himself, died, and was buried. The town, which we enter as we cross the Platanos at the ford, is Alikianu, the scene of one of the most atrocious and perfidious massacres which Venice ever perpetrated to secure her dominion. It is a town of half-ruined villas—some of the Venetian days—buried in orange-trees, and so surrounded with olive-groves that but little of it can be seen from the river. The road we must follow only skirts it, following the river, until it rises on a ridge of mountains, zigzag and undulating, up to Lakus, one of the immemorial strongholds of Crete. The Lakiotes are accounted amongst the bravest of the Cretans; and though military science, flank movements, and artillery made their town untenable in the later insurrection, it is still a formidable position. The village itself lies along under the summit ridge of the chain of hills which form a buttress to the Asprovouna, stretching north, with steep approaches from every side.

In the last insurrection, Lakus was taken by surprise and a flank movement of the Turkish irregulars, the Lakiotes having only time to secure their most valuable and portable goods, and to bury the church

bell, retiring up the mountain slopes beyond, firing a few shots of defiance as they went. South of Lakus is an almost impassable ravine, whose opposite slopes recede from their precipitousness, to give place to a village called Zourba, to which the Lakiotes retired, and where they made their depôt and hospital during the first year or more of the insurrection, resisting successfully bombardment and assault until the whole country round about was occupied. When A'ali Pacha arrived in Crete, he ordered the reconstruction of the church of Lakus, demolished by the Turks at the capture of the village, and the primates were ordered to find the bell. Declining to know its whereabouts, they were thrown into prison, to lie until they did; a few days of which treatment produced the desired effect, and the bell was hung over the reconstructed church. That afternoon notes of compulsory joy sounded from the belfry, and the insurgents from the ridge of Zourba opposite came down to the brink of the ravine, to ask who had betrayed the bell. Their submitted townsmen replied by an avowal of the *modus operandi* of getting at the required knowledge; and the "patriots" replied, "Ring away, we will come and ring it to-night." And, agreeably to promise, a band of insurgents came across the ravine at midnight, carried off the bell, and hanging it on a tree near Zourba, rang the night out. The Turkish guard, which occupied the block-house in the village, scarcely thought it worth while to risk the defence of the bell, if indeed they knew of its danger.

At Lakus I had made my plans to break-fast and pass the noon-heat, but I had reckoned without my hosts, for, on "pitching my tent," and sending out my cavass to find a lamb to roast, I found evidence of the inroads of civilization—I could not get one for less than three pounds sterling—about fifteen times the usual price. Fortunately my escort had amply provided themselves, and we had bread and cheese, caviar and coffee to stay our appetites until we should reach Omalo, where was a garrison and an army butcher. So I ate my modicum of what they gave me, smoked my cigarette, and tried to doze, while the chattering villagers, holding themselves aloof in reminiscent dread of the Moslem, mingled their hum with that of the bees from the hives near us. My "tent" was an ancient mulberry-tree above, and a

Persian carpet beneath; and, though I tried to sleep away the time, I did nothing but listen to the story my cavass, Hadji Houssein, was telling his companions of an adventure we had had the year before in the valley below, and which, lest he have not given the true version, I will tell as it happened.

In the bottom of the valley at our feet lies the village of Meskla, built along the banks of the Platanos, where it is a pure, cold, rushing mountain brook, of which, in any other part of the world, the eddies would have been alive with trout, but in which now there are only, as in all other Cretan rivers, eels. A party of official personages in Canéa, including her Britannic Majesty's consul, myself, the American ditto, with the captain and officers of the English and French gunboats on the station, and an English colonel in the Turkish army, had made a picnic party to Meskla, in August of the last year of the war. The Turkish troops held Lakus and Omalo, and the western bank of the Platanos down to the plain; but the insurgents still remained in possession of all the northern spurs of the Asprovouna, from Lakus east for twenty miles, including Zourba; and while we drank toasts and ate our roast-lamb under the plane-trees by the river, a perpetual peppering of rifles was going on from the hill-tops on each side of the valley above. Was it fighting, or was it fun? I began to climb one of the nearest spurs on the Turkish side of the ravine to see, and, not to be suspected of both sides, took my way to the picket of Turkish irregulars, which, sheltered by a group of trees on the summit, was firing across the valley in a desultory way. As I showed myself in one of the windings of the path to the patriots at Zourba, I saw the smoke-puff of a rifle on the edge of a ravine, and the ball glanced along the rocks within three feet, splattering the lead over me in a most convincing way. I naturally made a flank movement, which shortly degenerated into the retrograde of a satisfied curiosity.

The incident had a side interest to the whole party, for it showed us that the road we proposed to take might be dangerous, the more as we had a Turkish officer and his two attendants in uniform in our company. We had proposed following the river up still higher, and then crossing the ridge to Theriso, a village

occupying the bottom of the parallel valley of the Kladiso, the river next eastward.

Consulting one of the submitted Meskliotes, who waited his chance for the *débris* of the picnic, we were informed that it would be very far from safe to follow our proposed route, which was exposed in its whole line to the chance of shots from the main mountain ridge; but he offered to guide us by a road running along the side of the ridge furthest from the insurgents, and where he could warn any outposts of them that we were coming. This road was a fair sample of those which existed in Crete before the war, a mere bridle-path scratched in the slope of a huge land slide, which rose above us two or three hundred feet, and descended three or four times that distance into the bed of the Platanos. Part of it was too dizzy and dangerous to ride, and we led our beasts hesitating and hobbling along. We were soon amongst the outposts of the insurgents, as we had unmistakable evidence on arriving at Theriso, where we found a detachment of a dozen or more, rough, motley-looking fellows, armed with all kinds of guns, and clad in all ways except well. They looked askance at our fez-wearing colonel and his two cavalymen, but from respect for the consular presences respected *their* persons. We drank with them at the spring, exchanged identifications, and pursued our way down the celebrated ravine, the scene of two terrible disasters to the Turkish army, during different insurrections. Nothing can be more uncomfortable, in a military point of view, than one of these Cretan ravines. Cut in the limestone rock by the glacier torrents of ages, zigzag in their courses, and shut between abrupt ridges, with no road but an unsatisfactory bridle-path, the troop which is incautious enough to enter without crowning the heights on each side as they advance, is certain to be hemmed in, and to be severely treated by a comparatively small foe, or exterminated by a large one.

We had delayed too long, and as we entered the most precipitous portion of the ravine, the red sunlight on the eastern cliffs told us that the sun, long shut from direct view, was sinking; and in our haste we missed the way, and fell into a vineyard-path, out of any line of travel. Immediately we heard voices hailing us from the hill-tops, to which we paid no atten-

tion, thinking them the cries of shepherd boys, and continued until we found ourselves in a maze of vineyards, and the path and sun gone at the same instant. Now the hailing began with bullets. The uniforms of our Turkish escort demanded explanation, and as our guides had left us at Theriso, we were helpless. To go back and explain was to be a better mark, and to march a-head, anywhere, was our only chance. Unfortunately, Hadji, who carried my rifle, considered it his military duty to return the fire, and in a few moments, other pickets coming in, we had above forty sharpshooters popping away at us in the twilight. Our further passage was shut by an abrupt hillside, along which we must make a movement by the flank towards the road we had lost, and directly across the line of fire. The ping-ing of the bullets suggested getting to cover, and as all path had now disappeared, we all dismounted and led our beasts at random; no one knowing where we were going, or should go, and only aiming to turn the point of the ridge above us, to get out of the fire, which was increasing, and the ping-ing of Enfield bullets over our heads was a wonderful inducer of celerity. It was a veritable *saute qui peut*. I saw men of war ducking and dodging at every flash and whistle in a way that indicated small faith in the doctrine of chances, according to which a thousand shots must be fired for one to hit. We found, at length, where the ridge broke down, a maze of huge rocks, affording shelter, but beyond was a deep declivity, down which, in the dark, we could see nothing; further on again was the river, along which the road led. We could hear the shouts and occasional shots of a detachment running down the road to intercept us and another coming along the ridge above us. My mule was dead beat, and could scarcely put one leg before another, and few others were better off. A short council showed two minds in the party—one to lie still to be taken, with the chance of a shot first; the other to push on for the road before the insurgents reached it. The only danger of any moment was to Colonel Borthwick and his Turks, who would be prizes of war, and to me the chance of a fever from lying out all night. The majority, nine, voted with me to go on, and, abandoning mules and horses, we plunged, without

measuring our steps, down the slope, falling, slipping, tripping over rocks, in bogs, through overtopping swamp-grass, bushes (for the hillside was a bed of springs), pushing to strike the road before the insurgents should head us off, so as to be able to choose our moment for parleying. I knew that if I could get there first, saving the chance, that all would be well; if a rash boy of fourteen saw me first, I might be stopped by a bullet before any explanation would avail.

Tired, muddy, reeking with perspiration, bruised on the stones, exhausted with haste and trepidation, we won the race and halted behind a little roadside chapel to gather the state of things. Above, we heard voices of a colloquy, and knew that the remainder of the party were in safe custody, and our road was quiet. A short walk brought us to the outpost of the Turkish army, a village garrisoned by a couple of companies of regulars and a few Albanians. The commandant, a major, was out-ranked by Borthwick, who ordered him at once to send out a detachment to rescue Consul Dickson and his companions. The poor major protested and remonstrated, but in vain. "It was dangerous," he said; but the colonel insisting, he ordered out a detachment, and then called for pipes and coffee, after which, under a heavy escort, we started for Canéa. Borthwick obtained a battalion of the regulars in garrison and started next morning at early dawn to rescue our friends; but no persuasion could induce the Turkish commander to enter the ravines. He posted his troops along the overlooking ridge and waited in ambush. I have it on Borthwick's word that while the troops were lying concealed, under orders to keep the most profound silence, a hare started up at the end of the line, and the Turkish commander instantly ordered the first company to their feet, and to make ready, and was about to give the order to fire when a hound of the battalion anticipated the volley by catching the poor beast and despatching him on the spot.

Meanwhile, Dickson and his companions were in the hospitable hands of a party of Hadji Michali's men, and at about eight A.M. came down the road into view of the ambush, escorted by a guard of honor of insurgents, none the worse for their adventure, and bringing back our

beasts and baggage; but nothing would induce the Turkish officer to go the mile separating them from the insurgent outpost which had fired on us.

While Hadji told his story to his admiring companions (he was an excellent raconteur, and put the whole of his barbaric soul into the narration, though his respect for the Effendi kept his voice low, and quieted a little his camp manner,) one or the other of the three made my cigarettes and brought me fire, and only when the sun began to sink from the meridian did we move on.

As we passed the blockhouse, I found that the general-in-chief had preceded me a day, and given orders that the honors due to a consular personage—the same as those paid to a superior officer in their own army—should be carefully observed, and so we had the whole garrison of each blockhouse on the way out at the “present arms.” The road not only zigzags going from Lakus to the plain of Omalo, but makes such ascents and descents as well accounted for the fruitlessness of so many attempts to enter the plain, which is a sort of portico to Samarià. But now a fair artillery road followed the ridges up to the very plain, and blockhouses covered with their fire every point where an ambush could be made, and those little glens, famous in Cretan tradition for extermination of Turkish detachments, will never again help native heroism against organized conquest. We passed, in one of the wildest gorges through which the road passes, a blockhouse perched high on a hill-top like an eyrie, a peripatetic atom on the parapet of which caught my eye as a wild goat might have done amongst the cliffs around. As we came into sight, looking again, I saw the garrison swarming down the hillside amongst the rocks like ants, wondered what they were at, and rode on, when at another turn the officer said, “They salute, Effendi.” I looked around, and, only on his indication, saw drawn up in line, hundreds of feet above me, a line of animalcula, which, by good eyesight, I could perceive was the whole garrison presenting arms, and they so continued presenting until, after turn upon turn of the road, they disappeared from view definitely, when I supposed they swarmed back to their fastness.

We passed through the ravine of Phokes,

where Hadji Michali once caught a small detachment which incautiously attempted to penetrate to Omalo. I had heard the story of the fight, told at the time by an Albanian, who was in it, in a brief but graphic way. The Christians waited invisible, he said, till the troops were in the bottom of the ravine, and then began to fire from many directions. The troops stopped, made a show of resistance, and then broke and made for the blockhouse at Lakus; “and those who couldn’t run well never got there,” he interjected, laconically. He frankly admitted that he was so far in advance that he saw very little actual fighting, and made no halt, nor did any others, Mussulman or Christian, till they arrived at the door of the blockhouse, which he was surprised at their shutting in time to keep out the Christians.

It was well into the afternoon when we entered the plain of Omalo, evidently a filled-up crater, its level about five thousand feet above the sea. The snows and rains of winter and spring flood it, and as no stream runs from it, the waters disappear by a Katavothron—a gloomy Acherontic recess—into whose crooked recesses no eye can pierce, and down whose depths is heard a perpetual cavernous roaring of water.

In the plain was no vestige of human habitation visible, except the tents of a battalion of regulars, and a two-story blockhouse on a spur of hill which projected into the plain. We rode into the camp, and were received with emphasis by the Pacha, who, with true eastern diplomacy, expressed unbounded surprise at my visit, “so entirely unexpected;” and learning the result of my attempts at feeding in Lakus, called to the mess-boy to bring me the remains of the breakfast, apologizing abundantly, and informing me that I should be expected to dine with him and the commander of the post at eight. The residual breakfast, supplemented by a plate of kibabs, the mutton-chop of the east, despatched; the ceremonial pipes and coffee finished, and the more than usually complimentary speeches said; the shadows meanwhile falling longer on the plain: I accepted the Pacha’s offer of a fresh horse, and rode across to the famous descent into the glen of Samarià, the Xyloscala, so called from a zigzag colossal staircase made with fir-trunks, and formerly the only

means of descent into the glen. There was a detachment of troops building a blockhouse to command the upper part of the glen, and the commander kept me salaaming, coffee-taking, &c., until I saw that the sunlight was getting too red to give me time to explore the ravine, and I contented myself with a look from the brink down into the blue depths.

I doubt if, in the range of habitual travel, there is another such scene. It was as if the mountains had yawned to their very bases. In front of me were bare stony peaks 7,000 to 8,000 feet high, whose precipitous slopes, on which, as they descended, the pines got courage, little by little, to take root, plunged down unbrokenly, and ended in a narrow gorge. At the side, the rock rose like the aiguilles of Chamouny, cloven and guttered, with the snow still lying in its clefts, and broad fields of it, rosy red, on the opposite eastern peaks. I looked down through the pines and cedars that clung in the crevices of the rocks below me, and the bottom of the glen looked blue and faint in their interstices. The Xyloscala, destroyed by the insurgents at the beginning of the insurrection, was replaced by a laborious zigzag road, which sidled off under crags, and came back along slopes, blasted out of rock and buttressed up with pines, seeming to me where I stood, as if it finally launched off into mid air, and would only help another Dædalus into the mystery of the labyrinth of pines and rock gorges below.

As I watched, the flame of the sunlight crept up the peaks across the glen, the purple-blue shadow following it up, across the snow-fields, changing from rosy to blue, and tinging the peaks of pale grey rock to russet where the day died away. The chill of night reminding me to put my overcoat on, we rode back across the plain in the twilight, accompanied by the building gang, whose polyglot murmur was as cheerful and full of mirth as though they were peasants going home from the vintage.

Nothing can surpass the good-humor and patience of the Turkish soldier. Brutal and barbarous they doubtless were when their fanaticism and the rage of battle united to excite them, but in camp and in peace I have found them always models of the purely physical man.

Our dinner was luxurious, and in the

true eastern manner. The Pacha, the Bey commanding the place, and his aide-de-camp, made four with me, and one dish, placed in the middle of the table, served our fingers or spoons according as the viand was dressed, each one of the four scrupulously adhering to his quadrant of the copper circle. The dinner was almost interminable; it was dark and cold when the end did come.

The soldiers, gathered round their camp some half a mile away, had eaten their suppers and were at ease, the shouting of their merriment coming to us occasionally above the general hum. Presently we saw them taking fir-branches, and, each lighting one at the nearest camp-fire, come running to us at full speed, making a long mad-cap procession of torch-bearers, the pitchy fir giving out an immense flame, and, making for the headquarters, followed by the battalion band playing, they threw their branches in a pile on a little level space before the Pacha's tent, and then, turning to the right and left, sat down in a semicircle, open towards us. A detachment was told off to keep up the fire, and a sort of glee club, accompanied by rude instruments, drums beaten by the hand, and a kind of flute and mandolin, commenced singing, at the top of their voices, the plaintive monotonous songs which all who have been in the east know and cannot describe.

This was the overture to a terpsichorean and dramatic entertainment most unique and amusing. The programme opened with a dance of Zebeques, the barbarous race who occupy the country behind Smyrna. They are wrapped in a sash from the armpits to the hips, with a sort of baggy knee-breeches, and bearing long knives thrust crosswise through their sashes. They formed a circle and began a movement, which seemed like a dance of men in armor, half stage stride and half hop. The music struck up an appropriate air, and the dancers, joining in the song, circled slowly two or three times in the same staid and deliberate manner, then drawing their knives, brandished them in time, quickening their pace, and hurrying around quicker and quicker as the song grew more excited, when they finally came to a climax of fury, rushing in on each other at the centre of the circle as if to cut each other

down. But the raised knives were arrested by the opposing empty hand; and, the paroxysm passed, the song died down to its lower tone and moderate time, and the dance began a new movement, each dancer thrusting his knife into the ground at the centre, and then repeated the quickening circles; this time rushing, at the climax, on their knives and drawing them from the earth, they threw themselves on an imaginary enemy outside the circle, and, having hypothetically demolished him, returned to their gyrations, varying the finale by lifting one of the company into the air on their hands, and dropping him simultaneously with their voices. This lasted half an hour.

After an intermission, in which the soldiers, unawed by the presence of the Pacha, laughed and joked and shouted to their content, a soldier entered the circle dressed as an Egyptian dancing-woman. He was one of the tallest men in the regiment, capitally travestied, and all who have seen the dance of the *Almah* can imagine the bursts of laughter with which his grave precise imitation of one of them was received by the circle. I have never seen anything more exquisitely ludicrous. His figure seemed lithe as a willow-wand, and he twisted and bent, and bowed and doubled with the peculiar expression of physique which seemed impossible to any other than the slender Egyptian girl.

Roars of applause followed this performance, and the next was a pantomime—"The Honey Stealers." Two men enter dressed as peasants, one carrying a gun on his back, and begin groping about as in the dark—run against each other, stumble and fall, and finally, by much listening, find a box, which had been placed to represent the hive. The thief lays down his gun to be more free in his motions, and a soldier runs into the circle and carries it off. Enter presently, a third honey-seeker, blacked to represent a negro, or some diabolical personage, it was impossible to say which, and, stumbling on the other two, an affray ensues, in the course of which the bees get disturbed, and come out in swarms, the luckless black getting the lion's share of the stings. At this moment an alarm is given, and the gunner misses his gun, upon which he falls on the black as the thief, and between the stings and the blows the intruder expires, the play ending with the efforts of the two

living to carry out and dispose of the one dead, interfered with greatly by a spasmodic life remaining in the members, which refuse to lie as they are put. But this finally subsiding, the body is satisfactorily disposed of, and the pantomime gives way, amidst the most uproarious laughter and applause, to a Circassian dance. The dancers were few, and the dance tame, and not meeting any appreciation, gave way to a repetition of the Zebeque salutations, of which they seemed never disposed to tire.

The entertainment lasted till eleven o'clock, when, each soldier taking a branch of fir, the actors and audience raced off like a demoniac festival breaking up, the band following with a blare of trumpets and bang of drums, and we were left to our dignity and the dying embers of the theatre fire.

Although in July, the night was so intensely cold that, sharing the Pacha's tent, and with all the covering he could spare me, in addition to my own Persian carpet over instead of under me, I was almost too cold to sleep, and the morning found me well disposed to put my blood in motion by vigorous exercise. Coffee served, we rode over to the *Xyloscala*, and, after more coffee-and-pipe compliments, we began the descent of the new zigzag road. It was so steep that no loaded beast could mount it, and it took me two hours' walk to get to the bottom, where the road straitens and follows the river, here a dancing, gurgling stream, rushing amongst boulders and over ridges, under overhanging pines, as though there were no tropics, and the land had not had rain for two months. The whole gorge was filled with the balsamic odors of firs and pine, which covered the slopes wherever the rock would give them place; and above that, bare splintery cliffs overhung the gorge, so that it seemed that a stone would fall three thousand feet if thrown from the summit. A few Turkish soldiers, lazily felling or trimming pines for the block-houses, were the only signs of humanity we saw. Above, in the pines, we heard the partridge's note, as the mother called to her young brood to follow her. The gorge widened to a glen; the slopes receded slightly, and then, after another hour of walking, we came to a sharp turn in its course, where the high mountains walled up the glen to the west, with a sheer slope

of five or six thousand feet from the peaks to the brook bed, and the rocks on each side shut in like the lintels of a doorway. Here is the little village of Samarià, so long the refuge of the women and children of this section of Crete, and where, so long as arms and food lasted, a few resolute men might have defended them against all comers. I doubt if in the known world there is such another fortress. No artillery could crown those heights; no athletes descend the slopes; while the only access from below is through the river-bed, in one place only ten feet wide, and above which the cliffs rise perpendicular over a thousand feet; the strata in some places matching each other, so that it seems to have been a cloven gorge—the yawn of some earthquake, which suggested closing again at a future day—and for two hours down from the glen there is no escaping from the river course, except by goat-paths, and these such as no goat would care needlessly to travel.

Pashley has described the village of Samarià, and its magnificent cypresses and little chapel, as they are now. No invasion, no sacrilege, has entered there; and perhaps this is the only church in Crete, outside the Turkish lines of permanent occupation, which has not been desecrated. The roof of the chapel is made of tiles, which must date from the early Byzantine Empire.

The river below here, the St. Rumeli, is a rapid perennial stream, which at times of flood shuts off all travel by the road. Lower down is a tiny village of the same name as the river, in a gorge into which only an hour's sunlight can enter during the day—damp, chilly, and aguish—the residence of a half-dozen families of goat-herds. Pashley identifies a site near

the mouth of the river as that of Tarrha, the scene of Apollo's loves with Acalhis, who, if bred in this glen, must have been of that icy temperament which should have best suited the professional flirt of Olympos.

To travellers who care to visit Samarià I would give the hint to leave their horses at Omalo, and have a boat to meet them at the mouth of the St. Rumeli, as the ascent is long and painful, even by the new road, which, since I saw it, the torrents may have demolished. They may thus visit the Port Phœnix of St. Paul, which lies a few miles to the eastward, and landing at Suia, west of St. Rumeli, have their horses come down by the pass of Krustogherako, and so return by way of St. Irene—a very wild pass of the Selino mountains—to Canéa.

We had made no such provision, and so were obliged to toil back in the intense heat of the July sun beating down into the gorge, and, arriving past noon, to be refreshed by sherbet and coffee by the hospitable commander of the station at Xyloscala, the snow of the sherbet being brought from the opposite cliff two hundred yards away, but an hour's climb to get to it. The commander was a more intelligent man than it is usual for Turkish officers to be, and he related how he had led a detachment round to the top of the opposing cliffs, and how when they got there they were like the twenty thousand men of the King of France, and had to come back by the way they went.

However, they have now a blockhouse at the Xyloscala, another at Samarià in sight and signalling of it, and a third at St. Rumeli, so that, for the future, there need be no doubt as to who holds the Heart of Crete.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE OLD PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR INMATES.

THE DUNGEON OF VINCENNES.

THOSE dismal dwellings set apart for the safe custody of real or supposed criminals, have always indicated the character and spirit of the era when they were raised. Selfishness, self-indulgence, and disregard to the weal of the middle and lower orders marked the dispositions of the go-

verning classes in Paris during the middle ages, and to the close of the last century, and it would be vain to seek for the prevalence of a humane spirit in the interior economy of the houses of detention during this long lapse of time.

For the substance of this paper we are

partly indebted to the illustrated work of Maurice Alhay and Louis Lurine, 1846 ; and the following abridgment of their notice of the once royal residence of Vincennes, which was used as a state prison from the time of Louis XI. to the date 1784, will illustrate the amenities of prison life as experienced under the *Ancien Regime*. A once resident in the royal dungeon thus sketched the uncomfortable housekeeping :—

It was generally in the night that a prisoner was introduced into the fortress, a single lamp lending its feeble light to point out the way. Two guides conducted him, and numberless keys saluted his eyes and grated on his ears. Iron doors rolled back on their enormous hinges, and the vaulted ceilings resounded to the frightful noise. A twisted, narrow, steep stair prolonged the distance. They crossed vast halls, the trembling lamp affording glimpses in the ocean of darkness, of padlocks, iron bars, and gratings. The unhappy man at last reached his destination, which was furnished with a wretched bed, two straw-bottomed chairs, a cracked chamber-utensil, and a dirty table. The governor then directed the turnkeys to search the new man, himself commencing the operation, and every moveable article in his possession was then removed from him. Finally he received an insolent and laconic injunction not to make the least noise.

The turnkey came to visit him three times a day, not through a motive of kindness, but for the purpose of inspection. He seemed ever a herald of misfortune. A hard or insolent look, an imperturbable silence, a heart inured to the sufferings of his prisoners, made up the portrait of the greater number of gaol guardians. In vain the prisoner proposed questions. "I know nothing about it," was the unvarying answer.

The more favored of the prisoners were allowed a promenade of one hour in the day in a yard thirty feet long, in company with their gaolers, who were never to quit them, nor to take their eyes off them, nor ever to answer one of their questions.

Those who were fated to return to the society of their families and friends, were searched as scrupulously on leaving their cells as on entering them, and this in an indecent manner. They were also obliged to swear never to reveal the circum-

stances of their prison life. They were told that by an infraction of this oath they would incur the displeasure of the king ; and well knowing what this threat meant, they generally kept their promise. Such treatment as is here instanced was afforded to the less important class of *détenus*. Those distinguished by station or office were treated with more consideration.

Vincennes, at first only a hunting-lodge, was enlarged by Philip Augustus, who peopled the surrounding woods with wild animals brought from England, and enclosed the park. Philip of Valois demolished the old building, and raised in its stead a royal chateau, which in time degenerated into a prison.

First a hunting-lodge, then a palace, then a prison, and in our days an arsenal, a barrack, and a place for military exercises combined, during its proudest days its state apartments resounded with music, and song, and joyous discourse, while its dungeon cells echoed the groans and lamentations of captives. That rather unscrupulous and self-willed queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, did not enjoy her meals and her slumbers the less, that the future Henri Quatre and other noble offenders against her will were badly lodged and fed under the same roof with her. Woe to the prince, courtier, or minister, who heard from her lips the endearing words "my friend." It was the prelude of disgrace or punishment. "Madame," said Bois Fevrier to her one day when she used those words, "oblige me by calling me your enemy."

It was at Vincennes that Catherine consulted Ruggieri, the astrologer, on the place of her death. He traced various circles and signs on the floor round the Queen, and finally pronounced the words "SAINT GERMAIN !" Henceforward she endeavored to belie the prediction. She deserted the Tuileries because that palace was in the parish of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, and her palace of l'Abbaye, which adjoined Saint-Germain des Pres ; more particularly still she avoided Saint-Germain-au-Laye. The Hotel de la Reine au Paris and the Donjon of Vincennes were her residences of choice. Still the prophecy was fulfilled after a fashion. She died fourteen years after the consultation, supported in her last moments by one of the king's confessors, whose name was Saint Germain.

In the good old times many things intolerable to the feelings and sentiments of the great of the earth in modern times were looked on and endured by the kings and queens of the day as only suitable, or, at the worst, indifferent. We can fancy the shock it would give the nerves of our gracious Sovereign if informed one fine morning by Mr. Gladstone, that for the well-being of the state it was decreed by her faithful commons that a portion of Buckingham Palace would, from the first of April next ensuing, be appropriated to the lodgment of sundry folk convicted of Fenianism, and other high crimes and misdemeanors.

Omitting many notable personages who were forced to reside for a time in the Royal donjon, we lay decided blame on the powers that kept the brave Marshal Rantzau there against his will. It would be more near the truth to say the half of Marshal Rantzau, for at Dole, at Sens, and at Gravelines, where his arms were successful, he left an eye, an ear, an arm, and a leg—in short, half of those members which nature had provided him with in duplicate.

The great Condé, the prince of Conti, and the Duke of Longueville, endured the dreary hospitality of Vincennes in the 17th century, but in very different modes. While Longueville inwardly pined, and Conti wept, the Great Commander cheerfully tended and watered the flowers in the little garden of which they had the enjoyment. On the subject of these illustrious captives, the Duke of Orleans exclaimed, "Oh, what a lucky cast of net which secured at the same moment a lion, a monkey, and a fox!"

"The lion (we quote the work named in the beginning of the article) did not lie submissive at the feet of the hunter who had wounded him. The Prince of Condé called to his aid music, the science of war, devotion, and horticulture. He drew plans of battles to be fought against the enemies of France or France itself. He sung pious lays, and lays the reverse of pious. He fasted three times a week, and cultivated carnations, the ugliest flowers in the world."

Condé's admirers in the City improved the occasion by assuming that his horticulture chiefly consisted in the planting of laurels, and a lady, a *precieuse*, requested him not to omit planting some roses among these evergreens.

The sojourn of the famous Cardinal de Retz at Vincennes, was as gay and apparently devoid of unhappiness as could be. "He figured in the part of a petty prince. He had his valets, money in abundance, a good table, and a good bed. Great ladies visited him. Friends came to flatter him. Comedians came to amuse him. He occupied himself with everything—politics, literature, the theatre, religion even. Occasionally he recollected he was a priest, and obtained permission to celebrate Mass in the chapel of the Chateau."

But the mercurial politician became tired of being happy in a prison, and invented such plans of escape as would have done honor to Latude himself. But the elements were against him; wind and rain conspired, and one night the storm closed a heavy door, ordinarily left open, and upset his calculations.

A Parisian wit thus afforded useful instructions to candidates for the Bastille, and for Vincennes in the days of arbitrary rule:—

"Show your wit by making an epigram on a minister, on a titled courtesan; make ballads, and put a political couplet together; be a philosopher, and hazard a social theory;—your admission to the Bastille is certain. But be a powerful nobleman, and dare to look royalty in the face sword in hand; be the king's brother, and refuse to obey your august master; be a cardinal, and lose your breviary in the musical tumult of the Fronde; be a chief of a party, a chief of a sect, a head of a troublesome school, an enemy to be dreaded—with these advantages you will become a guest at Vincennes. If you are merely a wit without prudence, you will sleep in the Bastille. If you are endowed with will and power, the donjon of Vincennes is ready to receive you." These directions were applicable in particular to the times of Louis XIII.

What a long array of noble and distinguished personages slept within the walls of the tall and strong building! Henri Quatre, the Duc d'Alençon, the Marshal Montmorency, the Duke of Vendôme, Sigismund, King of Poland, the Duke of Beaufort, the Cardinal de Retz, the great Condé, and in later times, Diderot, Mirabeau, &c. &c. In its dry fosse, the poor Duc d'Enghien was mur-

dered, a few formalities being gone through for credit sake.

Diderot, one of the quasi-regenerators of humanity, who put the *Encyclopédie* together, after some course of imprisonment, was removed to Vincennes, and allowed the liberty of the park. His wife was permitted to visit him every day, his friends often enough, and Madame Puisieux sometimes. It was to gratify this Dalilah that he wrote some of his worst essays and libidinous stories. At the instance of his wife, some of his least harmful pieces were composed.

Like other pretenders to unbelief, Diderot was under the influence of superstition. Thus did Diderot announce his manner of seeking knowledge of things to come :—

“I had a little *Plato* in my pocket, and I sought on the first page, opened by chance, what would be the duration of my captivity. The passage which met my eyes at the top of the page ran thus,—‘This affair will promptly come to a conclusion.’ I smiled, and a quarter of an hour afterwards I heard the grinding of the key opening the door of my prison. It was Berryer, the lieutenant of police, who entered to announce my liberation for the morrow.”

The work which procured for Diderot a lodging in the Vincennes’ dungeon, was *Lettre sur les Aveugles, à l’usage de ceux qui voient*—“A Letter on the Blind, for the use of those who see,”—a work of rank atheism.

Mirabeau had a longer experience of life at Vincennes than Diderot, his term being two years. He had been acclimatized to durance from his youth. At 17 years of age, his father, author of *L’Ami des Hommes*, had got him imprisoned in the Isle of Ré for some duels and other youthful escapades. He was afterwards confined to the little town of Manosque as a prisoner at large, but breaking bounds to punish the Baron de Villeneuve for insulting his sister, he was newly immured in the Chateau d’If, once more at the request of the author of *L’Ami des Hommes*. He there wrote his *Essai sur le Despotisme*, and so pleased his commandant that he got him removed to a pleasanter place of detention, the Citadel of Jeux.

But the restless youth would persist in coveting his neighbor’s wife, and dreading

a new *lettre de cachet*, of which his father, the “Friend of Man,” had always a provision in his pocket, and also dreading being produced before a criminal court by the lady’s husband, he fled the country ; and after a lonely sojourn in Switzerland proceeded to Holland, where he was joined by the lady, whom in his writings he has sung under the name of *Sophie*.

Sentence of death being recorded against him, that punishment was inflicted on his effigy ; and the king and the judges, and the outraged husband, remained content with that punishment. Not so the “Friend of Man.” He got a writ of extradition filled, and had the unlucky pair arrested, and conducted, one to the prison of Vincennes, the other to a convent of St. Clare.

Mirabeau was not a man to submit to any authority but his own will. So his incensed guardians nearly deprived him of every convenience. But he managed to get pens, ink, and paper into his possession, and write out his famous work on *Lettres de Cachet*. When not employed on this essay, or not pondering on recon-dite questions of religion, morality, or politics, he was writing his *Lettres à Sophie*, or bewailing his forced separation from her.

Latude has been incidentally mentioned above. His fortunes were probably the most extraordinary among prison histories. When a young man, he endeavored to ingratiate himself with Mme. de Pompadour, by revealing a supposed plot against her life. The police, however, could detect no conspirator in the com-plot but himself, and for the best part of a life he was tossed from the Bastille to Vincennes, and from Vincennes to the Bastille.

An ingenious, patient, indefatigable man, Latude contrived his escape from Vincennes ; but M. de Sartines, the great police chief, was not to be circumvented. He secured his man, and inserted him in a kind of tomb, where he could not distinguish night from day, and where existence bordered on the miraculous. At last came a surgeon, who found his flesh in such a state that it continued to retain for a time the mark made on it by the pressure of the finger or thumb. He ordered him to be brought into a more airy place, and thus preserved his life.

In the passage to his new chamber he

secured an iron rod three feet long, and a bit of a broken sword, and with these poor tools he bored a hole through a wall five feet thick, and held communication with other prisoners when at their daily promenade. The operation took two years and two months to be completed. All the ingenuity of the artist resulted in getting him conveyed back to a cachot in the Bastille. His final deliverance thus came about. A piece of paper, on which he had written an abstract of his wretched case, had been blown by the wind from a window in the donjon, far and farther, till it came into the hands of a worthy citizeness, Madame Legros; and she became so interested in the poor sufferer's fate, that she never ceased her exertions till she procured his release. She had the less difficulty, as the great Madame had been dead for some time. We do not give entire credit to some wonderful circumstances related in the sufferer's narrative.

Time introduced little or no amelioration in the condition of individual prisoners, from the days when Louis XI. conversed with, or taunted his caged captives, to those when Louis XV.'s unworthy favorites might use their own wicked pleasure on any unlucky wights who had the ill-fortune to offend them. We dare not dwell on the horrible and disgusting details of sufferings and cruelties endured during part of last century by the hapless inmates of Vincennes.

SAINTE-PELAGIE.

Sainte-Pelagie was another Mary Magdalen, who having given much disedification to her fellow-citizens of Antioch, led a most austere life in penitence and piety till her death. The reformatory at Paris, which bore her name, gave a shelter to repentant young women of ere-while evil life, till the regenerators of 1793 converted it into a prison for the loyal and really patriotic members of the community.

The noble-souled woman, Madame Roland, who entered so zealously into the views of the moderate section of the revolutionists, was one of the first of those estimable women offered as victims to the so-called spirit of liberty. She had got a foretaste of the tender mercies of the Jacobins at the Abbaye before she was

immured at Sainte-Pelagie. Thence she wrote to a friend:—

"I have begun to take pleasure in inuring myself to privations. I have begun to try how far human will can go in diminishing our wants. For four days I have done without breakfast, substituting bread and water for coffee and chocolate. I have directed that no more than one course of meat should be served at dinner; in the evening some pot-herbs, no dessert. I began to take beer, to get rid of the habit of drinking wine; now I have laid aside the beer. However, as I have as much aversion as contempt for a purposeless economy, I have commenced to aid the pauper class of prisoners; so that when I am eating my dry bread in the morning, I may have the satisfaction of adding something to the bread of the poor at dinner. If I remain here six months, I hope to leave it fat and fresh-colored, feeling no need of anything beyond bread and soup, and having merited some unknown blessings."

At Sainte-Pelagie the poor lady found herself next neighbor to women who had lost all claim to respectability. Often while writing her memoirs, she was disturbed by the orgies of these abandoned creatures and their quasi-custodians.

Seeing all hopes of the regeneration of society, according to her views, disappointed, she cared no longer for life. Not even for the sake of her husband and child, would she consent to any plan of escape. As her execution would deprive her daughter of her inheritance, she first determined to starve herself to death, then to take opium; but she was dissuaded from self-destruction by the right-minded man to whom she applied for the drug.

On her examination her pure and noble nature was outraged by the questions addressed to her by the wretches of the tribunal. At the place of execution she inclined her head before the statue of liberty, exclaiming "O liberty, what crimes do they not commit in thy name!"

Bouchette and his wife, who had charge of the prisoners of Sainte-Pelagie, deserve a place of honor in any account of the once dwellers in the prisons of Paris. The terrible days of September had come, and bands of incarnate demons were proceeding to the different prisons, getting the gates open at the first summons, and

murdering the inmates without regard to age or sex. They had divided their forces for the work, some visiting the Abbaye, others the Carmes, others La Force, others La Conciergerie. The band destined for the work to be done at Sainte-Pelagie were a little behind time. To rouse their ardor, they had entered a tavern of the Marcel district, and drink and song soon put their wills in unison with the dreadful work to be done.

Coming before the prison in this plight, they shouted to have the door opened, but there was no response from within—no footsteps were heard, no grinding of the heavy key in the lock. A shower of blows now fell on the door, but when the strikers ceased for a moment, the same dead silence continued to rule within. At last they procured from the neighboring houses some tools, and the door was smashed, and in rushed the maddened executioners. No welcome sight or sound of male or female aristocrat came to their senses; and when they penetrated to the room occupied by the guardians, there they found the man and his wife bound in the most effective and artistic style, but not the shadow of an aristocrat was to be found in the whole building. The poor captives, of course, related a thrilling tale of having been secured at a disadvantage by the malignant nobles, who, on finishing the nefarious job, had all escaped by the rear entrance. That they had been bound was a fact, but it had been accomplished at their own request by the grateful ladies and gentlemen whom they had just managed to liberate. Odd enough, the red caps believed the fiction, and the worthy couple escaped with life.

The passage of the amiable Josephine to the imperial throne lay through one of the cells of Sainte-Pelagie. M. de Jouy found on the wall of this cell the initials of the noble occupant. In her forced solitude, and perhaps expectation of death, she derived some confidence from the contemplation of that talisman which never quitted her, and which presented in rude hieroglyphics the prophecy of her Mulatto nurse, Anica:—"Thou shalt lament, thou shalt suffer; but hope and wait—thou shalt be queen of a great empire."

The Spanish Chief Mina being detained in the same prison, made the most of the situation. He converted a portion of the

premises into a racquet court, and when tired of playing at ball, got colors, and, taking brush in hand, painted the walls of his room so artistically that they seemed as if covered by suits of curtains.

Under the Restoration, Sainte-Pelagie was appropriated to the security of political prisoners as well as of debtors. Among the first-class were Colonel Duvergier and a friend of his, Captain Lavenderie, whose escape was effected by the ingenuity of Eugene de P., an artist and poet, detained on the debtors' side at the time. Having contrived to make the two officers acquainted with his plan, he thus proceeded to execute it. He first obtained from the proper office two passes to visit the debtors' prison, for two gentlemen to whom he felt no scruple in giving assumed names. The next operation was to transfer the two political offenders from their side of the prison to that of the debtors, in which he himself was detained, and this move was also successful. A yard for recreation was common to both wings, the inmates of which used it in turn. On a certain day Colonel Duvergier and his friend contrived to escape the notice of their guardians when their time of relaxation had expired, and when the prisoners for debt took possession of the court they mixed among them.

As soon as their time for relaxation expired, the officers entered the house among them, and in the apartment of a friendly prisoner they got rid of beards and moustaches, and made other simple but effective changes in their appearance, and waited to ascertain the success of their young friend's next proceeding.

He paid a visit to the head gaoler at the proper time, on the pretence of entertaining him with the contents of his portfolio. The official being a man of some taste, was soon deeply intent on the works of art, and their owner sitting at the table talked at his ease on different themes. Casting his eye over the passes lying loosely on the table, he suggested to his intended victim the desirability of a small portfolio to keep them together. "I wish I had one," said he. "If the governor does not supply me, I will get one with my own money." "Oh!" said the other, "this small one of mine is just the thing; you are entirely welcome to it." Suiting the action to the word, he gathered the loose papers, adroitly

slipping the two he had procured among them, and put all into the case. The gratified man in power went on admiring the sketches, and soon the two gentlemen presented themselves at the inner grating, mentioning their assumed names, and requesting to be let out. The guardian did not recollect their features nor names. However, he rummaged in the portfolio, and there the two papers were, with these names written on them. He was somewhat puzzled, but suspecting no trick, he admitted them, gave them their passes, and opened the outer door for them. When the evasion was discovered there was a great commotion, and the art-loving gaoler would have been dismissed for negligence, but the brave poet acknowledged his share in the plot, and was rewarded with three months' strict confinement. However, the sympathy and admiration which his action aroused made him amends.

During the restoration the political prisoners occupied the second floor of the principal building of Sainte-Pelagie. From 1816 to 1830 fourteen hundred and thirty-five of these discontented individuals took their promenade in its sombre corridors. A Parisian man of letters, when dwelling on the inconveniences, and troubles, and sorrows of political prisoners, never entertains the idea of the woes these revolutionary spirits would inflict on society at liberty, and able to work their will. It is, and ought to be, the duty of every good Government to prevent plotters against the common-weal from doing mischief. However, where incarceration becomes necessary, let the underlings who come in immediate communication with prisoners, be carefully prevented from exceeding their duty or exercising cruelty on those committed to their charge.

With the other class of prisoners detained at Sainte-Pelagie for debt, at least with all who were not brought into that uncomfortable domicile by laziness, improvidence, or extravagance, our sympathies are entirely enlisted. A visitor whose account lies before us, found among the inmates an officer covered with decorations and wounds, who was now imprisoned for the fourth time for the same debt. He was first lodged for an obligation of 2,000 francs, but released at the end of five months, on condition of paying 2,500 in a quarter. The pay day came, but not the

money, and he returned to Sainte-Pelagie for a year. He then put 1,000 francs together, and was let out on his engagement to pay 2,000 more at six months' end. On his fourth return he was liable for one-third more than the original sum, and the 1,000 francs paid went for nothing.

Our authority recognised in duration the honest Auvergnat, who formerly supplied him with water in the same fashion as our milk-boys and milk-girls dispense milk. Leonard had lived without care till he aspired one unlucky day to the possession of a little cart and barrel. He extended his commerce, but alas! was only a tenant at will of these articles. Another Auvergnat, a genuine skinflint, was the proprietor, and when Leonard was not able to pay up at the regular days, interest at a high rate was added to the principal. At last the amount coming up to the required legal tariff, Leonard was summoned before the tribunal of commerce.

There he could not plead that he was only a water-carrier. He was a "man in business," and as such, liable to be arrested for debt. Thereupon the poor man wished to avail himself of the bankruptcy law, betook himself to the office and presented his schedule. But the commercial Areopagus decided that he was not a man in business; he was a mere water-carrier. Leonard appealed from this sentence; his brother furnished him with the fees. But he owed only 300 francs, and the man of law whom he consulted informed him that the debt should at least amount to half a billet of 100 francs to entitle him to a revision.

So the poor Auvergnat was put in the stronghold, and his wife, for fear of being declared a "woman in business," and thus sent to Saint Lazare, and her children thrown on the streets, set out for her native mountains.

"Leonard (writes our authority), to whom I gave some trifle, left me to enjoy a game at *Siam*, and treat himself to a glass or two of white wine. 'It is the sole relaxation of these creatures,' said a captive to me, and the greater number, brutalized before the period of their release, bring back to their families nothing but lazy and drunken habits."

Besides the really poor creatures in the prison, thoroughly unable to procure their release, there was a certain Colonel Swan, who chose rather to spend several years

in Sainte-Pelagie than gratify the rapacity of a Parisian citizen with whom he had had dealings.

This good man was a particular providence to many of the poor inmates. It was an interesting sight when he would be found approaching the casements which opened on the *Jardin des Plantes* to get fresh air, to see the poor people removing the things out of his way. Those who would be cooking their little meal over the braziers, would get them back as far as possible, in order that he might not be incommoded by the smell of the charcoal.

Those who had no means of support but the trifling sum given them every five days at the expense of their creditors, never knocked at his door without getting relief, and, sometimes, a sum sufficient to obtain their liberty.

As many of these as had the opportunity became the servants of those better off, and thus brought some alleviation to their extreme need. Colonel Swan had a room to himself, and was waited on always by one or other of the poorer class. One of these, who was detained for a few hundred francs, and had a family outside struggling for existence, hearing that the generous American had just parted with his help, offered himself for the place, demanding only six francs per month. Some questions and answers ensued, and the good man, finding how he was circumstanced, began to pile some five-franc pieces in his desk, and said, when he had completed a certain sum :—" Here is five years' pay, and if you can't come in from your outside work, you may send your wife."

Another time, a little girl coming in with a nosegay for her poor old father on his birthday, received from the head gaoler a bit of paper, which he requested her to hand her father along with the flowers. This turned out to be a receipt in full from the creditor, obtained by the Colonel. Such good deeds as these were of frequent occurrence. He had but one creditor, and once a year this man invariably presented himself in the warden's room requested him to be called, and proposed terms. His fellow-prisoners, his prison-guardians, and all, would counsel him to accept the offer ; but his will was not to be bent. He invariably said, with a smile on his face, to the turnkey, " Let us back, my friend ;" and addressing his creditor, he

wished him good-bye for a twelve-month.

A gallery commanded the prison on the side of the *Jardin des Plantes*, not unprovided with sentry-boxes and sentinels. There was this deacon of the prison allowed to take the air when it was observed that the close atmosphere within was telling on him.

On the second of the "Three days of July" this Commercial Bastille was opened, and soon after Colonel Swan had the pleasure of embracing his old companion in arms, General La Fayette, on the steps of the Hotel de Ville. This was the twentieth year of his detention, and it turned out as he had foreseen. The free air of heaven was too keen for one who had breathed for such a length the confined air of Sainte-Pelagie ; he expired next day. The incident about to be related, is not surrounded by the same moral atmosphere as was any of Colonel Swan's prison experiences. A debtor named L. managed to make his escape. The same evening he presented himself to his creditor, as he was sitting to supper, and gave him no small fright. " Is it the ghost of Monsieur L. I see?" said he. " By no means," said his man. " I am the living L., and am come to propose a profitable speculation to you. I am your debtor for 6,000 francs, and if I do not choose to return to my cell in Sainte-Pelagie, the governor is responsible to you for that sum (such was then the law). In that case you will exchange an insolvent for a solvent debtor. Give me 500 francs, and I take the diligence for the south." The creditor, as deficient in moral rectitude as the debtor, agreed to the proposal, paid the man's fare, and for the greater surety, saw him in the public vehicle, clearing out of Paris.

The next morning the lucky creditor was betimes at Sainte-Pelagie, asking for an interview with the governor. He apologised for disturbing him at so early an hour, but the ill-news must be his excuse. " What ill-news?" " The escape of M. L., my debtor and your expensioner." " M. L. is at this moment in his room, as he was yesterday and the day before." " Pardon me, but I'd like to have evidence of this with my own eyes." An official was summoned, and directed to request M. L.'s presence in the reception-room. The creditor continued to chuckle inwardly at the fright into which the director would be

presently thrown, but in came M. L. and saluted him respectfully, and his surprise could only be matched by his annoyance and self-reproach for his foolery.

The roguish M. L. had got out of the coach at the Barrier, and returned to town, installed himself at Very's, and sent the following message in a note to the director of Sainte-Pelagie :

"Monsieur the director : If you wish to gain 6000 francs of which I am a living representative, please present yourself at Very's this evening at eleven o'clock. I shall thankfully take supper at your expense, and afterwards return to your bird-cage, on my honor.—Signed, L."

The director finding that L. was really not at that moment on the premises, went to Very's, treated his man, and returned well pleased in his company to Sainte-Pelagie.

CLICHY.

Since shortly after the revolution of 1830 Sainte-Pelagie has held no debtors in thrall. They have been, on the whole, better accommodated in the Rue de Clichy. Old abuses, when under the protection of authority, are removed but slowly, and that with much trouble. Jacques Lafitte had pronounced at the tribune : "The requirements of commerce need not bodily restraint. It is exercised only for the advantage of usury. It encourages laziness and debauchery when it does not produce them."

A writer said that the effect of the law was the depriving of the debtor of power ever to pay his creditor. Many another good thing was said, and finally modifications were made.

Henceforward, as before, the body of the debtor was the property of the creditor ; but the length of captivity depended on the amount of the sum due. A franc, more or less in some cases, made a difference of one or two years in the period of confinement.

Government added eighteen centimes (about 1½d.) to the daily allowance which the creditor was obliged to make for the support of his destitute man.

In some cases the creditor could seize under the old law the man and his wife. Under the Citizen King only one could be imprisoned. The case of the American colonel had made a serious impression on

the feelings of the legislators of the new order. They considered that the fact of a stranger being kept in durance for twenty years was not calculated to maintain the character of the ancient hospitality of the country. So they made it law that if a stranger owed some yards of cloth, or some weeks' rent, his tailor or his landlord would not have it in his power to send him to prison for more than ten years ! If these foreigners felt grateful it must have been for small mercies.

The furniture devoted to the convenience of the prisoners was not remarkable for finish or indeed goodness ; but no paying inmate was under any obligation to use it. However, the carpets, or beds, or sofas of citizen life were not easily got into the rooms of Clichy. Among the *fasti* of the institution there is record of a Sybarite who hired a chair, called after Voltaire, at the rate of eighteen francs per month, and, like an honest man, paid a month in advance. He remained three years in that room, and, on his release, was found in debt to the proprietor of the *Fauteuil Voltaire* 630 francs.

Another bizarre occurrence connected with Clichy was the imprisonment of a man of forty for the expense of his nursing. This was the series of events which brought about the queer result. His parents were indebted 400 francs to his nurse and her husband at the period of his weaning. They gave a bill for the payment, died soon after, and the debt remained unpaid till the youngster came of age. He then gave a bill for the original debt and interest. Before it became due the foster-father's affairs fell into disorder, and, through a complication of matters, the instrument, having been often renewed, came into the hands of a money-lender twenty years after the first bit of stamped paper was signed. This worthy sued the debtor for 11,000 francs, principal and usurious interest.

How the person about to be mentioned retained his senses till his time was up is mysterious enough. Count B., a noble Dalmatian, was imprisoned in 1838, by a tailor, Rue d'Helder, for 6000 francs. He spent five years in his chamber. Not once did he go down to the garden ; he was never seen taking exercise in the corridors. Though displaying much politeness when casually spoken to, he never visited nor invited a fellow-prisoner. He

passed his days before his window, well-cravated, and his coat buttoned up to his chin. For a length of time he was without a shirt, but his boots were carefully polished by a fellow-prisoner of the lowest grade. For the five years he never took a bath, but his abundant black beard continued to be carefully combed and perfumed. During his imprisonment he received two letters and two visits.

Two years after his entrance he sent for his creditor, and represented to him that his own means were now exhausted; that his allowance of a franc a day for his support was on a rather niggardly scale for a nobleman; that he could not live on less than about two francs per diem more, and that when he could sell his estates in Dalmatia, he (the tailor to wit) should be paid, *foi de noble*, in full of all demands. The tailor complied, and (could the tailor's trust go farther!) at the end of five years he presented himself at the prison parlor, in consequence of a communication from his count. Two commissioners, bearing a heavy portmanteau, followed on his steps, and this portmanteau included everything needful for the appearance of a gentleman on his travels. He presented him with 500 francs for pocket-money during

a fortnight's enjoyment of life in the city, his lodging being already paid for, and having got him to execute a little act on stamped paper, he saw him on his journey to Dalmatia, accompanied by his own second clerk, who was furnished with 3000 francs to pay all expenses attending a journey, and empowered to bring back 21,000 francs to his master from the sale of the Dalmatian estates.

Never did a second clerk out on a holiday, enjoy a journey more. But alas! the news he returned with was not calculated to give pleasure to the confiding clothier. Owing to various claims, including mortgages, the Dalmatian estates were not in a condition to afford him a hundred crowns.

Were we disposed to dwell on the wretched and tragic phases of our subject, many touching incidents could be recorded illustrative of the most desolate condition of creatures torn from the bosoms of their families, rendered incapable of toiling for their support, oppressed with the idea of the destitution of the beings so dear to them, and in several instances losing their reason, or resorting to drink to get rid of harrowing thoughts, or even to suicide.

St. Paul's.

CHARLES DICKENS.

It seems to have been but the other day that, sitting where I now sit, in the same chair, at the same table, with the same familiar things around me, I wrote for the "Cornhill Magazine" a few lines in remembrance of Thackeray, who had then been taken from us; and, when those lines appeared, they were preceded by others, very full of feeling, from his much older friend, Charles Dickens. Now I take up my pen again, because Charles Dickens has also gone, and because it is not fit that this publication should go forth without a word spoken to his honor.

It is singular that two men in age so nearly equal, in career so nearly allied, friends so old, and rivals so close, should each have left us so suddenly, without any of that notice, first doubting and then assured, which illness gives;—so that in the case of the one as of the other, the

tidings of death's dealings have struck us a hard and startling blow, inflicting, not only sorrow, but for a while that positive, physical pain which comes from evil tidings which are totally unexpected. It was but a week or two since that I was discussing at the club that vexed question of American copyright with Mr. Dickens, and, while differing from him somewhat, was wondering at the youthful vitality of the man who seemed to have done his forty years of work without having a trace of it left upon him to lessen his energy, or rob his feelings of their freshness. It was but the other day that he spoke at the Academy dinner, and those who heard him then heard him at his best; and those who did not hear him, but only read his words, felt how fortunate it was that there should be such a man to speak for literature on such an occasion. When he took farewell of the public as a public

reader, a few months since, the public wondered that a man in the very prime of his capacity should retire from such a career. But though there was to be an end of his readings, there was not, therefore, to be an end of his labors. He was to resume, and did resume, his old work, and when the first number of *Edwin Drood's Mystery* was bought up with unprecedented avidity by the lovers of Dickens's stories, it was feared, probably, by none but one that he might not live to finish his chronicle. He was a man, as we all thought, to live to be a hundred. He looked to be full of health, he walked vigorously, he stood, and spoke, and, above all, he laughed like a man in the full vigor of his life. He had never become impassive as men do who have grown old beneath burdens too heavy for their shoulders. Whatever he did seemed to come from him easily, as though he delighted in the doing of it. To hear him speak was to long to be a speaker oneself; because the thing, when properly managed, could evidently be done so easily, so pleasantly, with such gratification not only to all hearers but to oneself! We were, indeed, told some time since that he was ill, and must seek rest for awhile; but any one may be ill for a period. What working man does not suffer occasionally? But he never looked ill when he was seen at his work. As I am now writing, it is just two years and two months since I entered the harbor of New York as he was leaving it, and I then called on him on board the "*Russia*." I found him with one of his feet bound up, and he told me, with that pleasant smile that was so common to him, that he had lectured himself off his legs: otherwise he was quite well. When I heard afterwards of his labors in the States, and of the condition in which those labors had been continued, it seemed to be marvellous that any constitution should have stood it. He himself knew, no doubt, where the shoe pinched him, where the burden was too heavy, where the strain told,—that strain, without which such work as his could not adequately be done; but there was a vitality in the man, and a certain manliness of demeanor, which made those who looked upon him believe that nothing that he had yet done had acted injuriously upon the machine of his body. But that it had so acted there can now be but

little doubt. We have been told that he complained in his own home that his present work was burdensome to him, and that the task of composition was difficult. When making pecuniary arrangements for the publication of "*Edwin Drood*," he especially stipulated by deed that the publishers should be reimbursed for any possible loss that might accrue to them should he be prevented by death or sickness from completing his work,—a stipulation which can hardly have been necessary, but which, as it betrays his own nervousness, so also gives evidence of his high honor and thoughtful integrity.

The event, which he alone thought probable enough to require provision, has taken place; and "*Edwin Drood*," like "*Denis Duval*," and "*Wives and Daughters*,"—the novel on which Mrs. Gaskell was engaged when she died,—will be left unfinished. To speak here of the circumstances of his life,—or of the manner of the sad catastrophe which has taken him from us,—would be unnecessary. The daily and weekly newspapers have already told the public all that can be told at once;—and that which will require later and careful telling, will we hope be told with care. Of the man's public work and public character it may perhaps not be amiss for one who remembers well the "*Sketches by Boz*," when they first came out, to say a few words. Of his novels, the first striking circumstance is their unprecedented popularity. This is not the time for exact criticism; but, even were it so, no critic is justified in putting aside the consideration of that circumstance. When the masses of English readers, in all English-reading countries, have agreed to love the writings of any writer, their verdict will be stronger than that of any one judge, let that judge be ever so learned and ever so thoughtful. However the writer may have achieved his object, he has accomplished that which must be the desire of every author,—he has spoken to men and women who have opened their ears to his words, and have listened to them. He has reached the goal which all authors seek. In this respect Dickens was, probably, more fortunate during his own life than any writer that ever lived. The English-speaking public may be counted, perhaps, as a hundred millions, and wherever English is read these books are popular from the highest to the lowest,—

among all classes that read. In England his novels are found in every house in which books are kept; but in America his circulation is much more extended than it is in England, because the houses in which books exist are much more numerous. I remember another novelist saying to me of Dickens,—my friend and his friend, Charles Lever,—that Dickens knew exactly how to tap the ever newly-growing mass of readers as it sprang up among the lower classes. He could measure the reading public,—probably taking his measure of it unconsciously,—and knew what the public wanted of him. Consequently the sale of his books has been hitherto so far from ephemeral,—their circulation has been so different from that which is expected for ordinary novels,—that it has resembled in its nature the sales of legs of mutton or of loaves of bread. The butcher or baker will know how many of this or of that article he will “do” in a summer or in a winter quarter, and so does the bookseller know how many “Pickwicks” and how many “Nicklebys” he will “do.” That there should be an average and continued demand for books as for other commodities, is not astonishing. That readers should require an increasing number of Shakespeares, or of Euclids, or of “Robinson Crusoes,” is not strange. But it is very strange that such a demand of an author’s works should have grown up during his own life, that the demand should be made in regard to novels, that it should have continued with unabated force,—and that it should exceed, as I believe it does exceed, the demand for the works of any other one writer in the language.

And no other writer of English language except Shakespeare has left so many types of character as Dickens has done,—characters which are known by their names familiarly as household words, and which bring to our minds vividly and at once, a certain well-understood set of ideas, habits, phrases, and costumes, making together a man, or woman, or child, whom we know at a glance and recognize at a sound,—as we do our own intimate friends. And it may be doubted whether even Shakespeare has done this for so wide a circle of acquaintances. To constant readers of Shakespeare, Iago and Shylock, Rosalind and Juliet, Falstaff and Sir Toby, Lear and Lady Macbeth, have their characters so clearly discernible as to have become

a part and parcel of their lives;—but such readers are as yet comparatively few in numbers. And other great authors have achieved the same thing with, perhaps, one or two characters. Bobadil, Squire Western, the Vicar of Wakefield, and Colonel Newcomb, are among our very intimate friends, and have become types. With Scott’s characters, glorious as they are, this is hardly the case. We know well the characters, as Scott has drawn them, of Ivanhoe, Meg Merrilies, Mr. Oldbuck, Balfour of Burley, and the Master of Ravenswood;—but we know them as creations of Scott, and not as people in our own every-day world. We never meet with Meg Merrilies, or have any among our acquaintance whom we rank as being of the order of Ivanhoe. If we saw them in the flesh we should not recognise them at a glance. But Pickwick and Sam Weller, Mrs. Nickleby and Wackford Squeers, Fagin and Bill Sikes, Micawber, Mrs. Gamp, Pecksniff, and Bucket the Detective, are persons so well known to us that we think that they, who are in any way of the professions of these worthies, are untrue to themselves if they depart in aught from their recognized and understood portraits. Pickwick can never be repeated;—nulli similis aut secundus, he is among our dearest and nearest, and we expect no one to be like him. But a “boots” at an hotel is more of a boots the closer he resembles Sam Weller. Many ladies talk like Mrs. Nickleby, and are perfect or imperfect in our estimation as they adhere or depart from their great prototype. With murderous Jews and their murdering agents we have probably but a distant acquaintance, but we fancy that they should be as are Fagin and Sikes. A schoolmaster who lives by starving his boys will certainly have but one eye, as was the case with Mr. Squeers. The man with whom something is ever about to turn up, is well-known to us, and is always considered by us to be going under an alias when he is not called Micawber. The lady who follows a certain profession that has ever been open to ladies is no longer called by the old name, but is Mrs. Gamp. Every hypocrite who knows his part, wears the Pecksniff shirt-collar. Every detective is to us a Bucket. And Dickens has given us conventional phrases of which everybody knows the meaning, though many are ignorant whence they come.

To have "one's greens on one's mind" is as good English as "to be at sea" or "to be down in the mouth;" but many who can do nothing while their greens are on their mind, who are always talking of their greens, forget that the phrase began with that old warrior Mrs. Bagnet.

Most of us have probably heard Dickens's works often criticised, want of art in the choice of words and want of nature in the creation of character, having been the faults most frequently attributed to him. But his words have been so potent, whether they may be right or wrong according to any fixed rule, that they have justified themselves by making themselves into a language which is in itself popular; and his characters, if unnatural, have made a second nature by their own force. It is fatuous to condemn that as deficient in art which has been so full of art as to captivate all men. If the thing be done which was the aim of the artist,—fully done,—done beyond the power of other artists to accomplish,—the time for criticising the mode of doing it is gone by. Rules are needed in order that a certain effect may be obtained;—but if the effect has certainly been obtained, what need to seek whether or no the rule has been obeyed? The example, indeed, may be dangerous to others; as they have found who have imitated Dickens, and others will find who may imitate him in future.

It always seemed to me that no man ever devoted himself so entirely as Charles Dickens to things which he understood, and in which he could work with effect. Of other matters he seemed to have a disregard,—and for many things almost a contempt which was marvellous. To literature in all its branches his attachment was deep,—and his belief in it was a thorough conviction. He could speak about it as no other man spoke. He was always enthusiastic in its interests, ready to push on beginners, quick to encourage those who were winning their way to success, sympathetic with his contemporaries, and greatly generous to aid those who were failing. He thoroughly believed in literature; but in politics he seemed to have no belief at all. Men in so-called public life were to him, I will not say insincere men, but so placed as to be by their calling almost beyond the pale of sincerity. To his feeling, all departmental work was the bungled, muddled routine

of a Circumlocution Office. Statecraft was odious to him; and though he would probably never have asserted that a country could be maintained without legislative or executive, he seemed to regard such devices as things so prone to evil, that the less of them the better it would be for the country,—and the farther a man kept himself from their immediate influence the better it would be for him. I never heard any man call Dickens a radical; but if any man ever was so, he was a radical at heart,—believing entirely in the people, writing for them, speaking for them, and always desirous to take their part as against some undescribed and indiscernible tyrant, who to his mind loomed large as an official rather than as an aristocratic despot. He hardly thought that our parliamentary rulers could be trusted to accomplish ought that was good for us. Good would come gradually,—but it would come by the strength of the people, and in opposition to the blundering of our rulers.

No man ever kept himself more aloof than Dickens from the ordinary honors of life. No titles were written after his name. He was not C.B., or D.C.L., or F.R.S.; nor did he ever attempt to become M.P. What titles of honor may ever have been offered to him, I can not say; but that titles were offered I do not doubt. Lord Russell, a year ago, proposed a measure by which, if carried, certain men of high character and great capacity would have been selected as peers for life; but Charles Dickens would never have been made a lord. He probably fully appreciated his own position; and had a noble confidence in himself, which made him feel that nothing Queen, Parliament, or Minister, could do for him would make him greater than he was. No title to his ear could have been higher than that name which he made familiar to the ears of all reading men and women.

He would attempt nothing,—show no interest in anything,—which he could not do, and which he did not understand. But he was not on that account forced to confine himself to literature. Every one knows how he read. Most readers of these lines, though they may never have seen him act,—as I never did,—still know that his acting was excellent. As an actor he would have been at the top of his profession. And he had another gift,—

had it so wonderfully, that it may almost he said that he has left no equal behind him. He spoke so well, that a public dinner became a blessing instead of a curse, if he was in the chair,—had its compensating twenty minutes of pleasure, even if he were called upon to propose a toast, or to thank the company for drinking his health. For myself, I never could tell how far his speeches were ordinarily prepared ;—but I can declare that I have heard him speak admirably when he has

had to do so with no moment of preparation.

A great man has gone from us ;—such a one that we may surely say of him that we shall not look upon his like again. As years roll on, we shall learn to appreciate his loss. He now rests in the spot consecrated to the memory of our greatest and noblest ; and Englishmen would certainly not have been contented had he been laid elsewhere.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE GREATEST SEA-WAVE EVER KNOWN.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A. F.R.A.S.

ON August 13, 1868, one of the most terrible calamities which has ever visited a people befell the unfortunate inhabitants of Peru. In that land earthquakes are nearly as common as rain-storms are with us ; and shocks by which whole cities are changed into a heap of ruins are by no means infrequent. Yet even in Peru, "the land of earthquakes," as Humboldt has termed it, no such catastrophe as that of August 1868 had occurred within the memory of man. It was not one city which was laid in ruins, but a whole empire. Those who perished were counted by tens of thousands, while the property destroyed by the earthquake was valued at millions of pounds sterling.

Although so many months have passed since this terrible calamity took place, scientific men have been busily engaged until quite recently in endeavoring to ascertain the real significance of the various events which were observed during and after the occurrence of the earthquake. The geographers of Germany have taken a special interest in interpreting the evidence afforded by this great manifestation of nature's powers. Two papers have been written recently on the great earthquake of August 13, 1868, one by Professor Von Hochstetter, the other by Herr Von Tschudi, which present an interesting account of the various effects by land and by sea, which resulted from the tremendous upheaving force to which the western flanks of the Peruvian Andes were subjected on that day. The effects on land, although surprising and terrible, yet only differ in degree from those which

have been observed in other earthquakes. But the progress of the great sea-wave, which was generated by the upheaval of the Peruvian shores and propagated over the whole of the Pacific Ocean, differs altogether from any earthquake phenomena before observed. Other earthquakes have indeed been followed by oceanic disturbances. But these have been accompanied by terrestrial motions, so as to suggest the idea that they had been caused by the motion of the sea-bottom, or the neighboring land. In no instance has it ever before been known that a well-marked wave of enormous proportions should have been propagated over the largest ocean tract on our globe, by an earth-shock whose direct action was limited to a relatively small region, and that region not situated in the centre, but on one side of the wide area traversed by the wave.

We propose to give a brief sketch of the history of this enormous sea-wave. In the first place, however, it may be well to remind the reader of a few of the more prominent features of the great shock to which this wave owed its origin.

It was at Arequipa, at the foot of the lofty volcanic mountain Misti, that the most terrible effects of the great earthquake were experienced. Within historic times Misti has poured forth no lava-streams, but that the volcano is not extinct is clearly evidenced by the fact that in 1542 an enormous mass of dust and ashes was vomited forth from its crater. On August 13, 1868, Misti showed no signs of being disturbed. So far as their volcanic neighbor was concerned, the 44,000 inhabitants

of Arequipa had no reason to anticipate the catastrophe which presently befell them. At five minutes past five an earthquake shock was experienced, which, though severe, seems to have worked little mischief. Half a minute later, however, a terrible noise was heard beneath the earth; a second shock more violent than the first was felt, and then began a swaying motion, gradually increasing in intensity. In the course of the first minute this motion had become so violent that the inhabitants ran in terror out of their houses into the streets and squares. In the two next minutes the swaying movement had so increased that the more lightly built houses were cast to the ground, and the flying people could scarcely keep their feet. "And now," says Von Tschudi, "there followed during two or three minutes a terrible scene. The swaying motion which had hitherto prevailed changed into fierce vertical upheaval. The subterranean roaring increased in the most terrifying manner: then were heard the heart-piercing shrieks of the wretched people, the bursting of walls, the crashing fall of houses and churches, while over all rolled thick clouds of a yellowish-black dust, which, had they been poured forth many minutes longer, would have suffocated thousands." Although the shocks had lasted but a few minutes, the whole town was destroyed. Not one building remained uninjured, and there were few which did not lie in shapeless heaps of ruins.

At Tacna and Arica, the earth-shock was less severe, but strange and terrible phenomena followed it. At the former place a circumstance occurred, the cause and nature of which yet remain a mystery. About three hours after the earthquake, in other words, at about eight o'clock in the evening, an intensely bright light made its appearance above the neighboring mountains. It lasted for fully half an hour, and has been ascribed to the eruption of some as yet unknown volcano.

At Arica, the sea-wave produced even more destructive effects than had been caused by the earthquake. About twenty minutes after the first earth-shock, the sea was seen to retire as if about to leave the shores wholly dry; but presently its waters returned with tremendous force. A mighty wave, whose length seemed unmeasurable, was seen advancing like a dark wall upon the unfortunate town, a large part of which

was overwhelmed by it. Two ships, the Peruvian corvette *America* and the United States "double-ender" *Waterloo*, were carried nearly half a mile to the north of Arica, beyond the railroad which runs to Tacna, and there left stranded high and dry. This enormous wave was considered by the English vice-consul at Arica, to have been fully fifty feet in height.

As Chala, three such waves swept in after the first shocks of earthquake. They overflowed nearly the whole of the town, the sea passing more than half a mile beyond its usual limits.

At Islay and Iquique similar phenomena were manifested. At the former town the sea flowed in no less than five times, and each time with greater force. Afterwards the motion gradually diminished, but even an hour and a half after the commencement of this strange disturbance, the waves still ran forty feet above the ordinary level. At Iquique, the people beheld the inrushing wave whilst it was still a great way off. A dark blue mass of water, some fifty feet in height, was seen sweeping in upon the town with inconceivable rapidity. An island lying before the harbor was completely submerged by the great wave, which still came rushing on, black with the mud and slime it had swept from the sea bottom. Those who witnessed its progress from the upper balconies of their houses, and presently saw its black mass rushing close beneath their feet, looked on their safety as a miracle. Many buildings were indeed washed away, and in the low-lying parts of the town there was a terrible loss of life. After passing far inland the wave slowly returned seawards, and strangely enough the sea, which elsewhere heaved and tossed for hours after the first great wave had swept over it, here came soon to rest.

At Callao a yet more singular instance was afforded of the effect which circumstances may have upon the motion of the sea after a great earthquake has disturbed it. In former earthquakes Callao has suffered terribly from the effects of the great sea-wave. In fact, on two several occasions, the whole town has been destroyed, and nearly all its inhabitants have been drowned, through the inrush of precisely such waves as flowed into the ports of Arica and Chala. But upon this occasion the centre of subterranean disturbance must have been so situated that either the wave was diverted from Callao, or more

probably two waves reached Callao from different sources and at different times, so that the two undulations partly counteracted each other. Certain it is that although the water retreated strangely from the coast near Callao, insomuch that a wide tract of sea-bottom was uncovered, there was no inrushing wave comparable with those described above. The sea afterwards rose and fell in an irregular manner, a circumstance confirming the supposition that the disturbance was caused by two distinct oscillations. Six hours after the occurrence of the earthquake, the double oscillations seem for a while to have worked themselves into unison, for at this time three considerable waves rolled in upon the town. But clearly these waves must not be compared with those which in other instances had made their appearance within half an hour of the earth-throes. There is little reason to doubt that if the separate oscillations had reinforced each other earlier, Callao would have been completely destroyed. As it was a considerable amount of mischief was effected; but the motion of the sea presently became irregular again, and so continued until the morning of August 14th, when it began to ebb with some regularity. But during the 14th there were occasional renewals of the irregular motion, and several days elapsed before the regular ebb and flow of the sea were resumed.

Such were among the phenomena presented in the region where the earthquake itself was felt. It will be seen at once, that within this region, or rather along that portion of the sea-coast which falls within the central region of disturbance, the true character of the sea-wave generated by the earthquake could not be recognised. If a rock fall from a lofty cliff into a comparatively shallow sea, the water around the place where the rock has fallen is disturbed in an irregular manner. The sea seems at one place to leap up and down; elsewhere one wave seems to beat against another, and the sharpest eye can detect no law in the motions of the seething waters. But presently, outside the scene of disturbance, a circular wave is seen to form, and if the motion of this wave be watched, it is seen to present the most striking contrast with the turmoil and confusion at its centre. It sweeps onwards and outwards in a regular

undulation. Gradually it loses its circular figure (unless the sea-bottom happens to be unusually level), showing that although its motion is everywhere regular, it is not everywhere equally swift. A wave of this sort, though incomparably vaster, swept swiftly away on every side from the scene of the great earthquake near the Peruvian Andes. It has been calculated that the width of this wave varied from one million to five million feet, or roughly from 200 to 1000 miles, while, when in mid-Pacific, the length of the wave, measured along its summit in a widely-curved path from one side to another of the great ocean, cannot have been less than 8,000 miles.

We cannot tell how deep-seated was the centre of subterranean action; but there can be no doubt it was very deep indeed, because otherwise the shock felt in towns separated from each other by hundreds of miles, could not have been so nearly contemporaneous. Therefore the portion of the earth's crust upheaved must have been enormous. For the length of the region where the direct effects of the earthquake were perceived is estimated by Professor Von Hochstetter at no less than 240 miles. The breadth of the region is unknown, because the slope of the Andes on one side and the ocean on the other concealed the motion of the earth's crust.

The great ocean wave swept, as we have said, in all directions around the scene of the earth-throe. Over a large part of its course its passage was unnoted, because, in the open sea, the effects even of so vast an undulation could not be perceived. A ship would slowly rise as the crest of the great wave passed under her and then as slowly sink again. This may seem strange, at first sight, when it is remembered that in reality the great sea-wave we are considering swept at the rate of three or four hundred sea-miles an hour over the larger part of the Pacific. But when the true character of ocean-waves is understood, when it is remembered that there is no transference of the water itself at this enormous rate, but simply a transmission of motion (precisely as when in a high wind waves sweep rapidly over a corn-field, while yet each corn-stalk remains fixed in the ground), it will be seen that the effects of the great sea-wave could only be perceived near the shore.

Even there, as we shall presently see, there was much to convey the impression that the land itself was rising and falling—rather than that the great deep was moved. But among the hundreds of ships, which were sailing upon the Pacific, while its length and breadth were traversed by the great sea-wave, there was not one in which any unusual motion was perceived.

In somewhat less than three hours after the occurrence of the earthquake, the ocean-wave inundated the port of Coquimbo, on the Chilian seaboard, some 800 miles from Arica. An hour or so later it had reached Constitución, 450 miles farther south; and here for some three hours the sea rose and fell with strange violence. Farther south, along the shore of Chili, even to the island of Chiloe, the shore-wave travelled, though with continually diminishing force, owing doubtless to the resistance which the irregularities of the shore opposed to its progress.

The northerly shore-wave seems to have been more considerable; and a moment's study of the chart of the two Americas will show that this circumstance is highly significant. When we remember that the principal effects of the land-shock were experienced within that angle which the Peruvian Andes form with the long north-and-south line of the Chilian and Bolivian Andes, we see at once that had the centre of the subterranean action been near the scene where the most destructive effects were perceived no sea-wave, or but a small one, could have been sent towards the shores of North America. The projecting shores of northern Peru and Ecuador could not have failed to divert the sea-wave towards the west; and though a reflected wave might have reached California, it would only have been after a considerable interval of time, and with dimensions much less than those of the sea-wave which travelled southwards. When we see that, on the contrary, a wave of even greater proportions travelled towards the shores of North America, we seem forced to the conclusion that the centre of the subterranean action must have been so far to the west that the sea-wave generated by it had a free course to the shores of California.

Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the wave which swept the shores of Southern California, and even at

San Pedro (nearly 5,000 miles from Arica) rose upwards of sixty feet above the ordinary sea-level, was absolutely the most imposing of all the indirect effects of the great earthquake. But when we consider that in San Pedro Bay, fully five thousand miles from the centre of disturbance, a wave twice the height of an ordinary house rolled in with unspeakable violence only a few hours after the occurrence of the earth-throe, we are most strikingly impressed with the tremendous energy of the earth's movement.

Turning to the open ocean, let us track the great wave on its course past the multitudinous islands which dot the surface of the great Pacific.

The inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, which lie about 6,300 miles from Arica, might have imagined themselves safe from any effects which could be produced by an earthquake taking place so far away from them. But on the night between the 13th and 14th of August, the sea around this island group rose in a surprising manner, inasmuch that many thought the islands were sinking and would shortly subside altogether beneath the waves. Some of the smaller islands, indeed, were for a time completely inundated. Before long, however, the sea fell again, and as it did so, the observers "found it impossible to resist the impression that the islands were rising bodily out of the water." For no less than three days this strange oscillation of the sea continued to be experienced, the most remarkable ebbs and floods being noticed at Honolulu, on the island Woahoo.

But the sea-wave swept onwards far beyond these islands.

At Yokohama in Japan, more than 10,500 miles from Arica, an enormous wave poured in on August 14th, but at what hour we have no satisfactory record. So far as distance is concerned, this wave affords most surprising evidence of the stupendous nature of the disturbance to which the waters of the Pacific Ocean had been subjected. The whole circumference of the earth is but 25,000 miles, so that this wave had travelled over a distance considerably greater than two-fifths of the earth's circumference. A distance which the swiftest of our ships could not traverse in less than six or seven weeks, had been swept over by this enormous undulation in the course of a few hours.

More complete details reach us from the Southern Pacific.

Shortly before midnight the Marquesas Isles and the low-lying Tuamotu group were visited by the great wave, and some of these islands were completely submerged by it. The lonely Opara Isle, where the steamers which run between Panama and New Zealand have their coaling station, was visited at about half-past eleven in the evening by a billow which swept away a portion of the coal dépôt. Afterwards great waves came rolling in at intervals of about twenty minutes, and several days elapsed before the sea resumed its ordinary ebb and flow.

It was not until about half-past two on the morning of August 14th, that the Samoa Isles (sometimes called the Navigator Islands) were visited by the great wave. The watchmen startled the inhabitants from their sleep by the cry that the sea was about to overwhelm them; and already when the terrified people rushed from their houses the sea was found to have risen far above the highest water-mark. But it presently began to sink again, and then commenced a series of oscillations which lasted for several days, and were of a very remarkable nature. Once in every quarter of an hour the sea rose and fell, but it was noticed that it rose twice as rapidly as it sank. This peculiarity is well worth remarking. The eminent physicist Mallet speaks thus (we follow Lyell's quotation) about the waves which traverse an open sea: "The great sea-wave, advancing at the rate of several miles in a minute, consists, in the deep ocean, of a long low swell of enormous volume, having an equal slope before and behind, and that so gentle that it might pass under a ship without being noticed. But when it reaches the edge of soundings, its front slope becomes short and steep, while its rear slope is long and gentle." On the shores visited by such a wave, the sea would appear to rise more rapidly than it sank. We have seen that this happened on the shores of the Samoa group, and therefore the way in which the sea rose and fell on the days following the great earthquake, gave significant evidence of the nature of the sea-bottom in the neighborhood of these islands. As the change of the great wave's figure could not have been quickly communicated, we may conclude with certainty that the Samoan

Islands are the summits of lofty mountains, whose sloping sides extend far towards the east.

This conclusion affords interesting evidence of the necessity of observing even the seemingly trifling details of important phenomena.

The wave which visited the New Zealand Isles was altogether different in character, affording a noteworthy illustration of another remark of Mallet's. He says that where the sea-bottom slopes in such a way that there is water of some depth close in shore, the great wave may roll in and do little damage; and we have seen that so it happened in the case of the Samoan Islands. But he adds, that "where the shore is shelving, there will be first a retreat of the water, and then the wave will break upon the beach and roll far upon the land." This is precisely what happened when the great wave reached the eastern shores of New Zealand, which are known to shelve down to very shallow water continuing far away to sea towards the east.

At about half-past three on the morning of August 14th, the water began to retreat in a singular manner from the Port of Littleton, on the eastern shores of the southernmost of the New Zealand Islands. At length the whole port was left entirely dry, and so remained for about twenty minutes. Then the water was seen returning like a wall of foam ten or twelve feet in height, which rushed with a tremendous noise upon the port and town. Towards five o'clock the water again retired, very slowly as before, not reaching its lowest ebb until six. An hour later, a second huge wave inundated the port. Four times the sea retired and returned with great power at intervals of about two hours. Afterwards the oscillation of the water was less considerable, but it had not wholly ceased until August 17th, and only on the 18th did the regular ebb and flow of the tide recommence.

Around the Samoa group the water rose and fell once in every fifteen minutes, while on the shores of New Zealand each oscillation lasted no less than two hours. Doubtless the different depths of water, the irregular confirmation of the island groups, and other like circumstances, were principally concerned in producing these singular variations. Yet

they do not seem fully sufficient to account for so wide a range of difference. Possibly a cause yet unnoticed may have had something to do with the peculiarity. In waves of such enormous extent, it would be quite impossible to determine whether the course of the wave-motion was directed full upon a line of shore or more or less obliquely. It is clear that in the former case the waves would seem to follow each other more swiftly than in the latter, even though there were no difference in their velocity.

Far on beyond the shores of New Zealand the great wave coursed, reaching at length the coast of Australia. At dawn of August 14th, Moreton Bay was visited by five well-marked waves. At Newcastle on the Hunter River, the sea rose and fell several times in a remarkable manner, the oscillatory motion commencing at half-past six in the morning. But the most significant evidence of the extent to which the sea-wave travelled in this direction was afforded at Port Fairy, Belfast, South Victoria. Here the oscillation of the water was distinctly perceived at midday on the 14th of August; and yet, to reach this point the sea-wave must not only have travelled on a circuitous course nearly equal in length to half the circumference of the earth, but must have passed through Bass Straits, between Australia and Van Diemen's Land, and so have lost a considerable portion of its force and dimensions. When we remember that had not the effects of the earth-shock on the water been limited by the shores of South America a wave of disturbance equal in extent to that which travelled westward would have swept towards the east, we see that the force of the shock was sufficient to have disturbed the waters of an ocean covering the whole surface of the earth. For the sea-waves which reached Yokohama in one direction and Port Fairy in another had each traversed a distance nearly equal to half the earth's circumference;

so that if the surface of the earth were all sea, waves setting out in opposite directions from the centre of disturbance would have met each other at the antipodes of their starting-point.

It is impossible to contemplate the effects which followed the great earthquake, the passage of a sea-wave of enormous volume over fully one-third of the earth's surface, and the force with which, on the farthest limits of its range, the wave rolled in upon shores more than 10,000 miles from its starting-place, without feeling that those geologists are right who deny that the subterranean forces of the earth are diminishing in intensity. It may be difficult, perhaps, to look on the effects which are ascribed to ancient earth-throes, without imagining for a while that the power of modern earthquakes, is altogether less. But when we consider fairly the share which time had in those ancient processes of change, when we see that while mountain ranges were being upheaved or valleys depressed to their present position, race after race and type after type appeared on the earth, and lived out the long lives which belong to races and to types, we are recalled to the remembrance of the great work which the earth's subterranean forces are still engaged upon. Even now, continents are being slowly depressed or upheaved, even now mountain ranges are being raised to a new level, table-lands are in process of formation, and great valleys are being gradually scooped out. It may need an occasional outburst, such as the earthquake of August 1868, to remind us that great forces are at work beneath the earth's surface. But in reality, the signs of change have long been noted. Old shore lines shift their place, old soundings vary, the sea advances in one place and retires in another; on every side nature's plastic hand is at work modelling and remodelling the earth, in order that it may always be a fit abode for those who are to dwell upon it.

Fraser's Magazine.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

FOURTH LECTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, MARCH 12, 1870

WHEN I came to deliver the first of this short course of lectures, I confess I felt sorry for having undertaken so difficult a task; and if I could have withdrawn

from it with honor, I should gladly have done so. Now that I have only this one lecture left, I feel equally sorry, and I wish I could continue my course in order to say something more of what I wished to say, and what in four lectures I could say but very imperfectly. From the announcement of my lectures you must have seen that in what I called "An Introduction to the Science of Religion" I did not intend to treat of more than some preliminary questions. I chiefly wanted to show in what sense a truly scientific study of religion was possible, what materials there are to enable us to gain a trustworthy knowledge of the principal religions of the world, and according to what principles these religions may be classified. It would perhaps have been more interesting to some of my hearers if we had rushed at once into the ancient temples to look at the broken idols of the past, and to discover, if possible, some of the fundamental ideas that found expression in the ancient systems of faith and worship. But in order to explore with real advantage any ruins, whether of stone or of thought, it is necessary that we should know where to look and how to look. In most works on the history of ancient religions we are driven about like forlorn tourists in a vast museum where ancient and modern statues, gems of Oriental and European workmanship, original works of art and mere copies are piled up together, and at the end of our journey we only feel bewildered and disheartened. We have seen much, no doubt, but we carry away very little. It is better, before we enter into these labyrinths, that we should spend a few hours in making up our minds as to what we really want to see and what we may pass by; and if in these introductory lectures we have arrived at a clear view on these points, you will find hereafter that our time has not been spent in vain.

Throughout these introductory lectures you will have observed that I have carefully abstained from entering on the domain of what I call *Theoretic* as distinguished from *Comparative Theology*. Theoretic theology, or, as it is sometimes called, the philosophy of religion, has, as far as I can judge, its right place at the end, not at the beginning of comparative theology. I make no secret of my own conviction that a study of comparative theology will produce with regard to theoretic theology the

same revolution which a study of comparative philology has produced in what used to be called the philosophy of language. You know how all speculations on the nature of language, on its origin, its development, its natural growth and inevitable decay have had to be taken up afresh from the very beginning, after the new light thrown on the history of language by the comparative method. I look forward to the same results with respect to philosophical inquiries into the nature of religion, its origin, and its development. I do not mean to say that all former speculations on these subjects will become useless. Plato's *Cratylus*, even the *Hermes* of Harris, and Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley* have not become useless after the work done by Grimm and Bopp, by Humboldt and Bunsen. But I believe that philosophers who speculate on the origin of religion and on the psychological conditions of faith, will in future write more circumspectly, and with less of that dogmatic assurance which has hitherto distinguished so many speculations on the philosophy of religion, not excepting those of Schelling and Hegel. Before the rise of geology it was easy to speculate on the origin of the earth; before the rise of glossology, any theories on the revealed, the mimetic, the interjectional, or the conventional origin of language might easily be held and defended. Not so now, when facts have filled the place that was formerly open to theories, and when those who have worked most carefully among the *débris* of the earth or the strata of languages are most reluctant to approach the great problem of the first beginnings.

So much in order to explain why in this introductory course I have confined myself within narrower limits than some of my hearers seem to have expected. And now, as I have but one hour left, I shall try to make the best use of it I can, by devoting it entirely to a point on which I have not yet touched, viz. on the right spirit in which ancient religions ought to be studied and interpreted.

No judge, if he had before him the worst of criminals, would treat him as most historians and theologians have treated the religions of the world. Every act in the lives of their founders, which shows that they were but men, is eagerly seized and judged without mercy; every doctrine that is not carefully guarded is interpreted

in the worst sense that it will bear ; every act of worship that differs from our own way of serving God is held up to ridicule and contempt. And this is not done by accident, but with a set purpose, nay, with something of that artificial sense of duty which stimulates the counsel for the defence to see nothing but an angel in his own client, and anything but an angel in the plaintiff on the other side. The result has been—as it could not be otherwise—a complete miscarriage of justice, an utter misapprehension of the real character and purpose of the ancient religions of mankind ; and, as a necessary consequence, a failure in discovering the peculiar features which really distinguish Christianity from all the religions of the world, and secure to its founder his own peculiar place in the history of the world, far away from Vasishtha, Zoroaster, and Buddha, from Moses and Mohammed, from Confucius and Lao-tse. By unduly depreciating all other religions, we have placed our own in a position which its founder never intended for it ; we have torn it away from the sacred context of the history of the world ; we have ignored, or wilfully narrowed, the sundry times and divers manners in which, in times past, God spake unto the fathers by the prophets ; and instead of recognizing Christianity as coming in the fulness of time, and as the fulfilment of the hopes and desires of the whole world, we have brought ourselves to look upon its advent as the only broken link in that unbroken chain which is rightly called the Divine government of the world. Nay, worse than this : there are people who, from mere ignorance of the ancient religions of mankind, have adopted a doctrine more unchristian than any that could be found in the pages of the religious books of antiquity, viz. that all the nations of the earth, before the rise of Christianity, were mere outcasts, forsaken and forgotten of their Father in heaven, without a knowledge of God, without a hope of salvation. If a comparative study of the religions of the world produced but this one result, that it drove this godless heresy out of every Christian heart, and made us see again in the whole history of the world the eternal wisdom and love of God towards all His creatures, it would have done a good work. And it is high time that this good work should be done. We have learnt to do justice to the ancient

poetry, the political institutions, the legal enactments, the systems of philosophy, and the works of art of nations differing from ourselves in many respects ; we have brought ourselves to value even the crude and imperfect beginnings in all these spheres of mental activity ; and I believe we have thus learnt lessons from ancient history which we could not have learnt anywhere else. We can admire the temples of the ancient world, whether in Egypt, Babylon, or Greece ; we can stand in raptures before the statues of Phidias ; and only when we approach the religious conceptions which find their expression in the temples of Minerva and in the statues of Jupiter, we turn away with pity or scorn, we call their gods mere idols and images, and class their worshippers—Perikles, Phidias, Sokrates, and Plato—with the worshippers of stocks and stones. I do not deny that the religions of the Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans were imperfect and full of errors, particularly in their later stages, but I maintain that the fact of these ancient people having any religion at all, however imperfect, raises them higher, and brings them nearer to us, than all their works of art, all their poetry, all their philosophy. Neither their art nor their poetry nor their philosophy would have been possible without religion ; and if we will but look without prejudice, if we will but judge as we ought always to judge, with unwearying love and charity, we shall be surprised at that new world of beauty and truth which, like the azure of a vernal sky, rises before us from behind the clouds of the ancient mythologies.

We can speak freely and fearlessly ; *we* can afford to be charitable. There was a time when it was otherwise. There was a time when people imagined that truth, particularly the highest truth, the truth of religion, could only conquer by blind zeal, by fire and sword. At that time all idols were to be overthrown, their altars to be destroyed, and their worshippers to be cut to pieces. But there came a time when the sword was to be put up into its place. . . . And if even after that time there was a work to work and a fight to fight, which required the fiery zeal of apostles and martyrs, that time also is now past ; the conquest is gained, and we have time to reflect calmly on what is past and what is still to come. We are no longer afraid of

Baal or Jupiter. Our dangers and our difficulties are now of a very different kind. If we believe that there is a God, and that He created heaven and earth, and that He ruleth the world by His unceasing providence, we cannot believe that millions of human beings, all created like ourselves in the image of God, were, in their time of ignorance, so utterly abandoned that their whole religion was falsehood, their whole worship a farce, their whole life a mockery. An honest and independent study of the religions of the world will teach us that it was not so—will teach us the same lesson which it taught St. Augustine, that there is no religion which does not contain some grains of truth. Nay, it will teach us more ; it will enable us to see in the history of the ancient religions, more clearly than anywhere else, the *Divine education of the human race*.

I know this is a view which has been much objected to, but I hold it as strongly as ever. If we must not read in the history of the whole human race the daily lessons of a Divine teacher and guide, if there is no purpose, no increasing purpose in the succession of the religions of the world, then we might as well shut up the godless book of history altogether, and look upon men as no better than the grass which is to-day in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven. Man would then be indeed of less value than the sparrows, for none of them is forgotten before God. But those who imagine that, in order to make sure of their own salvation, they must have a great gulf fixed between themselves and all the other nations of the world—between their own religion and the religions of Zoroaster, Buddha, or Confucius—can hardly be aware how strongly the interpretation of the history of the religions of the world, as an education of the human race, can be supported by authorities before which they themselves would probably bow in silence. We need not appeal to a living bishop to prove the soundness, or to a German philosopher to prove the truth, of this view. If we wanted authorities we could appeal to Popes, to the Fathers of the Church, to the Apostles themselves, for they have all upheld the same view with no uncertain voice.

I pointed out before that the simultaneous study of the Old and the New Testament, with an occasional reference to the religion and philosophy of Greece and

Rome, had supplied Christian divines with some of the most useful lessons for a wider comparison of all the religions of the world. In studying the Old Testament, and observing in it the absence of some of the most essential truths of Christianity, they, too, had asked with surprise why the interval between the fall of man and his redemption had been so long, why men were allowed so long to walk in darkness, and whether the heathens had really no place in the counsels of God. Here is the answer of a Pope, of Leo the Great * (440-461) :

Let those who with impious murmurings find fault with the Divine dispensations, and who complain about the lateness of Our Lord's nativity, cease from their grievances, as if what was carried out in this last age of the world had not been impending in time past. . . . What the apostles preached, the prophets had announced before, and what has always been believed cannot be said to have been fulfilled too late. By this delay of His work of salvation the wisdom and love of God have only made us more fitted for His call ; so that, what had been announced before by many signs and words and mysteries during so many centuries, should not be doubtful or uncertain in the days of the Gospel. . . . God has not provided for the interests of men by a new counsel or by a late compassion ; but He had instituted from the beginning for all men one and the same path of salvation.

This is the language of a Pope—of Leo the Great. Now let us hear what St. Irenæus says, and how he explains to himself the necessary imperfection of the early religions of mankind. "A mother," he says, "may indeed offer to her infant a complete repast, but her infant cannot yet receive the food which is meant for full-grown men. In the same manner God might indeed from the beginning have offered to man the truth in its completeness, but man was unable to receive it, for he was still a child."

If this, too, is considered a presumptuous reading of the counsels of God, we have, as a last appeal, the words of St. Paul, that "the law was the schoolmaster to the Jews," joined with the words of St. Peter, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

But, as I said before, we need not ap-

* Hardwick, *Christ and other Masters*, i. 85.

peal to any authorities if we will but read the records of the ancient religions of the world with an open heart and in a charitable spirit—in a spirit that thinketh no evil, but rejoices in the truth wherever it can be found.

I suppose that most of us, sooner or later in life, have felt how the whole world—this wicked world, as we call it—is changed as if by magic, if once we can make up our mind to give men credit for good motives, never to be suspicious, never to think evil, never to think ourselves better than our neighbors. Trust a man to be true and good, and, even if he is not, your trust will tend to make him true and good. It is the same with the religions of the world. Let us but once make up our mind to look in them for what is true and good, and we shall hardly know our old religions again. If they are the work of the devil, as many of us have been brought up to believe, then never was there a kingdom so divided against itself from the very beginning. There is no religion—or if there is, I do not know it—which does not say, “Do good, avoid evil.” There is none which does not contain what Rabbi Hillel called the quintessence of all religions, the simple warning, “Be good, my boy.” “Be good, my boy,” may seem a very short catechism; but let us add to it, “Be good, my boy, for God’s sake,” and we have in it very nearly the whole of the Law and the Prophets.

I wish I could read you the extracts I have collected from the sacred books of the ancient world, grains of truth more precious to me than grains of gold; prayers so simple and so true that we could all join in them if we once accustomed ourselves to the strange sounds of Sanskrit or Chinese. I can to-day give you a few specimens only.

Here is a prayer of Vasishtha, a Vedic prophet, addressed to Varuṇa, the Greek *Οὐρανός*, an ancient name of the sky and of the god who resides in the sky.

I shall read you one verse at least in the original—it is the 86th hymn of the seventh book of the Rig-Veda—so that you may hear the very sounds which more than three thousand years ago were uttered for the first time in a village on the borders of the Sutledge, then called the Satadru, by a man who felt as we feel, who spoke as we speak, who believed in many points as we believe—a dark-complexioned Hindu,

shepherd, poet, priest, patriarch, and certainly a man who, in the noble army of prophets, deserves a place by the side of David. And does it not show the indestructibility of the spirit, if we see how the waves which, by a poetic impulse, he started on the vast ocean of thought have been heaving and spreading and widening, till after centuries and centuries they strike against our shores and tell us, in accents that cannot be mistaken, what passed through the mind of that ancient Aryan poet when he felt the presence of an almighty God, the maker of heaven and earth, and felt at the same time the burden of his sin, and prayed to his God that He might take that burden from him, that He might forgive him his sin. When you listen to the strange sounds of this Vedic hymn, you are listening, even in this Royal Institution, to spirit-rapping—to real spirit-rapping. Vasishtha is really among us again, and if you will accept me as interpreter, you will find that we can all understand what the old poet wished to say :

Dhīrā tv asya mahinā gaṇāṁshi,
vi yas tastambha rodasi kīd urvī,
pra nākam rishvam nunude brihantam,
dvitā nakshatram paprathak ka bhūma.

Wise and mighty are the works of him who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments (heaven and earth). He lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven; he stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth.

Do I say this to my own self? How can I get near unto Varuṇa? Will he accept my offering without displeasure? When shall I, with a quiet mind, see him propitiated?

I ask, O Varuṇa, wishing to know this my sin; I go to ask the wise. The sages all tell me the same: “Varuṇa it is who is angry with thee.”

Was it for an old sin, O Varuṇa, that thou wishest to destroy thy friend, who always praises thee? Tell me, thou unconquerable Lord! and I will quickly turn to thee with praise, freed from sin.

Absolve us from the sins of our fathers, and from those which we committed with our own bodies. Release Vasishtha, O King, like a thief who has feasted on stolen cattle; release him like a calf from the rope.

It was not our own doing, O Varuṇa, it was a slip; an intoxicating draught, passion, dice, thoughtlessness. The old is there to mislead the young; even sleep is not free from mischief.

Let me without sin give satisfaction to the angry god, like a slave to his bounteous

lord. The lord god enlightened the foolish ; he, the wisest, leads his worshipper to wealth.

O lord Varuza, may this song go well to thy heart ! May we prosper in keeping and acquiring ! Protect us, O gods, always with your blessings.

I am not blind to the blemishes of this ancient prayer, but I am not blind to its beauty either, and I think you will admit that the discovery of even one such poem among the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and the certainty that such a poem was composed in India at least three thousand years ago, without any inspiration but that which all can find who seek for it if haply they may find it, is well worth the labor of a life. It shows that man was never forsaken of God, and that conviction is worth more to the student of history than all the dynasties of Babylon and Egypt, worth more than all lacustrian villages, worth more than the skulls and jaw-bones of Neanderthal or Abbeville.

My next extract will be from the Zendavesta, the sacred book of the Zoroastrians, older in its language than the cuneiform inscriptions of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and still believed in by a small remnant of the Persian race, now settled at Bombay and known all over the world by the name of Parsis.*

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura ! Who was from the beginning the father of the pure creatures ? Who has made a path for the sun and for the stars ? Who (but thou) makes the moon to increase and to decrease ? That, O Mazda, and other things, I wish to know.

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura ! Who holds the earth and the clouds that they do not fall ? Who holds the sea and the trees ? Who has given swiftness to the wind and the clouds ? Who is the creator of the good spirit ?

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura ! Who has made the kindly light and the darkness, who has made the kindly sleep and the awaking ? Who has made the mornings, the noons, and the nights ? Who has made him who ponders on the measure of the laws ?

We cannot always be certain that we have found the right sense of the Zendavesta, for its language is full of difficulties ; yet so much is clear, that in the

Bible of Zoroaster every man is called upon to take his part in the great battle between Good and Evil which is always going on, and is assured that in the end good will prevail.

What shall I quote from Buddha ? for there is so much in his sayings and his parables that it is indeed difficult to choose. In a collection of his sayings, written in Páli—of which I have lately published a translation*—we read :

1 All that we are is the result of what we have thought : it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the cart.

49 As the bee collects honey and departs without injuring the flower, so let the sage dwell on earth.

62 "These sons belong to me, and this wealth belongs to me," with such thoughts a fool is tormented. He himself does not belong to himself : how much less sons and wealth !

121 Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, It will not come nigh unto me. Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart, It will not benefit me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled.

173 He whose evil deeds are covered by good deeds, brightens up this world like the moon when she rises from behind the clouds.

223 Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

264 Not by tonsure does an undisciplined man become a saint : can a man be a saint who is still held captive by desires and greediness ?

394 What is the use of platted hair, O fool ? what of the raiment of goat-skins ? Within thee there is ravening, but the outside thou makest clean.

In no religion are we so constantly reminded of our own as in Buddhism, and yet in no religion has man been drawn away so far from the truth as in the religion of Buddha. Buddhism and Christianity are indeed the two opposite poles with regard to the most essential points of religion : *Buddhism* ignoring all feeling

* *Yasna*, xliv. 3, ed. Brockhaus, p. 130 ; Spiegels, *Yasna*, p. 146 ; Haug, *Essays*, p. 150.

* *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, translated from Burmese by Captain Rogers ; with an Introduction containing Buddha's "Dhammapada" or "Path of Virtue," translated from Páli by Max Müller. London : Trübner & Co., 1870.

of dependence on a higher power, and therefore denying the very existence of a supreme Deity; *Christianity* resting entirely on a belief in God as the Father, in the Son of Man as the Son of God, and making us all children of God by faith in His Son. Yet between the language of Buddha and his disciples and the language of Christ and His apostles there are strange coincidences. Even some of the Buddhist legends and parables sound as if taken from the New Testament, though we know that many of them existed before the beginning of the Christian era.

Thus, one day Ananda, the disciple of Buddha, after a long walk in the country, meets with Mâtangî, a woman of the low caste of the *Kândâlas*, near a well, and asks her for some water. She tells him what she is, and that she must not come near him. But he replies, "My sister, I ask not for thy caste or thy family, I ask only for a draught of water." She afterwards becomes herself a disciple of Buddha.*

While in the New Testament we read, "If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee," we find among the Buddhists a parable of a young priest whose bright and lovely eyes proved too attractive to a lady whom he visits, and who thereupon plucks out his right eye and shows it to her that she may see how hideous it is.†

According to Buddha, the motive of all our actions should be *pity* or *love* for our neighbor.

And as in Buddhism, so even in the writings of Confucius we find again what we value most in our own religion. I shall quote but one saying of the Chinese sage:‡

"What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do that to others."

One passage only from the founder of the second religion in China, from Lao-tse (cap. 25) :

There is an infinite Being, which existed before heaven and earth.

How calm it is ! how free !

* Burnouf, *Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme*, p. 205.

† See *Kathâ-sarit-sâgara*, ed. Brockhaus, vi. 28, p. 14.

‡ Dr. Legge's *Life and Teachings of Confucius*, p. 47.

It lives alone, it changes not.

It moves everywhere, but it never suffers.

We may look on it as the mother of the Universe.

I, I know not its name.

In order to give it a title, I call it *Tao* (the Way).

When I try to give it a name, I call it *Great*.

After calling it *Great*, I call it *Fugitive*.

After calling it *Fugitive*, I call it *Distant*.

After calling it *Distant*, I say it comes back to me.

Need I say that Greek and Roman writers are full of the most exalted sentiments on religion and morality, in spite of their mythology and in spite of their idolatry? When Plato says that man ought to strive after likeness with God, do you think that he thought of Jupiter, or Mars, or Mercury? When another poet exclaimed that the conscience is a god for all men, was he so very far from a knowledge of the true God?

I wish we could explore together in this spirit the ancient religions of mankind, for I feel convinced that the more we know of them the more we shall see that there is not one which is entirely false; nay, that in one sense every religion was a true religion, being the only religion which was possible at the time, which was compatible with the language, the thoughts, and the sentiments of each generation, which was appropriate to the age of the world. I know full well the objections that will be made to this. Was the worship of Moloch, it will be said, a true religion when they burnt their sons and their daughters in the fire to their gods? Was the worship of Mylitta, or is the worship of Kâli a true religion, when within the sanctuary of their temples they committed abominations that must be nameless? Was the teaching of Buddha a true religion, when men were asked to believe that the highest reward of virtue and meditation consisted in a complete annihilation of the soul? Such arguments may tell in party warfare, though even there they have provoked fearful retaliation. Can that be a true religion, it has been answered, which con-signed men of holy innocence to the flames, because they held that the Son was like unto the Father, but not the same as the Father, or because they would not worship the Virgin and the Saints? Can that be a true religion which screened

the same nameless crimes behind the sacred walls of monasteries? Can that be a true religion which taught the eternity of punishment without any hope of pardon or salvation for the sinner, however penitent? People who judge of religions in that spirit will never understand their real purport, will never reach their sacred springs. These are the excrescences, the inevitable excrescences of religion. We might as well judge of the health of a people from its hospitals, or of its morality from its prisons. If we want to judge of a religion, we must try to study it as much as possible in the mind of its founder; and when that is impossible, as it is but too often, we must try to find it in the lonely chamber and the sick-room, rather than in the colleges of augurs and the councils of priests.

If we do this, and if we bear in mind that religion must accommodate itself to the intellectual capacity of those whom it is to influence, we shall be surprised to find so much of true religion where we only expected degrading superstition or an absurd worship of idols.

The intention of religion, wherever we meet it, is always holy. However imperfect, however childish a religion may be, it always places the human soul in the presence of God; and however imperfect and however childish the conception of God may be, it always represents the highest ideal of perfection which the human soul, for the time being, can reach and grasp. Religion therefore places the human soul in the presence of its highest ideal, it lifts it above the level of ordinary goodness, and produces at least a yearning after a higher and better life—a life in the light of God. The expression that is given to these early manifestations of religious sentiment is no doubt frequently childish; it may be irreverent or even repulsive. But has not every father to learn the lesson of a charitable interpretation in watching the first stammerings of religion in his children? Why, then, should people find it so difficult to learn the same lesson in the ancient history of the world, and to judge in the same spirit the religious utterances of the childhood of the human race? Who does not recollect the startling and seemingly irreverent questionings of children about God, and who does not know how perfectly guiltless the child's mind is of real irreverence?

Such outbursts of infantine religion hardly bear repeating. I shall only mention one instance. I well recollect the dismay which was created by a child exclaiming, "Oh! I wish there was at least *one* room in the house where I could play alone, and where God could not see me!" People who heard it were shocked; but to my mind, I confess, this childish exclamation sounded more wonderful than even the Psalm of David, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"

It is the same with the childish language of ancient religion. We say very calmly that God is omniscient and omnipresent. Hesiod speaks of the sun as the eye of Zeus that sees and perceives everything. Aratus wrote, "Full of Zeus are all the streets, all the markets of men; full of Him is the sea and the harbors . . . and we are also His offspring."

A Vedic poet, though of more modern date than the one I quoted before, speaking of the same Varuṇa whom Vasiṣṭha invoked, says: "The great lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all. If a man stands or walks or rides, if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper, King Varuṇa knows it, he is there as a third. This earth, too, belongs to Varuṇa, the king, and this wide sky with its ends far apart. The two seas (the sky and the ocean) are Varuṇa's loins; he is also contained in this small drop of water. He who should flee far beyond the sky, even he would not be rid of Varuṇa, the king. His spies proceed from heaven towards this world; with thousand eyes they overlook this earth. King Varuṇa sees all this, what is between heaven and earth, and what is beyond. He has counted the twinklings of our eyes. As a player throws down the dice, he settles all things."*

I do not deny that there is in this hymn much that is childish, that it contains expressions unworthy of the majesty of the Deity; but if I look at the language and the thoughts of the people who composed these hymns more than three thousand years ago, I wonder rather at the happy and pure expression which they have given to these

* *Chips from a German Workshop*, i. 41. Atharva-Veda, iv. 16.

deep thoughts than at the occasional harshnesses which jar upon our ears.

Ancient language is a difficult instrument to handle, particularly for religious purposes. It is impossible in human language to express abstract ideas except by metaphor, and it is not too much to say that the whole dictionary of ancient religion is made up of metaphors. With us these metaphors are all forgotten. We speak of spirit without thinking of breath, of heaven without thinking of the sky, of pardon without thinking of a release, of revelation without thinking of a veil. But in ancient language every one of these words, nay, every word that does not refer to sensuous objects, is still in a chrysalis stage: half material and half spiritual, and rising and falling in its character according to the varying capacities of speakers and hearers. Here is a constant source of misunderstandings, many of which have maintained their place in the religion and in the mythology of the ancient world. There are two distinct tendencies to be observed in the growth of ancient religion. There is, on the one side, the struggle of the mind against the material character of language, a constant attempt to strip words of their coarse covering, and fit them, by main force, for the purposes of abstract thought. But there is, on the other side, a constant relapse from the spiritual into the material, and, strange to say, a predilection for the material sense instead of the spiritual. This action and reaction has been going on in the language of religion from the earliest times, and it is at work even now.

It seems at first a fatal element in religion that it cannot escape from this flux and reflux of human thought, which is repeated at least once in every generation between father and son, between mother and daughter; but if we watch it more closely we shall find, I think, that this flux and reflux constitutes the very life of religion.

Place yourselves in the position of those who first are said to have worshipped the sky. We say that they worshipped the sky, or that the sky was their god; and in one sense this is true, but in a sense very different from that which is usually attached to such statements. If we use "god" in the sense which it has now, then to say that the sky was their god is to say what

is simply impossible. We might as well say that with them Spirit meant nothing but air. Such a word as God, in our sense of the word—such a word even as *deus* and *θεός*; in Latin and Greek, or *deva* in Sanskrit, which could be used as a general predicate—did not and could not exist at that early time in the history of thought and speech. If we want to understand ancient religion, we must first try to understand ancient language. Let us remember, then, that the first materials of language supply expressions for such impressions only as are received through the senses. If, therefore, there was a root meaning to burn, to be bright, to warm, such a root might supply a recognized name for the sun and for the sky. But let us now imagine, as well as we can, the process which went on in the human mind before the name of sky could be torn away from its material object, and be used as the name of something totally different from the sky. There was in the heart of man, from the very first, a feeling of incompleteness, of weakness, of dependence, whatever we like to call it in our abstract language. We can explain it as little as we can explain why the newborn child feels the cravings of hunger and thirst. But it was so from the first, and is so even now. Man knows not whence he comes and whither he goes. He looks for a guide, for a friend; he wearies for some one on whom he can rest; he wants something like a father in heaven. In addition to all the impressions which he received from the outer world, there was in the heart of man a stronger impulse from within—a sigh, a yearning, a call for something that should not come and go like everything else, that should be before, and after, and forever, that should hold and support everything, that should make man feel at home in this strange world. Before this vague yearning could assume any definite shape it wanted a name; it could not be fully grasped or clearly conceived, except by naming it. But where to look for a name? No doubt the storehouse of language was there, but from every name that was tried the mind of man shrank back because it did not fit, because it seemed to fetter rather than to wing the thought that fluttered within and called for light and freedom. But when at last a name, or even many

names were tried and chosen, let us see what took place, as far as the mind of man was concerned. A certain satisfaction, no doubt, was gained by having a name or several names, however imperfect; but these names, like all other names, were but signs—poor, imperfect signs; they were predicates, and very partial predicates, of various small portions only of that vague and vast something which slumbered in the mind. When the name of the brilliant sky had been chosen, as it has been chosen at one time or other by nearly every nation upon earth, was sky the full expression of that within the mind which wanted expression? Was the mind satisfied? Had the sky been recognized as its god? Far from it. People knew perfectly well what they meant by the visible sky; the first man who, after looking everywhere for what he wanted, and who at last in sheer exhaustion grasped at the name of sky as better than nothing, knew but too well that his success was after all a miserable failure. The brilliant sky was, no doubt, the most exalted; it was the only unchanging and infinite being that had received a name, and that could lend its name to that as yet unborn idea of the Infinite which disquieted the human mind. But let us only see this clearly, that the man who chose that name did not mean, could not have meant, that the visible sky was all he wanted,—that the blue canopy above was his god.

And now observe what happens when the name sky has thus been given and accepted. The seeking and finding of such a name, however imperfect, was the act of a manly mind, of a poet, of a prophet, of a patriarch, who could struggle, like another Jacob, with the idea of God that was within him, till he had found some name for it. But when that name had to be used with the young and the aged, with silly children and doting grandmothers, it was impossible to preserve it from being misunderstood. The first step downwards would be to look upon the sky as the abode of that Being which was called by the same name; the next step would be to forget altogether what was behind the name, and to implore the sky, the visible canopy over our heads, to send rain, to protect the fields, the cattle, and the corn, to give to man his daily bread. Nay, very soon, those who warn-

ed the world that it was not the visible sky that was meant, but that what was meant was something high above, deep below, far away from the blue firmament, would be looked upon either as dreamers whom no one could understand, or as unbelievers who despised the sky, the great benefactor of the world. Lastly, many things that were true of the visible sky would be told of its divine namesake, and legends would spring up, destroying every trace of the deity that once was hidden beneath that ambiguous name.

I call this variety of acceptance, this misunderstanding, which is inevitable in ancient and also in modern religion, the *dialectic growth and decay*, or, if you like, the *dialectic life of religion*, and we shall see again and again how important it is in enabling us to form a right estimate of religious language and thought. The dialectic shades in the language of religion are almost infinite; they explain the decay, but they also account for the life of religion. You may remember that Jacob Grimm, in one of his poetical moods, explained the origin of High and Low German, of Sanskrit and Prakrit, of Doric and Ionic, by looking upon the high dialects as originally the language of men, upon the low dialects as originally the language of women and children. We can observe, I believe, the same parallel streams in the language of religion. There is a high and there is a low dialect; there is a broad and there is a narrow dialect; there are dialects for men and for children, for clergy and laity, for the noisy streets, and for the still and lonely chamber. And as the child on growing up to manhood has to unlearn the language of the nursery, its religion, too, has to be translated from a feminine into a more masculine dialect. This does not take place without a struggle, and it is this constantly recurring struggle, this inextinguishable desire to recover itself, which keeps religion from utter stagnation. From first to last religion is oscillating between these two opposite poles, and it is only if the attraction of one of the two poles becomes too strong, that the healthy movement ceases, and stagnation and decay set in. If religion cannot accommodate itself on the one side to the capacity of children, or if on the other side it fails to satisfy the requirements of men, it has lost its vitality, and it becomes either

mere superstition, or mere philosophy.

If I have succeeded in expressing myself clearly, I think you will understand in what sense it may be said that there is truth in all religions, even in the lowest. The intention which led to the first utterance of a name like sky, used no longer in its material sense, but in a higher sense, was right. The spirit was willing, but language was weak. The mental process was not, as commonly supposed, an identification of the definite idea of deity with sky : such a process is hardly conceivable ; it was, on the contrary, a first attempt at defining the indefinite impression of deity by a name that should approximately or metaphorically render at least one of its most prominent features. The first framer of that name of the deity, I repeat it again, could as little have thought of the material heaven as we do when we speak of the kingdom of heaven.*

And now let us observe another feature of ancient religion that has often been so startling, but which, if we only remember what is the nature of ancient language, becomes likewise perfectly intelligible. It is well known that ancient languages are particularly rich in synonyms, or, to speak more correctly, that in them the same object is called by many names—is, in fact, *polyonymous*. While in modern languages most objects have one name only, we find in ancient Sanskrit, in ancient Greek and Arabic, a large choice of words for the same object. This is perfectly natural. Each name could express one side only of the object that had to be named, and, not satisfied with one partial name, the early framers of language produced one name after the other, and after a time retained those which seemed most useful for special purposes. Thus, the sky might be called not only the brilliant, but the dark, the covering, the thundering, the rain-giving. This is the *polyonymy* of language, and it is what we are accustomed to call *polytheism* in religion. Aristotle said : “God, though He is one, has many names (is polyonymous) because He is called according to states into which he always enters anew.”† The same mental yearn-

ing which found its first satisfaction in using the name of the brilliant sky as an indication of the Divine, would soon grasp at other names of the sky not expressive of brilliancy, and therefore more appropriate to a religious mood in which the Divine was conceived as dark, awful, all-powerful. Thus we find in Sanskrit, by the side of Dyaus, another name of the covering sky, Varuṇa, originally only another attempt at naming the Divine, but soon assuming a separate and independent existence.

But this is not all. The very imperfection of every name that had been chosen, their very inadequacy to express the fulness and infinity of the Divine, would keep up the search for new names till at last every part of nature in which an approach to the Divine could be discovered was chosen as a name of the omnipresent. If the presence of the Divine was perceived in the strong wind, the strong wind became its name ; if its presence was perceived in the earthquake and the fire, the earthquake and the fire became its names. Do you still wonder at polytheism or at mythology ? Why, they are inevitable. They are, if you like, a *parler enfantin* of religion. But the world had its childhood, and when it was a child it spoke as a child, it understood as a child, it thought as a child ; and, I say again, in that it spoke as a child its language was true, in that it believed as a child its religion was true. The fault rests with us, if we insist on taking the language of children for the language of men, if we attempt to translate literally ancient into modern language, oriental into occidental speech, poetry into prose.

It is perfectly true that at present few interpreters, if any, would take such expressions as the head, the face, the mouth, the lips, the breath of Jehovah in a literal sense. But what does it mean, then, if we hear one of our most honest and most learned theologians declare that he can no longer read from the altar the words of the Bible, “God spake these words and said” ? If we can make allowance for mouth and lips and breath, we can surely make the same allowance for words and their utterance. The language of antiquity is the language of childhood : ay, and we ourselves, when we try to reach the Infinite and the Divine by means of

* Medhurst, *Inquiry*, p. 20.

† Arist. *De Mundo*, cap. vii init.

more abstract terms, are but like children trying to place a ladder against the sky.

The *parler enfantin* in religion is not extinct; it never will be. Not only have some of the ancient childish religions been kept alive, as, for instance, the religion of India, which is to my mind like a half-fossilized megatherion walking about in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century; but in our own religion and in the language of the New Testament there are many things which disclose their true meaning to those only who know what language is made of, who have not only ears to hear but a heart to understand the real meaning of parables.

What I maintain, then, is this, that as we put the most charitable interpretation on the utterances of children, we ought to put the same charitable interpretation on the apparent absurdities, the follies, the errors, nay, even the horrors of ancient religion. When we read of Belus, the supreme god of the Babylonians, cutting off his own head, that the blood flowing from it might be mixed with the dust out of which men were to be formed, this sounds horrible enough; but depend upon it what was originally intended by this

myth was no more than this, that there is in man an element of Divine life: that we are also His offspring. The same idea existed in the ancient religion of the Egyptians, for we read, in the 17th chapter of their *Ritual*, that the Sun mutilated himself, and that from the stream of his blood he created all beings.* And the author of Genesis, too, when he wishes to express the same idea, can only use the same human and symbolical language; he can only say that "God formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."

If we have once learnt to be charitable in the interpretation of the language of other religions, we shall more easily learn to be charitable in the interpretation of the language of our own; we shall no longer try to force a literal interpretation on words and sentences in our sacred books, which, if interpreted literally, must lose their original purport and their spiritual truth. In this way, I believe that a comparative study of the religions of the world will teach us many a useful lesson in the study of our own: that it will teach us, at all events, to be charitable both abroad and at home.

Temple Bar.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE: A STORY OF A FIRST LOVE.

BY J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "A LOST NAME," ETC.

Continued from p. 197.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO PURSUERS.

"It is only this, sir," said the girl. "A friend has warned me, that two men, who bear me an ill-will, are coming to the Fair of Willarden on Tuesday, and that they believe I am somewhere about this part of the country, and think to meet with me there. So, sir, I'll leave this place early in the morning, before night; and I know the road they're coming, and I can be sure, by making a round, to keep clear of them—and get safe, I hope, to my own friends. And I'm very grateful, sir, for your kindness. You've been good to me—may God bless you!"

"Oh, no! you're not to think of going yet. How can you like to torture me so? What is old Martha to do without you? Don't you feel safe where you are? You say I've been kind. I know it is not in

my power to show the kindness I feel—it is the curse of being so poor; but surely you won't be so cruel as to go, on this short notice. It is the one favor I ask, that you don't leave us for a few days—a week. These fellows will soon have left this part of the world; but in the meantime, how can you, or any one, tell where they may be prowling? And—and—I entreat you'll not think of it."

There was no mistaking the genuineness of his entreaty.

"Well, sir, it is a good chance to get clear away, but I won't go for a few days. You ought not to tell me to stay. If I do, I can't go till I learn what way they travel after the fair, and that could not be till Wednesday. I've been here too long—I have indeed, sir; it is best to go."

* Vicomte de Rougé in *Annales de Philosophie chrétienne*, Nov. 1869, p. 332.

"You are not to go. You consented to stay. I have your promise, and you must keep it."

The girl looked in his face, and laughed low, and not unkindly.

"I like this place," she said. "I like Mrs. Martha: you're all good to me. I like Haworth, for a while, but I couldn't stay long—no, no, I couldn't."

"Well, that can't be helped, when the time comes; but you must stay a week, and then good-by. We'll not think of it till the time comes; and then, if fate will have it so, farewell, our pleasant friend."

They walked side by side, a little way, in silence.

"Tell me," he said, "if I should chance to meet those fellows, that I may know them and give you warning: what are they like, and what are their names?"

"There's two, sir. They are very bad fellows. The old fellow is of middle height, but very broad in the shoulders, and awful strong—with a very brown face, and a flat nose, and very long black hair, and with always a stick in his hand—and he goes by the name of Cowper. The young man is tall and light-built, and he goes by the name of Lussha Sinfield. He wears a short coat, and he has a colored kerchief about his neck, red-and-green, commonly. He has now got two horses to sell; one is chestnut, and the other, taller by a hand or more, is an iron-gray hunter. He rides very well; he'll be putting the horse over jumps, to show him off, and he's quick to quarrel, and bloody-minded; and he never forgets a wry word, or an ill-turn—he's sure to pay you off some day; and he's very strong, and awful good at the cudgel. He got three months in jail, they say, for killing a man, with a rap across the temple, in Lincoln. It was a fair fight, though, and that saved him. He has a cudgel in his hand commonly, and if he should get into a quarrel without one, the old man is sure to be nigh, and lends him his. And the old fellow will be going to and fro in the fair, you'd suppose he had nothing to do, but he's after his own business for all that; and if you should see them anywhere near here, I'd like well you'd tell me, for there's not two blacker-hearted men in England, or that wishes any creature worse than they do to me."

"If I can help it they shan't vex you. Why do you look so troubled? While

you stay here it is impossible—the miscreants!—you are as safe as if you were in the Queen's palace. But tell me how it happens that these men should hate and pursue you—so young, and, if it were nothing else, so powerless, as you are, to harm them?"

"I despised them, sir; and I said they were thieves and worse, and they never forgive anything or any one; and they are cunning, sir, not easy to match them. If I was with my people, sir, I would not care, but it is a long way still. Those fellows would come here in a minute, if they thought they might find me, pretending to sell their horses—and there's my danger."

"But they are to be at the fair on Tuesday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you know what road they are coming?"

"Up, sir, from the south."

"Well, this lies quite out of their way—to the left, don't you see? You are quite safe here, for the present, and I think I shall hear something about their movements. I shall learn all about them, and have them properly watched; and mind, you have promised to stay quietly here, a little longer—for a week, at least."

"I say again, God bless you, sir! Now I'll go in, sir, please; Mrs. Gillyflower will be wondering where I am."

"In a moment—only one word. I thought you had been in a convent, and had made your escape—that, I daresay, is all a mistake; but—will you forgive me?—your accent, your way of speaking, makes me think you have been with foreigners, and your appearance is foreign; and only one question—if it is impertinent, say so—but do any of your people live in Spain?"

"Yes, sir; when we were staying for awhile at a place called Church Sterndale, in Derbyshire, we met a man there; he was in trouble, but he had seen them there, and told us a deal about them. And I didn't much mind; I was a young thing then—just a fool of a child, sprawlin' on the grass, and stringin' daisies, and blowin' the clock-flower to see what hour it was; and I listened in a way, for it seemed to me like a story of king and queen, and the woods and the fairies. But that's all, and ask me no more about my people, nor where I came from, nor where I am

going to. I must hold my tongue, and if you would have me speak, I can't—that's all—I can't, and I must only go."

"Did not I say that you were to answer *nothing* but what you pleased? And on this express condition I am going to venture one more question—very trifling—only about a toy, a little string of beads, with, I think, a cross to the end of it. It ain't a necklace, is it? I saw it quite accidentally—will you tell me what it is?"

"No, I'll not tell that—nor nothing; I'll hold my tongue about myself, sir, please," she said, with a look of unmixed disdain, and a sudden flash from her splendid eyes. "If you thought 'twas a toy, sir, you'd never have asked. I know what you think—and so you may; but no one will pick out from me more than I choose to tell, and no gentleman will try."

"Well, I did think it something more. I was wrong to ask. Won't you make it up? I did wrong."

"I was wrong too, sir, to speak so quick to you, that has been so good to me. I'm sorry, sir.

"You'll give me your hand; it is all forgiven then, is not it?"

She did give him her hand, with a sigh. Grief is everywhere, like the air about us, though we don't see it; and pain is coursing through its allotted channels, like the blood, though it throbs concealed!

CHAPTER XI.

LOST AND FOUND.

THAT night William smoked his pipe into the chimney, as usual. The girl, for a wonder, seemed out of spirits. William talked, but only old Martha answered; and when the time came, he wished all "Good night," and went away to his study. The guest bid her "Good night" also, and departed to her room; and Martha Gillyflower, being now alone, made some final arrangements in the kitchen, and in a little time, according to her careful custom, knocked at the stranger's door, purposing to go in and take away her candle.

No answer was returned.

"Just her head under her wing, and asleep wi' her, like a bird," said the old woman. But when she went in the girl was nowhere to be seen. The candle was there, but nothing was disturbed or missing except the small bag of scarlet cloth, and the things she had in it when she ar-

rived. Her dark-gray cloak, too, had disappeared from the peg on which it hung beside the door.

"There it is!" said Mrs. Gillyflower, energetically. "See how she serves one! Why, it can't be! There's the bed turned down as I saw it an hour ago. Not a hand to it since—nothing stirred in the room but her cloak and the little red bag. Only her candle's here. I'd say there wasn't a soul in the room but myself to-night. And there's her things gone, and her cloak; and—it may be she's gone to Mall's room to talk a bit; but I don't think it—I don't.

She hurried away, being, nevertheless, strongly of that opinion.

"Get up, Mall, and help me to look. The lass is gone! Sweetbrier's gone, as sure as you're there! Get up, and don't be ogglin' there like a noffin'; there's Sweetbrier gane awa', and tale or tidings o' her nowhere."

"Agoy!" exclaimed the lass, blinking and staring in wonder, just emerging from her deep first sleep.

"Come—will ye! Huddle yer things on, and come wi' me this minute."

Mall's simple equipment was not long in completing.

"Now, ye look under the bedstocks—I can't stoop so. Well, is she?"

"Na, neyaweere," answered the girl. "She's outen—she's awa', I'm feared."

"Nane o' yer proas, child, but stir and look about ye. She was ever sa keen, but I doubt she is gane, she'd be awa' like that. Stir, lass—'twill be a dull house without her."

They were looking irresolutely about the room, as they stood with their backs to the bedstead; and there came from above, on Mrs. Gillyflower's head, a tap with a little naked foot.

"Well, child?" said she, sharply, to Mall.

"Yes, 'm," answered Mall.

"Well? Is there aught? Is there nout to show or point to? Well, will ye mind how ye're turnin' and knockin' yersel' about?"

"Yes, 'm," answered Mall.

"Ye searched the press, then—so did I, and now ye see——"

Here was another little tap of the same tiny foot.

"Stop that pushin', ye fool!" said old Martha.

"Yes, 'n," said Mall, removing a little from her side.

"And noo ye see what gratitude is! She's let herself out by the scullery-door, and she's gane. She's tae'n hersel' awa' without as much as 'fares-ta-weel,' the fause lass! We'll just gang and see what way she went out, and then I'll to your master in the study, and tell him a'—and I could sit down here and greet!"

Mall looked on the point of "blubber-in'," as she termed it, also. At the same moment the same little foot was laid lightly on the shoulder of Mrs. Gillyflower, who had now turned towards the door.

"Tak yer hand aff my shooder—what's the matter wi' ye?" said the housekeeper, with a proper sense of the liberty—at the same time placing her own hand peremptorily, as she supposed, on Mall's.

"I didn't touch yer shooder, ma'am," began the girl, but was interrupted by a squawl from Mrs. Gillyflower, and

"Daratta! what's that?"

The tiny toes that rested on her shoulder were in her grasp, instead of Mall's fingers. Mall echoed Mrs. Gillyflower's exclamation with a scream, as she beheld the same false hand for a moment on the old woman's shoulder; and she bounced to the door with another bawl, where Martha clutched her with her right hand, hardly knowing what she did, with a "By Jen!" and a prayer.

A laugh—and down jumped the girlish stranger from the top of the old-fashioned low bedstead where she had been hiding.

"Ye did not see my shoes and stockings; I hid them in the bed, and my cloak is up there."

The girl was laughing heartily, and looked so merry and pretty, that if you had been there you would certainly have laughed with her.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Gillyflower, with the indignation of fright. "Of all the turns ye've ever served me, this is the warst!"

What the other ill-turns may have been it would, perhaps, have puzzled our good old friend to recount.

"To think o' yer treatin' me sa! I wouldn't a' believed the parson. Na, na, na,—nane o' that," she said, waving off the laughing girl. "Na, na—I've done wi' ye. I did na think 'twas in ye. What a naffin' I was, to care tuppence about ye! Ye've sarved me right, and, bout

in the way o' civility, I'll never speak word more till ye. I've done wi' ye—I've done wi' ye quite!"

She had turned with dignity, and her hand was on the door, when the girl caught her.

"No, no—not a bit; ye'll never have done with me. Ye'll kiss me before ye go out, and we'll dance together, you and me; for you're my darling always, and I'll be yours again."

"To think o' ye playin' at peeping-hide, like a child!—there, don't be a fool, let me go—and to give me that fright! Don't ye be holdin me—let go, I desire."

But all wouldn't do. The girl, with bare feet, laughing merrily, and not a bit daunted, pulled her out by the substantial waist, and, singing a merry tune, whisked the old lass round in spite of herself.

"Ye let me go, miss, if ye please—tak' yer hands away. I'm not going; I won't, miss—we're na' that intimate."

But on went the song, and round and round sails the good lady, protesting; and the girl—didn't she look roguish, wild, and pretty?—capered such pretty steps on her bare feet, that at last old Martha's dignity broke down, and, perhaps from the very effort to look grave, she burst out laughing, and never was the dance so wild as then.

"I don't care," screamed Martha. "I'm very angry, though I may be laughin'; and I'll tell ye what—"

But her laughter increased, and grew at last so continuous and uproarious, that it was vain contending with it; so giving herself up, she danced with her own goodwill, and set to her pretty partner, with her fat old arms "akimbo," and tears of laughter, in the general chorus, running down her ruddy cheeks. And at last, all laughing, they came to a standstill, and old Martha said, panting:

"Go to bed—I'm the biggest fool o' the whole lot!"

And she gave the girl a kiss on the cheek, and a little slap, and ran out of the room at a trot.

CHAPTER XII.

FORTUNE-TELLERS.

NEXT DAY at eleven o'clock, quite contrary to his bookish custom, William took his rod and flies, and pulled on his huge fishing-boots. Four miles he had to walk before he could cast his flies on the trout-stream; but he had not reached the hedge-

row of the first field that lies within the evening shadow of the gables of Haworth Hall, when he heard the sweet voice of the stranger, singing. The song, that came clear from the leafy distance over the field, was the same which he had heard from the wooded slopes by Dardale Moss, and the same rich voice trembled in the air :

“The hawthorn-tree
Is dear to me,
The elver-stone likewise—
The lonely air
That lingers there,
And thought that never dies.”

He listened till the song was sung out, and its last sweet and melancholy note died away. And then, with a long sigh, he said :

“I thought so. Yes, I thought the voice was the same, and now I know it. When I heard that song, I knew that I heard the call of fate; I would follow it over the world!”

Lightly he strode to the tall trees and thicket that are grouped at the point from which the song was audible. And now he could see her, though his view was interrupted by the hanging bough that interposed. She was sitting on a stile, leaning lightly on the ivy-grown stem of a great ash-tree, and with a little dog sitting beside her, to which she was talking gayly.

She ceased her prattling on seeing William through the screen of leaves, and as she saw him turn from the path and approach, she stepped down upon the grass.

“I heard your song,” said William. “You were sitting on the stile, among that ivy, with that spray of sweetbrier nodding over your shoulders. You see I lost nothing. They call you ‘Sweetbrier,’ as you won’t help them to another name, and I think it so wild and pretty. I shall never ask your real name; when you like to tell me, if ever that time comes, I shall be very happy. I heard your song, and I could not resist turning aside. For, one evening, as I was trudging over the moss, dull and lonely enough, a different sort of fellow from what I have grown to be, I heard that very song before, little knowing what was coming. I love that song, and it makes me sad, and

“The hawthorn-tree
Is dear to me,
The elver-stone likewise.”

see the hawthorn-tree and the old stone where I saw you first; and I’ll never forget them, or the song, or that evening. I came just to tell you who has sent me to fish in the Dwyll, four miles away; and I’ll go to-morrow, with my gun, across the moss. I’ll give up my books—I think I do little good over them now. It is easy to keep one’s eyes upon the page, but who will tie the fancy there? And the more I think of it, the more I love the idea of the wild free life. And I’m going all the way, I said, to-day and to-morrow, and every day, thinking of you—just because you told me—just in the hope to please you.”

He lowered his voice as he spoke.

“Whatever’s best for yourself, sir, you will know. I’m only a poor girl, and can’t tell what will answer gentlefolk,” she replied, in a low tone, and in that odd grave way, which somehow chilled and, in a manner, awed him.

William’s conventual theories had been strengthened by one or two trifles told him by old Martha respecting their guest.

First, on Friday she had eaten no meat.

Secondly, she had described some odd circumstances about the burial of “her sister”—a sister, more probably, William thought. A circular piece of silk, bound with ribbons of red and blue, was laid over her heart; a gospel, or “scapular” (as William concluded), and a white cloth was placed on her feet, and a white cap, of a peculiar shape, on her head; and some of the things that had belonged to her were solemnly burnt. He would have given a great deal for a book, or a learned friend, in his solitude, to satisfy him upon his theory that all this indicated the costume and practice of some conventual order.

And further—proving how little worth was that crucial test which he fancied he was applying—she had told old Martha, with an odd little laugh, that she had never been in a Church-of-England place of worship before, but that “there was no harm in it, for her mother had *once* been in one.”

With a dispensation he was satisfied they might go anywhere.

Then there was that in her manner that was very peculiar, when she wished him to understand that he was to stand aloof—something proud, gentle, dignified, which was his very ideal of the nun-like.

“Some time or other, perhaps, you will tell me your name,” he said, “but that is a sign, you say, of confidence, and may be

a long way off; but I have an old entreaty to plead again. You called me 'Sir.' Now, if you won't call me by my name, don't at least call me *that*; but why not call me 'Willie,' as Martha does? I'll only ask it when we are alone, just as we are now; and if I could make any one so happy by so slight a thing, why won't you?"

"Well, there—Willie—Willie—Willie," she repeated, very sweetly, with a silence between each time; and there was a little laugh running lowly through it, but something for a moment almost fond in the tone and look.

"You've said it. I thought you never would. I wish I could tell how grateful I am to you. Oh, wonderful stranger! I wish I could see into the future."

She laughed. "Where's the good? Why should the coming time be happier than the past? Rich folks look sour enough often, and lords and ladies ain't always pleasantest."

"I wish I could believe in gypsies," said William. "I'd ride twenty miles to have my fortune told, but I'm not likely to meet them here; they never come this way. You've had your fortune told, I daresay?"

"Well—no," said the girl.

"Well, you've very likely heard others told theirs, and seen the whole thing?"

"Oh, very often," answers she, gayly.

"I wish I could believe in it," said he. "I've heard of very curious things they've told—things that came out quite true—and also what they told people about their past lives. I think you are a believer. How do you think they make it all out?"

"By the planets, and the lines on the hand, and the lines on the forehead."

"Will you tell my fortune?" said William Haworth, smiling.

"I will," said she, quietly. "You cross my hand with silver."

And so he did, still smiling; and she took the coin gravely, and dropping it into her pocket, she took his hand, and held it, looking sometimes for a moment at its palm, and then, long and gravely, in his face.

William would have liked to listen to his fortune so told for the whole day long; and speaking low and fluently, and standing near his side, she said:—

"Although you are young, you have had sorrow, and you sometimes think to yourself it has done you good. You think you are better and wiser than if you had

never known grief—d'ye mind what I say? You do not care for a great many people, but them you do like you like well and long. You are very true-hearted—d'ye mind what I say?—and you never were very much in love, but only a trifle; and one was dark, and there was another, with light hair and blue eyes—d'ye mind what I say? But the greatest love's to come yet, and the one that will last all your days—do you mind what I say? But you are very true, and will be married well to a lady that thinks a great deal of you—do you mind what I say?—and is very rich, and you'll come to be a very great man, and you'll have a great estate; and although you think you're going to India, you'll never go there—d'ye mind what I say?—and you'll come to be a great man, here, at home, in England, and you'll live long. And now put your hand in your pocket, and take any money you like in it, and wish—that will do. You will suffer a good deal before three years are over, but after that you will be very happy; and you will see the lady then, for the first time, that you are to marry, and——"

"That will do; you are breaking down now. You began very well," he laughed, and shook his head. "But no—I must go to the real gypsies to have my future told. You *did* guess my poor story—my past life—very well; you are so clever, you do everything well; but now you have predicted that which can *never* be—a sheer impossibility. No—I must tell *your* fortune. Let me try—won't you?"

She smiled; for a moment, her little white teeth appeared, and she extended her slender hand, and he took it.

"Cross your hand with silver," said she, and she restored William's shilling.

So he held her hand, and he looked in her face—looked in her face, and held her hand—in a dream. Never was man so near speaking madness, but he did not:—

"You are a young lady, who parted with her nearest relations on earth, to find nearer in heaven, and who discovered, almost too late, that she had forsaken friends for tyrants, hope for despair, and liberty for a prison. You can repeat more Latin on your knees than many a Cambridge or Oxford man can upon his feet. You have discovered that silence is not quiet, nor solitude content. You found that you had exchanged a mother for a stepmother, and

a home for a penitentiary. You have yielded more duty and found less love, and you have grown more wise and less patient. You have turned away in time from a dark and cruel mistake, and returned to light and duty. There are many people who admire you, and feel an interest in you, and there is one who loves you—a poor fellow, very lonely, not very happy, very little worth a thought or care of yours, except for that. He loves you—he thinks that no such creature ever saw the light before; he would lay down his life for you, and he holds your little hand in his, and he is where he would always be—by your side.”

“You’ve told my fortune all wrong, sir,” she said, withdrawing her hand; “it is all as far away as the sea.”

What was it in that tone and manner that was so magical? To him it seemed that an invisible curtain had dropped between them. No vulgar airs, no toss of the head, no affected scorn, were there. Nothing could be quieter, more gentle, sadder even; her head was high, but her eyes were lowered. All was proud, cold, melancholy. Nothing was there in tone or look the least unkind, yet what could be more peremptory?

He had promised there should be no such talk. He had broken his word, and she had called him “Sir.” He was horribly confounded and ashamed, and full of silent self-reproach.

“I’ve broken my promise. I’ve done very wrong. I’ve talked like a fool, but you must make it up. You’ll shake hands—won’t you—and say we are friends again?”

“Oh yes, sir,” she said, and they shook hands and parted. And William went away with a heart beating fast—troubled.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACK PULLET.

“WHEN will Mrs. Gillyflower come home?” asked the stranger.

“Oh, by nightfall.”

“Well, and you say the master will be home by sunset too. The shadows are stretching, lass, and the air a little sharp; the Squire will be a hungry man by the time he comes back. What have ye for his supper?”

It was the red round of beef, and potatoes—dinner and supper, all in one.

“Come, we’ll give him a better supper

than that—a bit of hot meat. Go you and kill a fowl.”

The girl protested, in her broad north-country patois.

“Go, Mall—do as I bid ye,” repeated the guest.

“She’ll be stark starin’ mad!” expostulated Mall.

“Go you and kill the fowl; I’ll take the blame myself; there shan’t a wry word fall on you.”

“But,” reasoned the girl, “it should a’ bin killed; it would be too soon to roast it.”

“He’ll not be home for three hours. Leave that to me. I’ll show you how to dress it—and he’ll say he never eat one half so good before. Go you—talk no more, but kill the fowl; and come back quick to me, and I’ll tell you what to do next.”

There was a cool high tone here that Mall, somehow, could not disobey.

Never was cooking so odd. So very strange, indeed, was the process that I had better describe it.

Mall, indeed, expostulated—sometimes in profound anxiety as to what would follow when Mrs. Gillyflower, having returned, discovered the unauthorized slaughter of the pullet—and then aghast at the astounding directions imposed by the damsel who had taken the command of the kitchen in the absence of old Martha. Sometimes Mall would stand agape, and gasp “Agoy!” or “By Jen!”

Sometimes, half frightened, she would look perplexed, in her face—thinking that their eccentric guest had gone stark daft—and sometimes bursting into irrepressible screams of laughter, till, as she said, she “clean kinkt wi’ laughin’!” She lost all power, for a time, either to resist or to obey.

This curious procedure took place, to make it odder still, not in the kitchen, but in the little field, close to the gate of the yard, under the trees, in the open air.

The imperious beauty there compelled Mall to scoop out a little hollow in the ground with a spade. In this she kindled a fire of peat and sticks. That done, she ordered Mall, aiding herself with great solicitude, to twist a strong rope of straw.

The next step reduced Mall, with sheer convulsions of laughter, almost to a fainting condition. The bird, with all its feathers on, was wound up in this straw-

rope, so that nothing but a sort of ball of straw appeared. It was next covered up in the hot ashes, which had by this time accumulated in the hole, and the peat and wood fire was heaped up, round and upon it. After this she made Mall take the potatoes she had washed for boiling, and, instead of placing them in a pot, carry them out to the fire in the field; and there she buried them—one here, another there—in the embers, in serene contempt of Mall's terrified expostulations and screams of laughter.

"And mind ye, I cook the dinner to-day; and if I see your potato-pot on the fire, I'll break it with one whack of the poker; and ye'll do just as I bid ye, neither more nor less, Mall Darrell."

When these preparations were accomplished, the young lady's solicitude seemed at an end, and she was able to converse on indifferent matters with her accustomed passion or levity.

She sat down on the grass near the fire, now a glowing, smouldering heap. She had the dog and the cat out to keep her company (for she loved pets), and the cage of the bullfinch on her knee; and to these companions she talked and whistled, while Mall made her more rational dispositions in the kitchen.

Then the girl would return to have a peep at the bonfire, and fall again into shrieks of laughter. And the young priestess of this strange sacrifice would make her sit down on the grass beside her; and she would sing her a song, or tell her a story of a murder in Epping Forest, or of two horses and a tipsy dealer drowned one snowy night in a flooded ford, or of the woman's ghost that was seen nursing and fondling the neglected child in the lonely tent. She grew into great spirits—wild spirits—beside this extemporized fire, and sang again and danced on the grass; and after a time, on a sudden, she grew sad, and she said:

"If we did right, Mall, we'd let that poor little bird go." She had the cage again on her knee, by this time, and was looking through the wires at the bird.

"Hoot, lass! I's no sa awpy as firtle in any such lids. If Mrs. Gillyflower came home and found her wee bird fled—woe werth Mall! Be ma sang, she'd be stark beside hersel'!"

Mall, having seen the holocaust of the

fowl, believed the strange girl capable of anything.

"I like pets—all my people do. I had a squirrel called 'Jacka,' and a green parrot; it died, poor little thing, and I buried it near Wyndale, in Derbyshire, under the middle tree of the three hawthorns that grow on the moor's side, just at the turn of the brook. I was sick crying after it. Lussha Lee had a pet fox, that frightened it, I think, and it died. It would call me by my name; and it slept every day on its stick, after its dinner, not with its head under its wing, but just like an old gorgio, and its chin on its breast. I'd have a parrot for a pet, or any outlandish bird that don't live wild here; but these small things, when they see their companions and the green leaves, don't you believe but their little hearts is sore—they're looking for the old life? And, Mall, will ye miss me when I'm gone? I'll be often thinking of ye all, and the pleasant fields of Haworth."

"Ye're no gainin' yet, lass, and I'll no greet till sorrow comes," said Mall, heartily.

The stranger laughed kindly.

"Hark!—hear! The birds are all singing. The chimney shadow is away as far as Hazelden wolds; and Mrs. Gillyflower will be coming home again, and then the Squire. Is all ready, lass? Run and see, and trim the fire; the frost is coming, and all is ready here."

And with the tip of her strong but tidy shoe she poked the edge of the ashes.

Mall had hardly returned, when Mrs. Gillyflower appeared; and her handmaid's heart sunk, as she thought of the murdered pullet and the unboiled potatoes and saw Martha, who was not to be trifled with, descend from the taxcart before it reached the yard-gate, and cross the low stile, and stump over the sward towards the smouldering bonfire.

"Now mind, ye sid ye wod na let her flite me," whispered Mall, in awful trepidation.

"Never you fear," said the girl; and before Mrs. Gillyflower had quite reached them, the stranger called:

"I'm glad ye're come home, ma'am; there has been sad doings. What do you think? Somebody has stolen the black pullet, Mrs. Gillyflower—what do ye think o' that?"

"Stolen the black pullet!" echoed Mrs.

Gillyflower, coming to a stand-still, and looking herself as black as the pullet.

"Tell her it's there—can't ye?" whispered Mall, in her agony.

"Ay, burnt to a cinder; why, it's all afire, ye fool, like a bit o' peat!" whispered the stranger, scornfully.

"Ay! it's gone—ay, the black pullet" (blacker than ever) she said, aside to Mall.

"And what's the fire here for?" exclaimed Mrs. Gillyflower, breaking again into speech.

"We were terrible cold, ma'am."

"And why not sit be the kitchen-fire—what's the matter wi' ye all?"

"Why, Mall let it out, and we were almost famished. The cat's come out, and the dog, and the bird even."

"La! But, ma'am——" broke in Mall.

"And whaar's the pittayties for supper?" gasped Mrs. Gillyflower, with her hand pugilistically raised, and a stamp of distraction. "Whaar's the pittayties?"

"Well," said the stranger, "I do suppose they're where they were, for there's none in the pot, though I told her she'd get into a row about them—I did."

"Aw! la! Look at ye—weel!" broke out the betrayed Mall.

"The black pullet gone, and narra pittayta!" exclaimed the old lady, with both her open hands thrown back in distraction. "If I had a souple-jack in my hand, wouldn't I ken whaar to lay it. Don't ye stand there ogglin' like a gowk, ye strackle-brain'd scollops! Not a word out o' yer head. I'll hae nane o' yer miff-maff here. Sarts! it's bonny doins; fires out, and narra pittayta, and the best pou't o' the lot stole, and you sittin' here croodlin' in a scog! By my sang! it's a good bevellin' ye want, and if I had a widdy in my fist, yer worse than nothin'. There's the master comin', and wet and cold, and not a spark o' fire in the study. If ever there was a rue-bargain, you're ane; woe werth the day I saw yer foolish face! I can't wait noo, but I'll be talkin' to ye i' now."

And with a florid complexion and angry brow away trotted she, to see after the Squire's fire.

"He is coming—I see him down yonder by the hedge. See his flies, they're caught in the bush," said the stranger.

"Sit you here while I run in for the things."

Away she ran, leaving Mall confounded and sore at the treatment she had received. And in a minute more she returned with two dishes and two tin covers, and a great knife and fork, and a huge cloth.

First from the glowing ashes forth came the potatoes, cased in their hard-baked skins, like roasted chestnuts; and well rubbed in the cloth and placed in the dish, did ever potatoes look so tempting?"

Mall began to feel happier. Next, in its thick black crust of burnt straw and feathers, emerged the fowl. Off came this crust, and never had Mall seen or dreamed of so savory and appetizing a dish as was now before her.

"By Jen!" gasped Mall Darrell, with a broad grin, and eyes jumping out of her head.

"Didn't I tell you to do just as I bid you, and all would be well? And I told you to kill the black pullet because Mrs. Gillyflower was thinking this morning she'd a' killed it, only she thought it would not a' been a cold evening, but I knew better. Come, you bring in the pullet, and I'll bring the potatoes, and ye'll see how pleased she'll be."

And so she was, and forgave them both; and laughed and wondered, and wondered and laughed, and called the black-eyed stranger a "naughty pack;" and she told William the history of that eccentric cookery—how it was done in a bonfire, in a nook of the hedge, by the big ash-tree, under the open sky.

Nothing better was ever eaten: epicures would do well to try it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KNIGHT IN THE SADDLE.

NEXT morning it was Tuesday—the fair-day of Willarden. William had boasted to his young guest that he would take his gun, and walk half round the moss in search of game.

Instead of doing this, at daybreak he mounted his horse and rode away toward the old Northumbrian town of Willarden.

There was a light and pleasant autumnal frost in the air as the sun rose over the landscape, and showed sharply for a while the distant peaks of the fells of Golden Friars. The Squire was riding away from Haworth, and the scenery be-

fore him was wild and picturesque. Long stretches of light sward, with gray rocks peeping through, and masses of fern and furze, made a breezy undulating outline—steep enough at times, and relieved every here and there with groups of dwarf oak, and birch, and thorn.

This scenery though never beautiful, is always cheery, and sometimes even pretty. To William it seemed prettier than it had ever looked before. What way ever seemed dull to the man whose head is full of the beautiful imagery of romance, and who is speeding, in the way of his knight-errantry, on the service of his ladylove?

Exploit more foolish, passion more romantic, never animated the enterprise of gallant knight, in the days of prowess and beauty, than that which the breast of the Squie of Haworth harbored, as he rode over the wide plain that separated his hall from the fair-green of Willarden. We shall see how he sped.

As you approach Willarden, the character of wildness and loneliness, which gives its peculiar charm to the scenery, does not diminish. Wide slopes and gentle hollows swell and dip softly, showing shallow scours of gray rock here and there, traced in broken lines, like time-worn and fantastic battlements and fortifications; and through the crannies twisted hawthorn-trees stoop wildly, and birch-trees in twos and threes crown their summits.

These picturesque but hungry pastures, with their thin close grass and wavy fern, and hoar rocks peeping through, are browsed by scattered sheep of some old Northumbrian breed, small and agile, who seldom lie down to repose, like their fatter cousins of the South—can gallop far and lightly, and climb the rocks like goats. These sheep crop diligently the thin but sweet herbage which more highly-bred animals would despise, and are doubtless the descendants of those harried animals who made so many forced marches, this way and that, across the border, and saw the steel caps, lances, and shaggy ponies of the Scottish rieviers.

And now, at last, the quaint little town of Willarden appears in view, as William Haworth reaches the summit of a long low undulation.

There four narrow roads meet—or, if you will, two long lines of road cross—

the little town clumping itself upon and about the point of union. Stone houses, with steep gables, look in the distance as if planted at random, as a child places dominoes. There was some tillage near; corn stood in stooks and stacks, orchards and gardens made an irregular girdle about its walls; and the gray spire, with its gilded vane, glimmered pleasantly in the early sun, with a background of statelier foliage.

Cattle and carts were still pouring into the town as William approached, and the picture, without the sounds of bustle, was pleasant in the distance.

As you draw near, the scene loses something of its gentler charm, and that which was a picture becomes instinct with the character and vulgarity of actual life. Now you hear laughter and bawling and women's prattle, the cries of the cattle-drovers. There are a few late carts and wagons making their way through Church Street to the fair-green. Cows are driving this way and that, with their horns low, on the same route; and sheep and horses and pigs are still moving in the same direction.

William draws bridle at the porch of the "Goat in Boots;" people are going in and out through the crowd, and two broad fellows, whom William has to shove asunder, already deep in a bargain about three cows. They both look shrewd and dogged—I wonder which will have the best of it. On such days, with the flurry and flush of excitement all about, who would recognize the silent little inn of all the rest of the year?

William is lucky to find a nook in which to eat his breakfast.

A fat hearty fellow, with a shrewd hale face, wearing leather breeches and top-boots, a long red waistcoat, and a blue cut-away with brass buttons, clapped his big hand on William's shoulder, with a grin, and greeted him with a salutation:

"Ech! Willie Haworth—is thou here, lad? And how's a' wi' thee? Thou's summat late, though. I a' selt my kye weel, an hour sin'."

And he laughed and wagged his head.

"Glad to see you, Dick. Mind you come down again this winter to Haworth, to the duck-shooting. I'll have your corner by the fire, and your pipe and your mug ready; and you'll stay a week, and bring your retriever, the best dog I ever

saw—and I'll take no excuse. So that's settled."

Dick laughed a huge laugh. "Maybe—who kens?" he responded joyously. "Thou's sellin' or buyin'?" he inquired, thinking that the young Squire might be pleasant to deal with either way.

"No; I have no business here except to look after a rogue."

"Ago! Weel—what more?" said Dick.

"Only, as you've nothing better to do, you'll come with me and see the fun. I'm going to send him out o' the county, and he won't like it; and there will be a jolly row, I daresay."

"Thou's a justice, noo. Thou'll be givin' him a jerkin' o' stean. One rag-dard the less. I'll lend ye a hand, but there's constables if need be, and thou'll hev the warrant in thy pocket."

"Come then, Dick. We'll go down to the fair-green; I like your company—that's a glorious cudgel you've got!"

"Well, it do drive connily; a skelp o' that wud make yer lug sing."

"So I think. Come, let's be off."

So down Church Street the Squire of Haworth and Dick Hoggen the yeoman—a man of cattle, money, and mark in those regions—made their way; and over the narrow bridge, with its now roofless guard-tower, and so into the pretty fair-green of Willarden.

CHAPTER XV.

COWPER.

HERE were, of course, the proper scenery and furniture of a fair-green—tents and booths, merry-go-rounds, "Aunt Sally," wheels of fortune, Rocks of Scilly, thimblery and stacks of gingerbread, and horses and other quadrupeds. The "Step in, ladies and gentlemen!" of the polite showman resounded, and the milder invitation to the peep-show, and the jokes of Mr. Merryman; the big drum and trumpet thundered, the merry squeak of the fiddle was heard, and the stentorian "saucy Arethusa" of the two British sailors, in the usual mutilated condition of that gallant service, mingling now and then with the screaming of a refractory pig. All these sights and sounds failed to divert William from his purpose. He carried about with him two remarkable and very distinct pictures. He was looking about sharply for the originals, and was so absorbed in

his search as to lose much of Dick Hoggen's agreeable conversation.

His scrutiny was not rewarded. It was now twelve o'clock. I don't know how it is now, but in those days there was a toll collected at the entrance to the fair-green. To the man who received this money William put some questions.

To the best of his recollection he had seen no such men that day; and certainly no such person as the tall young man whom William described had brought a gray and a chestnut horse into the fair.

William was disappointed. He and his friend Dick strolled up again to the "Goat in Boots," and had some luncheon. On a sudden a direful thought dawned on the young Squire's mind.

What if these two miscreants had been spying out his plans, and in his absence had made a descent upon Haworth Hall, and carried off his ladylove—to be immured, perhaps, in a convent? Who could say where Clinton might be, with the farm to look after? Possibly two miles away at the forge! What an awful fool he (William Haworth) was! He had left her, in fact, to the protection of an old woman and a simple girl, with two wily kidnappers on her track. If they happened to have found a clue to her present refuge, how frightful might prove the consequences of his blunder!

It was now one; he told the people to saddle his horse forthwith, but, on second thoughts, he resolved to visit the fair-green once more, in quest of the villains whom he had come in pursuit of.

And now, it was past one o'clock. Dick Hoggen—who had played at most of the games on the green, had his fling at Aunt Sally, and peeped into the shows—was now for mounting and overtaking the sheep he had bought, which were already some way on their march to Crink Farm.

"Come down once more to the green, Dick; and if there's still no news of my rogues, we'll say good-by."

So down they went, and at the gate the man told William: "There has been a gray and a chestnut in since, and a tall greyhoundy chap, gypsy-like, wi' 'em."

"Thank you," said William, with a pleasant nod; "I'm looking for a gray. Which way did he go?"

"Right in—right forrut—right atort the middle o' the green. I've no kennin

noo, though—there's such a jummlement here."

"Thanks," William smiled, and nodded again.

He nodded and smiled, but there was the sudden thrill and suspense of coming battle at his heart—he had resolved on an exploit. His eye, as it searched the crowd, was brighter, his face paler and sterner, his step more resolute, and in a sudden silence his talk with honest Dick came untimely to an end.

On reaching a part of the green a little less crowded, he saw a figure—the most barbarous, perhaps, he had ever seen before on English ground; he thought he recognized the outline which his guest had given him—he had found his game.

This was an old square man, with the swarthiest face he had ever seen, broad-furrowed and forbidding, with long soot-black hair, a thick lock of which was brought straight down at each side before his ears. He had jet-black large eyes, the fire of which was sinister in sockets so lined and wrinkled. He wore a high-crowned broad-brimmed felt hat, such as Germans sometimes affect; he had a short chocolate-colored coat, and a sky-blue waistcoat—both faded and worn at the seams—and a pair of trousers, the lower parts of which were thrust into a pair of old topboots, which, in deep brown wrinkles, hung lower than the calves of his legs.

This strange figure, pacing up and down a short bit of sward, was totally alone, and twisting an oak cudgel, of about a yard long, by the middle—seemed without object or occupation.

A stranger or more savage figure he had never seen. It might have been taken for a Zamiel, or the smoked idol of some infernal worship, or a child's ideal of an ogre.

"Keep beside me now," said William Haworth to his friend; "I may want to borrow your cudgel."

"I say, Cowper!" cried William.

The swarthy old man turned on his heel, and, stopping short, confronted the young Squire, fixing on him his glare from under his savage brows. At the same time he shifted his hold of his cudgel, and planted the end of it on the ground.

"Ho! who wants me?—I'm Cowper," said he, in a hard loud voice.

"Where's the young fellow that came

with you?" said William. "I'm told he has horses to sell, and his gray might answer me."

"You'll see 'em there," said the old man, indicating the direction with a prod of his cudgel.

"Where?—in a booth?"

"Ye can see a gray horse in daylight, I expect."

William laughed. "I'll try," said he.

"On this ground a man and his nag won't be far apart," growled the man with the cudgel. "The lad will be having a pot o' swipes, mayhap."

And the old fellow turned again, swaggered up and down his beat once more, twirling his cudgel in the same singular fashion.

CHAPTER XVI.

LUSSHA SINFIELD.

RICHARD HOGGEN had grinned with much interest over this brief dialogue, and accompanied William with right goodwill, as he made his search for the man with the horses.

Coming round the corner of a booth suddenly, a tall bony slender fellow, riding a chestnut horse and leading a gray, was before them.

He was a handsome young man, very swarthy, with oval face, lowering forehead, black eyes, and black hair; about his neck, in a single tie, so that its ends hung loose and long, was that green-and-red handkerchief which he had noted in the description. He wore a wideawake hat, a gray coat with gilt buttons, a good deal worn at the seams, a red waistcoat, white corduroy knee-breeches, and brown leather gaiters.

William made a step forward and raised his hand; the man pulled up.

"Selling that gray?" asked William.

"Ay—d'ye like him?" said the man.

"Can't say till I look at him. Old Cowper told me I should find you about here. You're Lusscha Sinfield, ain't you?"

"Ay," said the man, boldly, but he eyed them suspiciously. "I'm the man. All the world's welcome to look at me, and the horse too. Nothing to hide: he's a beauty!"

"Has he been hunted?"

"Half last season; a lamb to handle—a devil to run. Jumps all slick—bar, ditch, or stone-wall, all one to Faa; takes all sweet; beautiful trained. Look at

his hoofs—just like a marble. Never made a mistake since he was dropped. Pedigree, points, action, training—not another's been on this turf this six year like him. Try him yourself—you know a horse. Will ye come a bit this way?—and Mister Cowper will hold the chestnut."

It was really a nice horse, William thought, with fine action. But he was not troubling his head much about horses. His business was of another sort.

"Well, come on, it's close by," said William, pointing toward the spot where he had left the old swarthy savage twirling his cudgel.

As they walked on, William Haworth's companion jogged him under his ribs, and mumbled his critical remarks on the horse, into his ear: a caution upon this point, a hint upon that, but a general admission that "the beast was no' that bad." And all the time the horseman, with his lids dropped, as if he was looking at the grass at his horse's hoof, was reading, through the long fringe of his eyelashes, with a practised skill, the countenances and bearing of these two friends, and he truly saw in William's that which dissatisfied and even alarmed him.

But Lussha Sinfield knew very well how he stood. "He need not care a curse for any one." He had little secrets, of course, of his own—something more than most men, but they were secrets. There was nothing that could turn up about him. "He did not care a d——n."

Cowper was now in sight, and he beckoned to him.

"Take the halter," said he quietly, and Cowper—than whom, as I have said, no fitter representative for the forest-demon in "Der Freyschütz" ever strode on earth—took the rope in his hand.

William Haworth was standing a little away, so as to take in the whole figure of the horse.

"He stands over his knees," says William.

"A good judge would think that a perfection, rather than otherwise," answered Sinfield, coolly.

"I take leave to think differently," says William, sharply.

"Every man to his taste," says the dealer, coolly.

"And, besides that, I think his shoulder too straight for a hunter, and his hind-legs too far away from him."

"If those points were better than they are," answers the man, with a scornful smile, "I'd be asking a hatful more than ninety pounds for him. But never mind that—the proof of the pudding is in the eating. You'd better see him over a few fences."

"I don't mind," says the Squire.

"Hollo, Jonnie!" cries the man, raising his arm, and a slight boy, black-eyed and black-haired, with dark-brown skin, runs up to his side.

"That's a gypsy lad," says Dick Hoggan, struck by the peculiar physique of the boy.

"By my soul, he's not!" answers Sinfield, fiercely. "That's a clever boy, though. Now, Jonnie, take him over that bar."

A few steps brought them to the bar. The little fellow sits light as a fly on the horse's back, and, without fuss or excitement, the horse goes over.

"That will do; and what do you say to that double ditch?" says William, pointing to the fence of the fair-green close by them.

"Take him over that," says Lussha Sinfield to the boy, and the horse goes over the fence.

"What do you say to that? You saw how he changes his legs," said the dealer.

"He goes out of his tracks," says William.

The man answers with a derisive laugh.

"Take him over that again," he says, and over goes the horse.

"Bring the horse down here a bit, to the wall," says Sinfield. "Now take him over the wall for the Squire."

And over the wall he goes.

"See that!" cries Sinfield.

"What?" says the Squire.

"What!" echoes Sinfield. "Why, how he stands out, and sails over it. What! Ha—ha!"

"I say it's bad jumping," says William, coolly; "why, he runs under and bucks over. A hunter, you say!"

"That gentleman there," says Sinfield, pointing to Dick, and beginning to lose temper, "has an eye in his head, and knows what belongs to a horse. What do you say, sir?"

Dick screwed one eye close, and looked hard at the horse with the other. The dealer was on the point of citing the old distich:

"Who winks with one eye and looks with the other,
I would not trust him though he were my brother."

He did not quite know what to make of them, so, on the whole, he chose to try a little longer.

"Take him over the wall again," said Sinfield. And over went the gray, as before.

"Will ye try him?"

"I don't mind," answered William.

(To be concluded.)

The Fortnightly Review.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

IT is a real misfortune that we have not a more exact and detailed acquaintance with the reign of the emperor Trajan. Tacitus says that he intended to include this period in his Histories, and to reserve the work for his old age. In all probability he left it unaccomplished. It is specially a time through which we should have been most thankful to have had the guidance of his great genius. He would, if we may judge from his own words, have felt a peculiar pleasure in describing it. Compared with the age of which he wrote, an age abounding in dreary horrors, Trajan's reign was one "rich in great deeds, free from terrible apprehensions, and presenting the singularly happy combination of empire and liberty." So frightfully bad were the last years of Domitian, that to her best citizens Rome's future might well have seemed hopelessly dark. The following age was one of revival and reconstruction. "Our spirits," says Tacitus, "are *now* beginning to return." Rome's destiny, he with others felt, was not yet fulfilled; she was still to rule and organize the world. He was by no means of a very sanguine disposition, but, under the altered circumstances of the time, he was moderately hopeful. It was, at any rate, a blessing to feel that now "you could think as you pleased and say what you thought." This, indeed, for Tacitus and many a high-minded Roman, must have had an infinitely greater attraction than the outward splendors of Trajan's reign. Yet about these, too, there was the encouraging fact that they served the glory and advantage

He mounts, and excited the horse with whip and spur, and gallops him round the empty upper end of the green, and pulls him up suddenly before the seller, who is growing angry.

"What the d——I do you mean by bucketing my horse about that way?"

"D——n it! you asked me to try him, didn't you?"

"I didn't tell you to drive him mad, and knock him about that lick—did I? And what do you say to him, after all that?—what do you say now?"

of the State, and were not, like Nero's golden palace, for private gratification. Trajan's great works were distinctively public works. The skill of the artist, the architect, and engineer was so utilized that the whole Roman world could enjoy and appreciate it. This development of the empire's resources, and consequent accession of material prosperity, was combined with economy and lightened taxation. Trajan's financial arrangements must have been admirable to have secured such a result alongside of conquests abroad and improvements at home. On this subject unhappily we are without precise information. We see everywhere the marks of great governing ability, but we know little of the processes by which it worked.

Trajan was more than an able soldier and a skilful administrator. He imbibed, indeed, from his military training a certain hardness and narrow-mindedness, which tied him down to too exclusively Roman notions; but he had a considerable amount of rough common sense, which enabled him partially, at least, to discern the wants and tendencies of his age. The world was beginning to feel that it had common interests, and wished them to be recognized. Trajan tried to satisfy this feeling. To the provinces he gave a somewhat easy and tolerant government, and a fair measure of material prosperity. His arrangements carefully promoted order and comfort, which were just then particularly acceptable to mankind. If some exceptional calamity fell on a city or district, he relieved the sufferers. Something akin

to our modern sentiment of philanthropy was growing up in society. This, of course, would be connected with the idea of unity already hinted at. Trajan paid regard to it; he founded endowments for the children of the poor and for orphans. Men of rank and wealth did the same. Here we have a distinct approach to modern views and conceptions of life. Education was widely diffused; teachers and professors were to be met with in all the great cities; culture was decidedly fashionable; almost every senator and man of position aspired to be an author. Trajan's mind was no doubt prosaic and matter of fact; yet he seems to have had the sense to respect literature and men of letters, though he could hardly have sympathized with them. An age of such varied mental activity, an age which was becoming more and more conscious of its needs, and anxious to satisfy them, would be sure to be stirred by social movements. We hear of clubs, guilds, co-operative societies. Combinations for various purposes were starting into existence. Against these the emperor set his face. He thought them dangerous, and likely to disturb the order which he had taken such pains to establish. Christianity he probably had a vague notion was connected somehow or other with these and kindred movements; as such, while he naturally wished to treat it with a good-natured tolerance, he was afraid of it, and would have been heartily glad to have seen the world rid of it. To a considerable extent he skilfully adapted his rule to the necessities of the time, but he did not rise to such a degree of enlightenment as to take the measure of the new ideas which were now beginning to sway mankind. A Roman, however accomplished, highly educated, and philosophical in his views, could hardly have done this. It was a period of transition, and no contemporary writer could have done justice to it. Tacitus would have given us a vivid picture of it; Trajan's conquest of Dacia and his eastern expedition would have been described with the picturesque eloquence with which Agricola's campaigns in Britain are set before us, and a flood of light would have been poured on the various details of the emperor's entire administration. Yet even Tacitus, we may fairly conjecture, from that intensely Roman and patrician spirit which made him cling to old traditions,

and only just suffered him to be reconciled to this new and happier age, would have left us in ignorance of many things which, from our present point of view, we can see were of extreme interest and importance.

A period often has its very best illustration in the correspondence of a clever, cultivated man, who has taken his share in its various activities. For the time of which I am speaking, the letters of the younger Pliny are of the utmost value. From every point of view they are exceedingly interesting. Here and there they serve as a supplement to the deficiencies of such historians as Dion Cassius and Victor. They embrace a great variety of subjects; politics, literature, art, practice at the bar, life at Rome, life in the country, anecdotes of distinguished men and women, all fall within their range. As a reflex of some of the most characteristic aspects of the time, they will always be found pleasant and instructive reading. We get from them continual glimpses into the mental and social condition of the great Roman world. In an ancient writer all this is peculiarly interesting. Pliny brings us face to face with the life and manners of his age, so that the general reader, as well as the scholar, will find him an agreeable companion. There is, too, this very noticeable feature about his letters: they frequently exhibit an almost modern tone of thought and sentiment, which is quite wanting in earlier writers. We seem sometimes to be on the borderline between the old and the new worlds. The phrases and terms of expression, as well as the sentiments, are often indicative of a transition period. I believe it is the presence of what may be properly called a modern element in him which makes Pliny a comparatively easy author. It is certain that many readers of the present day who feel themselves to be not quite *en rapport* with classical literature generally, will find in his letters much which is thoroughly congenial to their tastes.

Pliny had every conceivable advantage for taking a wide survey of the society around him. He belonged to a good old Roman family, and he was in easy circumstances. He was not an idle man. He practised with success at the bar; and, as he was engaged in several great cases, we may suppose he considerably increased his inherited wealth. Although he was not

nearly so rich as some of his contemporaries, he was able to have a house at Rome, several country seats, and to be liberal on suitable occasions. He held in succession the chief offices of the State. He numbered among his friends the most famous men of his time. With Tacitus he was on terms of intimate friendship. Tacitus was, indeed, the centre of a literary circle which looked up to him as a man of commanding genius. Pliny recognized him as intellectually the foremost man of the age, and confidently predicts his immortality as a historian. He says in one of his letters* to him, and this is very characteristic of Pliny, "I candidly confess that I hope that my name will appear in your work." The poet Martial was one of his acquaintances, and an occasional guest at his house. His sympathies with their pursuits led him to cultivate the friendship of several of the Greek professors of rhetoric, a class of men whom he says he heartily liked and admired. Altogether he must have been acquainted with many various phases of society, and this gives a special charm to his letters. The amiability and kindness of heart with which we may fairly credit him, seem to have often encouraged his friends to consult him on a variety of matters. One of his letters is in reply to a lady who wished him to recommend a tutor for her son. Another is to a friend who thought of leaving some money for the annual entertainment of the burgesses of his native town. Pliny explains what he himself did in a somewhat similar case, and how he contrived to secure the proper application of the money. It is pleasant to know that to his slaves he was a kind and considerate master. I do not imagine that these humane sentiments were, in Pliny's age, by any means exceptional; I think it probable that they were shared by many of his friends. Still, one cannot read without interest a letter† in which he dwells on the idea implied in the term "*pater familiæ*," and goes on to say that he thinks of sending one of his freedmen, a clever and accomplished servant, who is suffering from a bad cough, to the soft air of Forum Julii (Fréjus, near Nice), where the friend to whom he is writing has an estate. Pliny seems to take for granted that his friend

will do everything to make the invalid comfortable.

Like Cicero, whom he greatly admired, and proposed to himself as his literary model, Pliny had unquestionably a genuine love of culture. He was never so happy as when he was surrounded with his books and papers in his Laurentine or Tuscan villa. He was not, indeed, such an indefatigable student as his uncle; he had probably neither the mental energy nor the physical strength to concentrate himself on any one great work, but he seems to have been always a busy man. When at Rome he had plenty of business as an advocate; when in the country his occupations were reading, writing, revising his speeches for publication, and intellectual conversation. It is true that the word *dilettanteism* suggests itself to us in connection with him. One of his letters, in answer to a friend who urged him to write history implies that he felt himself unequal to the continuous labor involved in so difficult a task. Though, like Cicero, he had a decided touch of vanity and conceit, he does not seem to have formed an extravagant estimate of his own abilities. I see no reason for regarding him as a man of genius; he stood on a distinctly lower intellectual level than his friend Tacitus, and of this he was clearly conscious. But as a really clever man, with cultivated tastes and wide sympathies, he deserves to command our interest.

In some of his letters he tells us what he did for his native town Comum. To this place he was a liberal benefactor. It is interesting to find that he had the idea which we usually associate with modern times that culture and education ought to be diffused. He presents* his fellow townspeople with a library, and makes a speech on the occasion to the town council, the gist of which seems to have been that he had rendered them a much more useful service than he would have done by spending his money in the institution of games or gladiatorial shows. This speech he thought of rewriting and publishing, and he asks the advice of one of his literary friends on the subject. On another occasion† he offers to assist in the establishment of a school at Comum, and consults Tacitus about the matter. During one of

* Epp., vii. 33.

† Epp. v. 19.

* Epp., i. 8.

† Epp., iv. 13.

his visits to the place he asks one of the town lads who called, as we should say, to pay his respects to him, where he went to school, and finding that the boy had to go to Mediolanum (Milan), a distance of some miles, because there was no school at Comum, he suggests to the fathers of families the advisability of hiring teachers on the spot. This, as he points out to them, would be a convenient and even economical arrangement. It appears that he not only endeavored to enlighten the local mind, but that he backed up his views with a singularly liberal offer. "I am prepared," he says, "to add to your contributions a third part of their total amount. I would offer you the whole sum required were I not afraid that the good effects of my liberality would be destroyed by jobbery, as I see happens in many places where teachers are hired at the public expense. To avoid this, let the parents alone have the right of selecting teachers, and let the duty of a proper selection be enforced on them by their being obliged to contribute." He then asks Tacitus, whom he knew to be a centre of attraction to students and learned men, to look out for masters. In reading such a letter we feel that we are brought very close to our own age.

Among Pliny's historical letters some of the most interesting are those which describe State trials conducted by the Senate, and of a similar character to that of Warren Hastings. One of these was in all its circumstances a conspicuous event in his life. It was the impeachment of a governor by one of the most important provinces of the empire. Marius Priscus, the proconsul of Africa, was charged with crimes as atrocious as those of the notorious Verres. Pliny and Tacitus were counsel for the provincials. Trajan himself presided at the trial. It must have been an imposing scene. There was a great concourse of senators, and the general excitement at Rome appears to have been intense. "Imagine,"* says Pliny, "how anxious and full of apprehensions I may well have been at having to address such an assembly in the emperor's presence. Though I had often spoken in the Senate, and had always been listened to with favor, yet I was then agitated by a feeling of alarm altogether new to me. The extreme difficulty of the case was continually pre-

sent to my mind; I saw before me one who had held the highest offices, but who held them no longer. As soon as I had collected myself I rose to speak, and the encouragement I received from the audience was as great as was my own anxiety. I spoke for nearly five hours; so favorable to me while I was speaking were the very circumstances which at the outset seemed discouraging. So kind and considerate was the emperor, that when he thought I was exerting myself beyond my strength he more than once reminded my freedman who was behind me that I ought to spare myself further effort." This freedman, no doubt, answered to our private secretary, and had in his charge papers to which Pliny would have to refer in the course of his speech. In the letter describing this trial all its particulars are dwelt on with evident satisfaction, and indeed it was an occasion to which Pliny might well look back with pride. The joint advocacy of himself and Tacitus was as successful as it deserved to be.

Not only did Pliny plead the cause of oppressed provincials, he also endeavored to bring to justice some of those odious and powerful men who under Domitian had plied the trade of the informer to the ruin of many a good citizen. In this attempt, while he must have encountered some danger and opposition, he would have been sure also to carry with him a large section of public opinion. In one of his letters* he tells us how he avenged the death of his friend, the younger Helindeus, by the impeachment of the man who had destroyed him. It required, by Pliny's account, no little moral courage to attempt such a proceeding, and his friends warned him against it. Publicius Certus, the defendant, held a high office, and had a host of influential friends among the senators. Pliny says that he was repeatedly interrupted when he rose in the Senate to introduce the case. It appears that the matter stopped short of an actual trial; Certus, however, was so far injured by the proceedings that he was passed over for the consulship which had been promised him, and to which he would otherwise have succeeded. Pliny considered that he had gained his point, and he subsequently published his speech on the occasion. Certus died a few days after-

* Epp., ii. 11.

* Epp., ix. 13.

wards. "I have heard people say," adds Pliny, "that during his illness he saw me in imagination standing over him sword in hand." With this characteristic touch, betraying no slight self-complacency, the letter concludes.

Pliny has an interesting letter* on the policy to be pursued by provincial governors. It reminds us of Cicero's famous letter to his brother Quintus on the same subject. We may assume that it fairly reflects the views of the best Roman society of the age, and that the general principles of government laid down in it were carried out to a greater extent than they had been in preceding times. As we might expect from a cultivated man, who aspired to the character of a philosopher, Pliny's conceptions of the duty of a governor are decidedly liberal and enlightened. The modern notions of toleration and sympathy with a subject people come out very clearly in the letter in question. It is written to one of his friends who is to have the charge of the Greek province of Achaia. "Bear in mind," he says to him, "the character of the country to which you are going; remember that it is believed to be the cradle of civilization and literature; that its inhabitants are a pre-eminently free people; show reverence for their gods and for their ancient renown, and as you would respect old age in a man, respect in like manner antiquity in a state. Show that you esteem their old traditions, and even their legends. Do not be afraid that your tender treatment of them will make them despise you; such a people are not to be ruled by fear. Call to mind the meaning of the title of your office, and consider what it is to have to regulate the affairs of free states. How disgraceful it would be if the effect of your government were to be the substitution of slavery for freedom!" Pliny, when pro-consul of Bithynia, as may be inferred from his correspondence with Trajan, sought to reduce these ideas to practice.

Some of his letters illustrate very strikingly a moral aspect of the time which was evidently the result of a deeply felt sense of decay and feebleness. Outwardly prosperous as the age undoubtedly was, full of promise as it in some respects seemed, there was an unrest and weariness

which can be interpreted only as the symptoms of a period of decline. Hence the frequency of suicide to which Pliny's letters testify. It is a mistake to trace this directly to the teaching of the Stoic philosophy; it was rather, I believe, the composite result of the satiety engendered by luxury and wealth, and of a distinctly conscious need of some new and powerful renovating influence. Two memorable instances of thoroughly deliberate suicide are recorded by Pliny. One of his dearest friends, Corellius Rufus, to whom he looked up as his guide and master, voluntarily ended a life which incurable disease had rendered intolerably wearisome.* "I called on him one day," says Pliny, "during the reign of Domitian, and found him in agonies of pain. Why, said he, do you think I continue to bear this anguish? Simply that I may by a single day survive that robber." He meant the emperor. His wish was granted; he then starved himself to death. The poet Silius Italicus† ended his life at his Neapolitan villa under precisely similar circumstances. Pliny's judgment wholly approved the conduct of these men. Rash and reckless suicide he despises as something vulgar; ‡ "to deliberate, to weigh the arguments for and against death, and to choose accordingly, is," he thinks, "the mark of a great mind."

One of the most pleasing and beautiful of his letters is on the death of a charming and accomplished girl, the daughter of an intimate friend. It impresses us with a sense of his tender and delicate sympathy. "I write this," he says to his correspondent,§ "in the deepest sorrow. The daughter of our friend Fundanus is no more; I never saw a more sprightly and amiable girl; she was worthy, not only of a longer life, but almost of immortality itself. She had not yet completed her fourteenth year, and she had all the prudence and forethought of an elderly woman; with maidenly modesty she still had all the sweet playfulness of a girl! How she would cling to her father's neck; how lovingly and modestly would she embrace her father's friends; how affectionate she was to her nurses and teachers; how fond she was of her books, and how intelligently she read them; with what self-restraint

* Epp., viii. 24.

* Epp., i. 12.

† Epp., i. 22.

† Epp., iii. 7.

§ Epp., v. 16.

and delicacy would she amuse herself. How patient and resigned was she during her last illness. She carefully attended to the physician's orders; she encouraged and consoled her sister and father, and the vigor of her spirit supported her when the strength of her body had utterly failed her."

We are naturally curious to know what an educated Roman of this age was inclined to think about the wide and difficult subject of the supernatural. The Roman intellect was not specially speculative, and rarely assumed a definite attitude towards matters lying beyond the sphere of ordinary experience. Tacitus never commits himself to a distinct expression of opinion about them. Still, I believe, they were not unfrequently earnestly discussed in the intellectual society to which Tacitus and Pliny belonged. Stories turning on them were certainly rife at the time. This is not to be wondered at; it was just the age in which, in the circles of the wealthy and refined, with abundant leisure on their hands, scepticism and credulity would be strangely blended. It appears that Pliny was much interested in these stories. In one of his letters he asks his friend,* a learned man, as he says, from whom he hopes to get an exhaustive discussion of the subject, the question which has been continually asked since, whether he believes that phantoms and apparitions have any real and substantive existence, or whether he rather traces them to the workings of the imagination. Then follows a story of a haunted house, in all respects precisely like a modern ghost story. The house was at Athens; having once got a bad name it remained unlet till a philosopher, who was acquainted with all the particulars, took it with the purpose of investigating the matter. In the evening, while he is busy with his studies, he hears the clanking of chains, and in due time the ghost, which is one of quite the conventional type, makes his appearance, and stands over him as he is seated at his desk. After a while the apparition retires, and the philosopher takes up his lamp and follows him into the courtyard, where he disappears. Having marked the spot with some leaves, he goes the next day to the magistrates, and obtains an order from them for the place to

be dug up. Some human bones with chains round them were discovered; these were collected, and publicly interred with due rites. From that time the house ceased to be haunted. Pliny ends his letter with an account of an incident which he says had come within the range of his own personal experience. One of his own servants, a kind of page, was visited in the night by an apparition, the reality of which seemed to be attested by the circumstance that some locks of the boy's hair were cut off, and were found scattered on his couch. Pliny regarded this as a good omen, which had its fulfilment in his never having been impeached under Domitian. He would, he says, have been impeached had the tyrant lived longer; for after his death papers were found in his desk which contained articles of accusation drawn up by Carus Metius, one of the notorious informers of that bad time. The mysterious cutting off of the lad's hair he interpreted as a sign that the danger had passed away, because, as he says, persons under impeachment usually let their hair grow without restraint. Pliny's mind, it would seem from this singular story, was very accessible to superstition.

His enjoyment and appreciation of natural scenery has a thoroughly modern touch about it. In this he shows the refinement of his tastes. He, in common with many of the rich men of the time, had his sea-side house at Laurentum, about sixteen miles from Rome, and also a country mansion on a great scale amid the hills of Tuscany. Both of these he has described with such minute particularity that we fortunately possess the means of forming a tolerably definite notion of a wealthy Roman noble's country seat. He had too, it appears, several villas on the lake of Como, some being on the margin of its waters, others on the high ground so as to command a more extensive prospect. It was a real pleasure to him to dwell on the beauty of a shady grove, or of the soft and flowery bank of a stream, or on the picturesque adjuncts of a little river like the Clitumnus,* in Umbria, famous for its clearness and purity, and for the noble breed of white cattle, which fed in the rich pastures through which it flowed. Touches like these are all the more pleasing because they are

* Epp., vii. 27.

* Epp., viii. 8.

somewhat rarely met with in the writers of antiquity.

‡ Pliny, as may be supposed, had a fitting sense of the duties of a host, and appears to have made a point of discharging them with delicacy and gentlemanly feeling. The rich Roman was apt to make invidious distinctions between his guests. Such vulgarity and coarseness, as we gather from one of Juvenal's satires,* seem to have been in fashion at Rome. Pliny was above it. He gives us an amusing sketch of a dinner party at which he had been present, where there was a great display, and at the same time, the plain evidence of a stingy parsimony. "The host," says Pliny, "imagined himself to be combining splendor and economy; I thought him shabby and at the same time extravagant." There were, it appears, three kinds of wine on the table, one for the host's principal friends, another for his lesser friends (he had, Pliny says, different grades of friends), a third for the freedmen present. "What is your practice on these occasions?" asked Pliny's neighbor. "To treat all alike, for I ask my friends to dinner on equal terms, not with a view to make distinctions," was Pliny's answer. It seems, however, that when he entertained a party of his freedmen he did not think it necessary to give them his best wine, nor indeed did he drink it himself; he and they shared the same. This letter is one of advice to a young friend whom he warns against what he calls a new-fangled combination of extravagance and meanness. It is, he says, a union of two qualities each of which by itself is intensely offensive. Altogether, perhaps, Pliny is the most finished specimen we have of a cultivated Roman of high position and wealth. He answers very exactly to our modern conception of a gentleman. As the representative of an age in which old and new ideas were meeting together, he well deserves to be studied. His letters continually illustrate a period in which history of the best kind fails us.

In one of his letters† we have a short sketch of a dinner party given by himself. It is written to a friend who had promised to dine with him, and had disappointed him. Pliny playfully tells him that he shall bring an action for damages against

him, that the amount will be heavy, and he shall make him pay to the last farthing. Then we have an outline of the *menu* which may be described as light and elegant. A variety of fruits and vegetables are enumerated, and it appears that there was iced wine on the table. The accompaniments of the dinner, as we should expect from a man of Pliny's refined tastes, were graceful and intellectual. There was music, and a company of actors was in attendance, and we hear of "a reader," so that we presume that pieces of poetry were recited to the guests. Pliny hints by way of a joke that his friend was not exactly the man to appreciate such an entertainment, and that he would have preferred one of a widely different character, one in which, as he suggests, oysters and pork, and a troop of ballet girls would have been the most conspicuous features. "Well," says Pliny, "you have treated me very badly; you have certainly deprived me of a pleasure, and yourself too. We should have had plenty of fun and laughter, plenty also to exercise our minds. There are many houses where you may get a more costly and elaborate dinner; there is none where you can have more real enjoyment and be more perfectly at your ease. Only make the trial, and for the future always decline my invitations unless you find that you decline those of others by preference."

Pliny's life, it may be supposed, was pretty evenly divided between Rome and the country. When he was not professionally engaged, he liked nothing better during his stay in the capital than to hear the reading of some new poem or historical work. On such occasions a large party was invited by the author, and this in fact was practically the way in which a new book was advertised. These readings had become very fashionable in the best Roman society, in which no one, whatever his personal tastes and inclinations, could afford to dispense with the show at least of some refinement and appreciation of letters. Without them life at Rome would have been to Pliny dull and tiresome. Neither he nor the circles in which he chiefly moved cared much for the gladiatorial shows or the famous chariot races. Like Cicero, he must in his heart have thought the first coarse and brutalizing, though in his panegyric of Trajan he finds something to say in favor

* Juvenal, Sat. v.

† Epp., i. 15.

of it, as an amusement calculated to inspire men with a contempt of death. Of the races he says in one of his letters* that they have not the least attraction for him, that it is quite enough to have seen them once, as they have no novelty or variety. He wonders that so many thousands of respectable men take the trouble to witness such a puerile spectacle. "If," he says, "they went to see the marvellous speed of the horses or the skill of the drivers, there would be some sense in the proceeding; as it is, they go only to back their favorite color, and to see which of the chariotting factions or companies wins. When I reflect how many sensible men waste their time over this stupid and meaningless sport, it is some satisfaction to me to feel that it has no charms for me." Such is Pliny's estimate of one of the most popular and exciting amusements of the capital.

For life in the country he professes a hearty liking. "It has," he says, in one of his letters,† "a genuineness and sincerity about it which town life has not." "If you ask a man at Rome," he says in this letter, "What have you done to-day? he will reply, I have paid one or two complimentary visits; I have been to a wedding-breakfast; I have witnessed the signature of a will; I have given a friend advice on a matter of business. All these things seem very necessary on the particular day on which you do them; but when you quietly reflect on them, you feel that there is something unsatisfactory and unreal in them. This is just my own feeling when I retire to my country house at Laurentum, and give myself up to reading and writing, or to healthy recreation. I hear nothing and I say nothing at which I am afterwards vexed; no one talks to me ill-naturedly about people; I find fault with nobody except with myself, when I do not compose to my satisfaction. I have neither hopes nor fears to worry me; there are no rumors to make me anxious; I pass the time in converse with myself and my books. It is indeed a true and genuine life, and its very leisure is better and nobler than almost any occupation." Pliny's experience of country life, one would suppose, must have been exceptionally fortunate. Of some of its to us most familiar drawbacks he seems to have known next

to nothing. Perhaps he enjoyed its tranquillity all the more as his constitution was weak. For country sports in themselves he had not a keen relish; he valued them chiefly for their indirect influence on the vigor of the mental faculties. He did indeed hunt, but in a fashion which would make our sportsmen smile. "You will laugh," he says in a letter to Tacitus,* "to hear I have caught three wonderfully fine boars." It appears from his explanation that the exertion which he underwent on the occasion was no more than is required for our ignoble battue shooting. At any rate, while he watched the nets, he had his pen and his writing tablets by his side, and he had made up his mind that, should he have no sport and return empty-handed, he would be able to show that he had used them to good purpose. "If you will take my advice," he says to Tacitus at the close of the letter, "when you hunt, you will take your writing materials with you as well as your lunch-basket and bottle of wine." Tacitus, I should imagine, when he hunted, made a more earnest and business-like pursuit of it than Pliny.

In reply to a friend who asked him how he spent his day in his villa in Tuscany,† he says,—"I rise when I feel inclined, generally about six, often earlier. My windows remain shut, and in the silence and darkness I think over any literary work that I may have in hand, and decide on any alterations or corrections which seem suitable. After a while I open the windows, and call my secretary, to whom I dictate what I have mentally prepared. About ten or eleven, according to the weather, I take a stroll on the terrace, and think over and dictate what I have left unfinished. Then I have a ride in my carriage, during which my thoughts are engaged in the same manner. After my ride I have a nap; then I take a walk, after which I read aloud a Greek or Latin speech, not so much to improve my voice as to strengthen my digestion. Then I take a second walk and have my bath. At dinner-time, if only my wife and a few select friends are with me, I have a book read to us; dinner over, we have some acting or some music, and then I stroll out with my friends, among whom are some men of learning. Thus we get

* Epp., ix. 6.

† Epp. i. 9.

* Epp., i. 6.

† Epp., ix. 36.

through the evening with conversation on various topics, and the day, however long, seems to be ended too soon." Pliny drops a hint in the last sentence of this letter that during his residence on his Tuscan property he had duties to perform as a landlord which were not quite to his taste. The tenants had their rustic grievances, to which he was obliged to attend, though, as he says, and as indeed we might have ourselves conjectured, he did not, in their opinion, give enough time to them. But even this trifling worry had its advantage, as he found that it made him enjoy all the more his return to his books and his professional work.

Pliny was an occasional purchaser of works of art. He was not, it would appear, rich enough to adorn his houses with them on the profuse scale of such a man as the poet Silius Italicus, whose passion for acquiring them, as Pliny himself hints, passed all reasonable bounds. Sometimes, however, he would lay out an unexpected legacy on a statue which attracted his fancy. He once bought in this manner a Corinthian bronze which struck him as singularly life-like. In all such matters, he says, he felt himself to be very ignorant; but the merit of this particular statue he thought he could appreciate. It is described* at some length. It was the figure of an old man in a standing posture, and the muscles, sinews, veins, the very wrinkles, the thin and scattered locks, and all the various signs of old age and feebleness seem to have been strikingly represented. It was the marvellous skill displayed in the execution of these details which impressed Pliny. To judge by the color of the bronze, the statue was one of great antiquity. Pliny, however, did not purchase it with the view of placing it in one of his own houses; he chose rather to present it to his native Comum, where he wished it to be set up in a Temple of Jupiter, of which he considered it to be worthy.

Occasionally in these letters we meet with a good anecdote, illustrative of some well-known contemporary of Pliny, or of the habits of the age. His friend Junius Mauricus, who, like many other good men, had been banished by Domitian, and recalled by his successor Nerva, was remarkable for the blunt and outspoken

manner in which he would tell people disagreeable truths. "I never knew," says Pliny, "a man of greater courage and candor." One day he was sitting as a guest at the table of the emperor Nerva, with a small and select party. Nerva's good nature was such that he could not frown even on the worst and basest of men. One such sat next him on this occasion, Veiento, a flatterer and a tool of the late emperor. "I have told you everything," says Pliny, "when I have mentioned the man's name." The conversation turned on one whose portentous cruelty and wickedness marked him out as perhaps the most conspicuous object among the infamous creatures of Domitian, and for a while all Nerva's guests were talking of the atrocities of the blind Catullus Messalinus, to whose infirmity Juvenal* alludes in a line of terrible power. "What may we suppose," asked the emperor, "he would suffer were he now living?" "He would be dining with us," was the reply of Mauricus.

Two or three amusing stories are told us of a man who belonged to the same odious class as Veiento and Messalinus. The name of Regulus often occurs in the epigrams of Martial, who was base enough to pay compliments to any of Domitian's favorites. Among these Regulus stood high. He had emerged from the lowest poverty into almost fabulous wealth, which Nerva's weak good-nature permitted him to display with coarse vulgarity, and even to increase by the tricks of the legacy-hunter. His wings were, indeed, clipped after Domitian's death, and his air, Pliny tells us, was that of a timid and dejected man. He could, however, by a species of malign influence get rich people to make wills in his favor, or at least to leave him handsome bequests. Once he had to go to a lady's house to witness her signature to her will. She had put on for the occasion a dress of singular splendor; this attracted the cupidity of Regulus, and he coolly asked her to bequeath it to him. The lady at first thought he was joking; he continued, however, to urge his request, and actually prevailed on her to take the will, which was already signed, out of her desk, and add to it a codicil by which she left him the dress which she was

* Epp., iii. 6.

* "Qui numquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ;"
Juv., iv. 113.

wearing. While she was writing it he kept his eye on her. It is satisfactory to learn that the lady, whom Regulus supposed to be at the point of death, was still alive at the time that Pliny tells the story. Regulus, it seems, was notorious for his ridiculous vanity and affectation. On the death of his son, a somewhat clever and promising lad, he showed his grief in a ludicrously pedantic fashion. The child had a multitude of pet animals—dogs, ponies, parrots, nightingales—all of which the father collected, and had burnt on the funeral pile. He also gave an order for an immense number of statues of every variety of material to be made in his son's honor. He even wrote his life, and read it in the presence of a numerous audience, whom he had specially invited for the purpose. This did not satisfy him; he had a thousand copies of the book published for distribution throughout Italy and the provinces, and he went so far as to provide that it should be publicly recited in the principal towns by a man singled out for his powerful voice by the local senate. Yet Regulus was by no means merely a rich simpleton. He had, by Pliny's admission, real ability. He was not, indeed, if judged by a high standard, a good speaker; but from his perfect self-possession and energetic manner he was popularly regarded as a great orator. As an advocate he was singularly painstaking and industrious, and even Pliny gives him credit for a genuine love of forensic eloquence, and great respect for all who excelled in it. His death, it is intimated, was a blow to the legal profession. It appears that he carried his absurdities into the courts while he was pleading. He had a strange and ridiculous practice of wearing a white patch over his right or left eye, according as he was counsel for the plaintiff or defendant. It seems hard to conceive anything more utterly unmeaning. Pliny, however, vouches for its truth. He was, too, as might be expected in a man of low origin, whose rise in the world was both sudden and prodigious, exceedingly prone to superstition, and would consult astrologers and soothsayers about the issue of a trial.

Next to the famous epistle to Trajan about the Christians, I suppose the best known of Pliny's letters, is that in which he describes the memorable eruption of Vesuvius, which was fatal to his uncle and to the two towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is a letter to Tacitus, and the description of the entire scene is given with minute particularity. It was specially written for the historian's use. At the time of the event (it occurred A.D. 79) Pliny was but seventeen years of age. Up to that time, he had been educated under his uncle's care. An interesting and well-known letter tells us all we know of the elder Pliny. His various works and his almost superhuman industry are dwelt on with evident admiration. "I smile," says the nephew, "when people call me a student, for, compared with him, I am an utter idler."

It was an intense delight to Pliny to be coupled in popular talk with his gifted friend Tacitus. He continually harps on this subject, and though he betrays his vanity in doing so, we may well forgive him, and even think his pride in such a connection praiseworthy. Tacitus* once told him that he had lately been conversing at the Circensian games with a well-educated provincial on various matters of literary interest. After a while he was asked by his neighbor whether he came from Italy or from the provinces. "You know me," replied Tacitus, "from my works." "Is it Tacitus or Pliny to whom I am speaking?" exclaimed the provincial. Pliny confesses that nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than this little incident. In another letter† he tells us how pleased he was to find that his books were in great request at Lugdunum, in Gaul (Lyons), where he did not so much as know that there were booksellers. He begins, he says, to feel sure from the wide-spread popularity of his writings that his literary position is now thoroughly established.

W. J. BRODRIBB.

* Epp., ix. 23.

† Epp., ix. 11.

ADAM AND MALLY: A STORY OF SCOTTISH FARM-LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

TWO AGREE.

MALLY GILHAIZE was a bride undergoing the ordeal of being cried (proclaimed) with her fellow-servant, Adam Urquhart, on three successive Sabbaths in their parish kirk. In the meantime, bride and bridegroom continued in their places at farm service on the same farm, and did their duty as custom and a sense of right enabled them, little moved by the jeers and gibes of their fellow-servants.

Mally Gilhaize's history will tell her character as it grew: one has only to describe her person as she lived and worked—for to Mally to live was to work—in the noon of her life; rest, except what was inevitable, was self-indulgent, weak, unworthy. Mally would have "thought shame" to rest when she could work, unless on the Sabbath day, and then it was not so much rest as worship. Mally was a big woman, square for her height. Her forehead was low and not broad; she was well, almost richly, colored, dark-haired and dark-browed, with gray eyes fully opened, and looking you full in the face, but having a certain fixedness in their gaze. She had a firm mouth, showing, when she spoke, even, broad, white teeth. Her ordinary dress was scrupulously clean and whole, and scrupulously unbrightened by adornment. It consisted of a linen jacket, a dark petticoat, a coarse, wide apron, thrown on or off as required or not. Her clean-made feet and ankles remained bare, save in winter, when they were invested in large and hideous hairy woollen stockings and clamping shoes. Her abundant hair was covered always with a close yet voluminous white cap. Her extraordinary dress was Quaker-like in severe simplicity; a dark woollen or calico gown with tight high body and tight sleeves to the wrist, a neckerchief to the chin, the same white cap—it might be of finer material—in the house and on every out-of-doors expedition, except to the kirk, when Mally wore a coarse straw bonnet with a deep-toned ribbon strapping it down, which lasted for years. Mally's wardrobe, whether for summer or winter, admitted only of a single variation from this rule,

and it was not made on the occasion of kirk, New Year's feast, christening, wedding—no, not of her own. Mally would be wed, if she ever should be wed, in a pea-bloom or earth-brown woollen gown. But on the sacrament Sabbaths, when she was "going forward" to the Lord's Table, Mally walked a vestal in white from head to foot.

There was little grace or graciousness about Mally, she was too set and stiff for either, but she had an air of homely dignity and beneficence. She bore a distant resemblance to Goethe's Dorothea.

In her early days, Mally was not a singular person of her age and class. She was a douce lass where others were glaikit (giddy), but there were many douce lasses to be seen then at kirk and market, as there were giants among the sons of men in the time of Anak.

Adam Urquhart—Adam of the bothy—by whom Mally had been courted, and with whom she had gone so far as to be cried, was five years older than she, a man of thirty, rather advanced in years for a bachelor ploughman, but he had waited discreetly till he should attain the rank of foreman before he changed his estate. He was scarcely a comely man, unless to those who accept the outward expression of rough sincerity and vigor for comeliness. His fifteen years of holding a plough and driving a cart had bowed and rounded his back till his height was lost, and he looked short for a man beside Mally for a woman. He was swarthy in complexion, with great growing bristles rendering coarse his cheeks and chin for six days out of seven. His jaw was too marked, his eyes were too sunken, yet the eyes were honest eyes when one could look into them, and could gleam with a man's repressed ardor, and the mouth, while it was not a sensual mouth, could smile with a man's kindness. There was nothing treacherous, nothing essentially cruel in Adam's physiognomy. He was a sturdy fellow, and to be relied on, though he was difficult to deal with, and needed a light, firm hold on him; not that he was vicious, looking at him in the light of a horse, but he was desperately opinionative, like most one-sided, self-made beasts and men, and without ques-

tion as stubborn as ten mules. His dress was the ordinary ploughman's dress, on which the alteration is only in a few details. His corduroy breeches were knee-breeches, and were met by long "rig and fur" (ridge and furrow) blue worsted stockings, his bonnet was the original broad blue bonnet, and he was addicted to enormous owerlays (cravats).

How Adam and Mally, two mortals self-contained, self-sufficing, stuck-up (allow them one grievous, perilous failing in common; they had also in common many great virtues, as their master and mistress, neighbors and kindred, could have testified), condescended to hanker after each other, yield to each other's influence, promise themselves to each other, is a mystery. There is no explanation of it save in that other mystery and mixture of law and frowardness—human nature. Possibly, even at the old farm of Hayston—an Arcadia of simplicity, frugality, and disciplined self-denial to a Lycurgus or a Johannes Calvinus—there was something a-missing which awoke a yearning in these two hearts—quiet, calm, stout in their fervor—a fervor of faith and duty. There had been needs in which Mally, capable and contented as she was, could not do all for herself, and could not leave anything undone without a sigh and a sniff of dissatisfaction. There had been wants which Adam, Spartan as he was, and dexterous with the hardly acquired skill of a man driven to his own resources, could neither supply nor deny without a groan and a grunt of disgust. Mally must have milked wicked cows which would not be "gentle to her," and which, in spite of her courage for a woman, caused her woman's heart to quail when there was no all-powerful undaunted "man body" to take up his station in the straw or the grass, and hold the head ever ready to butt and the hoof ever prone to fling. Mally must have gone morning and evening in summer to do her milking in the pasture fields, and when she carried home the "race" of brimming pails, though she used a gird or hoop and had muscular arms, still these arms must have ached again for a man's strength to help her on with her burden along the weary road of half a mile. Mally must have stripped the cherry tree and the pear tree in their seasons, must have climbed ladders and scrambled across open, half-rotten couples or joists, on hay

stacks, and in barns after erratic hens nests. Mally must have walked on errands to the next village past kirk and kirk-yard on dark winter no less than gloaming summer nights, and Mally was as superstitious as she was godly. Mally must also have attended, if she would not get the cold shoulder for being unsocial, little festivities in her circle, and been pursued and persecuted as fair game by the lighter men and women whom her reserve and discretion rebuked, if she had not a formidable champion and protector—and Mally was intensely proud, though she hid the disposition jealously from herself and others, for it is not only a deadly sin in a Christian but a tremendous blunder and crime in a peasant to peasants.

As for Adam, he dropped the buttons off his sark and boggled horribly in sewing them on again. His stockings, which his mother knitted for him, became riddles in the intervals between the old and the new instalments. Darn his best, he darned such knots and lumps on his heels and toes that the pilgrims with the unboiled peas in their shoes had an easy progress compared with Adam. Unluckily men could not go barefooted to the plough, as women "linked" about the kitchen, the poultry yard, the bleaching green, in their trifling avocations. Adam was as hardy and tough a fellow as any in the parish, but he was exposed in its full brunt to a calendar the changes of which are rung in the proverb:

The first day it was wind and weet,
The second day it was snaw and sleet,
The third day it was sic a freeze,
It stuck the birds' nebs to the trees.

In addition, Adam was scorched by what sun was going between whiles. He was nourished and housed like an ancient with the constitution of a modern Briton. He could have defied a Hercules in the same circumstances not to have ailments now and again. Adam's head ached, and his mother was four parishes off from caring for and comforting him. He had a fever of cold, and a rebellion against his coarse fare, and he had no man or woman either to mind his shivering or to boil, bake, brew with fond anxiety to feed him with the food convenient for him and for which his sorely-strained body was craving. There was a greater trial in store for Adam's philosophy. His pair of horses, his two familiar friends—not servants—

the trust he had been proud to hold since he was a bafin (half-boy, half-man), the pride of his proud heart, very nearly what an Arab's horse is to a child of the desert, what a Red Indian's dog is to the wild hunter, Adam's horses—Diamond and Bab-at-the-Bowster—were liable to sickness, even as Adam was, lost their sleekness, hung their heads, pawed and stamped with unrest, shook, and went from their oats in turn. Adam was reduced to distress verging on despair. In such an extremity woman was revenged, for Adam with all his will and all the skill of a fair amount of practice could not concoct drinks and mashies for his patients with the perfection of consistency and temperature that a silly woman could attain by sheer instinct.

The old foreman's house was joined to the old farm-house of Hayston, and formed with it one of the sides of the loan. On the opposite side were the rude offices, flanked by the round tower of the pigeon-house, while the double row of stacks served as a grand avenue or mall. In her maiden service Mally lived next door to her future home. She might personally overlook every addition and improvement which Adam, always bent on making the best of his possessions, was instituting even now "after hours" with the necessary permission, but exposed to the somewhat sardonic contemplation and comment of the present tenants, *vice* whom, as transferred to another farm and master, Adam and Mally were to be promoted.

Adam's efforts at an increase of convenience were not all for his own benefit. He did contrive a stand behind the door for his chest, and knocked up a shelf above the fire for his books—his old, well-cared-for school Bible and a few more volumes. He held these books in high esteem, more out of a respect for knowledge in the abstract, and as religious elements and tokens of respectability, than as means of study. Adam could read, write, and cipher tolerably well as became a parish school boy, but he was no genius of a student in hoddin gray. Reading in the concrete beyond "a chapter," a roup bill, an old newspaper account of an accident or crime—the last more difficult to compass because he did not know what was coming—sent this son of the soil soundly to sleep. But Mally might also feast her eyes, and did shyly regale them by watching, so short a way off, her bride-

groom measuring, with his corduroy-clad arm for an ell-wand and his thumb for one of its inches, the space of the wall in order that he might select the best spot for her wheel, in the era of domestic spinning. She prized still more than this planning or that of a second ledge for her water stoup and solitary specimens of pot and pan, since Mally, though practical, was not utterly prosaic, a nail which Adam knocked into the plaster just over the little window, to be ready for Mally's bird cage. Mally had a partiality for birds, while Adam's specialty in the matter of taste lays in flowers. The gruff, taciturn man loved, while he blushed for his love, a flower.

Mally's wheel and stoup were in the glory of new wood at the wheelwright's and cooper's. Mally had been occupied in the evenings for weeks making and marking the sheets and blankets which she had first spun. The master of Hayston had undertaken to fill Mally's girdle, doubling for that purpose Adam's allowance of meal and potatoes. The mistress had presented her favorite servant with her wedding-gown, the young mistress, the thirteen years old daughter of the house, had danced about Mally with Mally's wedding-cap. The farm servants, Sandy and Geordie, Mysie and Girzie, were coming forward with their offerings of mousetraps and pincushions. Mally and Adam were not immensely popular, but it would have boded ill both to giver and receiver, to prove churlish, not to do as one would be done by in pouring into the lap of the bride the customary gifts when marriage, like death, hushed discord. It was Adam's privilege and duty to bestow the crimson plaid, worked (that is, with the pattern woven into the texture), which was thenceforth to enwrap Mally's matronly shoulders, that as maidenly shoulders had been ignorant of further protection than the 'body' of her gown. Mally acknowledged gratefully that Adam had not spared her, or rather himself, when he spent thus a portion of the savings of his wages.

Adam was a hard-fisted man in general; it was a mercy that he knew how to open his hand on occasions, so that Mally's filled-in plaid was the admiration and envy of her gossips. In no woman was the love of dress, other than suitable, substantial dress, less ingrained; still Mally had the feelings

of her kind, and loved Adam the better for his bounty and for the sacrifice which the bounty had cost him.

It was within a fortnight and an odd day or two of Mally's marriage and of Martinmas. The blended downiness and mirth of the final ingathering of the crop, and the fresh slaughter of a mart ("head" of cattle), were stamped this year at Hayston with the inevitable heartiness, the important consciousness of an approaching wedding at the farm-town. Every introductory act of the drama had been played out happily. The gray Martinmas sky did not threaten the humble, valiant pair and the peasant home sure and safe in its lowliness. Adam and Mally were in high health and in the prime of their years; and all their relations ('still,' sensible people, like the couple themselves) were consenting to the union.

CHAPTER II.

TWO FALL OUT.

LOVE is a charm, and led the lovers, led the whole world of Hayston a charmed life during the first week after Adam and Mally had publicly proclaimed by the melodious mouth of the precentor that there was a purpose of marriage between them, "for the first time," the first time being that of the proclamation and not of the purpose. A second time the round and rosy man of psalms and paraphrases, and of ancient ballants and Allan Ramsay's songs in the harvest field and the barn and his own meal mill, shouted forth what rebounded like spent shot, and a certain waste of words within the whitewashed walls of the kirk, information which had become "stale, flat, and unprofitable" news to the congregation. Only the wild lassie Jeannie Fernie was as ready as ever to draw down on herself a rebuke by giggling irrepressibly, facing right round and poking her bare head into the bucht behind, where those self-contained, pragmatic sheep of the fold, Adam Urquhart and Mally Gilhaize, were in their places among the other Hayston servants. According to strictest Presbyterian usage, they kept the Sabbath by waiting on the acts of public worship, singing in a growling bass and a piping treble, praying and listening to the sermon as they best might, while they sat out doggedly the crying of their marriage.

Then the first objection to the marriage

arose in the tiniest little tiff between two big, reasonable, attached creatures.

One night Adam had carried Mally's lantern and milk-pails, though it was only from the byre aslant the loan when the kye were in the house. Mally had not demurred, although the distance was so short that the aid was no relief worth speaking of to her, while the lending of it afforded an opportunity for broad, roaring laughter to the remaining company of servants loitering about and coming up behind the couple. These women were not so devotedly squired, those men were simply in search of the measures of milk to be apportioned for their supper, or in condescending acceptance of the mixed gossip of the byre, before they should retire in a purely masculine conclave, like their higher-born brethren of billiard and smoking rooms, to the gossip of the stable. But Mally, though she was a little calculating and had a false horror of being spoken of and laughed at (the only false thing about her), was also fond of Adam, so she walked an idle lady, suffering Adam to be a little fussy and oppressive in his attentions. Doubtless she was cognisant of the truth, and took comfort from it, that the offence was the result of an abnormal condition on the part of Adam, and was by no means likely to prove inveterate, so as to render the couple permanently ridiculous.

But Adam was daft this night, as a bridegroom twice cried may well be. After the horse suppering and his own suppering, hardly daintier than that of his charge, when douce folk were in bed or on their way to that result, he tapped at the kitchen window, the doors being bolted and barred by this time, with a modest request, Would Mally admit him to sit with her for an hour, and bring in the night by the fire gathered and "happed" (tucked in and patted on the back as a mother "haps" her children)? or as the night was fine and not too frosty, would Mally open the door and stand in the doorway for the same space of time with him, watching till the moon rose?

There was the excuse for Adam that the custom to which he wished to conform was universal in his class; Mally's compliance with his requirement involved no impropriety or imprudence according to the common standard; nay, Mally had watched and brought in the night with

Adam at the hearth and by the door before now without a dream of harm. But Mally did not choose to watch with Adam this night, although he had, or supposed he had, something particular to say to her. Where was the use, she asked herself, of the two waking and watching yet again, when they were to belong to each other so soon? It would be a culpable waste of a peat fire and an oil lamp, and Mally was no more wasteful of her master and mistress's fuel and light than of her own property. The doorway was draughty, and standing in it for so much as ten minutes at night might cost Mally a stiff neck and a swollen face (as if Mally were not stiff-necked and swollen enough with conceit) so shortly before her marriage. Above all, where was the need for the risk? Mally did not believe in the need.

No, Mally could not, would not grant the prayer of Adam's petition. She was just going to say her prayers and go to bed, like a soberminded maiden, and she counselled Adam to do the same. And Adam complied with the counsel, after some parleying and remonstrating—Adam complied in dudgeon, and what was worse, with a wounded, aggrieved feeling against Mally.

The dudgeon was gone by the sunrise, for Adam was slow to wrath, and all the more frightfully implacable in wrath when it came; but the wounded, aggrieved feeling lingered and rankled. There was a something—the shadow of a shade of difference in the peace and sunshine of the footing on which the lovers stood towards each other from that night. Mally was sensible of the difference, and resented rather than regretted it, whether she had the right or not.

However, Adam was passionately in love with Mally; there was plenty of passion in the man, curbed and stamped down as it was, and by the close of the second week which saw Mally and Adam bride and bridegroom, the gossamer cobweb that had come between them had all but vanished in air.

On the eve of the third proclamation Sabbath, Adam and Mally, holding their heads so erect, stumbled into another pitfall more rugged, deeper, worse to get out of than what had preceded it.

It was not the bride's and the bridegroom's Sabbath out, but there were accommodating neighbors at such a crisis,

and Adam, without previous consultation, ordained bull-headedly that he and Mally should get up at daybreak, set out on the support of the lightest of breakfasts, and walk till far on in the afternoon to reach his mother's particular "cotton" (row of cottages), from which they could not return till the small hours of the following morning.

Mally opened her great gray eyes, hardened all over her square height, and distinctly declined the expedition. It was Sabbath-breaking in her eyes. She did not desire to throw the necessary work of her last Sabbath in service on a neighbor whom she could not hope to pay back in kind, though Adam might still have it in his power to relieve the man who fed the beasts and looked after the doors in Adam's stead. Mally's own mother, who lived near Hayston, had promised to look in upon her daughter after kirk time, to give her good advice, perhaps silently to look at her, though certainly not to kiss or cry over her. The long road to travel, which Adam was so regardless as to think of, even if the weather were still fine—and who could depend on a fair day at Martinmas? (besides the cat was washing her face and the peacock had screamed)—would be very injurious to Mally's good clothes. Mally could not go to see Adam's folk in other than good clothes.

Adam argued, urged, scolded after the fashion of a turbulent sea furiously attacking and sullenly retreating from a rock. No man likes to be repeatedly thwarted by the very person whose pleasure it should be to please him. It added a thousand-fold to Adam's provocation, that he had committed himself to others before he consulted Mally. He had sent by a chance messenger word of his intention to his mother, he had appointed his fellow-ploughman, Geordie, to occupy his—Adam's—post.

After all, Adam was to give in and submit to Mally's disobliging starchedness and obduracy. He was to disappoint his mother and the friends whom she would have called together to welcome him and his bride; he was to be laughed at by the entire town of Hayston. The moment Mally's rebellion sprouted out, Adam received a dig in the ribs from Geordie. "Tak tent, Adam, that the gray mear dinna prove the better horse. Nae doubt Mally will rin nane but a gude gate, wi' the bit atween

her teeth, but some men would prefer a less masterfu' mear—and wife." Mally ought to have had regard for Adam's credit, and her own involved in his, ought to have built them up instead of casting them down.

Adam spoke some bitter words and departed alone to his mother's. Mally kept house at Hayston, with a heart that knew its own soreness and was not without its chill dismay. Notwithstanding Mally was a bride, nothing could alter that fact, and by this recurring Sabbath a week nearer to being a wife. The precentor would cry the couple sonorously the third time though Adam and Mally were not there to hear, and before the next Sabbath—why the next Sabbath would be the Sabbath of Mally's kirking in Adam's crimson plaid, the kirking of her life.

But what if Adam would not speak to Mally when he came back on Monday?

It was the faintest, most foolish qualm arising out of Mally's own heart, for she did not say a word to her mother, yet it cost Mally, who rarely shed tears, a brief shower of crystal drops surreptitiously shed, and wiped away as soon as shed with her apron. Mally might shed these tears, they were the last she would shed for Adam Urquhart.

There were but four days between Monday and Adam and Mally's wedding-day, which like that of other working men and women was pushed to the extreme verge of the week that it might be celebrated on the half holiday of a Saturday. It was therefore pressingly incumbent on Adam that he should speak to Mally on his return, and he did speak to her the first time he saw her, while he still looked soiled, jaded, and to tell the truth cankered in temper.

To Mally's amazement and indignation Adam made a late, abrupt announcement that he had settled their wedding should be a penny wedding.

Penny weddings, or weddings where volunteer guests brought each his or her contribution to the entertainment, instead of its expense being defrayed jointly by the bridegroom and the bride, were still in vogue and still reckoned respectable.

But it may be guessed how unpalatable penny weddings were to Mally Gilhaize, and how she resented, as next to an unpardonable affront, the proposal of a penny wedding in her own case.

The idea had been three-fourths bred in Adam's brain by ill humor, and the fourth

share in it owed its origin to the niggardliness latent in him, and farther developed in his folk with whom he had been in consultation.

But Mally refused point-blank to be a party in Adam's plan; refused with such scorn and acrimony as she had not expressed for his ill-judged scheme of visiting his mother. If Adam had taken no pains to dress up his ungraceful amendment to the celebration of their marriage, Mally did not soften her rejection of it and her disgust at its nature.

"You may be married ony way you like, Adam Urquhart; but I'll never stand up at a penny wedding, and gin I were to demean myself, my folk wouldna hear o't."

Adam was no liberal-minded, temperate and tolerant man to balance nice questions of authority before and after marriage. It was with him Mally would not stand up, it was with him that she spoke of demeaning herself. If she cared for anybody save herself, it was for her folk, and she put them in the balance against him, and made him go down before them, while the manner of her reception of his will was the summing-up of a lengthened list of slights and indignities. All Adam's worse traits were strongly acted upon and rendered dominant. The savage in the man was seen in the black gloom of his brow and the fierce set of his teeth.

"You are a haughty hizzie," he said hoarsely; "you are no' the wife for a poor man like me; you may marry how or when you like for me, from this day."

Mally met his defiant gaze with an answering glare from those fixed gray eyes of hers, and the two turned away. It was not till Mally was behind the haystack that she wrung her hands in consternation and uttered a short, sharp cry, "Wae's me."

"Mally," said the mistress of Hayston the same night, "your master and me ha'e come to the conclusion as you and Adam ha'e been two gude servants, and as Adam is to continue in our service (and I'm sure you'll aye be ready to lend me a helping hand wi' the sheet and the blanket washings, and the carpet shakings—you ken me well enough to be aware you'll no lose a' by that, Mally), we'll give you and Adam for being gude bairns, and your friends on your account, your marriage tea and supper—that is, if you chose to be married in this house, and will accept the compliment at our hands."

"Thank you, mem," answered Mally briefly, shutting her eyes in giddy sickness for once in her life.

The motherly mistress was a little disappointed, and could not help thinking that Mally was not very grateful for so distinguished a mark of favor.

Mally was writhing under the pang which comes from the despairing conviction "too late," and with the remembrance how she had conveyed back that very afternoon to Adam, to the sepulchre of his kist, the brave crimson plaid.

CHAPTER III.

WHO WILL SPEAK THE FOREMOST WORD?

THE quarrel which was talked of by more than one generation, had broken out, blazed up, and, unlike most fires, continued to smoulder for nearly the quarter of a century. Adam and Mally had made themselves a marvel, the gazing-stocks of the country side in the beginning. That might be a reason why the couple stayed on servants on the same farm of Hayston, not only failing to lose sight of each other, but coming perpetually in contact. Their stubbornness and selfishness might be mixed up with the fact. Neither would give the other the satisfaction of thinking that he or she had cost him or her a good place—which good servants were wont to cling to tenaciously so long as they were in service. It was a boast then of many a cidevant resolute and patient ploughman and maid-servant that their first place had been their last, until they had learnt to care for children, animals, land, as if these had been the servants' own. Yet another motive might lurk under the persistency with which the pair kept alive the association which linked them together by not separating as wide apart as the poles, putting sea and shore and crowds of strange faces between them. In the love to hatred turned, it is possible there was a morbid appetite for the sight and the sound of each other. But only a Yorkshire, a Cumberland, or a Scotch lad and lass could have lived the experience out: perhaps not many besides Adam and Mally.

At Hayston, Adam Urquhart and Mally Gilhaize abode month after month and year after year, serving each other, for their faithful service to their master and mistress demanded the sacrifice, silently. Their companions whispered and glanced; but from the first they laid no

trains and played no tricks to break the deathlike silence between Adam and Mally, or to draw them, in any untoward fashion for their circumstances, together again. The weight of resentment, the depth of sullenness which the man and the woman evolved, fairly awed their blustering, rattling, half-childish neighbors. Adam and Mally were let alone—that last fearful sentence pronounced on unrepentant transgressors. Not even Mrs. Fernie dared to speak of the one to the other. As for Jeannie, passing from thoughtless girlhood into thoughtful womanhood, the spectacle of such enmity, so provoked, positively scared her. "It is fearsome, mother," Jeannie would say, stopping her sewing and indulging in day-dreams by the window or the fire; "they liked each other once, they'll like each other again if they ever get to heaven, or will they stand aloof there, think you?"

If all the inhabitants of Hayston had been as imaginative as Jeannie Fernie had grown, the two unreconciled foes might have been able to cast a repellant gloom over the open, wholesome day of rural life. But the agricultural race, superiors and inferiors, proved largely practical, and even Jeannie in her youthful fancies was ordinarily very much occupied with her own important concerns. The Hayston world could exist, flourish, and become hardened, and to a certain extent unconscious of a constant nightmare in its presence. The punishment fell justly on the offenders—and how among other galling elements the flouting notoriety which light women crave ate like rust into the soul of the proudest of proud peasant women!

Adam's and Mally's "sticks," as Mrs. Fernie had named their pieces of furniture, without any intention of disparaging them, had been taken back by the mechanics who had furnished the articles, unaccustomed as wheelwright or cooper was to such bride's and bridegroom's vagaries, on the payment of a small forfeit. Adam's folk and Mally's folk had alike looked on the proceedings aghast and aggrieved, but had not ventured to interfere with their formidable relatives. The mousetrap, pin-cushion, &c., had been returned to their respective donors—a process which had moved a soft-hearted woman or two to tears. Mally had retained her wedding gown and cap because they were of no moment to

Mrs. Fernie and Miss Jeannie, neither would it be acceptable to Mally's old and young mistress to have their gifts back. The former bade Mally lay the unlucky apparel by, and Mally laid it shrouded in a towel at the foot of her kist, as Adam had stuffed the crimson plaid to the foot of his, where their fingers rarely fell on them.

The foreman's house had to be "wared" with a grudge from Mrs. Fernie on Adam because he was the foreman, but he lived in it as he had lived in the bothy, more ascetically and austere indeed, for it was a lonely as well as a sordid life with no end in view.

Adam might have married to spite Mally: he was a hard-working, sober man, a good worldly match in his degree.

Mally might have married to put out her malice on Adam, for she would have made a good wife notwithstanding her pride, which she had so closely disguised that her neighbors called it temper, and did not avoid and rail at her for it. Adam and Mally might have married another bride and bridegroom, but they did not so marry.

In the bustle of Mally's active duties, going about the house, going about the yard, she was never out of sight of the home which should have been hers, not a day out of sight of the man who, in quaint German and Scotch phrase was to have been her "man." She saw the foreman's house with the February snows drifting up its little window, summoning before the mind, by dint of contrast, the cosie hearth beside which there had once been found a place for Mally's wheel—Mally could have pointed to within half an inch of the spot selected—while above the snowed-up window was still fastened the nail for the cage of a bird which had moulted and re-plumed itself, and sung in season and out of season till it had died a bird's natural sudden death. Mally saw the same house glittering in the golden June and July mornings, when cocks were crowing, larks carolling, and white convolvuluses hanging their trumpets over the hedge of Adam's yard.

Mally fed the fanners with Adam when the roar of the March wind silenced the beat of the machine, and rushing in below the closed door and by the keyhole, caused the chaff to dance on the barn floor. Adam bound to Mally's shearing as the best bandster to the best shearer

during the long day, among the white bere and the yellow oats of the harvest fields. At the shearers' eleven hours and four hours the two sat in the same social ring, and if Adam did not reach parched corn to Mally as Boaz did to Ruth, this couple ate of the same pile of scones and touched with their lips the rim of the same cog of ale.

A little later in the season, when the September air had a touch of keenness in it, bringing out the scent of the mint in the stubble and the sound of the crack of guns and the whirr of partridges' and pheasants' wings flying before the lairds and their sons and guests, Adam built the stacks in the yard, and Mally, in her robust womanhood, equal on a pinch to a man's work, often stood on the height of the full corn cart and forked sheaves to him. Afterwards, when her share of the work was done, while her sinews were all strained, her muscles all quivering and throbbing with the toil, Mally would walk out of the house with a straight back and an unflinching gait, and hand up to Adam the pitcher with his draught, which it was her duty to brew for him—a pitcher given without a benison and returned without thanks.

At the milking, summer and winter, Mally now carried her pails unrelieved; her arms were more mature and more trained to their load; she could cross the long gloaming fields without a halt. It was well since she had no longer reason to fear delay in her progress, or the chaffing ("jawing," Mally named it) of the other lads and lasses on out-of-character, ill-timed aid.

But when Adam was in the field or the byre with the other men to get the chief sauce to his meals, if any of the kye were restive—and Mally as the head woman-servant on the farm always milked such kye—Adam the leader next to the master, still came forward and held each unruly cow's head or foot, to keep her from doing Mally harm. Mally was not simply his master's servant, and so like the rest of Mr. Fernie's goods and chattels to be guarded from injury under Adam's care, she was a woman to be defended by a man.

Mally had a mighty control over her nature, but her hatred was like fire in her bones at such a moment, as Adam's was when she held up to him the stack-

builder's pitcher. She would rather the brutal horns and hoofs had tossed and kicked her. He would have preferred if the draught, which tasted like gall to his parched palate, had been manifest poison, that he might have poured it without challenge on the regardless ground.

The man and the woman were present in company at every feast at Hayston year after year. Other neighbors changed places, married, died; Adam and Mally reappeared as if they had been petrified in their seats. They continued to sit in the same kirk where they had been cried and should have been kirked, and in whose mouldering corners the echoes of the three cryings lingered and came back tauntingly to the ears which the aging bridegroom and bride strove to close against the words.

In the same servants' bucht, sometimes side by side, Adam and Mally sat or stood listening to words of heavenly amnesty and Divine forgiveness. They went forward when there were set in the kirk the tables of the Lord, who bade a man when he would come to God's altar, and had anything against his brother, to leave there his gift before the altar, and go and first be reconciled to his brother and then come and offer his gift. Instead, approached this man and this woman, having their hearts consumed with the grudge which they bore each other, did not fear to eat the Master's bread, and did not fall down and give up the ghost in the act of daring impiety.

Changes supplied their test to the faithfulness of the love to hatred turned. In the course of years there came to pass a day on which Adam, perched on the highest step of a high ladder repairing the thatch on the roof of an outhouse, missed his footing, fell to the ground, and suffered a sufficient concussion of the brain to keep him insensible for a period of hours. During his interval of unconsciousness Adam did not lack the attendance of women. Among them was Mally, experienced and sedate, but blanched in her ruddiness as Adam was in his swarthinness, yet quite as much to be depended upon in the matter of basin, sponge, and bandage as though she were not in a waking dream.

According to most novels, Adam, shut in as he was from the outer world, ought to have recognized Mally through his

closed eyelids, and while his powers of observation were still in abeyance detected her presence by some subtle instinct; but Adam was only a coarse and dull fellow of a ploughman, and he had not this inscrutable second sight. On his recovery he must have guessed that there were women folk about him when he was lying helpless, and he might wonder in the sullen recesses of his soul whether Mally Gilhaize were one of these women, but he never asked in order to make himself sure.

As for Mally, leaping at a conclusion in her woman's way, she credited that he had asked, been answered, and made no sign, so hated yet more for his inflexible sternness the man of whom she had thought at odd moments, when he was stretched white and still before her, that she could have taken his place and died in his room to raise him up to rude health and long life again.

It was Jeannie Fernie's turn to be married, and in the expanding, infinitely gentle sympathies which belong to great happiness (else happiness is not much worth either to the possessor or to the world at large), Jeannie bethought her tenderly of the last marriage which had been in preparation at Hayston, and how it had ended with a man and a woman's lives marred. In the light and satisfaction of her own heart Jeannie read the curse of blight and barrenness on two other hearts, and comprehended how the mere joyful talk of another wedding at Hayston must sound to them. She trembled and yearned—not lest dire discord should break in on all the harmonies of her own life, for, knowing her lover kind in his truth, and herself meek in her loyalty, she could not conceive of such desolation as their portion. But Jeannie panted to play the peace-maker.

Mally had been ironing a big washing of Miss Jeannie's pretty new clothes and dainty fine muslins, and was still engaged in ironing, when Jeannie crept behind her, "Mally," she said, nervously, "do you mind your fine lace cap which I gave you when I was a saucy lassie eight years ago! Oh! Mally, Mally," cried Jeannie holding Mally fast by throwing her arms round Mally's waist, braving the hazard of the scorching iron, "will you never wear that cap? Is there nothing that I can say or do for you and Adam? Would

he mind if my Willie spoke to him? I think I could persuade Willie to try, and Willie is a lawyer with a wise and winning tongue. The minister is nothing to Willie. Then we might be married on the same day, Mally, and that would break the deed and cover your story with ours."

"Never, Miss Jeannie!" forbade Mally so furiously, as she freed herself, that Jeannie recoiled. "Me to be spoken for to Adam Urquhart by another man, be he servant or master? I would ha'e the mools heaped upon my head sooner."

The warm breath of change had no effect on that black frost of hate.

Ten, fifteen years elapsed—Jeannie Fernie's children were running about her knees; the master and the mistress of Hayston were superannuated in their infirmity. Mally was a middle-aged woman of forty. Adam an elderly man of forty-five. Among peasants the married women age faster than the men, but in compensation the reverse is the case with the unmarried women. Mally was still firm and vigorous down to teeth and hair, with much work in her, though there was a weather-worn look about her, and hard lines in her full-fleshed, fresh-colored face; notwithstanding that her dress remained nearly the same, no one would have mistaken her for a much younger woman than she was. Yet if Mally had been a happy woman, in her scrupulously-fitting, well-preserved clothes, her staid freshness and comeliness, which had never depended to any great extent on youthful bloom and lightness, might have been little impaired. A proud honest woman must lose more than happiness, she must lose self-respect before she can become a haggard slattern in rags. Happiness—or let it be called peace—however, if it is not the foundation, is the copestone of the good looks of a woman of forty.

Mally had the air of a woman who was trusted and was worthy of trust: at the same time she looked what she was, a sour-ed, exacting, what the Scotch call "forbidding," woman—a woman who would neither ask nor grant favor—a woman before whom the younger maidservants at Hayston either cowered or broke into revolt; flying or flouncing to their tottering old mistress, who might sometimes be unreasonable and fretful in her dotage, yet

by whose decision her subjects would soon-er abide than by that of the beggar made a porter, who was Mrs. Fernie's premier.

But Adam was bent and half lame with rheumatism; it was only by an effort that he was able for a full man's work. His hair was quite grizzled—indeed, he looked gray all over. If he were a moneyed man, as it was reported Adam was, rich enough in his assiduous perservering parsimony to have leased and stocked a little farm of his own, he was far from showing it in his person or habits. His jacket was faded and patched, his shoes clouted, his blue bonnet discolored into green, with the cherry in the crown and the tartan belt frayed into no possibility of knowing what they had represented. His bachelor foreman's house was as cold and comfortless a den as rustic Timon of Athens ever took refuge in. He showed that a man's self-respect may exist on bare uncouth decency of garment and dwelling. He was a morose, saturnine man, who for all he was a good servant, a pure liver, a regular church-goer, was rightly named by Scotch shrewdness "an auld sinner," and was shunned as men shun a famine.

The one thing which Adam cherished in addition to his sturdy faithful fostering of his own master's possessions was his yard. Adam continued to cultivate his yard, and not only to plant, "fur," and dig potatoes, but to rear in his border a flower or two, which he looked at with grim, dim, shy satisfaction—did not pull or give away.

CHAPTER IV.

"OUT OF DEATH—LIFE."

DEATH, which had long spared Hayston, came at last not for a single visit. The old master and mistress died within a few weeks of each other in the last year of what had been their father's ninety-nine years' lease. Their death happened opportunely for the entrance of a new tenant.

This new tenant was a man of new lights in everything, holding undoubtingly to the proverb that "new brooms sweep clean." He had been permitted to enter on the farm in spring time, just after the old couple, whose day was over, had passed with the lengthening day and the broadening light—let good people trust to a longer day that should have no night, and to a light which as it did not depend on sun or moon should know no setting. The new tenant's first act was to dismiss

every old servant at Whitsunday. It was the best season of the year for getting field work, if it was not the great hiring term, and as compensation was given to those servants who were engaged for the year, none of them had a right to complain.

None of them did complain, and the younger men and women, though they might spend a sigh on their old master and mistress, rather liked the compulsory flitting, for the love of change had awakened among them. But there were two to whom quitting Hayston for ever and a day, was like breaking up the foundation of their lives and tearing up the roots of their being. Adam Urquhart and Mally Gilhaize had come to Hayston a strapping lad and lass; they were leaving it well nigh a carle and carline, faded, so far as they could fade, furrowed with heavy hearts and tempers, from which the elasticity was all departed. They had dreamt their dream of love and hatred there, and what was to become of the life that was left them when they should no longer see each other daily so as to procure fresh supplies of the bitter morsel between their teeth? The couple might, indeed, take other places on one farm, but that could only happen by an unlikely coincidence. Christian man and woman could not be so heathenish, so devoured by absorbing malice, as to premeditate and carry out craftily the arrangement.

No, there was to be no more glancing from beneath the brows at what should have been her home by Mally; no more dark looks interchanged at milking time; no more mocking aid proffered by the one to the other; no more sitting, bound by an unhallowed spell, in the same bucht in the kirk, and going forward having hands foul with the blood of each other's souls to handle and taste the memorials of spotless Innocence and unfailling Love.

The winter snow might fall, the summer sun might glint on the foreman's house at Hayston; it would be the scene of another life history, viewed by stranger eyes that knew nothing and cared nothing for Mally and Adam. Mally might toil and trudge, Adam limp and grind; it would be miles and miles apart, and without the knowledge of each other.

In the listlessness and depression produced by the conviction, Mally did not take another place, but resolved to go home to

a widowed sister (Mally's mother was dead), and work with her for her board. The situation would be mere idleness to Mally, in which she might for the first time in her active, robust life, sicken of a vague disease, or where her craving energies would plague the indifferent, scornful nephews and nieces to whom she would be the tyrannous, crabbed Aunt Mally.

Adam, too, though there was no collusion between the pair, would not hire himself to another master. He took a vacant cottage in the vicinity, proposing to live there and work at odd jobs till he could rent a field or two such as his own powers and those of a yoking of horses might labor, and thus attain the object of peasant ambition—to turn cottar-farmer on his own account. But with no diligent, careful gudewife to be perpetually looking after house economies, and to better his home so as to render it a restorer for a breaking down man, or to take her share in field work; with no young, vigorous son or daughter to help to hold the ploughstock or the sowing-sheet when stiffening hands were grown more feckless, the chances were against Adam. Industrious and sagacious in his own line, painfully saving as Adam was, he could not fight the battle single-handed like a younger, abler-bodied man; he would lose his hard-won, tightly-griped siller; he might come on the parish at last a savage pauper, if he did not prefer to starve and die alone—a beast's death.

It was the night before the term. Adam and Mally had withdrawn betimes from the "foy" or farewell supper held in the farm-house kitchen, and had left their neighbors at liberty to linger and enjoy the slightly sentimental hilarity, while the two old stagers worked up what remained to be worked before the household slept and waked in their final night at Hayston.

The kye, what was left of them, were in the field, but Mally had a light burden to bear compared with what she had often borne over the red and white heads of the clover, and the May gloaming was not dusk enough in its sweetness and serenity to admit of a fear of bogles. Though Mally had ceased to be haunted by these tormentors, there was danger that even the hard, middle-aged woman might be assailed by ghosts this night—by the ghost of her own not untender, true-as-steel young wo-

manhood, and the ghost of a man capable of kindness in his severity, and passionately fond in the contracted, gorged channel of his manhood, whom she had gone halves in destroying.

By a small circumstance enough Mally was delivered from these importunate, troublesome bogles. As she passed what was still Adam's house and yard, she saw him delaying the little horse-suppering which he had to do, possibly loth to flash up his solitary lantern for a parting gleam on the all but empty stalls, bins, hooks for martingales and bridles, which he had known so well, and to shake down the fodder for the sole descendants and successors of Diamond and Bab-at-the-Bowster—fearing bogles in his turn. Adam was in his yard among the dews, and by the evening star gathering all the flowers which an early season had brought into blossom in his border—London pride, thrift, polyanthes, white lilies, with branches of budding lilac from his bush and of hawthorn from his hedge. Somehow the sight of Adam gathering flowers and making a nosegay tickled and tormented Mally, and drove other thoughts out of her mind. What would the dour, sour carle do with a flower? Stick it in a broken jug, and set it as a relic of his garden to adorn the first shelf he should put up in his miserable cottage? A “fell” like place for a posie, and a fell like man for posies!

Mally would not miss the gowans on the sward; as for her last bird, it was dead—better dead, “poor genty, singing thing,” than beset by her sister's cruel cat and mischievous, heedless bairns. But what had Adam Urquhart to do with flowers? and how could he pretend to be taken up with them when he had not so much as said he was sorry to give up everything besides?

Adam was there to answer Mally's question; as she rose up from her sitting posture, with her back to the farm-town, she saw Adam standing at a few paces' distance from her, and the kye in the field. He looked gray in the paling light, old and wan in his roughness, as she had decided very unlike the fresh, fragrant flowers which he held in his hand. “Nevertheless he clutched them till, as by an impulse, he held them out towards her. “Will you have them, Mally?” he asked, the voice which broke the long silence sounding

hollow as a voice from the dead; “they will help to keep you in mind o' Hayston.”

Mally might have said that she did not wish to be kept in mind of Hayston, and least of all by him. She might have said, as she was not a lover of flowers for the flowers' sake, they would encumber her with a milk-pail in her hand, and what was she to do with them when she should flit the next day?

But she only stood staring at him till the ebbing tide of his blood was rushing in a raging flood to his face. Then her eyes flickered and fell, and Mally held out a hand and took the flowers, without a word either of thanks or reproach.

Adam drew a long gusty sigh as though his breast were rid of some perilous stuff. “It's a pity they're no summer flowers,” he remarked, apologetically, almost pleadingly, “for then, more by token gin they had been roses, they would ha'e kept their scent—the scent o' Hayston—after they were nae mair than a wheen dry, shrivelled blades. But I put some sprigs o' balm among them, and *they'll* keep pressed in a book.”

“Why should they keep, Adam, when everything else has gane?” inquired Mally sharply.

He glanced at her, and then he offered to take her pitcher. “I'll carry it,” he said stoutly.

“It's no ill to carry,” she protested, but she did not resist farther, or tell him that the strength of his arm compared to hers was not what it had been.

There were no longer jeering companions to cry out and affront Hercules and Omphale: Mysie and Geordie, Sandy and Girzie, were at their own firesides, speaking anxious words to haflin' laddies and gilpies of lassies starting at the coming term on their entrance into the world, or rocking sick bairns' cradles, or pining on sick beds themselves. As for their successors, who were celebrating their foy in the farm-house kitchen, they would about as soon have expected, and would have looked little less aghast, to see the two solid green *laws*—the opposite boundaries on the different sides of Hayston—march across and meet amicably and confidentially, as to see Mally and Adam make up to each other on their last night and break the seal of fifteen years on their lips. These innocent youngsters were still bragging and blustering, drinking toasts

and healths, singing each his or her solitary identifying song, and lighting pipes in blessed innocuousness.

"It's no ill to carry," echoed Adam, as he put down the pitcher and wiped the perspiration from his brow, midway in the field, "but it's long since I've carried anything for you, lass."

If he choked on these significant words, Mally's heart swelled when he resigned the pitcher, thrusting it into the hand which held the flowers at the corner of the house.

This was the upshot. Well, what else could it be? and was it not a mercy that not an eye had seen the weak moment of relenting. The flowers might stand unnoticed among the basins in the dairy, amidst the confusion.

Excited and out of order as Hayston was, the hubbub died out at length, and man and woman were at rest, sleeping sound after their fatigue and excitement, and in preparation for the fresh fatigue and excitement of the term day. When Mally laid on the great slab of peat for the gathering of the kitchen fire, she started to hear a tap at the window. The sound was not uncommon of nights where farm-servants lodge, but every countryman, far and near, was aware that the Hayston folk would flit next day, and might be seen and spoken with in the course of their flitting. Every younger countryman was occupied more or less this night, if not with his own flitting, with that of his immediate neighbor. None of the women sleeping so sweetly had reason to be restless in anticipation of a visitor. Mally's heart leapt to her throat. She thought she knew the tap, yet how could she after so wide an interval? Her fancy was playing a trick on her; she was "a daft auld maid," she said with indignation and scorn, to credit that because one act had been reproduced of the play which had been played out before Miss Jeannie was wed or the auld mistress grew auld (the old figures, every one, had been coming to life again, and

moving around her during these dreamy, dreary, bonnie May days), all the acts were to be repeated.

The tap came again, causing Mally to shake as she had not shaken in her life before, and Adam's voice reached her in a loud whisper through the window-pane, "Mally, will you wait and watch wi' me the nicht? It is an odds frae the nicht I socht you before."

Mally went to the door, though she walked as if her feet were loaded with lead. She unlocked and unlatched bolt and latch bunglingly, saying faintly, with a woman's jealous excuse for herself, to the shadowy figure without, "It's a balmy nicht—it's no as gin it were winter. I can tak no chill in the May air through a crack wi' an auld acquaintance, forby I'm no so fashed wi' hoasts as I was wont to be."

"Mally," demanded Adam, with his hand pressing Mally's shoulder, "will you gang wi' me come Sabbath, and see my nither?" She's very frail and blind now, woman."

"I'll be blythe to speir for her gin that will do her ony gude," granted Mally tremulously, but in her sympathy maintaining her woman's perversity and hypocrisy to the last; for, after all, Mally, with her tremendous dignity and staunchness, was only a woman.

"We ha'e been twa fules wha ha'e lost the best o' their days," swore Adam, speaking under that inconstant but sweet May sky, which could frown and smile again twenty times in a day.

The sentence was disparaging in every light, yet Mally assented to the condemnation mildly, "Sae ha'e we, my man."

Adam brightened the next moment, as men will brighten when their opponents show symptoms of giving in, cheered at the same time by a welcome recollection.

"Folk may laugh," he declared, "let them laugh, Mally, we may do't the morn. We ha'e na lost the fees for the cryings, and your red plaid is aye to the fore."



The Academy.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FARADAY.*

BY DR. BENCE JONES.

II.

THE first volume of the *Life and Letters of Faraday* revealed to us the youth who was to be father to the man. Skilful, aspiring, resolute, he grew steadily in knowledge and in power. The fervor of a religion was in his work, and it was this, as much as his intellect, which enabled him to make a mark upon his age which can never be effaced. At the beginning of the second volume of the *Life and Letters* he appears to us as the discoverer of a new and vast electrical domain. Consciously or unconsciously, the relation of Action to Reaction was ever present to his mind. It had been fostered by his discovery of Magnetic Rotations, and it planted in him more daring ideas of a similar kind. Magnetism, he knew, could be evoked by electricity, and he thought that electricity, in its turn, ought to be capable of evolution by magnetism. On the 29th of August, 1831, his experiments on this subject began. He had been fortified by previous trials, which, though failures, had begotten instincts directing him towards the truth. Strictly speaking, there are no failures to the strong worker. He may miss the outward object, but he gains the inner light, education, and expansion. Of this Faraday's life was a constant illustration. By November he had discovered and colligated a multitude of the most wonderful and unexpected phenomena. He had generated currents by currents; currents by magnets, permanent and transitory; and he afterwards generated currents by the earth itself. Arago's *Magnetism of Rotation*, which had for years offered itself as a challenge to the best scientific intellects of Europe, now fell into his hands. It proved to be a beautiful but still special illustration of the great principle of Magneto-electric Induction. Nothing equal to this, in the way of pure experimental inquiry, had previously been achieved.

He took breath at Brighton, but immediately returned to his work. Electricities from various sources were examined, and their differences and resemblances reveal-

ed. He thus assured himself of their substantial identity. He then wrought at Conduction, and gave many striking illustrations of the influence of Fusion on Conducting Power. Renouncing commercial work, he now poured his whole momentum into his researches. With surpassing energy he worked at Electro-chemistry. The light of law was for a time obscured by the thick umbrage of novel facts; but he finally emerged from his researches with the great principle of Definite Electro-chemical Decomposition in his hands. If his discovery of Magneto-electricity may be ranked with that of the Pile by Volta, this new discovery may almost stand beside that of Definite Combining Proportions in Chemistry. He passed on to Static Electricity—its Conduction, Induction, and Mode of Propagation. He discovered and illustrated the principle of Inductive Capacity; and, turning to theory, he asked himself how electrical attractions and repulsions are transmitted. Are they, like gravity, actions at a distance, or do they require a medium? If the former, then, like gravity, they will act in straight lines; if the latter, then, like sound or light, they may turn a corner. Faraday held, and his views are gaining ground, that his experiments proved the fact of curvilinear propagation, and hence the operation of a medium. Others denied this; but none can deny the profound and philosophic character of his leading thought.*

He had heard it stated that henceforth physical discovery would be made solely by the aid of mathematics; that we had our data, and needed only to work deductively. Statements of a similar character crop out from time to time in our day. They arise from an imperfect acquaintance with the nature, present condition, and prospective vastness of the field of physical inquiry. The upshot of natural science will doubtless be to bring all physical phenomena under the dominion of mechanical laws; to give them, in other words, mathe-

* In a very remarkable paper published in Pogendorff's *Annalen* for 1857, Werner Siemens develops and accepts Faraday's theory of Molecular Induction.

* 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans, 1869.

mathematical expression. But our approach to this result is asymptotic; and for ages to come—possibly for all the ages of the human race—Nature will find room for both the philosophical experimenter and the mathematician. Faraday entered his protest against the foregoing statement by labelling his investigations *Experimental Researches in Electricity*. They were completed in 1854, and three volumes of them have been published. For the sake of reference, he numbered every paragraph, the last number being 3362. In 1859 he collected and published a fourth volume of papers under the title, *Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics*. Thus, by abundant labors, this apostle of experiment magnified his office.

The first volume of the *Researches* contains all the papers above referred to. The second embraces memoirs on the Electricity of the Gymnotus; on the Source of Power in the Voltaic Pile; on the Electricity evolved by the Friction of Water and Steam, in which the phenomena and principles of Sir William Armstrong's Hydro-electric machine are described and developed; a paper on Magnetic Rotations, and Faraday's letters in relation to the controversy it aroused. The contribution of most permanent value here is that on the Source of Power in the Voltaic Pile. By it the Contact Theory pure and simple was totally overthrown, and the necessity of chemical action to the maintenance of the current demonstrated.

The third volume of the *Researches* opens with a memoir entitled "The Magnetization of Light, and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force." It is difficult even now to affix a definite meaning to this title; but the discovery of the rotation of the plane of polarization which it announced seems pregnant with great results. The writings of William Thomson on the theoretic aspects of the discovery; the excellent electro-dynamic measurements of Wilhelm Weber, which are models of experimental completeness and skill; Weber's labors in conjunction with his lamented friend Kohlrausch—above all, the researches of Clerk Maxwell on the Electro-magnetic Theory of Light—point to that wonderful and mysterious medium which is the vehicle of light and radiant heat as the probable basis also of magnetic and electric phenomena. The hope of such a combination was first raised

by the discovery here referred to.* Faraday himself seemed to cling with particular affection to this discovery. He felt that there was more in it than he was able to unfold. He predicted that it would grow in meaning with the growth of science. This it has done; this it is doing now. Its right interpretation will probably mark an epoch in scientific history.

Rapidly following it is the discovery of Diamagnetism, or the Repulsion of Matter by a magnet. Brugmans had shown that bismuth repelled a magnetic needle. Here he stopped. Le Bailliff proved that antimony did the same. Here he stopped. Seebeck, Becquerel, and others, also touched the discovery. These fragmentary gleams excited a momentary curiosity, and were almost forgotten, when Faraday, independently, alighted on the same facts, and instead of stopping, made them the inlets to a new and vast region of research. The value of a discovery is to be measured by the intellectual action it calls forth; and it was Faraday's good fortune to strike, not the nuggets, but the lodes of scientific truth, in which some of the best intellects of the age have found occupation.

"The salient quality of Faraday's scientific character reveals itself from beginning to end of these volumes: a union of ardor and patience—the one prompting the attack, the other holding him on to it till defeat was final or victory assured. Certainty in one sense or the other was necessary to his peace of mind. The right method of investigation is perhaps incommunicable; it depends on the individual rather than on the system, and our contemporaries, we think, miss the mark when they point to Faraday's researches as merely illustrative of the power of the inductive philosophy. The brain may be filled with that philosophy; but without the energy and insight which this man posses-

* A letter addressed to me by Prof. Weber, on the 18th of last March, contains the following reference to the connection here mentioned:—"Die Hoffnung einer solchen Combination ist durch Faraday's Entdeckung der Drehung der Polarisationssebene durch magnetische Directions-kraft zuerst, und sodann durch die Uebereinstimmung derjenigen Geschwindigkeit, welche das Verhältniss der electro-dynamischen Einheit zur electro-statischen ausdrückt, mit der Geschwindigkeit des Lichts angeregt worden; und mir scheint von allen Versuchen, welche zur Verwirklichung dieser Hoffnung gemacht worden sind, das von Herrn Maxwell gemachte am erfolgreichsten."

ses, and which with him are personal and distinctive, we shall never rise to the level of his achievements. His power is that of individual genius, rather than of philosophic method. It is the energy of a strong and independent soul expressing itself after its own fashion, and acknowledging no mediator between it and Nature."

The second volume of the *Life and Letters*, like the first, is a historic treasury as regards Faraday's work and character, and his scientific and social relations. It contains letters from Humboldt, Herschel, Hachette, De La Rive, Dumas, Liebig, Melloni, Becquerel, Ersted, Plücker, Du Bois-Reymond, Lord Melbourne, Prince Louis Napoleon, and many other distinguished men. I notice with particular pleasure a letter from Sir John Herschel, in reply to a sealed packet addressed to him by Faraday, but which he had permission to open if he pleased. The packet referred to one of the many unfulfilled hopes which spring up in the mind of fertile investigators:—

"Go on and prosper, 'from strength to strength,' like a victor marching with assured step to further conquests; and be certain that no voice will join more heartily in the peans that already begin to rise, and will speedily swell into a shout of triumph, astounding even to yourself, than that of J. F. W. Herschel."

As an encourager and inspirer of the scientific worker, this fine spirit is still beneficently active.

Faraday's behavior to Melloni in 1835 merits special notice. The young man was a political exile in Paris. He had newly fashioned and applied the thermoelectric pile, and had obtained with it results of the greatest importance. But they were not appreciated. With the sickness of disappointed hope Melloni waited for the report of the Commissioners appointed by the Academy to examine his labors. At length he published his researches in the *Annales de Chimie*. They thus fell into the hands of Faraday, who, discerning at once their extraordinary merit, obtained for Melloni the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society. A sum of money always accompanies this medal, and the pecuniary help was at this time even more essential than the mark of honor to the young refugee. Melloni's gratitude was boundless:—

"Et vous, monsieur," he writes to Faraday, "qui appartenez à une société à laquelle je n'avait rien offert, vous qui me connaissiez à peine le nom; vous n'avez pas demandé si j'avais des ennemis faibles ou puissants, ni calculé quel en était le nombre; mais vous avez parlé pour l'opprimé étranger, pour celui qui n'avait pas le moindre droit à tant de bienveillance, et vos paroles ont été accueillies favorablement par des collègues consciencieux! Je reconnais bien là des hommes dignes de leur noble mission, les véritables représentants de la science d'un pays libre et généreux."

Within the prescribed limits of this article it would be impossible to give even the slenderest summary of Faraday's correspondence, or to carve from it more than the merest fragments of his character. His letters, written to Lord Melbourne and others in 1836, regarding his pension, illustrate his uncompromising independence. The Prime Minister had offended him, but assuredly the apology demanded and given was complete. I think it certain that, notwithstanding the very full account of this transaction given by Dr. Bence Jones, motives and influences were at work which even now are not entirely revealed. The minister was bitterly attacked, but he bore the censure of the press with great dignity. Faraday, while he disavowed having either directly or indirectly furnished the matter of those attacks, did not publicly exonerate his lordship. The Hon. Caroline Fox had proved herself Faraday's ardent friend, and it was she who had healed the breach between the philosopher and the minister. She manifestly thought that Faraday ought to have come forward in Lord Melbourne's defence, and there is a flavor of resentment in one of her letters to him on the subject. No doubt Faraday had good grounds for his reticence, but they are to me unknown.

In 1841 his health broke down utterly, and he went to Switzerland with his wife and brother-in-law. His bodily vigor soon revived, and he accomplished feats of walking respectable even for a trained mountaineer. The published extracts from his Swiss journal contain many beautiful and touching allusions. Amid references to the tints of the Jungfrau, the blue rifts of the glaciers, and the noble Niesen towering over the Lake of Thun, we come upon the charming little scrap which I have elsewhere quoted:—"Clout-

nail making goes on here rather considerably, and is a very neat and pretty operation to observe. I love a smith's shop and anything relating to smithery. My father was a smith." This is from his journal; but he is unconsciously speaking to somebody—perhaps to the world.

His descriptions of the Staub-bach, Giessbach, and of the scenic effects of sky and mountain, are all fine and sympathetic. But amid it all, and in reference to it all, he tells his sister that "true enjoyment is from within, not from without." In those days Agassiz was living under a boulder on the glacier of the Aar. Faraday met Forbes at the Grimsel, and arranged with him an excursion to the "Hôtel des Neuchatelois;" but indisposition put the project out.

From the Fort of Ham, in 1843, Faraday received a letter addressed to him by Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. He read this letter to me many years ago, and the desire and capacity shown in various ways by the French Emperor to turn modern science to account have often reminded me of it since. At the age of thirty-five the prisoner of Ham speaks of "rendering his captivity less sad by studying the great discoveries" which science owes to Faraday; and he asks a question which reveals his cast of thought at the time: "What is the most simple combination to give to a voltaic battery, in order to produce a spark capable of setting fire to powder under water or under ground?" Should the necessity arise, the French Emperor will not lack at the outset the best appliances of modern science; while we, I fear, shall have to learn the magnitude of the resources we are now neglecting amid the pangs of actual war.*

One turns with renewed pleasure to Faraday's letters to his wife, published in the second volume. Here surely the loving essence of the man appears more distinctly than anywhere else. From the house of Dr. Percy, in Birmingham, he writes thus:—

"Here—even here—the moment I leave the table I wish I were with you IN QUIET. Oh! what happiness is ours. My runs into

the world in this way only serve to make me esteem that happiness the more."

And again—

"We have been to a grand conversazione in the town-hall, and I have now returned to my room to talk with you, as the pleasantest and happiest thing that I can do. Nothing rests me so much as communion with you. I feel it even now as I write, and catch myself saying the words aloud as I write them."

Take this, moreover, as indicative of his love for Nature:—

"After writing, I walk out in the evening hand in hand with my dear wife to enjoy the sunset; for to me who love scenery, of all that I have seen or can see there is none surpasses that of heaven. A glorious sunset brings with it a thousand thoughts that delight me."

Of the numberless lights thrown upon him by the *Life and Letters*, some fall upon his religion. In a Letter to a Lady, he describes himself as belonging to "a very small and despised sect of Christians, known, if known at all, as *Sandemanians*, and our hope is founded on the faith that is in Christ." He adds, "I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of the natural sciences and religion together, and in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, that which is religious, and that which is philosophical, have ever been two distinct things." He saw clearly the danger of quitting his moorings, and his science became the safeguard of his particular faith. For his investigations so filled his mind as to leave no room for sceptical questionings, thus shielding from the assaults of philosophy the creed of his youth. Love, reverence, awe, worship, were the correlatives of his organization; they were implied in the eddies of his blood and in the tremors of his brain; and however their outward and visible forms might have changed, Faraday would still have been a religious man.

Among my old papers I find the following remarks on one of my earliest dinners with Faraday. "At 2 o'clock he came down for me. He, his niece, and myself, formed the party. "I never give dinners," he said. "I don't know how to give dinners, and I never dine out. But I should not like my friends to attribute this to a wrong cause. I act thus for the sake of securing time for work, and not through

* What we need in this country is a man in authority, competent to select from the vast, but in many particulars irrelevant mass of science, those portions which are of real and paramount importance, and determined to have them properly taught.

religious motives as some imagine." He said grace. I am almost ashamed to call his prayer a "saying" of grace. In the language of Scripture it might be described as the petition of a son, into whose heart God had sent the spirit of His Son, and who with absolute trust asked a blessing from his father. We dined on roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and potatoes; drank sherry, talked of research and its requirements, and of his habit of keeping himself free from the distractions of society. He was bright and joyful—boy-like, in fact, though he is now sixty-two. His work excites admiration, but contact with him warms and elevates the heart. Here, surely, is a strong man. I love strength, but let me not forget the example of its union with modesty, tenderness, and sweetness in the character of Faraday." I fear the lesson was but imperfectly learned.

Faraday's progress in discovery, and the

salient points of his character, are well brought out by the wise selection and arrangement of letters and extracts by Dr. Bence Jones. The labors of Faraday's biographer are, in fact, of incalculable worth. I will not call them final. So great a character will challenge reconstruction. In the coming time some sympathetic spirit, with the requisite strength, knowledge, and solvent power, will, I doubt not, render these materials plastic, give them more perfect organic form, and send through them, with less of interruption, the currents of Faraday's life. Dr. Bence Jones's labors have rendered such a result possible; but the public appreciation of those labors, as they now stand, has been declared by the rapidity with which the first considerable edition of the *Life and Letters* has been diffused. Let me, in winding up, express my high estimate of the value of this labor of love.

JOHN TYNDALL.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LORD MACAULAY'S SCHOOLBOY: A BIOGRAPHY.

LORD MACAULAY, in one of the Essays which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, alludes prophetically to the time "when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." This prediction became famous as soon as it appeared; and the hero of it, though as yet unborn, attained at once a notoriety which many travellers of our day, with all the advantages of birth, have been unable to achieve. It is not extraordinary that a reputation, so easily made, should have been quickly lost. Thirty years have scarcely elapsed, and "Lord Macaulay's New Zealander" has already sunk into a very insignificant place amongst pseudo-historical characters. This, as we have said, is hardly to be wondered at; though it may be very deservedly deplored. The very New Zealander, of whose future existence we moderns think and speak so lightly, may possibly be more closely connected with any one of ourselves than we are at all aware. Any man who carelessly reads these pages, or still more carelessly passes them by, may be himself already destined to emigrate, and to become, by intermarriage with some native

New Zealand beauty, the lineal ancestor of that great man concerning whose adventures so much has been foretold. In one respect, certainly, our traveller has been very unkindly treated. There were none, even at the time of his greatest popularity, to write his biography. It may, of course, be urged that the history of the life of a man who had never lived would partake in great measure of the character of a purely imaginative work. Such a book might at least be referred by Mr. Carlyle to that "semi-illicit species of composition—the historic novel." But though difficulties might lie in the way, we cannot help expressing our regret that, in an age like the present of literary curiosities, no one should have been found to inaugurate a new branch of composition, and to cultivate a popular taste for imaginary biographies. Even as Herr Wagner is giving us the music of the future, so might some one, surely, provide us with the words. The amount of glory to be won in the new field is simply inestimable. Any man who troubles himself to consult authorities may write a tolerable history of the past. It requires no very great abilities to be a chronicler of contemporary events. But to give a detailed

account of occurrences which have still to occur,—to become a literary Pygmalion, and create the memoirs of a man as yet unborn,—this demands more than ordinary talent. The reward, we fully believe, would be proportioned to the labor. If we could persuade ourselves that such a task fell within our own circle of duties, there is no biography which we would have more pleasure in attempting than that of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander. We can fancy the anxiety with which we should search in his earlier life for traces of that energy which subsequently prompts him to travel, and of that respect for departed greatness which induces him to select England as his destination. We may picture to ourselves the pleasure which we should derive from noticing that the same love of retirement which in his distant antipodean home tempts him to studies in architecture and antiquities, is sufficient, even in England, to reconcile him to that solitude where the Cathedral's ruined walls rise darkly above him. We should long for a peep into his sketch-book; we should envy him the leisure and the funds which made his achievement possible; and we should assuredly dwell, not without a word of admiration, upon his taste for adventure and upon his talent for climbing.

But, however compassionately disposed we may feel towards one who is fast losing a well-won reputation, we must still reserve our sincerer and more sacred pity for another of Lord Macaulay's *protégés*, who has never attained to the celebrity which he deserves. This is "Lord Macaulay's Schoolboy," the schoolboy *par excellence*,—the model schoolboy of whom all other schoolboys are miserably inadequate imitations. Those of our readers who are familiar with Macaulay's "Essays," will not need to be reminded of the frequent use which the great Edinburgh Reviewer makes of the formula, "Every schoolboy knows." In the "Essays" alone we have counted more than twenty passages in which direct allusion is made to some wonderful young scholar whom the writer must have had in his mind. There is a theory, we are aware, which is held by many respectable critics, that the Schoolboy is no more than a myth, and that he never had a personal existence. We maintain, on the contrary, that he was a creature of flesh and

blood; and we wonder much how any one who professes to have studied the "Essays," or "Miscellaneous Writings," could have come to any other conclusion. We read of his punishments and his tears, of the studies which he loved and the prizes which he won. The events of his life are constantly brought before us, with an accuracy of detail which quite forbids us to believe that he could have been an historical fiction.

We confess to having held a belief at one time that the great writer and the character of whom he wrote were one and the same person, and that the object of Lord Macaulay, in alluding so constantly to his Schoolboy's acquirements, was to leave behind him materials for a biography of his own early intellectual life. But this belief we have now rejected as untenable, for a reason which we shall presently state. It is now our object to present to our readers as accurate a memoir of the "Schoolboy" as is possible under the somewhat unusual circumstances. We have collected from Lord Macaulay's writings all the passages which seem to us to bear upon our subject; and from these passages we have endeavored to construct something like a connected narrative. However small the historical merit of the result may be, we shall console ourselves by reflecting that we have produced a work which, if it be not true, may claim at least to be original.

At a very early age, and before we have ceased to hear of him as "the pet of the nursery," our Schoolboy commences his intellectual career by dashing his playthings to pieces,* an act to which he is prompted, doubtless, by that philosophical impulse, which, we are told, induces even children to search for the internal truth of things. At the same time he institutes a crusade against adulteration in the most practical manner by quarrelling with his food.† In the absence of all evidence to prove that there was ever anything unusual in his physical conformation, we decline to believe that the child was at that time taller than his father. Once, indeed, when mounted on the paternal shoulder, he is related to have cried, "How much taller I am than Papa!"‡ But we

* Essays, vol. i. p. 83.—The references are to the small edition in double columns.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 321.

conceive that this remark, even if it were ever made, is capable of a very much simpler interpretation. It is, however, scarcely probable that so silly a thing should have been said by a child who could already see through the sophistries of the historian of British India.* There is a very interesting fact in the Schoolboy's life which must be referred, as it should seem, to this period. Lord Macaulay was himself present when the child asked whether Bonaparte was stronger than an elephant.† We have attempted, but without success, to obtain a list of the books which the young student had now read. We have only been able to discover that the "Pilgrim's Progress" already pleased him better than "Jack the Giant-killer."‡

Hitherto, we must remember, our hero has not left his father's roof; he cannot, therefore, as yet claim to be called a schoolboy. We are taught to think of him at this time as a "delightful child."§ We are told that "there is a grace beyond the reach of affectation in his awkwardness, a malice in his innocence, an intelligence in his nonsense, an insinuating eloquence in his lisp."|| Soon, as we may fancy, he is sent to search for the truth amongst the groves of some long-founded academy. Here, from the very first, his range of study is extensive. He makes himself acquainted—superficially, perhaps—with Linneæus; ¶ he learns by heart the dates and adventures of a long line of barbarian kings;** and even in his least thoughtful moods he never omits to practise the inductive method.†† At a time when ordinary boys are heating their imaginations with badly-written histories,‡‡ our intelligent child applies himself to the Epitomes of Goldsmith, considering them to afford, not a task, but a pleasure.§§ From these he derives his first knowledge of constitutional history; we subsequently find him quoting from Goldsmith instances in which sovereigns have allied themselves with the people against the aristocracy, and in which the nobles have allied them-

selves with the people against the sovereign.*

At the age of twelve, as we have roughly calculated, our Schoolboy appears to have first been troubled with religious scruples. It is, doubtless, to this stage of his career that the scanty information which has been handed down to us respecting his later home life must be considered to relate. It was found necessary to compel him to attend family worship, and to forbid him to read irreligious books.† He refused once to learn his catechism, and was punished by being sent to bed without his supper.‡ He constantly played truant at church time, and for this fault frequent tasks were set him.§ Upon one occasion, when he ventured to display the precocity of his talents by expressing impious opinions before his brothers and sisters, his father cut short the controversy with a horse-whip.|| Under troubles such as these he had recourse for consolation to the society of his favorite authors. Homer¶ and Cervantes**—in wretched translations—were his constant companions. He knew Don Quixote's lantern jaws and Sancho's broad cheeks as well as the faces of his own play-fellows.†† Want of space forbids us to dwell any longer upon the dear classical recollections of his childhood,—the old school-room, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, the first prize, the tears so often shed and so quickly dried.‡‡ We must hasten forward to the time when the Schoolboy, as may be believed, adopted for his motto that celebrated saying of Lord Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

He now began to take especial delight in the study of history; and here his enormous powers of memory served him in good stead. He never forgot a detail, however apparently unimportant. He could tell, for example, at a moment's notice, who it was that imprisoned Montezuma, §§ who strangled Atahualpa, ||| or

* Miscellaneous Writings, p. 139.

† Ibid.

‡ Essays, vol. i. p. 134.

§ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 107.

|| Ibid.

¶ Ibid. p. 70.

** Ibid. p. 81.

†† Essays, vol. i. p. 404.

‡‡ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 117.

§§ Ibid. p. 304.

* Miscellaneous Writings, p. 140.

† Essays, vol. ii. p. 61.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid. vol. ii. p. 62.

¶ Ibid. vol. i. p. 156.

** Miscellaneous Writings, p. 86.

†† Ibid.

‡‡ Essays, vol. i. p. 6. Miscellaneous Writings, p. 56.

§§ Essays, vol. ii. p. 83. ||| Ibid.

how Montrose was executed.* His allusions in conversation to facts of ancient history were so pregnant with sense and learning that, compared with them, the quotations and classical stories of the great Pitt appear trite indeed.† But ancient history, as the Schoolboy well knew, could furnish him with something more than mere classical allusions: ‡ he studied the records of antiquity, to gain from them lessons which should guide him in his future career. He fully appreciated his own talents, and he felt that in public life alone could he find full scope for them. The affectation of ignorance, which might have been pardoned in a boy of his years,§ could never be laid to his charge; he was also free from any artificial excess of modesty. He resolved, therefore, to be a statesman. To practise himself in English composition and in oratory, he devoted much of his time to writing essays and speaking at a school debating club. Amongst other works he produced a theme on the death of Leonidas,|| a paper upon the thesis—*Odüsse quem læseris*,¶ and also a description of the Plague of 1527, concerning which description we can hardly believe that it was worthless, since the Schoolboy himself thought it “much finer than the incomparable introduction of the Decameron.”** Of his prowess as a debater we are enabled to speak very highly. We read that he was the equal of Isocrates in rhetoric,†† and of Dr. Johnson in argument.‡‡ We are told, again, that the proceedings of the debating club which the Schoolboy attended, contrasted not unfavorably with the discussion in the Convention held at Paris on the 21st of December, 1792.§§

Little, as we imagine, need be said of our hero's knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. It is true that his Latin verses were as good as those of Addison;||| but we must remember that to be a verse-writer is no rare accomplishment. Many clever boys, whose knowledge of the language and literature of Greece and

Rome is very superficial, sometimes have the knack of versification.* It is true, again—to compare the Schoolboy once more with the great lexicographer—that he was as deeply read as Dr. Johnson in the works of Greek authors, and that he understood them very nearly as well; † but it should not be forgotten that a knowledge of Greek, which would have been thought respectable at Oxford in the reign of Queen Anne, is evidently less than that which many lads may be expected to carry away every year from Eton and Rugby.‡ We need not stay to compare the scholarship of our hero with that of the late Mr. Croker; § nor will we dwell upon the fact that the former would have been right, and that the latter was wrong, as to the possible meanings of “*puella*”|| — the estimation in which Lucina's beauty should rightly be held ¶—or the true interpretation of the phrase *θυγατρί φίλοι*.** We could tell, if we would, how the illustrious Pitt was guilty of false quantities at which the Schoolboy would have shuddered; †† and how Atterbury and his confederacy committed, during their controversy with Bentley upon the spurious letters of Phalaris, disgraceful blunders for which the Schoolboy would have been whipped.‡‡ But we conceive that we should scarcely add to our hero's fame by comparing his critical acumen with that of those Christ Church scholars who allowed themselves to be imposed upon by classical imitations so feebly and rudely executed.§§ Besides, to borrow Lord Macaulay's words, “we are ashamed to detain our readers with this fourth-form learning.”|||

If multiplied acquirements and versatility of genius can insure success in life, then of a truth was that prospect a fair one which opened before the Schoolboy as he entered his fifteenth year. He had mastered philosophy at an age when most scholars are only beginning to study it. He had thought enough on the Divine Attributes, the Origin of Evil, the Necessity

* Essays, vol. i. p. 167.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 294.

‡ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 126.

§ Essays, vol. i. p. 267.

|| Ibid. vol. i. p. 30.

¶ Ibid. vol. i. p. 236.

** Ibid. vol. i. p. 42.

†† Miscellaneous Writings, p. 78.

‡‡ Ibid. p. 324. §§ Ibid. p. 243.

|| Ibid. p. 103.

* Miscellaneous Writings, p. 329.

† Ibid. p. 59.

‡ Essays, vol. i. p. 170.

|| Ibid.

¶ Ibid. vol. i. p. 171.

†† Ibid. vol. i. p. 288.

‡‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 47.

§§ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 283.

|| Essays, vol. i. p. 170.

‡ Essays, vol. ii. p. 320.

¶ Ibid.

of Human Actions, and the Foundation of Moral Obligation, to be fully entitled to the praise which Voltaire gives to Zadig; * he could laugh at the jargon which had imposed on Bacon.† He had acquired by practice a singular facility in transmitting his thoughts to others, whether by writing or speech. His style was elegant, and probably free from those "fine things which boys of fifteen admire;" ‡ his remarks made in general conversation do not appear to have ever fallen below the intellectual level of a Boswell.§

Of the Schoolboy's politics we have not much to say. He was probably a Liberal; but he was assuredly never a bigot. He was intimately acquainted with the fundamental maxims of our polity; || and he could criticise the policy which the Liberals of the 17th century adopted towards the native Irish. ¶ no less than the attitude which the Conservatives of his own day assumed with reference to Reform.

Our authorities up to this point have kept us fully informed as to the important events in the Schoolboy's intellectual life; but, after he has passed his fifteenth year, for some mysterious reason, we hear of him no more. This appears to us the most extraordinary fact in his very extraordinary life. Is it possible that he quarrelled with Lord Macaulay, who thereupon determined to chronicle his successes no longer? Can it be that the great prom-

ise of the boy failed to be fulfilled in the man? Or are we to solve our difficulty by boldly asserting that the Schoolboy emigrated to New Zealand in his sixteenth year, and that he will be heard of no more until some Maori descendant of his shall represent him on the banks of the Thames? We confess that we are little pleased with any of the hitherto suggested explanations of the problem. We have given much attention to the point; and, after careful weighing of probabilities, have arrived at a conclusion which we reluctantly pronounce to be the true one. Our opinion is that Lord Macaulay ceased to speak of the Schoolboy after the age of fifteen because it was at that age that the Schoolboy died. The intense application, the unceasing brain-work, which had been the pleasure of his life, proved the cause of his death: he himself had winged the shaft which struck him down. It was indeed a sad fate to have labored, and to have shown no public fruit of that labor; to have died prematurely, while as yet unborn into the literary world.

We feel that any remarks of ours upon the story which we have attempted to tell would be as a farce after a tragedy; but we cannot help briefly expressing our satisfaction that it should have been permitted to us to collect into a narrative, however unworthily, the achievements of a hero in whose case justice had been so long delayed as to have appeared likely to be eternally denied.

Chambers's Journal.

WOMAN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE learned author of *Domestic Manners and Sentiments during the Middle Ages*, *The History of Caricature in History and Art*, and other like volumes, has recently given to the world a history of the gentler sex in Western Europe.** Mr. Wright is equal to the task, and is wise in confining himself to the division

of mankind to which we belong. One of the most interesting parts of the volume is the picture of woman's life in the feudal castle, which has only been briefly attempted by other writers, but which, as Mr. Wright remarks, has contributed more than anything else to the formation of her character in modern society. Our author is thoroughly at home among illuminated manuscripts, quaint chronicles, ivory carvings, embroidery—in short, anything which can shed a ray of light on the so-called "dark ages."

To show the excellent domestic character of the Roman women of an early period, it is only necessary to state, that although the Roman husbands had almost unlimited

* Essays, vol. ii. p. 129.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 319.

‡ Miscellaneous Writings, p. 184.

§ Essays, vol. i. p. 176.

|| Ibid. vol. i. p. 64.

¶ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 2

** *Womankind in Western Europe, from the earliest Times to the Seventeenth Century*. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1869.

power of divorce, the first occasion on which it was exercised is said to have occurred five hundred and twenty years after the foundation of Rome. At the time of Cæsar's invasion here, social life among the Britons was at a very low ebb; and, if we are to believe him, the natives wore no clothing, merely dyeing their bodies blue. Roman costume was, however, soon adopted in this country. The Romano-British lady wore the tunic, *stola*, and the *palla*, just as the Roman ladies of Pompeii wore them; and the female personal ornaments now often discovered are all Roman. A sepulchral monument discovered at Ilkley, Yorkshire, commemorating a family named Olicana, and a statue found at Chesters, Northumberland (the site of the Roman station of Cilurnum), show well the costume at this period. The inscriptions on the few sepulchral monuments found sometimes exhibit touching affection. At Carvoran, a Roman site on the line of the Wall, Aurelius Marcus, a centurion, erected a monument, as a testimony of love for "his most holy wife, who lived thirty-three years without a single stain." A woman is frequently spoken of in Anglo-Saxon poetry under a word meaning "a weaver of peace." At first, the patriarchal spirit existed in full force among that people, the father being absolute master in his family, disposing of his children at will. He sold his daughters, the price being generally so many head of cattle. Their feelings were seldom consulted. Even when Christianity was introduced, it was no uncommon thing for a father to dedicate one of his daughters to a monastic life when she was a mere child.

The early marriage-ceremony among the Anglo-Saxons was of a very primitive character: it consisted merely of hand-fastening (*hand-festnung*), or taking each other by the hand, and pledging love and affection, in the presence of friends and relations. The bridegroom paid the father a sum of money, called a *foster-lean*, or payment for nourishing. At a later period, the early custom of espousals was reduced to a regular system, and the lover was required to give a *wed*, or security for the performance of his contract; hence our word *wedding*. Under the influence of Christianity, the bride was allowed to have a voice in the contract, and break off the contract be-

fore her tenth year; and the father had not to return the money paid by the lover. If the lady wished to refuse before her twelfth year, the father had to return the money, or pay a fine. By this means, a father could espouse his daughter to several lovers, obtaining their money, and persuading her to cancel the contract. The church soon saw the impropriety of this, and ordered a girl who had refused the husband provided for her, to retire into a convent. Rather a harsh measure. The clergy soon introduced more formalities into the marriage ceremony. The Anglo-Saxon bridegroom put a ring on the maiden's right hand at the espousals, which, at the marriage, was removed to her left, on the first finger. The father at the same time delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom; and the latter touched her on the head with it, to show his authority. This ceremony is still preserved now in the popular custom of throwing shoes after a newly-married couple. It has been supposed that the gift of the shoe had its origin in that of placing the foot on the neck of a prisoner or slave. The morning after the marriage, the husband presented the wife with a valuable present, called the morning-gift; and in later times, the amount was stipulated before the ceremony. At the close of the tenth century, the Lady Wynflæd left an estate to a relation, which she states had been her morning-gift. When Athelstan's sister, Eadgith, married Otho, Emperor of Germany, he gave her the city of Magdeburg as her morning-gift.

If a widow married again within a year of her husband's death, she forfeited everything she had received from him—the origin, doubtless, of our feeling that a widow ought to wait a year before marrying again. Mr. Wright points out that the position of women under the Danes was comparatively good. A woman had actually a right by law to the custody of her husband's keys. The Anglo-Saxon females were very industrious; and the whole process of the construction of clothing was entirely in their hands. The Penitential of Theodore of Canterbury (seventh century) forbids women to sew clothes, card wool, or shear sheep on Sunday. William of Malmesbury says that the daughters of King Edward (successor of Alfred) employed themselves in

the labors of the distaff and the needle. The Normans were much struck with the beauty of the Saxon needlework, which was called, by way of distinction, "*Anglicum opus*," or English work. According to *Doomsday Book*, Alwyd, a damsel, held lands at Ashley, Bucks, given her by Earl Godwin for teaching his daughter gold embroidery.

According to Adhelm, the Anglo-Saxon women loved to deck themselves with rings and bracelets, curled their hair, and dyed their cheeks with stibium. The manuscript illuminations which have come to us show the women clothed in a very modest manner; in fact, only the face and hands appear to be uncovered. They wore the *camisia* next the skin, then the tunic, *cyrtel* (kirtle), and over all a mantle like the Roman *palla*. The head was covered with a head-rail, as it was called. In many manuscripts, the hair is painted blue, and it is probable that both men and women dyed their hair. Before marriage, a girl wore her hair long, hanging down; but after, it was cut shorter or bound up. Gloves and stockings were worn by both sexes; the term hand-shoes (*hand-sco*) was applied to the former. The head of a family was often called *hlaf-ord*, the origin or source of the bread; his wife, *hlaf-dig*, the distributor of the bread; and his servants and retainers, *hlaf-etlas*, or eaters of the bread.

According to the ecclesiastical Anglo-Saxon laws, the bishops gave the right to divorce; and marriage was not permitted within the fifth degree of consanguinity—a ridiculous rule, frequently set at nought. The clergy of the old school then had their wives, though this was altered by Dunstan at a later period. The convents were frequently places of luxurious living, to say the least. Mr. Thrupp, in his *Anglo-Saxon Home*, page 231, gives this description of the lady abbess of one of these establishments: "She appeared in a scarlet tunic with full skirts and wide sleeves and hood, over an under-vest of fine linen of a violet color, with shoes of red leather. Her face was rouged, and her hair curled with irons over the forehead and temples; ornaments of gold encircled her neck, heavy bracelets adorned her arms, and jewelled rings were upon her fingers. Her nails were worn long, and cut to a sharp point, to resemble the talons of a hawk."

After the death of Charlemagne came the terrible invasions of the Northmen, and to withstand this, the *feudal system* arose. This consisted in granting lands on condition that the tenant should perform military services to the crown, according to its extent. In the tenth century, the whole landed property of France passed into this sort of tenure. Almost impregnable fortresses arose, and the castle became the symbol of feudalism. Isolated from the world, the male part of the household were only too glad to go forth to seek adventures. But, notwithstanding this, never in any other form of society, says M. Guizot, has a family reduced to its most simple expression, husband, wife, and children, been found so closely drawn together. When the lord left his castle, his lady remained as mistress, which often gave to women of the feudal epoch a dignity, courage, and virtues which they would not have displayed in any other circumstances. This solitary, sombre, castle life was favorable to the development of domestic life and the elevation of woman. In the eleventh century, the spirit of family domestic life had acquired a development and empire previously unknown. Dress was comparatively simple in the reign of the Conqueror, and when extravagance is mentioned, the men incur the blame.

Ladies became frequently nobles in their own right, conveying their vast estates by marriage into other families. When married, such a dame occupied a high position in the household, sitting in the place of honor beside her lord at the table, and taking his place when absent. It was the general custom for the lady of the castle to go to the gate to receive a visitor. It was not considered courteous in her to retire to array herself when he was announced. The knight of La-Tour-Laudry urges that "all women should come to receive their friends in the state in which they happen to be." When a guest departed, the lord and lady of the castle conducted him to the gate.

Sons of the vassals were sent to be educated in the castle of their suzerain, and were called *damoiseaux* (*damoiseil*, a little lord); and the daughters (*damoiselles*) were similarly placed with the lady of the castle, and attended on her, and were called *chambrières*, or chamber-maidens. They were taught to behave themselves demure-

ly and modestly ; and several of the codes of instruction are extant. Two words, never to be forgotten, arose out of the condition of society in the feudal castle—*courtesy* and *chivalry*. The first of these meant the manners and sentiments prevailing in the household, for every baron's household was a court. Courtesy distinguished the society inside the castle from the people outside. A poem of the thirteenth century thus expresses the source of courtesy :

There is reason enough why
We ought to hold woman dear ;
For we see happen very little
Courtesy, except through women.
Well know I that for the love of the ladies
The very clowns become courteous.

The word *chivalry* we owe to the influence of womankind on feudal society. The feeling of devotion to the fair sex was called *chevalerie*, the duty of the *chevalier*. The spirit of gallantry had made its way from the South, and the knight looked upon woman as his patron, and considered himself bound to offer himself in her defence. At joust and tournament, the presence of ladies encouraged the knights, who wore their favors (generally a richly embroidered sleeve), and received the prizes from their hands. At the tournament in Paris in 1389, the ladies met after supper each day and adjudged the prize of valor. A successful competitor was often allowed to kiss the fairest of the ladies present.

Not content with this, a fair demoiselle of rank and wealth sometimes offered herself as the prize of the tournament. Guarin de Metz in this manner won the hand of the fair Melette Fitz Warine and the manor of Whittington to boot.

The greatest accomplishment a young bachelor could possess was the art of composing love-verses upon his lady. This knightly love-poetry formed a large portion of the literature of the middle ages, and much of it is preserved. Sometimes, when a lady had a husband she did not like, she got another knight to challenge him, and, if successful, accepted him as her lover.

But notwithstanding the external pomp and pride of the medieval castle, Mr. Wright's facts prove that the degree of morality was not very high. Illegitimacy of birth was hardly considered dishonorable. The first of our Norman kings was William the Bastard, and one of the most

distinguished of the romance heroes was in similar plight.

Ladies are represented in illuminations more frequently spinning thread than in any other occupation. During the feudal period, property which went in the female line was said to descend to the *quenouille*, or distaff ; hence our word *spinster* has become the legal designation of a woman who has not been married, spinning then being looked upon as unmarried woman's chief occupation. In Queen Mary's Psalter, in the British Museum, Eve is represented spinning in Eden. Curiously enough, the medieval ladies were the physicians, and often surgeons of the household. Their skill in these professions is often mentioned in romance literature.

The day in the castle began at sunrise, and ended about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, when the household usually retired to rest. The two chief meals of the day were *dinner*—about the middle of our forenoon—and *supper*, which was taken about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. At a later period, the hours became much later, and a second supper, called the *rere-supper*, was eaten. After dinner, knights and ladies sat round the table in the hall, or adjourned to a chamber near, listening to the songs of the minstrels, or playing at games, or *gabbing*. The last amusement was derived from the old northern races, and consisted in uttering extravagant boasts of the feats which each had done, or could do, and passing satirical jokes upon others. The word *gabban*, in Anglo-Saxon, means to joke or jeer, and a good gabber was a great acquisition in feudal society. In the fourteenth century, sarcastic characters were drawn upon rolls of vellum, with marks attached to each, and each drew one by chance. A like custom was kept up in the Elizabethan period in the roundels, or fruit-trenchers, which were turned up after the fruit or confectionery had been eaten, and the satirical motto was supposed to apply to him or her who found it. The medieval ladies were passionately fond of dancing and games of skill, especially to tables and chess. The former was like our backgammon, and was of great antiquity. *Draughts* (or, as it was then called, *dames*) was also played. Instruction in chess was always considered part of a liberal education. Both sexes delighted to escape from the castle into the garden, or into the fields

beyond. The garden was often extensive, and adorned with fountains, and was usually placed so that easy access could be had from the apartments of the ladies to it. The people of the middle ages had a great taste for singing-birds and pet animals, though the cat must not be reckoned among these. The favorite bird for the cage was the pie or magpie. Many stories of its skill in talking are told in the romances.

Feudal ladies of the higher class were very careful in keeping their inferiors at a respectful distance, and the rules of behavior were very formal. Ladies and gentlemen when walking out held each other's hands, never arm-in-arm. In riding, ladies frequently, like the Wife of Bath in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, rode astride like men. When sitting sideways on the horse, a lady, in illuminated manuscripts before the sixteenth century, is always represented sitting with her legs on the right side of the horse, with her left hand towards its head, exactly contrary to the way in which ladies ride now. At an early period, mules were in favor, but as the age of feudalism advanced, ladies took to the palfrey. Carriages or chars were seldom used, and were clumsy and inconvenient. When Richard II. was reconciled to the citizens of London, and entered London, two chars of court-ladies were in the train of the queen. One of these was overturned, as Richard of Maidstone exultingly tells us, as he looked upon it as a judgment of Heaven for such extravagance as the use of chars. Hawking was considered quite a lady's accomplishment; and the earliest treatise on hawking and hunting written in the English language was by Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell, near St. Albans. John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, tells us how eagerly ladies followed the sport.* They were also very fond of hunting the hare, hart, wolf, and bear—the four beasts of *venerie*, or hunting. A hound like our modern one was used for hunting these animals, the hare, and sometimes a deer also, being pursued with a greyhound. Spaniels were used in

hawking. In manuscripts, ladies are represented frequently shooting or ferreting rabbits. Mr. Wright says the use of the ferret for this purpose is of great antiquity. Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, lib. viii. c. 81) speaks of it as common among the Romans in Italy. An act of 13 Richard II. prohibits any priest or other clerk not having a benefice of ten pounds yearly value, to take rabbits with ferrets, under a penalty of a year's imprisonment. The Italian clergy were in the middle ages very fond of this amusement. An illumination in Queen Mary's Psalter represents a lady placing a ferret in a rabbit's hole. The books of the middle ages show that hawking was considered quite the province of the ladies. They even carried them into churches; but this we cannot wonder at, when we find that ecclesiastics of rank and position adopted the fashion themselves, though this was condemned by the stricter among them. The merlin was the ladies' hawk, and the hobby that for a young man. The hawking season began with the month of August, and the ladies rose early and sought partridges about that month.

The perfumes used by the mediæval ladies were not of a very refined nature—saffron appears to have been the principal; and mercers sold frequently “wimples perfumed with saffron.” Ladies soon came to be distinguished for extravagance in dress; and fashions changed with great rapidity. Chaucer's *Persones* inveighs against the wild extravagance of contemporary fashions in dress. Mr. Wright points out that there was no *law* of fashion, but each high dame seems to have chosen her fashion for herself, though at any particular period a general character prevailed. The whole extent of feudalism formed, in some respects, one great domain, in which each feudal castle was a sort of little state, complete in itself. At certain times, the ladies of these castles went to the king's court, and saw variations and peculiarities in dress, which they carried home, to introduce into their own lesser court. The dresses in the thirteenth century were often made of rich materials, richly embroidered. Gloves were generally worn; and it was considered the height of ill manners to keep the gloves on the hand during visits, or in soirées, or in balls, or in the presence of great people; and when two persons met in the public road, they drew off their gloves before touching hands.

* He alleges as a proof of the frivolous character of hawking that the “less worthy” sex was the most skilful of the two in bird-hawking, which, he says, we might make an accusation against Nature herself that “the less worthy are always the more prone to rapine.”

The hair, at the end of the thirteenth century, was arranged so as to project above the ears on each side. False hair was added, called *atours*, and this assumed the form of horns, which excited the indignation of the satirists of the period. The Knight of La-Tour-Laudry (*c.* 1371) tells us of a bishop who, preaching to ladies thus dressed, told them that Noah's flood was brought on by similar vanities, and that he had no doubt that the Demon made his ordinary seat between the woman's horns.

There was a great difference of opinion in the middle ages as to whether a knowledge of letters was good for the female sex or not. It generally happened, however, that the ladies of the knightly household were the most learned part of the family. They appear to have excelled in literary composition. The Provençal poets counted among their ranks a number of poetesses, the most distinguished of whom lived in the twelfth century. Marie de France was a poetess of great reputation in the thirteenth century. She acknowledges as her patron our King Henry III. She wrote a collection of love-tales, professing to be derived from Breton legend, and another work consisting of a number of fables in Anglo-Norman verse. In the latter volume she says she was induced to do it by "the Earl William," who is supposed to be the celebrated William Longue-épée, Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond. The great poetess of the fourteenth century was Christine de Pisan, daughter of an eminent physician in Venice, who settled in Paris at the invitation of Charles V. At this time, 1368, Christine was only five years

old. She received a learned education, and while still young, married a gentleman of Picardie, named Etienne Castel. In 1396, she was well known for her poetry. Her husband died in 1402; and she had to support her five children, being probably the first woman who, in Western Europe, sought to live by her pen. She tells us, in 1405, that she had already composed fifteen principal works, without reckoning her smaller and more playful writings; that is, the poems of various kinds composed in her youth, which, altogether, she says, "filled seventy quires of a large volume." She appears to have made copies of her writings also. One of her presentation copies is preserved in the British Museum, and is richly illuminated. It was written in 1404, for presentation to Isabelle of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI. At the head of the prologue is an illumination representing Christine presenting her book to the queen. In 1405, Christine presented herself as the champion of peace, and wrote a letter to the queen, entitled "The Weeping Request of Loyal Frenchmen." The peace of Vincennes was concluded soon after, but did not last long; and Christine composed her *Lamentation*. Soon after, she retired into a nunnery, where she remained eleven years, until the appearance of the Maid of Orleans, in whose praise she composed a poem, a copy of which was discovered by M. Jubinal among the manuscripts of the library at Berne, and published by him in 1838.

The remaining three or four chapters of Mr. Wright's book are devoted to a later period, namely, the transition from feudalism, and the sixteenth century.

Leisure Hour.

EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY.

IN the Royal Academy Exhibition this year, the picture of the Execution of Ney made a deep impression, as it had already done when first exhibited in Paris. It appeared in London, the contribution of M. Gérôme, as one of the foreign honorary Academicians. It is a picture the first impression of which is painful, but which gains upon the eye till the mind is riveted by the grim simplicity with which the tragic story is told. The common

civilian costume of Ney helps the first impression of surprise, but really adds to the satisfaction with the artist's work. There is nothing of the romance that the mere title of the picture might suggest, nothing in dress or martial pomp to bring to mind the captain of "the old guard," "the bravest of the brave!"

Under the walls of the Luxembourg, in a misty December morning, lies a middle-aged gentleman in a long blue surtout,

black pantaloons, and shoes with buckles. You see the mark of his two feet in the wet earth where he stood till he fell forward thus, a prone and lifeless mass, his face crushed against the ground. A few paces in front of the body the cartridge cases are still smoking on the ground. On the wall are the fresh dints of the bullets, among the half-legible inscriptions that tell of the rise and fall of kings and republics and empires; and, as if in irony, one bullet has struck the plaster from the middle of a "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Through the gray mist the firing party is marching off, only the officer giving one last backward glance at the morning's work.

The narrative of the closing scene of Ney's life we give from the graphic pen of M. Lamartine ("History of the Restoration," Book 34):—

At three o'clock in the morning the secretary of the Chamber of Peers appeared at the door of the prisoner's cell, to read his sentence to him officially. The guards, regretting the necessity of interrupting that peaceful sleep, which death, as if jealous of the short repose, was about to disturb so rudely, hesitated for a long time to awake him. They at length, however, obeyed, and touching the Marshal's hand, called him with a low voice. Though in a profound sleep he sat up quickly, and perceived the officials of the Chamber, and the secretary, M. Cauchy, whose features, which were known to him, indicated the sorrow and pity that disturbed his mind. The Marshal immediately got out of bed, advanced towards M. Cauchy, and prepared to listen to a sentence too well foreseen. Before he read the paper he held in his hand, the secretary begged the prisoner to separate his official duty from the personal sentiments of respect and admiration with which he was penetrated, and to pity him for having to perform a duty which was repugnant to his heart. "I am grateful, sir," replied the Marshal, "and touched by the sentiments you express, which I fully comprehend. But we all have our duties in this world; fulfil yours, I shall perform mine." Then pointing to the paper he held in his hand—"Read, sir," he said, with a resigned and gentle accent. The secretary accordingly began, in a voice which seemed to ask pardon for the words; and as he read con-

scientiously, word for word, the long enumeration of the names, titles, rank, and dignities by which the sentence designated the condemned: "To the fact, to the fact," said the Marshal with an accent of impatience, and an expression of disdain for these baubles of a life on the point of extinction: "say simply Michel Ney and soon a little dust!"

The reading having terminated, the secretary of the Chamber informed the condemned that the curate of St. Sulpice had come to offer him the consolations which religion gives to the dying, and that he was authorized by the regulations to receive him. "I want no one to teach me how to die," replied the Marshal. "At what hour to-morrow?" he added, with an interrogative expression of countenance which finished the suspended sense of the question. "At nine o'clock," replied M. Cauchy, bowing, as if ashamed of the brevity of the time doled out to him for his preparation. "And my wife and children," said the condemned; "can I, at least, embrace them for the last time?" This M. Cauchy was authorized to promise him. "Well, then," said Ney, "let my wife come at five in the morning; but keep her ignorant, above all things, of my condemnation: let her learn it only from myself, who alone can soften its horrors to her." He was promised that this precaution should be taken with his family; and he then begged to be left alone for the remainder of the night. He lay down again on his bed, wrapped his cloak around his head, and fell asleep, as if on the bivouac and ready for action. Nature, more merciful than his judges, veiled from him his agony in sleep.

At five o'clock Madame Ney, accompanied by her sister and her four sons, was introduced into his prison. The period fixed for this interview sufficiently indicated that it was one of final separation. The Marshal, who adored this young and charming companion of his happy days, received her fainting in his arms, and with difficulty restored her with his tears and kisses. Then taking his four young sons upon his knees, and pressing them to his heart, he uttered to them in a low voice those last sad words by which a father transfuses the purest portion of his soul into the memory of his children. His sister-in-law anxiously endeavored to

console by turns the father, the mother, and the children, and prayed aloud amidst the sobbing of these hapless groups. The Marshal, who had solaced his heart with the sight and farewell endearments of all that he loved upon earth, maintained sufficient coolness to deceive his wife and withdraw her from the agony of his last moments, by imparting a hope to her which he did not feel himself. He flattered her with the idea that the heart of the King might still be overcome by the sight of her grief and the energy of her prayers. He thus succeeded in withdrawing himself from her arms; and the suppliants were conducted amidst the darkness to the gates of the palace, where the King and the Duchess of Angoulême were still sleeping.

By the favor of the Duke de Duras, first gentleman of the King, the family were admitted into the ante-rooms of the royal apartments, where Madame Ney, uneasy, but still confiding, awaited the monarch's rising. She did not doubt that even the permission to weep so near their hearts was a tacit promise of mercy. The first light and noises of day penetrating into the palace impressed her with mingled feelings of hope and terror. Her mother had been in friendly intercourse with the mother of the Duchess of Angoulême. Would the daughter of Maria Antoinette allow the widowed daughter, and the little orphan boys, to leave that palace where she was more than queen? This hapless group waited in the ante-chamber in vain until the irreparable hour had elapsed. The princess had known or heard nothing of it. What an hour lost for nature and the Monarchy!

The Marshal had not lain down again after the last embraces of his wife and sobbing of his children. He had dried up his own tears, that he might no longer think of anything but the dignity of his death. He wrote his will; then rising from his chair, he walked about his chamber, exchanging with great composure a few words with his guardians. One of these royal body-guards, disguised as grenadiers, of whom we have spoken, had conceived for the hero that involuntary tenderness of admiration and pity which the familiarity of a prison, misfortune, and approaching death create in noble hearts. This was a royalist gentleman of Dauphiny, named M. de V—. His handsome

countenance, his martial character, his accent of free but respectful frankness, had deceived the prisoner himself, who thought he saw in M. de V— one of the old sub-officers of his great campaigns. He gladly conversed with this guard during the long hours of this weary captivity. "This is the last sun I shall ever see, comrade," said he, approaching M. de V—. "This world is at an end for me. This evening I shall lie in another bivouac. I am no woman, but I believe in God and in another life, and I feel that I have an immortal soul. They spoke to me of preparation for death, of the consolations of religion, of conferring with a pious priest. Is that the death of a soldier? Let me hear what you would do in my place." "*Monsieur le Maréchal*," replied M. de V—, "we still hope that the King will be worthy of Henri IV., and that he will not suffer France to be deprived of one of her most glorious servants, for one day of forgetfulness: but death is death for all mankind, and he who has seen it so near on so many battle-fields is not afraid to hear it spoken of in a dungeon. The voice of a last friend has never been painful to a soldier in the hospital wagon. Were I in your place, I should allow the curate of St. Sulpice to enter, and I should prepare my soul for every event." "I believe you are right," replied the Marshal with a friendly smile; "well, then, let the priest come in." The curate of St. Sulpice, who was patiently waiting the favorable moment in a room of the Luxembourg, was introduced, and conferred piously with the Marshal in a corner of the chamber. The hour which brought no pardon at length sounded for the execution. The prisoner, who had read in the features, and heard in the murmurs of the Chamber of Peers, the inexorable vengeance of party spirit, had expected nothing from the tears of his wife and children. It was for her sake and theirs that he had affected to hope. He dressed himself, therefore, to appear with propriety before the last fire he was ever to face. He wore a military frock coat on the occasion. The noise of the troops, who were stationed from the gate of the Luxembourg to the railing of the avenue of the observatory, and the rolling of a carriage in the courtyard, apprised him of the hour of departure and the route. He thought he was to be con-

ducted to the plain of Grenelle, to the spot marked by the blood of Labédoyère, the ordinary place of execution. His door opened; he understood the sign. He descended with a firm step, a serene brow, and a lofty look, his lips almost wearing a smile, but without any theatrical affectation, through the double ranks of the troops drawn up on the steps of the stair-case, and in the vestibule of the palace, like a man happy once more to see the uniform, the arms, and the troops—his old family. On arriving at the bottom of the flight of steps where the carriage awaited him with the door open, he stopped instead of mounting, through politeness to the priest who accompanied him, and who was yielding him the precedence. Taking the curate by the arm, "No, no," said he, with a manner at once playful and sad, in melancholy allusion to the object of his journey, "go in first, Mr. Curate; I shall still arrive above there before you;" indicating with a look the haven of his rest.

The carriage proceeded at a foot-pace through the broad alleys of the Luxembourg, and between the silent ranks of the soldiers. An icy fog crept along the ground, yielding only glimpses of the leafless branches of the lofty trees in the royal garden. The priest murmured by the side of the soldier spiritual consolation and resignation to death. The Marshal listened to him with manly attention, and expected to listen still longer, when the carriage suddenly stopped midway between the railing of the Luxembourg and the Observatory, in front of a long wall of a black and fetid enclosure, that bordered an alley leading out of the avenue. The Government, ill-advised even in the choice of a place of execution, seemed desirous of rendering it more abject and contemptuous, by striking down this illustrious enemy like some unclean animal, on a cross-road, and at a few paces from a palace, the name of which will forever be stained by the memory of so foul a deed.

Ney was astonished, and looked around for the cause of this halt, half-way, as he supposed, when the carriage-door opened, and he was requested to alight. He felt that he was never to return, and gave to the priest who accompanied him the few articles he had about him, with his last remembrances to his family. He emptied his pockets also of some pieces of gold

for the poor of the parish; he then embraced the priest, the last friend who supplies the place of all absent friends at this final hour, and marched to the wall towards the place indicated by a platoon of veterans. The officer commanding the party advanced towards him, and requested permission to bandage his eyes. "Do you not know," replied the soldier, "that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to look balls and bullets in the face?" The officer, disturbed, hesitating, undecided, expecting perhaps a cry of pardon, or fearing to commit a sacrilege of glory by firing on his general, stood mute between the hero and his platoon. The Marshal availed himself of this hesitation, and of the immobility of the soldiers, to cast a final reproach upon his destiny. "I protest, before God and my country," he exclaimed, "against the sentence which has condemned me. I appeal from it to man, to posterity, to God!"

These words and the countenance, enshrined in their memory of the hero of the camp, shook the steadiness of the soldiers. "Do your duty," cried the commandant of Paris to the officer, who was more confused than the victim. The officer, stumbling, resumed his place beside his party. Ney advanced a few paces, raised his hat with his left hand, as he was accustomed to elevate it in desperate charges to animate his troops. He placed his right hand on his breast to mark well the seat of life to his murderers. "Soldiers!" said he, "aim right at the heart!" The party, absolved by his voice and commanded by his gesture, fired as one man. A single report was heard: Ney fell as if struck with a thunderbolt, without a convulsion, and without a sigh. Thirteen balls had pierced the bust, and shattered the heart of the hero, and mutilated the right arm which had so often waved the sword of France. The soldiers, the officers, and the spectators, turned away their eyes from the body, as from the evidence of a crime. During the quarter of an hour which the military regulations required that the corpse should lie exposed upon the place of execution, no spectators, except a few passers-by and some women from the neighboring houses, looked upon the body, or mingled their tears with its blood. Some groups demanded, with a low voice, who the criminal was, thus abandoned on the public highway, and

shot to death by soldiers of the grand army. None had the courage to reply that it was the body of the "bravest of the brave," the hero of the Beresina. After the legal period of exposure, the hospitable sisters of a neighboring convent claimed the body to bestow funeral honors upon it in private, had it carried to their chapel, and watched and prayed alternately around the forlorn coffin.

When the Parisians awoke and found that Ney had been executed, bitter shame seized upon every soul. The court party stupidly rejoiced at being revenged. But for one heroic enemy, disarmed and repentant, whom they had immolated, they made thousands of new enemies amongst those who looked for an act of clemency, called for by so many services rendered to the country, and so much fame acquired

for France. A feeling more dangerous than anger, because it is more durable, smouldered in the hearts of impartial youth, of an outraged army, and of a grateful people. This was disgust for the pusillanimity of that Court which had never fought, and which allowed to be shed in its cause such popular and glorious blood, as a libation to the foreigner, on a soil still trampled under the feet of our enemies.

So Ney was left to die. His fault was great, but he might have been pardoned. The Court was cruel, the King weak, the ministers complaisant, the Chamber of Deputies implacable, Europe goading, the Chamber of Peers cowardly as a senate in the fallen days of Rome. Let each of these bear a part in the murder of the hero: France disclaims the deed.

The Spectator.

RECENT SOLAR RESEARCHES.

SINCE the great eclipse of August, 1868, our knowledge respecting the constitution of the Sun has been steadily progressing. One discovery after another has been made, and there really seems to be no reason for believing that we have as yet nearly reached the limits of the knowledge which spectroscopic analysis is capable of supplying. Indeed, the invention of a new form of spectroscope—the ingenious automatic spectroscope of Mr. Browning—promises soon to be rewarded by a series of discoveries as important as any which have hitherto been made. We propose briefly to indicate the present position of our knowledge respecting the great central luminary of our system.

The spectroscopic observation of the eclipse of August, 1868, had shown that the strange prominences seen during total eclipses of the sun are vast masses of luminous vapor, hydrogen flames, we may call them, considering how largely hydrogen enters into their constitution. Only we must remember that it is hydrogen glowing from intensity of heat simply, and not burning hydrogen, that constitutes these prominences. Now it had long been recognized that the colored prominences spring from an envelope of a similar nature surrounding the whole surface of the sun. Father Secchi, of the Collegio Romano, in a lecture given to the pupils of the

École Ste. Gèneviève, had thus in 1867 described this envelope (whose existence he was the first to recognize):—"The observation of eclipses furnishes indisputable evidence that the sun is really surrounded by a layer of red matter, of which we commonly see no more than the most elevated points." One of the first and most interesting results of the eclipse observations was Mr. Lockyer's confirmation of the justice of this opinion. He and Jannsen had independently shown that the existence of prominences can be recognized when the sun is not eclipsed; and the same method supplied clear evidence of the existence of this red envelope, to which Mr. Lockyer gave the name of the "*Chromosphere*." Remembering who first indicated its existence as "indisputable," we may conveniently call it Secchi's Chromosphere.

Both the chromosphere and the prominences consist of glowing vapor. But there is a difference in their constitution. In the prominences there are usually but very few constituent vapors. Hydrogen is there, and another vapor whose name is as yet undetermined, while occasionally there are the vapors of other elements. But in the chromosphere there are commonly several elements, and sometimes there are many.

Here, then, we have above the photosphere of the sun a vaporous envelope,

obviously of a complicated structure, and perhaps far more complicated than it has yet been proven to be. For it must be remembered that the lowest layers of this envelope might be composed of the vapors of numerous elements, and yet no record of their existence be recognized. A depth of ten miles would correspond to so small a proportion of the sun's diameter (about the 85,000th part) as to be wholly unrecognizable by any telescopic power men can hope to obtain. If any of our readers are telescopists, they will know what force lies in the remark that such a distance would subtend about the 44th part of a second of arc, so that no less than twenty-six such distances could be placed between the components of that well-known test-object, the double companion of the star Gamma Andromedæ.

Next below this colored envelope there is the mottled photosphere, either a white-hot surface with relatively dark pores all over it; or, according to other and better authorities, a surface of white-hot spots spread over a relatively dark background. Here we are describing merely its appearance; what the constitution of this surface may in reality be, remains yet to be determined.

Beneath the photosphere there are vast depths of vapor; for when the photosphere is broken through where spots are formed, the spectroscope tells us that the relatively dark regions thus disclosed are filled with the vapors of various elements. We know that the dark lines which cross the rainbow-tinted solar spectrum are caused by the light-absorbing action of the vapors which surround the sun, and these lines are seen more distinctly in the spectrum of a sun-spot than in that of the photosphere.

Now it is worthy of notice that all that has thus far been discovered tends to confirm the theory put forward nearly a century ago by Sir William Herschel. That thoughtful observer recognized in the solar photosphere a widely-extended layer of luminous clouds, while he regarded the light of the penumbæ of sun-spots as coming from a lower cloud-layer. He conceived that up-rushes of vapor, thrusting aside both layers, caused the appearance of a solar spot. We have heard a great deal lately of the English and Continental theories of the solar constitution; but the evidence we have recently obtained goes far to show that, after all, Sir William Her-

schel, without the aid of spectroscope or polariscope, formed a juster view of the solar constitution than any which has been recently propounded. He was doubtless mistaken in the view (which he put forward as a mere hypothesis) that the real surface of the sun may be not very intensely heated. We have every reason to believe that the whole mass of the sun is raised to an inconceivable degree of heat. But for the rest, there seems far more reason to believe in Sir William Herschel's cloud-layer theory, than in any other which has been put forward in recent times.

Let us consider some of the consequences of such a constitution. Imagine the ascent of vapors of many elements from the fluid surface of the solar oceans. This mixed atmosphere is in reality aglow with the intensest heat and light, so that if we could examine its spectrum separately, we should see the bright lines of the various vaporous elements which constitute it. But intensely hot as it is, it must yet be less hot than the surface from which it has risen, because the formation of vapor is a process in which heat is used up. And therefore, by a well-known law, the spectrum of the light from the white-hot surface shining through the atmosphere will be a rainbow-tinted streak, crossed by the dark lines corresponding to the various elements composing that atmosphere. But as the lighter vapors in this mixed atmosphere ascend, they reach a region of less pressure, and a region where they can part more freely with their heat. Thus, precisely as the cumulous clouds form in our own atmosphere, so would a layer of clouds be formed somewhat low down in the solar atmosphere. But from the upper surface of this layer the vapors of the elements composing the clouds would rise, again to condense at a higher level, much as the light cirrus clouds in our own atmosphere form at a great height above the layer of cumulous clouds.

The great difference between this process and what takes place in our own atmosphere would consist in the fact that, whereas the only kind of cloud which can form in our air is a water-cloud, there can be formed in the solar atmosphere clouds of iron, copper, zinc, and other such elements, each element having its own distinct range, so to speak, within the limits of the solar atmosphere.

Now with such processes as these going on, we can conceive how rushes of heated gas might from time to time thrust aside the cloud-layers; and how, where this happened, we should occasionally recognize the bright lines corresponding to the more intensely heated gas, as well as the dark lines corresponding to the deep vapor-masses laid bare by the removal of the photosphere. And precisely in this way do the observations recently made by Mr. Lockyer seem alone to be explicable. He sees the glowing vapors above the photosphere stirred from time to time as by fierce tempests; nay, he is enabled to measure (very roughly, of course) the velocity with which these solar winds urge their way through the chromosphere itself,

in the neighborhood of the spots. The progress of these hurricanes is often indicated by the appearance of bright lines in the spectrum where usually dark lines are seen.

Truly Kirchhoff's discovery of the significance of the spectral lines is bearing wonderful fruit! Who would have thought that researches carried on with a few triangular prisms of glass on the light from such a substance as sodium, the basis of our commonplace soda, would lead to the result that solar tornadoes could be watched as readily with the spectroscope, as in Galileo's time the sun-spots themselves could be traced across the sun's disc with the telescope?

MOLIÈRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

OF all the great men who illustrated the era of Louis XIV. in France, there are few whose fame was so great in his own time, or whose genius has been so cordially recognized by posterity as MOLIÈRE. He was by far the greatest comic poet of France, if not of the world, and as the drama was at that time about the only sphere of poetic effort, he produced plays which almost alone in literature have been thought worthy of being compared with Shakespeare's. Hallam, than whom it would be difficult to find a more conservative and non-committal writer, claimed that Shakespeare had the greater genius, but admitted that MOLIÈRE wrote the better comedies. Indeed, of Comedy in its modern sense, MOLIÈRE may be considered as the founder; and he gave to the French the superiority in this field which they have since maintained almost without a rival. Scarron and Mlle. Scudery preceded him it is true, but their "comedies" were clumsy, laborious, and tedious at best, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* was as marked a deviation from them as from the older Spanish and Italian models.

MOLIÈRE is the stage alias of JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, who was born at Paris on the 15th of January, 1622. His father, and his grandfather before him, were "valets-de-chambre-de-tapisserie" to the King, and until the age of fourteen young Poquelin was intended for the same

trade. Arrived at this age, however, his disinclination to the work, and his marked predilection for the stage, induced his father to give him a better education, and he was sent to the College de Clermont, which was under the care of the Jesuits, where he remained till 1641. Two or three years afterward he was admitted to the bar as an advocate, but in 1645 he yielded to his propensity for the stage, and became the head of a company which exhibited first in the provinces. His decision, it is said, was influenced by his passion for the beautiful actress Madeleine Béjart. His first play, "*L'Étourdi*," was produced at Lyons in 1653, and was very successful; and the year following, in Languedoc, he produced his second piece, "*Le Dépit Amoureux*," which was likewise a success. The Prince de Conti was so pleased with his productions as to make him director of the entertainments which he gave in the province, and even to offer him the place of private secretary. MOLIÈRE, however, declined this offer.

After remaining four or five years in Languedoc the company quitted that province for Grenoble, whence they went to Rouen, and subsequently to Paris. Here MOLIÈRE played before Louis XIV., and so impressed the king that he invited the company to remain in Paris, gave them the title of "Troupe de Monsieur," and allowed them to play alternately with the Italian comedians at the

theatre called La Petit Bourbon. Subsequently the company became "La Troupe du Roi," and was far the most popular in the capital. This was in 1665.

During the remaining nine years of his life, MOLIÈRE produced thirty or more plays, the most famous of which are "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," "*Le Tartuffe*," and "*Les Femmes Savantes*." The "*Précieuses*" is a wonderfully brilliant satire upon the Parisian "blue-stockings," who rendered themselves ridiculous by their affectations of the manners and talk of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the "*Femmes Savantes*" is on the same subject and in the same strain. "*Le Tartuffe*" is the most powerful exposure of religious hypocrisy ever made, unless we are to make an exception in favor of Pecksniff; and that it hits somebody or some class is pretty clearly indicated by the fact that it was interdicted at Court, and that the Archbishop of Paris threatened to excommunicate whoever should act, listen to, or read it. The other best known plays of MOLIÈRE are "*Les Fâcheux*," "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*," "*Le Misanthrope*," and "*L'Avare*." His last composition was "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," and it was while playing in this that he was attacked

by the illness which put an end to his life, on the 17th of February, 1673.

MOLIÈRE was married in 1662 to Armande Béjart, but by her coquetries and flirtations she almost drove him mad with jealousy, and rendered a separation necessary. They were reconciled, however, in 1672, and she was with him in his last moments.

The genius of MOLIÈRE displayed itself chiefly in the delineation of character. His plots and his method of work, judged by any high standard of art, must be pronounced loose and extravagant; but he has never been surpassed in developing an individual character (as in "*L'Avare*"), or in typifying a class (as in "*Les Précieuses*" and "*Tartuffe*").

MOLIÈRE was assailed and traduced throughout his life by those who were envious of his fame; and we can scarcely refrain our indignation even now, as we reflect that it was only by special request of the king that his body was permitted to be buried in consecrated ground. But that happily was two hundred years ago, and the senseless intolerance of priestcraft has become as uninteresting as a twice-told tale, and as insignificant as the vagaries of witchcraft.

POETRY.

THE TELBIN STONE.

BRUNNEN, June, 1870.

[ON the highest point of the Axenstrasse, near Brunnen, on the Lake of the Four Cantons, the passing traveller sees a monumental stone by the wayside, recording the death of a young English artist, in 1866, by a fall from the precipice into the lake below. The lake hereabouts is said on sounding to have been found to be 8,000 feet deep. No bodies drowned in these depths are ever seen again. The simple inscription on this stone is: "To the memory of Henry Telbin, who fell from this spot while sketching, September 14th, 1866, aged 25 years."]

O! wan gray stone, thus sadly set on high,
Telling my tale to every passer by,
Still looking down from thy stupendous cliff,
Telling my tale to every passing skiff,—
Why this appeal incessant for a woe
That came and went four passing years ago?
Within four years how many myriad men
Have died ungraced by chisel or by pen!
Within four years how many myriads tread
All unrecorded to the nameless dead!

Sharp was the horror of the dread descent,
Wild was the parent's wail, the friend's lament,

For the young artist from my own far land
Who plunged in terror to the unknown strand.
But shall we grieve for those who in life's morn
Pass to the scenes to which mankind are born?
Life here at best is but the anchored stay
Of some strange bark which comes and sails away.
But who, like this young Telbin, lies in state
Which kings might envy, conquerors emulate?
No tomb like this did genius ever plan
Or nations raise to some immortal man.
A thousand fathoms deep his bones repose,
In mystery's fane, which no intrusion knows.
No mortal glance shall there forever fall;
No mortal hand shall lift the sleeper's pall:
Forever and forever—or while Time
Holds his forever—Nature's chant sublime
Shall peal about him, winds and waves intone,
The rushing avalanche fall with shuddering moan,
And thunders answer from the summits lone.
Still the tall pines their murmured requiem sing,
And odors breathe from all the flowers of spring;
And summer still the awful cliffs shall gain
With the red radiance of the lily's stem.
Vast are the crystal chambers of his shrine
And roofed above with purest hyaline;
And the huge mountains in their mantles hoar
Keep deepest, wordless watch for evermore!

The dead—who calls him dead who never died—
 Who only passed unto the other side?
 Life has no pause, the soul no rifted chain,—
 So ancient seers and modern truths maintain.
 To other lands the artist's gifts belong,
 In other lands the poet hymns his song,
 And on far loftier themes, with nobler fire,
 Than Raphael knew or Milton did inspire.

To the dead leave the dead—'tis ours to climb
 Through heights of life to life yet more sublime.
 The sons of God no chance nor change surprise;
 Onward they march through kingdoms to the
 skies;

Great pilgrims of the ages—radiant bands
 Before whose feet the Eternal still expands,
 Forever and forever. Hark! they call—
 "On to Life's Source, where Love is All in All!"

WILLIAM HOWITT.

BRECON BBIDGE.

[BRECON, built at the confluence of the rivers
 Honddhu and Usk, has hence its native name
 Aberhonddhu (pronounced *Aberhonddy*). Llew-
 elyn, the last independent Prince of the Welsh,
 was killed in Breconshire.]

Low to himself beneath the sun,
 While soft his dusky waters run
 With ripple calm as infant's breath,
 An ancient song Usk murmureth
 By the bridge of Aberhonddhu.

'Tis not of deeds of old, the song,
 Llewelyn's fate, or Gwalia's wrong:
 But how, while we have each our day
 And then are not, he runs for aye.

He sees the baby dip its feet
 Within his limpid waters sweet:
 And hears when youth and passion speak
 What smites with fire the maiden's cheek:—

Then, manhood's colors tamed to gray,
 With his fair child the father gay:
 And then Old Age who creeps to view
 The stream his feet in boyhood knew.

From days before the iron cry
 Of Roman legions rent the sky,
 Since man with wolf held savage strife,
 Usk sees the flow and ebb of life.

As mimic whirlpools on his face
 Orb after orb, each other chase,
 And gleam and intersect and die,
 Our little circles eddy by.

But those fair waters run for aye,
 While to himself, *Where'er they stray,*
All footsteps lead at last to Death,
 His ancient song, Usk murmureth
 By the bridge of Aberhonddhu.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

A SEA-TOWN.

A LONG street straggling up a church-crowned
 hill,

Whitened from end to end with rain and wind,
 The brown old houses, e'en more straggling still,
 Branching therefrom, cluster to cluster joined.

Craft oddly grouped, and craft in ordered rows,
 Crowd the quaint wharf whence now and then a
 gray
 And grim old lugger scuds with surfy bows
 And press of dingy canvas. Far away,
 A white-winged ship makes for the dim coast-line
 Where hides a busy port; while farther far
 A wee sail flashing like a falling star
 Gleams and is gone. The sunset's fiery sign
 Is set on all the hills; and evening soon
 Brings home the boats beneath the brightening
 moon.

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

DIM Child of Earth!

With eye uprais'd to Heaven,

No record of thy birth

To thee is given:

The rockings of thy cradle are but known

To ONE alone.

Thou seek'st to fathom far that hidden past;
 To reach the shore thine infant being bounding:
 In vain thy plummet toward the abyss is cast;
 The line's too short for such a Deep-Sea sound-
 ing.

But the Eternal Future lies before thee:

Whence thou dost come 'tis plain we cannot
 know;

But thro' the cloud that spreads its shadows o'er
 thee,

Say,—whither dost thou go?

What realm unknown, thro' all the bright crea-
 tion,

Shall be thy dwelling-place?

Where, rapt in joy and holy aspiration,

Thou shalt behold His face.

We point our telescope to search the Ages:

We find no star!

Thou ponderest over Revelation's pages:

What read'st thou there?

Upon that page one written line I see;

The hand I know:—

"Where I am, there my servant, too, shall be."

To HIM I go.

S. GREG.

SLEEP.

Somne veni! et quanquam certissima mortis
imago es,

Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!

Huc ades, haud abituro cito; nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

COME, Sleep! tho' image thou of Death most
 meet,

Yet on my couch for thy embrace I sigh!—

Come then, nor soon depart!—for 'tis most
 sweet,

Thus without life to live, thus without death to
 die.

Life,—yet no pain of living,—oh, how sweet!

Death,—yet no sting of death he fears or knows
 Whose eye thou closest,—in his bosom meet

The bliss of being and the grave's repose.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan, &c. By JOHN MACGREGOR, M.A. New York: Harper and Bros., 1870.

THIS is not the first time that Mr. Macgregor has come before the public with a record of his experiences as a traveller, nor is it the first time that the canoe "Rob Roy" has been heard of, upon the obscure and little known waters of the world. The "Rob Roy on the Baltic" was a popular book a year or two ago, and, if we recollect aright, this canoe was the first to penetrate the inland rivers of Norway and Sweden, and the head-waters of the Danube, among the mountains of Central Europe. But we confess that in following up this last trip on the Jordan, we make our first acquaintance with the author. It would hardly have been necessary to make this confession if the companionship had proved as interesting as the theme and the novelty of the method of observation had led us to expect; but the Rob Roy, we suspect, will have to carry another master before many readers will be anxious to accompany it through more than the six or seven hundred pages of the present volume.

Mr. Macgregor seems to be a young man, with plenty of bravery and pluck and love of adventure, who, by a somewhat extended experience, has acquired a certain facility in making books, but who is signally deficient in the judgment and discrimination that are so necessary in one who would tell us of strange lands; whose ideas are crude and restricted, not to say narrow; and whose literary style approaches very nearly to what Voltaire held was the only fatal one in writing—the dull. The want of discrimination between what is important and what is comparatively insignificant, between what is likely to prove valuable to the reader and what is interesting only to the author himself, strikes one as the most conspicuous deficiency of the volume.

There are few peoples in the world about whom so little is known as about the Arabs of Syria and Palestine, or who ought to be more interesting to intelligent readers; yet, though Mr. Macgregor would seem to have had exceptionally good opportunities for observing them, he devotes twenty pages to his own mishaps and the personal aspect of his adventures, where he devotes one to this singular people, or, in fact, to anything else. Nothing can be found in his book to give so much as a hint as to their government, customs, habits, and modes of life,—whether they are shepherds, agriculturists, hunters, or traders. True, he somewhere apologizes for this by remarking that his record is confined to facts, incidents, and adventures afloat, but a rigid adherence to this rule would have excluded at least half the matter to be found in the book. The author, doubtless, found it exciting work to protect his boat, while floundering with his caravan through swamps and morasses; but adventures which are confined to this soon become commonplace, if not tedious, and it is surely of scarcely less importance for each traveller to record his impression of the country and its inhabitants than to give his opinion as to the precise course of the Jordan, or whether the Pharus really ends in the marsh of Ateibeh.

Despite these drawbacks, however, the "Rob Roy on the Jordan" will be found by many both instructive and interesting, and probably some of the very reasons which render it somewhat dull to the general reader will enhance its value in the eyes of those who support the Palestine Exploration Fund, for instance. The River Jordan, the Lake of Genesareth, and the surrounding country, must ever be interesting to a large part of the human race, and no book regarding them would be absolutely without a *raison d'être*, and Mr. Macgregor has settled finally two or three geographical problems which have long puzzled travellers. Whether the decision to which he has come will, in every case, be accepted as conclusive, remains to be seen; but he is unquestionably entitled to the credit of first adopting the only method by which such problems can be settled. If he has failed to write a satisfactory book, he has done some good work, and done it bravely and well, which is doubtless a much more important matter.

The route of the "Rob Roy" was from Port Said through the Suez Canal to the Red Sea; thence overland to Damascus, and down the Pharus to the marsh of Ateibeh; from the head waters of the Jordan (the three branches) down that river to the Sea of Galilee; and from there back again to the Mediterranean. Quite daring enough, we should say, and lengthy enough for a canoe fourteenth century.

The illustrations of the volume are numerous and well executed, but are open to the same criticism that has been made upon the book itself—they are too personal to the author, and not as interesting as they might be. The maps, however, of which there are six, are excellent, and are probably more nearly correct than any which have ever been made of that portion of Palestine and Syria.

Free Russia. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. New York: Harper & Bros., 1870.

BEFORE saying anything in favor of this work it is doubtless advisable to warn the reader that Mr. Hepworth Dixon is considered very suspicious authority, whether he records conclusions drawn from his own observation, or whether he attempts to gather spoils from the "ample page" of history; and that "Free Russia" has been treated with special contempt by the best Russian critics, who alone, probably, are capable of pronouncing accurate judgment as to its merits and deficiencies. One of these critics, Professor Kapustin, has addressed a letter to the editor of the *St. Petersburg Göloss* in which he disclaims all responsibility in connection with the book, and says: "My respect for the author made me endeavor to induce him to abandon all idea of writing about a country perfectly unknown to him; or, at least, to postpone doing so. I did not succeed. It was necessary for Mr. Dixon to bring out his book at once, in order to anticipate the work on Russia by Sir Charles Dilke, which was to appear in the spring of the following year. Signs of the haste with which Mr. Dixon has written are very evident. . . . I will not undertake to enumerate the errors of which the composition is full. Having read it in proof only, I still hope that

much which provokes laughter in its pages is to be attributed to the composers. Nevertheless, the views expressed belong undeniably to the author himself, and the boldness and originality which distinguish them awaken this sad thought:—That there exists in Europe a nation about which it is permitted to speak unrestrainedly without knowing its language, and without taking the trouble to become acquainted with its life, even at second-hand."

After such a verdict from such a source there would seem to be nothing more to be said, for certainly no outside critic would have the temerity to differ with Professor Kapustin upon a subject connected with his own country; yet there can be no doubt that to the vast majority of readers "Free Russia" will prove not only a very entertaining, but a very instructive work. Of the rest of Europe we have numerous histories which picture the past to us more or less accurately, and innumerable travels, sketches, papers, and periodicals which enable us to gain a pretty clear conception of what is going on at present; but of Russia the average reader knows absolutely nothing, except that it is a vast territory, nearly as large as the remainder of Europe, inhabited by heterogeneous tribes of Tartars, Finns, Lapps, Samoiedes, and Russ; whose government is an absolute despotism, and whose people have been raised by the reigning Emperor from a condition of serfdom to something like citizenship. Of the customs, laws, religion, and habits of the people; of their peculiar social organization; and of that new basis for the structure of civilization which the Russian conservatives claim is being developed, we have been in darkness which not even the cyclopedias attempted to dispel. Now, whatever may be the deficiencies of Mr. Dixon's book, however false may be its conclusions (and that they are many and glaring can very well be believed), there can be no question that it does at least this much: it lifts the curtain upon a new drama in the growth of peoples, and gives us a glimpse at least of what the Russians really are while serfdom is being abolished; of the relation which religion bears to their ordinary life; and of what customs and habits they are retaining, and what they are giving up. All this is done very imperfectly, it is true, and with the very faintest perception of the relative importance of facts; but we know of no other popular work in which it is done at all.

Until, therefore, some other book* on the subject makes its appearance, which shall be popular and at the same time better, we feel called upon to commend "Free Russia" to the perusal of all who would learn something of that peculiar people whose life and whose civilization (if civilization it can be called) are based upon ideas which Western Europe is prone to look upon as the wildest of transcendental vagaries.

The Modern Job. By HENRY PETERSON.
Philadelphia: H. Peterson & Co.

WHATEVER else the author of "The Modern Job" may be, there can be no doubt that he is a thinker—a bold, strong, courageous thinker—who is not afraid to confront some of the deepest and highest problems that challenge the intellect of man, and who is yet no vulgar rebel, impatient of

all restraint merely because it is restraint, and proud of his own infidelity. That his book will awaken fierce opposition in many, and even frighten some, is more than probable; but he has at least proved himself to be an earnest, devout, and reverential seeker after truth.

"The Modern Job" is a dramatic poem, and as its whole substance consists of speculations upon the Divine government of the world, the nature and origin of evil, and the relation which the individual bears to religion, it may be questioned whether the drama is the best form in which it could have been cast. The advantages of dramatic treatment are too obvious to require mention, but there are also disadvantages which have succeeded pretty well in keeping abstract reasoners out of the field, such, for instance, as the fact that the argument is effective or ineffective in proportion to the impression which the personality into whose mouth it is put has made upon us; and that it is shorn of its just weight when we are compelled to regard it as the spontaneous expression of individuals like ourselves, with whom we are brought face to face. That Mr. Peterson has succeeded, nevertheless, in touching our convictions so closely, and inspiring us with an interest in his characters, shows that he has genuine dramatic talent; and though his work is too "impact with thought" to leave much room for poetry, there are some very powerful passages. The whole of it, moreover, with a few exceptions here and there, is written at a sustained elevation of thought commensurate with the dignity of the theme.

The spirit of the poem will be sufficiently indicated by the statement that it is the old story of Job adapted to the nineteenth century, and that it is modelled upon, or at least suggested by, Lord Byron's "Cain." The figure of Job himself is grand, patriarchal, and dignified, not unworthy of his immortal prototype; and the Dwarf is a striking and strong characterization. The other characters are lay figures merely. The poem is divided into three parts, the first two of which contain the history of Job in prosperity and adversity, and various theological discussions; while the third is the "Vision of Job," in which he has an interview in space with the Archangel Michael, who corroborates and amplifies his ideas on morals and theology. It is somewhat startling to read the following, by way of stage directions:—"Michael waves his hand and the walls of space open, and Job beholds myriads of flaming suns and glittering planets and spheres, a huge network, as it were, of infinite splendor;" and after Milton and Goethe it is certainly daring for any author to tamper with this celestial machinery; but except where Michael speaks of "the late civil war" and the Reconstruction policy, dragging the subject down from high Heaven and questions of eternal moment to the vulgar level of a political debate, the treatment does not impress one as being altogether inadequate.

Of the author's doctrines, of course, opinions will differ. His idea that the world is governed, not by the Almighty, but by some intermediate agent who is neither omnipotent nor omniscient, is curious at least; and though Hawthorne undoubtedly expressed the aspiration of many when he wished that if there be a hereafter he might be permitted to rest a few thousand years before

being put to work again, there is no doubt in our mind that Mr. Peterson's conception of an immortality in which angels and men work forever in the line of their nature toward something higher and better, is a far grander and nobler one than the vague beatitudes which haunt the dreams of enthusiasts. As for the principles of toleration which he maintains, we wish that they were preached every Sabbath from every pulpit in the land.

¹ *Skeleton Tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Spain.* By HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

NEXT to our Patent Office Reports, the dreariest reading in the world probably is to be found in the average guide-book; but in "Skeleton Tours" Mr. Sargent has given us as charming a little volume as one could wish for a summer leisure hour, when the spirit, indeed, is willing to roam, though the flesh is weak. The secret of this charm is that Mr. Sargent is a gentleman, and views everything from the stand-point of a cultured traveller; and without boring us with second-hand history and dismal statistics, gives just such hints and suggestions as the tourist finds most valuable. In addition to this, the routes which are sketched off include many places of interest which are off the common line of travel, and scarcely to be found mentioned in the ordinary guide-book. The English tours are the most elaborate in the volume, and on the whole the most attractive, and illustrate very strikingly the remark which we made last month as to the number of places, famous from historical and other associations there are in England, of which the ordinary reader and traveller never so much as heard.

"The object of the author," says Mr. Sargent, "in publishing these little tours, is twofold. One, and the principal, is to answer the universal question of all travellers—'How do you get from one place to another, and how long does it take?' and, secondly, 'What does it cost?'" Perhaps the best way of showing his method of answering these questions will be to make a quotation. Turning therefore to page 27 we find: "Oct. 10.—Leave Nottingham at 10, in carriage with post-horses. 11 miles to Newstead Abbey (Lord Byron's), passing Westwell Hall, Duke of St. Alban's. Newstead very interesting, on a lake, the older parts of the Abbey beautifully preserved, and the Italian gardens exquisite. The monument (tomb) to the memory of the poet's dog, Boatswain, being very conspicuous. From Newstead 3 miles farther to Annesley Hall, where Mary Chaworth, Byron's first love, lived; a beautiful park of 800 acres, an old Elizabethan house, with heavy mullioned windows and court-yards; a most charming Italian garden, heavy stone balustrades and pilasters, with large stone balls on top; an old church immediately adjoining and in connection with the house, 900 years old. Mary Chaworth's flower-garden exists just as it did in her day, and a little oaken door in the garden wall still shows the marks of Lord Byron's balls, who used it as a target. From here 2 miles to Hucknall, where, in the old

church, built in 1100, is a mural tablet on which is inscribed, 'George Gordon, Lord Byron of Rochdale, Author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, born in London, 1788, died at Missolonghi, 1824.' From here to Wollaton Hall, Lord Middleton's, a superb, ornate, though gloomy house, with a splendid avenue and numerous deer. Back to Nottingham by 5, where, taking the train, reach Derby at 6. Bill at Nottingham £2 7s.; carriage to Newstead, £1 15s.; lunch, 6s.; fare to Derby, 10s. Total, £4 18s. for a party of four."

The above is a fair specimen of the author's manner of imparting his instructions, though most of the entries are shorter, while a few are much more elaborate, such as the description of the Villa Pallavicini, copied elsewhere in our Art Department.

Whoever reads "Skeleton Tours" will be likely to have his nomadic propensities pretty thoroughly awakened, but the author has performed a work which will be very gratefully received by tourists; and it is to be hoped that he will occupy the field more thoroughly before some bore gets into it and destroys the confidence of the public.

The American Annual Cyclopædia for 1869. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

THE endeavor of the Israelites to make their quota of bricks without straw was scarcely a more cruel and hopeless task than would be the labors of the student without the assistance which he gets from cyclopædias. Whatever may have been possible in the time of Bayle and Voltaire and Diderot, the boundaries of human knowledge have now been pushed far beyond the capacity of any individual mind, and the most that we can hope is that its essence and necessary facts may be condensed within the limits of a single work.

The greatest work, undoubtedly, that was ever done for American literature was done by the Appletons when they published the American Cyclopædia; and they are doing a work scarcely less important, and even more necessary, in compiling the supplementary volumes which they issue every year. The information contained in these volumes is of the utmost value to legislators, editors, economists, and students generally; and it would be utterly impossible to procure it elsewhere, or, if possible, only with great labor and difficulty. As long as *Appleton's Annual* is issued, we may feel certain that at least one valuable work will be published every year.

The *Annual* for 1869 is a complete register of the important events of that year, "embracing political, civil, military, and social affairs; public documents; biography, statistics, commerce, finance, literature, science, agriculture, and mechanical industry." Its manner of execution is already familiar to the public, and the highest praise that we know how to bestow upon the present volume is to say that it is fully up to the level of the preceding ones. It is embellished by portraits on steel of Hamilton Fish, our Secretary of State; of the Emperor Napoleon III.; and of Pope Pius the IXth,—a mild genial-looking, and intelligent gentleman, whom one would scarcely think capable of the antics which he has been exhibiting for the past year or so.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.]

Man and Wife. By WILKIE COLLINS. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, cloth, pp. 239. Illustrated.

Days of Bruce. By GRACE AGUILAR. 2 vols. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 353, 229. Illustrated.

Miriam Alroy. By BENJAMIN DISRAELI. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 8vo, paper, pp. 108.

Silvia, A Novel. By JULIA KAVANAGH. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 8vo, paper, pp. 206.

Life and Letters, Lectures and Addresses of the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. Complete in one volume. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, cloth, pp. 840.

Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens, with a Sketch of the Author. By GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA. 8vo, paper, pp. 147. Illustrated.

John, A Love Story. By MRS. OLIPHANT. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, paper, pp. 110.

The Captive, Fallen Spirits, and other Poems. By INMAN. New York: 4to, cloth, gilt, pp. 70.

On Sea-Sickness. By FORDYCE BARKER, M.D. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 36.

The United States Internal Revenue and Tariff Law, &c., &c. Compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, paper, pp. 99.

True to Herself, A Romance. By F. W. ROB-INSON. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, paper, pp. 173.

 SCIENCE.

Value of Sunflowers.—Persons who are condemned to live in the fens of Lincolnshire may be glad to learn that a simple method has been discovered of neutralizing the deleterious influence of marshy exhalations. M. Martin, in a memoir presented by him to the Société Thérapeutique de France, affirms that this desirable result may be obtained by the cultivation on a large scale of the sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*). The experiment has been tried with great success in the fenny districts near Rochefort, and the Dutch, who, from the peculiar nature of their country, have every opportunity of studying such phenomena, and must be looked upon as high authorities on the subject, have a firm faith in this specific, asserting that intermittent fever, the scourge of the country, has totally disappeared from every district in which a

fair trial has been given to it. The fact appears to be proved, but the *modus operandi* is uncertain; it being a disputed question whether the sunflower acts on the atmosphere merely like any other plant of rapid growth by the production of oxygen, or whether, like the coniferae, it emits ozone, and thus destroys the germs, animal and vegetable, generally supposed to constitute the miasms which produce fever when present in the atmosphere in large quantities.

The Size of Atoms.—Sir William Thomson contributes an important paper on the "Size of Atoms" to "Nature," and thus sums up:—"The four lines of argument which I have now indicated lead all to substantially the same estimate of the dimensions of molecular structure. Jointly they establish, with what we cannot but regard as a very high degree of probability, the conclusion that in any ordinary liquid, transparent solid, or seemingly opaque solid, the mean distance between the centres of contiguous molecules is less than the hundred-millionth, and greater than the two thousand millionth of a centimètre. To form some conception of the degree of coarse-grainedness indicated by this conclusion, imagine a raindrop or a globe of glass as big as a pea to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule to be magnified in the same proportion. The magnified structure would be coarser grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less coarse-grained than a heap of cricket-balls."

Deep-Sea Water.—During the progress of the researches in the voyages of H.M.S. Porcupine, sea-water was brought up from various depths for chemical analysis; and attention was early called to the character of its retained gases. Near the surface it was found that the gas consisted of about 24 or 25 per cent. of carbonic acid, the rest being chiefly oxygen and nitrogen, but at greater depths the proportion of carbonic acid greatly increased, and reached 45 per cent. at 700 fathoms. After storms of wind, however, by which the surface of the ocean had been much agitated, the quantity of its carbonic acid was very much diminished. In one of the surface specimens taken scarcely any was found at all, and its absence was at first set down to some error in analysis. Afterwards, however, it was remembered that this water had been dipped up from abaft the paddles of the steamer, and not, as usual, at the bow. The inference from these facts is that the agitation of the sea by storms, by liberating its superficial carbonic acid, and thus permitting the ascent of that which is constantly formed by the abundant animal life below, furnishes one of the conditions which render the continuance of that life possible. The inquiry into the sources of food for the deep-sea animals resolves itself into the single question of the maintenance of the globigerinae, or chalk animalcules. Directly or indirectly, all their neighbors can live upon them, but it was at first difficult to conjecture how they could live themselves. Professor Wyville Thompson has suggested that they may be supported by the organic matter diffused through the deep-sea water, and analysis has shown that such organic matter is present in considerable quantities, and in assimilable, as distinguished from decomposing forms. Besides the analyses conducted on board, some specimens

of water were brought to Professor Frankland, and he has fully confirmed the conclusions that had been reached.

A French savant has invented a method of preserving paleontological specimens. All fossil bones, upon being exposed to the air, are apt to fall away into dust. To prevent this, it is proposed to form over them a solution of silicate of potash. The liquid is absorbed immediately, and thoroughly hardens the objects.

The Absorbing Power of the Sun.—"It is absolutely certain," says a writer to the *Edinburgh Review*, "that all planetary matter is inevitably gravitating towards the sun, which will be the common bourne of our system. 'As surely,' writes Sir William Thompson, 'as the weights of a clock run down to their lowest position, from which they can never rise again, unless fresh energy is communicated to them from a source not yet exhausted, so surely must planet after planet creep in, age by age, towards the sun; not one can escape its fiery end.' As it has been proved by geology that our earth had a fiery beginning, so it is shown by the law of gravitation that it will have a fiery end."

A Field Transformed into a Lake.—The *North German Correspondent* says—A singular phenomenon has been witnessed in the vicinity of a village in Upper Austria. On the 10th inst., the soil covering several yokes of land in the neighborhood of Moll, a few leagues from the town of Steyer, suddenly fell in with a crash like thunder, and where the oats were waving a few seconds before, there suddenly appeared a lake. The water of this newest addition to Upper Austrian scenery is clear, its temperature is very low, and it is said to have much resemblance to that of the glacier lakes. Though the river Steyer passes the place at no great distance, it does not appear that any communication exists between them: at all events, there is reason to believe that the lake received no contribution to its waters from the river, though the contrary may be possible. The water of the stream is said to be chemically different from that contained in the newly-discovered natural reservoir. As may be supposed, all sorts of theories have been invented to explain this surprising phenomenon. According to one of them, the ground had been gradually undermined by the action of subterranean water, and the fall of the roof of the space thus hollowed out occurred as a matter of course. The village of Moll is situated at a considerable elevation above the level of the sea, and the spot where the lake is now to be found was before this unexpected change a gently undulating plain.

The Detection of Logwood Color in Wine.—This is an important application of chemistry to hygiene, and may interest some of our readers. In the *Journal de Pharmacie* for April, M. Lapeyrère states that, while studying some of the properties of the coloring principle of logwood, he found that the hematine it contains yields a sky-blue color with salts of copper. In order to apply this test to wines for detecting if they are doctored with logwood, it is only necessary to place strips of good filtering-paper, Swedish being preferred, into an aqueous solution of neutral

acetate of copper, and, after drying, use one of these slips to test the wine suspected to be adulterated with logwood color, by dipping the paper into the wine; and, on removing it from that fluid, care should be taken to cause the adhering drop of wine to flow backwards and forwards over the paper, which is next rapidly but carefully dried. If the wine be as it naturally ought to be, the color exhibited after drying will be gray, or rose-red grayish; but, if logwood is present, the tinge will be distinctly sky-blue.

Dust and the Germ Theory of Disease.—The *Scientific American* reports that the New York Officers of Health have been examining the dust of the air in the city. Over one hundred specimens of the particles floating in the air and falling as dust were collected on plates of glass, and were examined under the microscope. The proportions of the different ingredients varied, but the same substances were found in all the specimens. The composition of the matter subjected to the microscope was as follows:—"The dust of the streets, in its finer or coarser particles, according to the height at which it had been collected, with a large proportion of organic elements; particles of sand, of quartz, and felspar; of carbon, from coal-dust, and lampblack; fibres of wool and cotton of various tints; epidermic scales; granules of starch, of wheat, mainly the tissues of plants; the epidermic tissue, recognized by the stomata, or breathing pores; vegetable ducts and fibres, with spiral markings; vegetable hairs or down, either single or in tufts of four or eight, and of great variety, and three distinct kinds of pollens. Fungi were abundant, from mere micrococcus granules to filaments of mould. When water was added to a portion of dust, from whatever source, and exposed in a test-tube to sunlight or heat for a few hours, vibrios and bacteria made their appearance."

Artificial Teeth.—The following account of the mode of making teeth is from one of the United States' scientific journals, and it may suggest something to those interested in such matters:—"It is stated that at least 3,000,000 of teeth are annually made in this country alone. The first operation, according to the method of manufacture pursued at one of the most extensive and celebrated establishments, is the choosing of the materials. These are felspar, silica, and clay. To these are added various metallic oxides to produce any shade of color desired. The felspar, clay, etc., are ground to an impalpable powder under water, dried, and made into a paste. That composing the body of the tooth is of different materials from that composing the base or enamel. The teeth are made in brass moulds, and this is quite a delicate process. The enamel is first put in place with a small steel spatula; the platinum rivets, by which the teeth are fastened to the plate, are placed in position, and then the body is pressed into the mould. They are then submitted to powerful pressure and dried. After being dried, they are submitted to a process called biscuiting, in which they can be cut like chalk. They are then sent to the trimmers, who scrape off all projections, and fill up all depressions which may have been left in the operation of moulding,

and then wash them with what is technically termed enamel. This is composed of various substances, more fusible than the tooth itself, and answers the glaze in common porcelain-making. It is ground to a fine powder, and suspended in water, and is laid on with a camel-hair brush. They are now sent to the gummers, who apply the gum. This is chiefly composed of oxide of gold, and is applied in the same manner as the enamel. After being dried, they are burned. This operation is carried on in a muffle. The teeth are placed on a bed of crushed quartz, which is placed on a slab of refractory clay. After being exposed to an intense heat for some hours, they are taken out, cooled, and assorted."

Action of Alcohol on the Body.—A paper was read before the Royal Society in May by Professor Parkes and the Count Wollowicz, M.D., detailing their experiments on the action of ordinary alcohol on the human body. Among the results were the following:—Small quantities of absolute alcohol (1 and 2 fluid ounces=respectively 28.4 and 56.8 c.c.), given in divided doses to a perfectly healthy man, seemed to increase his appetite; 4 fluid ounces lessened it considerably, and larger quantities almost destroyed it. In other healthy persons it may be different from the above, while in most cases of disease it seems probable that a much smaller amount of alcohol would destroy appetite. The number of beats of the heart in twenty-four hours (as calculated from eight observations made in fourteen hours) increases very largely—viz., an average of more than 13 per cent.; while the actual work done by the heart in excess was found to be equal to lifting 15.8 tons 1 foot, and during the two last days of the experiment it did extra work to the amount of 24 tons lifted as far.

The Fossil Horse in Missouri.—In a paper read before the St. Louis Academy of Science, and reported in the *American Naturalist* for March, Mr. G. C. Broadhead records some interesting facts on the above subject. Alluding to the fact that horse remains had been found in the altered drift of Kansas, he says he is now able to announce that similar remains have recently been discovered in a well at Papinville, Bates county, Missouri. Mr. O. P. Ohlinger procured a tooth at the depth of thirty-one feet from the surface, resting in a bed of sand beneath a four-inch stratum of bluish clay and gravel. Above the last was thirty feet ten inches of yellowish clay reaching to the surface. Beneath the sand, containing the tooth, was a gravel bed five feet in thickness, consisting mostly of rounded pebbles resembling river gravel, generally hornstone, many partially, and some firmly adhering together. Other pebbles shown him from the same bed were of iron ore, coal, and micaceous sandstone. He was farther informed that some remains of fluviatile shells were found. He sent the tooth to Professor Joseph Leidy of Philadelphia, who pronounced it to be the last upper molar of a horse, probably an extinct species. From a similar gravel bed on the banks of Marais des Cygnes, a fragment of a tusk was given him resembling very much that of a mammoth. Its whole length was said to be seven feet four inches. About ten

miles above Papinville, the banks of Marais des Cygnes River appear to be of a similar formation to the well of Ohlinger, consisting of about twelve feet of brown sandy clay resting on ten feet of blue clay with many pebbles of worn gravel at the lower part. These gravel beds he considers as of more recent age than the drift, but older than the bluff or loess, and regards them as altered drift. They seem rather to abound on the Osage and its tributaries, and are often reached in digging wells.

Antiquity of Man in North America.—In the Transactions of the Chicago Academy of Sciences (vol. i. part 2) Dr. J. W. Foster contributes a paper of some interest relative to the above. He gives man a great antiquity, and refers to the discovery in California by Professor Whitney of a human skull buried deep in the gold drift, and covered with five successive overflows of lava.

Isothermal Phenomena.—Professor Dove, the well-known meteorologist, has read a paper at the Academy of Sciences, Berlin, on the temperature of last winter. The cold throughout Germany was, he remarks, severe. In February, the mean temperature near Königsberg corresponded to that of Archangel, Catherinenburg, and Orenburg; at Ratibor (Silesia) it agreed with Smolensk; Breslau was colder than Moscow; Tilsit had exchanged with Novgorod; Berlin had the low temperature of Abo; Schwerin had become Kieff; Frankfort-on-the-Main, and Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, were Memel; Treves was Posen; and Wiesbaden dreaded the loss of its reputation as the German Montpellier, for it was colder than Elbing, in East Prussia. This extraordinary weather lasted from the middle of January to February 21, when it was suddenly broken up by a south-west wind which streamed across Western and Central Europe. Beyond the Atlantic, there was a remarkable contrast; for during January the weather in New York was as warm as May, flowers were in bloom, and rain fell abundantly. To those who know what American winters usually are, these facts will appear incredible. Professor Dove is working out the explanation of the phenomena: meanwhile, he states as a law that in Europe anomalous cold generally moves from east to west, and onwards in the same direction to America; while the anomalous warmth that commonly succeeds travels in the contrary direction—that is, west to east.

Relation between Temperature of the Earth and Sun-spots.—Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-royal for Scotland, has made a long series of observations on the temperature of the earth with underground thermometers, and is thereby led to conclude that some relation exists between this temperature and the amount of sun spots, and that it takes place in a certain order, deducible from the observations. Following this out to a conclusion, he is of opinion that next winter will be unusually severe throughout the British Islands.

Light in the Sea.—As we mentioned some months ago, a very important question is: To what depth does daylight penetrate the sea? If

the light does not reach the bottom, how is the color of shells and animals living at even the greatest depths to be accounted for? Mr. C. W. Siemens, whose name we have often mentioned, has invented an apparatus by which the problem will perhaps be solved. A rotating disk, fitted within an iron framework, is connected with an electric coil and with the wires leading from a battery. The disk carries six glass tubes, each containing a small roll of sensitive paper. The apparatus is sunk to any required depth; the electric current is passed; causes the disk to make a slight turn, which brings one of the tubes from the dark chamber; strips off its cover, and exposes it to whatever light may be diffused in the water, and to light concentrated by a lens fixed in the upper part of the iron framework. If, as before remarked, the light does descend to great depths, the sensitive paper will be darkened generally, and the concentrated light will produce a black spot. And if there be any phosphorescent light, the effect of that will be seen on the under side of the paper. The experiments can be repeated at different depths until the six tubes have all been tested, after which they may be hauled up, and a fresh supply inserted. In this contrivance, Mr. Siemens has again shown proof of his philosophical ingenuity, and we trust he may succeed.

"On the Mechanical Firing of Steam-boilers" is the title of a paper read at a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, which ought to be interesting to all who burn coal under steam-boilers. The paper shows that if the coal is brought gradually into the furnace upon an endless iron web, a much smaller quantity is consumed, and the engine does more duty than when the furnace is fed by hand. The Vickers mechanical furnace in use at Seaham Colliery, county Durham, is described as the most successful of all, inasmuch as it will burn the small coal known among the miners as "peas" and "duff," and which can be bought at the pit's mouth at from one shilling to three shillings per ton. Another advantage of the mechanical furnace is that it consumes all the smoke.

Steel Rails.—The use of steel rails for railways is increasing, and apparently not without reason; for the "life" of a steel rail is reckoned to be five times as long as that of an iron rail. From experiments made in the United States, the engineers of that country estimate the life of a steel rail at forty years; and if the estimate is well founded, it would be more economical to lay steel rails than to lay the best iron rails, even if they were a free gift.

The Combustion of the Diamond.—Professor Morren, of Marseilles, recently laid a paper before the French Academy (May 2) on the combustion of the diamond in various gases. When the diamond has been heated in a platinum tube, through which some hydro-carburetted gas has passed, the diamond becomes covered with an adhering black layer, which does not alter the diamond, and can easily be removed by a simple elevation of the temperature. This elevation should not be carried too far, however, as it would change the polish of the stone and its brilliancy; but if, instead of such

a gas as the above, pure dry hydrogen is passed through the tube, the diamond may be submitted to a higher temperature without in any way altering its appearance. If carbonic acid be used this gas is decomposed, and oxygen and carbonic oxide are formed in the tube. But this decomposition takes place when there is no diamond in the tube, and is, therefore, merely an effect of the temperature. When the diamond is heated in oxygen it burns, being surrounded by a sort of halo; and after a certain time it completely disappears. If the diamond be examined with a microscope before it has entirely disappeared, it is seen that the faces of the crystal, instead of being a plane, are covered with a number of small elementary facettes.

ART.

An Italian Villa.—In his charming little volume "Skeleton Tours," which we have taken occasion to commend elsewhere, Mr. Sargent gives the following description of the Villa Pallavicini, near Genoa:—After seeing the town [Genoa], drive a few miles to the Villa Pallavicini, not usually visited by travellers, but more remarkable than any gardens in Italy, or possibly in the world. The estate is kept in order by 20 directors, 8 gardeners, and 30 assistants, the usual pay being two to three francs a day. You pass from the house on to a superb terrace of white marble, having a very extended view over the city and the Mediterranean, as far as the mountains of Corsica; below, a series of terraces with white marble balustrades and steps—these terraces bordered by espaliers of oranges and lemons, 20 feet high, and standard camellias (10 to 20 feet high) of every color, in full flower; these were interspersed with large azalias and rhododendrons, also in bloom. From the other side of the house you enter (through avenues of laurel and laurestinus, heath in flower 12 to 15 feet high, eight or ten varieties of holly) the beautiful Grecian temple in white marble, with exquisite frescos. On the other side of this is a long Italian walk, bordered by vases and planted with dwarf oranges in fruit, with a background of firs, and terminating in another beautiful temple. From this again you pass through narrow, tortuous walks, to a little rustic cottage, designed to show the contrast between high art and simple nature. Ascending through dense woods of holly, laurel, Portugal laurel, and sweet bay, surrounded by majestic Italian pines, you come suddenly upon a wild picturesque fall, the water brought five miles, forming a small lake in which the fish are fed at a cost of \$2.50 a day. This walk, with occasional stopping-places, indicated by rustic seats, leads to the summit of the mountain, upon which is a ruined tower with superb views in every direction. Descending the mountain through similar plantations, you come amidst dense undergrowth of yew and holly, upon some ruins intended to represent a city destroyed by war—mossy and ivy grown. A turn in the walk suddenly brings you in front of a cavern of stalactites, brought at great expense from every part of Italy; you pass through intense gloom and shadow for some way, presently emerging into a lighter cavern, 30 feet square, the crevices of the rocks overgrown and draped with

ivy and parasites, admitting sufficient daylight to perceive a large lake, occasionally appearing and disappearing between the columns and walls of a cavern. Your guide now saluting you, says, "Addio, Signor! I shall behold you in the Temple of Flora!" and suddenly leaves you. Presently, in the dim distant windings of this mysterious cavern, a gilded boat appears, propelled by a picturesque Charon; you enter, and after several minutes of alternate light and shade, passing through narrow, gloomy passages, where the dimmest light only is seen, and again into large caverns—luminous through crevices in vaulted roofs of rock—you suddenly emerge into the bright sun in a beautiful lake. In the centre is an island on which stands a most charming and exquisitely-sculptured temple, containing a statue of Diana; at some little distance, in the water, are four statues of the Tritons. There are several other small islands, connected by Chinese bridges elaborate in color and gold; under one you have, from your boat, a most exquisite view of the Mediterranean, some 700 feet below. On another side of this little lake is a charming garden, surrounded by dense, umbrageous plantations of arbutus, oleander, and laurestinus, containing a parterre exquisitely laid out and planted in azalias and camelias of every shade of color; in the midst stands a lovely little temple of purest marble, called the Temple of Flora. Here you disembark, and are again received by your former guide, who informs you that this grotto and lake cost nine hundred thousand francs, and occupied four hundred men daily for two years to complete it. Passing a cork-tree, said to be the largest in Italy, you come to a rustic bridge leading to a summer house, beyond which is a swing. On crossing the bridge, a loose plank touching a spring covers you with water; running into the rustic-house to escape this, you find yourself the centre of four horizontal sheets of water. If you attempt the swing, you are drenched from all the adjacent trees.

A Painting by Correggio rescued.—In the palaces of the kings of Spain there was only one copy of Correggio, and there was therefore nothing in them to give up to the Museo del Rey. But the Escorial was able to supply this deficiency, as it had done in the works of Leonardo da Vinci. It has given to the museum one of the most beautiful as well as least known works of Correggio. This precious picture had been hidden under a cover of paint, with which it had been outrageously smudged, under pretence of veiling some very innocent nudities. Happily, some one guessed what was concealed under this sacrilegious covering; it was removed skilfully, and now the picture of Correggio, which had been thus protected from the ravages of time, has assumed the fresh and brilliant coloring which three centuries would necessarily have injured. The figures are half the size of life, and there is a landscape background; the subject is that usually known as the *Noli me tangere*, and represents the appearance of Jesus after His resurrection to Mary Magdalen. On her knees, her hands joined, her head cast down, the Magdalen drags her rich garments in the dust. The attitude of the Saviour, in whose hands the painter has placed a spade, is truly admirable, as also is the expression of His counte-

nance. Nothing in the work of the pencil can surpass the execution of that fine figure, the soft tints and harmonious colors which stand out against the deep blue of the sky and the dark green of a thick foliage. This is a true and complete Correggio, a charming picture, which, without possessing through its proportions and subject the importance of his great compositions in Parma or Dresden, yet yields in charm and value to none of the rare works of its immortal author.—*From the Wonders of Italian Art.*

Delaroché's Picture of the Execution of Lady Jane Grey.—Horace Vernet, Ary Scheffer, and Paul Delaroché were arguing upon which feature in a figure-subject an artist mainly relied for giving dramatic intensity to his conceptions. The two former agreed that, above all things, perhaps the eloquence of the eye was most indispensable, especially if the thoughts to be embodied were in any degree of a pathetic nature. Delaroché dissented, and remained unconvinced, though confronted with his own magnificent work, "Marie Antoinette Condemned," which really seems to have been painted to illustrate the astonishing power and variety of emotion the eye is capable of expressing. He then undertook to compose a picture the story of which should be of the most distressing nature conceivable, and yet represent the subject pictorially through the medium of five eyeless personages! This noble masterpiece is the result. It may be interesting to add that the engraving from this work—though only 14 inches by 11½—occupied the engraver twenty-five years, and cost £4,500.

Blackening a Dancing Figure.—A good deal of excitement has been caused by an attempt, on the part of some person unknown, to disfigure the group in front of the New Opera House in Paris, executed by M. Carpeaux, by breaking a bottle of ink over it. The group in question when first exposed was variously criticised, some people contending that the artist deserved well of his country for launching into something original, and others declaring that his originality was nothing but indecency. The centre figure of the group is a man holding aloft a tambourine, and beneath him are some naked women dragging each other round in a ring, and supposed to be dancing. It must be acknowledged that these nude figures seem heartily ashamed of being thus exposed to the public gaze. A great outcry has been raised against the author of this piece of vandalism, and no such attack has been made on a public monument since a gentleman broke the nose of one of the colossal female figures in the Place de la Concorde because the lady resembled his wife. A similar outrage has been committed in the garden of the Luxembourg. A bottle of ink was thrown over the marble group of Acis and Galatea of the Médicis fountain.

Restoration of the Alhambra.—The Spanish Cortes have recently made a grant of 65,000 dollars towards the restoration and preservation of this building; and in the *Revista de España* for April 25, Señor Raphael Contreras discusses the project of turning it into a museum for Oriental antiquities. There are a variety of other projects under consideration in Spain for the collection,

classification, and preservation of the Celtiberian, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Hebrew, Arabic, Hispano-Arabic, and Christian historical antiquities now in process of dispersion and destruction throughout the country. S. Contreras offers some suggestions for their temporary preservation.

Subscriptions are being made in England toward the long-contemplated renovation of St. Paul's Cathedral, so that Dean Milman's ideas will possibly be carried out at last. The *Athenæum* suggests that before any large amount of money is spent, a part of one of the side-aisles ought to be colored by way of experiment. It also wishes that some of the wretched statuary could be expelled.

Prizes for the best designs for a Schiller monument, to be erected in the Schiller-place at Vienna, have been offered, and 50,000 francs have been already subscribed.

A statue of Leonardo da Vinci is to be erected in Milan.

VARIETIES.

Hereditary Peculiarities.—An officer whose little finger had accidentally been cut across, and had in consequence become crooked, transmitted the same defect to his offspring. Another officer, wounded at the battle of Eylau, had a scar reproduced on the foreheads of his children. When the new-born infants of Europeans are compared with those of savage nations, the shape of the toes in the former is found to have been modified by the fact that their parents were in the habit of wearing shoes. It has often been observed that the Hapsburg, or Austrian royal family, for some generations back, have had a thick upper lip, which first appeared after an ancestor of theirs had intermarried with the Polish family of Jagellon. A gentleman communicates the information that he has himself witnessed a single white lock of hair in two successive generations of a family, which family moreover bore a surname that may possibly have been first suggested by the phenomenon now described. Observations analogous to those which have been recorded have been made also in the case of the lower animals. In Carolina, a dog which had accidentally lost its tail transmitted the defect to its descendants for three or four generations. A sheep in Massachusetts, with a long body and short legs, in 1791 became the progenitor of an apparently permanent breed, possessing the same characteristics. This now occurs in various parts of North America, is called the otter sheep, and is prized by farmers, as its short limbs prevent its being able to leap over the fences.

There were Giants in those Days.—In one of his recent lectures, Prof. Silliman alluded to the discovery of the skeleton of an enormous lizard of eighty feet. From this the professor inferred, as no living specimen of such magnitude has been found, that the species which it represents has become degenerated. The verity of his position he endeavored to enforce by allusion to the well-known existence of giants in olden times. The following is the list upon which this singular hy-

pothesis is based: The giant exhibited at Rouen, in 1830, the professor says measured nearly eighteen feet. Gorapius saw a girl that was ten feet high. The giant Galabra, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Caesar, was ten feet high. The giant Ferreguss, slain by Orlando, a nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet high. In 1814, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isorant, who was no less than thirty feet high. In 1850, near Rouen, was found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was nineteen feet high. The giant Bacart was twenty-two feet high; his thigh bones were found in 1704 near the river Moderi. In 1823, near the castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found thirty feet long, sixteen wide, and eight high, on which was cut in gray stone these words: "Kintolochus Rex." The skeleton was found entire, twenty-five and a quarter feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast-bone to the back. We have no doubt that "there were giants in those days," and the past was perhaps more prolific in producing them than the present. But the history of giants during the olden time was not more remarkable than that of dwarfs, several of whom were even smaller than the Thumbs and Nuts of our own time.

Marvels of Memory.—The following examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible, had they not been given to us upon the highest authority:

Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could call by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 20,000. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew all his 80,000 soldiers by their right names. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were read to him; and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, 200 unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Lord Granville could repeat, from beginning to end, the New Testament in the original Greek. Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper. Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides.

It is said that George III. never forgot a face he had once seen, nor a name he had ever heard. Mirandola would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times, and could frequently repeat the words backward as well as forward. Thomas Cranmer committed to memory, in three months, an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the *Æneid*; and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word.

It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of Holy Week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to

take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner, and gave the strictest attention to the music, and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time, and following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome, that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine*.

Illumination of St. Peter's.—The tramontana was still blowing, not hard, indeed, but enough to make the task of the 365 lamp-lighters employed not only unpleasant but difficult. In a perfect calm, the right course is to go first to the Piazza of St. Peter's, and see all the lines of the architecture picked out in light. I elected to take first the view from the Pincian. At that distance the mischance of a few lamps here or there did not signify; and what one saw was an edifice not so much illuminated as itself of fire. I never saw the architectural design to better advantage, inasmuch that I said to myself, "Now, this is St. Peter's as it existed in the architect's mind before he had to do it in stone and lead." Yet there is a novelty in the fiery design. The outline of the dome and the cupola surmounting it becomes more flowing and graceful, and acquires even an Oriental character. At that distance the illuminated colonnade vaguely suggests a region of light out of which rises its own fitting temple. The sky was a clear green, and the stars a pale blue, over the redder fires of human art. The sword of Orion hung just over the cross as the illumination was completed. But the chief contrast was that of the glowing pile with all the domes and towers and towering edifices between us, on the Pincian, and the fading twilight. In a moment—and had one not been looking that way, one must have missed it—a shower or mantle of brighter glory seemed to fall from heaven, and, beginning with the cross, changed every light to a brighter and purer flame. It is scarcely possible to conceive how it is done, but the change is really instantaneous. At first the wind blew flakes and sheets of fire far away from every part, as in our own city conflagrations, but soon the lights were all as steady as before, and much more brilliant. The effect is due, not to a multitude of smaller lights, but, I believe, to only 4,000 large ones—literally fire-pots. By this arrangement the design of the dome is improved, even in its lower portion, or bulb, the lines being relieved with what we should call lozenge-shaped interruptions. Later in the night, when even the larger lamps were beginning to expire, and the smaller ones were mostly out, I went to the Piazza. From the bridge of St. Angelo what one saw was a mountain, as irregular as an Alp, and any height one might imagine, for it might be near and it might be far, all of a glow, as if it had burst out of the burning centre of the earth by the fracture of its crust. It looked an incandescent mass, the stones only glowing somewhat less vividly than the flames themselves, bursting out where they could. The Piazza itself

was almost as light as day, and, as it were, wrapped in the surrounding, though now expiring flames. So closed Easter Day, 1870.—*The Correspondent of the Times*.

English Authorized Bible.—Mr. Faber, writing as a Roman Catholic, says: Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.

Flogging in Russia.—Many noble ladies have been flogged in Russia; indeed, anecdotes of such flagellations could be multiplied to almost any extent. It was stated a few years ago in a German newspaper that three of the most beautiful women of St. Petersburg were driven direct from one of the imperial balls in their own carriages, in all their finery of satin and lace, to the police station, and, after being mounted on a man's shoulders, with their dress tucked up, were smartly whipped with a birch rod. No explanation was given, but they were dismissed with the significant caution to hold their tongues in future. At another imperial party some young ladies, who had been chatting too freely, were politely escorted by a *maitre d'hôtel* to a distant apartment, where, being made to kneel over an ottoman, they were severally smacked by a female housekeeper with their satin slippers, and then sent home.—*A History of the Rod in all Countries*.

The Dickens Family.—With respect to Mr. Dickens's family it may be news to many to hear that he had ten children (eight of whom are living), namely, two daughters and eight sons. Of the sons one is in the Royal Navy, and now stationed at Valparaiso; one in India, and two sheep-farming in Australia, near Melbourne. The youngest of the sons is at college, and the eldest is now the conductor of *All the Year Round*. Of the daughters, one is married to Charles Collins, brother to Wilkie Collins. She is the heroine of Millais's famous painting of the "Black Brunswicker." The unmarried daughter, like Miss Thackeray, is a novelist of more than average talent, her best known works being, "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," and "Veronica." The best and largest photographs of Dickens were taken in America, and a large supply of them is daily expected in England.—*Court Journal*.



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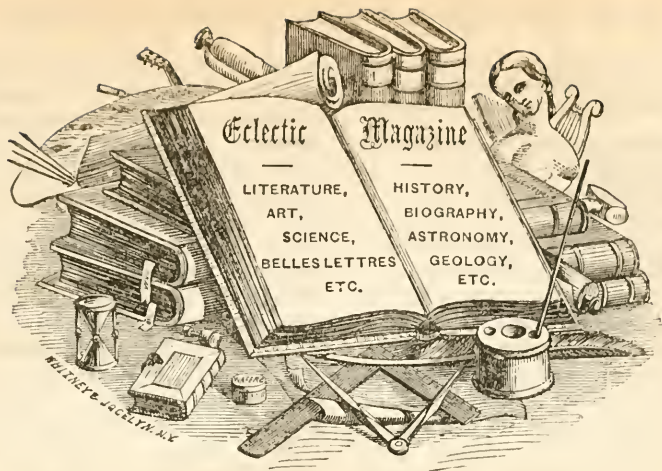
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, {
Vol. XII., No. 4. }

OCTOBER, 1870.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols. }

The Quarterly Review.

[BATHS AND BATHING-PLACES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

- ART. VI.—1. *De Balneis omnia quæ ex-
tant apud Græcos, Latinos et Arabes,
&c. &c.* Venetiis apud Juntas, 1553.
2. *De Thermis, Lacubus, Fontibus, Bal-
neisque totius Orbis.* Andreas Baccius.
Venetiis apud Valigrisium, 1571.
3. *Gallus oder Römische Scenen.* Von
W. A. Becker. Leipzig, 1840.
4. *Sämmtliche Heilquellen Italiens, &c.*
Von C. Harless. 1846–1848. Berlin.
5. *Geschichte der Balneologie, &c.* Von
B. M. Lersch. Würzburg, 1863.
6. *The Baths and Wells of Europe, &c.*
By John Macpherson, M.D. London,
1869.

IN many matters regarding material comforts and even public health, Rome was in advance of modern Europe. We do not allude to mere self-indulging luxury, in which the Romans probably far exceeded us; but in some of the most important improvements of the present day—in the supply of good drinking water and in the construction of public baths—we are now only going over the same ground as ancient

Rome. That city and indeed all the Roman colonies were well supplied with water, often brought from a distance at a vast expense; and the remains of the public baths in Rome and in large provincial cities, of those attached to private villas in Rome and even in its more remote settlements, are on a scale quite beyond anything attempted in modern times.

But that the Romans also thought like the moderns on other points connected with questions of health is very clearly shown by the following passage from the Epistles of Horace:—

“Of Velia and Salernum tell me pray
The climate, and the natives, and the way;
For Baïæ now is lost on me, and I
Once its stanch friend am now its enemy
Through Musa’s fault, who makes me undergo
His cold bath treatment spite of frost and snow,
Good sooth the town is filled with spleen to see
Its steamy baths attract no company,
To find its sulphur wells, which found out pain
From joint and sinew, treated with disdain
By tender chests and heads, now grown so bold
They brave cold water in the depth of cold,

And finding down at Clusium what they want
Or Gabii, say, make that their winter haunt."
Epist., i. 15, *Conington's Transl.*

Here we find our modern fashion portrayed which makes a place popular for a few seasons and then neglected. Here we find in Horace's account of a cold bath in winter, which he evidently did not like, an allusion to the cold-water cure which came into fashion under Musa, the physician of Augustus, as a revulsion from the excessive luxury of hot baths. Pliny* tells us how he had seen aged gentlemen of consular dignity making an ostentation of shivering in their cold baths. and we read how the advocates of the system agreed with the ancient Germans in immersing newly-born children in cold water—a practice alluded to by Virgil.† We learn also from Horace how the Romans had their favorite health resorts, whether in the mountains or along the coast. Martial and many other writers give whole lists of such places; but the limpid Baïæ was the great favorite for many centuries. No Montpellier, or Nice, or Pau, has enjoyed nearly as long-lived a reputation, or has offered such attractions to visitors.

Horace, too, mentions the vapor and the sulphur baths of Baïæ, but no drink ing-wells. It was, in truth, hot bathing in its various forms of heated air, hot vapor and hot water, that the Romans were so fond of. They had borrowed its use from the Greeks, while they improved on their simpler arrangements, the Greeks themselves having probably only followed the usage of Asia Minor and more Eastern nations, among whom bathing has always been regarded as a matter of primary importance.

From the earliest ages, indeed, all peculiarities of smell, of taste, or of temperature in the wells attracted the attention of mankind; and, like all things that were unusual and incapable of ready explanation, they were referred to the immediate influence of the gods. The idea of a local deity dwelling in the spring is well illustrated, by the fact of the word *lymphæ* "water" being only a variety of *nymphæ*, or water goddess.

Most oracles of importance were situated close to sacred springs or to natural escapes of gas. The temple of Jupiter Ammon, in its Libyan oasis, had

an intermitting fountain.* Delphi had not only its fountain of Cassotis, but the Pythoness, when delivering her responses, seems to have been placed on a tripod over a cleft in the rock,† whence issued a gas that inspired her, and, in case of accident, three priestesses were always present.‡ There was something similar at the oracle of Trophonius, in Bœotia, where Pausanias§ says, from personal experience, that a gas was extricated which caused people to become insensible at first, and then to laugh as they gradually recovered consciousness. Hard by were the fabled waters of Mnemosyne and of Lethe. In various parts of India escapes of inflammable gas (such as may be seen now at La Porretta, near Pistoia) have been used for preserving undying fires in the temples of the gods.

Similar instances might easily be multiplied; but this subject we cannot pursue any further, as our main object at present is to give a few sketches of bath life in different ages, making the actors speak as much as possible for themselves.

Baïæ and Puteoli—

"Baïæ the golden shore of pleased Venus,
Baïæ the charming gift of stately Nature" ||—

were in the times of the Roman emperors by far the most important bathing-places, though others along the coast were not neglected. The enervating Sinnuessa, celebrated for the softness of its air and the salubrity of its waters, is perhaps the best known, owing to the emperor Claudius having sought to restore his broken health there, and to the miserable Tigellinus,¶ in the midst of its warm baths, and luxuries and dissipations, having very unwillingly put an end there to his worthless life.

Besides its singularly beautiful scenery, the country about Baïæ was connected with the earliest associations of Roman history. Near it were the most ancient city of Cumæ, with its Sibyl—the lake of Avernus, with its entrance to hell—the Phlegræan fields and the Forum Vulcani—the Elysian plains—the promontory of Misenum, with its harbor—not to mention the remarkable natural phenomena of

* Herodot. iv. 181. † Pausanias, x. 24, § 7.

‡ Plutarch, *Quest. Græc.* c. 9; *De Orac. Def.* c. 51.

§ ix. 39, § 5 seqq. || Martial, xi. 80.

¶ Tacitus, *Histor.*, i. 72.

* xxix. c. 5.

† *Æneid*, ix. 603.

extinct volcanoes, craters, and lakes, with hot springs, and hot vapors, and mineral waters which were in themselves so striking. The great Roman nobles, too, began to build their villas here long before the days when, for want of space, the foundations of their new buildings had to be laid in the sea. The writers of the Augustan Age, and for a century afterwards, absolutely teem with notices of the delights of Baia, and it must be confessed that at the same time they do not spare its vices. Immoralities were practised openly at Baia, which could only be indulged in at Rome in private. Cicero, Propertius, Horace, Ovid, all write in the same strain; and a little later Martial, who was certainly no stickler for morality, appears almost to be shocked at the doings of the place. But, for our purpose, the account given by Seneca will answer best. He was, indeed, somewhat of a *laudator temporis acti*, and regretted the days when the Romans washed only their faces and hands daily, and had a bath once in eight days: he preferred the ruder and less luxurious baths of Scipio at Linterum, who was not very particular as to the quality of his water, to the effeminate arrangements of Baia and Puteoli.* Still, as he only confirms in detail what had been long before said by Cicero, his evidence is not fairly open to exception.

Seneca,† when he paid his visit to Baia, lived above the great bath, and was greatly annoyed by its noisiness. He heard, early in the morning, the splashing of bathers in the water, for people bathed at all hours. He was disturbed by the excited cries of those playing at ball, and by the deep-drawn sighs of those who swung heavy leaden weights. Here one person was trying his voice at a song—there another was engaged in a loud dispute, or perhaps a cry was raised at the detection of a thief caught stealing the clothes of one of the bathers—no unusual occurrence. There were the shrill cries of the vendors of various eatables, especially of the *liba* or sweet cakes, which have been long popular among bathers, and a remnant of which is to be still found in some of the German baths. Seneca tells us also that it was common to see tipsy people wandering along the seashore—and to hear the shores of the Lucrine lake resounding with

the songs of pleasure-parties of men and women, who skimmed about in gayly painted boats of every variety of shape and color, decked out with crowns and chaplets of roses. All ancient writers describe those aquatic excursions as scenes of voluptuous pleasure: there was also abundance of gambling; and on the whole Seneca described Baia as a sort of vortex of luxury and a harbor of vice.

Baia and Puteoli retained their popularity for a long period; but after a time we lose sight of them, as of most health-resorts during the middle ages. When bath-life began to revive in Europe, the wells in this favorite corner were among the first to attract attention, but the convulsions connected with the production of Monte Nuovo, and the unhealthiness of the district, have prevented any great success in the attempts to restore their former glory. Ischia, scarcely known for such purposes to the ancients, although Pliny mentions its mineral waters, has, with its immense natural resources, taken their place, and though the *stufas* or hot-vapor baths of San Germano and of the baths of Nero have always been employed, and the baths at the temple of Serapis have been restored and are in use, yet the ancient fame of Baia has never been equalled.

A very spirited attempt is, however, being made at present, to convert the villa Cardito, close to Puteoli, the modern Pozzuoli, and its extensive grounds, into an establishment fit to receive a large number of visitors; old springs are being opened up, an immense piscina, or reservoir of water, is to be cleared out, and we even hear that arrangements are to be made, to enable patients to inhale the sulphur vapors which rise in one corner of the adjoining crater of the Solfatara. The experiment is a bold one, and its success is quite feasible if the district were less feverish and malarious; and it is to be hoped that the feat of draining Lake Agnano, now nearly accomplished, may contribute towards its salubrity.

But the public baths of Rome far exceeded those of Baia in extent and importance. The stupendous aqueducts replenished the baths which were constructed in all parts of the city with imperial magnificence. There were the public baths of Agrippa, of Titus, and of Nero, besides numerous private ones. The baths of Caracalla, open at stated hours for the indiscriminate use of the

* Epist. 86.

† Ib. 51 and 56.

senators and of the people, counted about 1,600 seats of marble, and there were more than 3,000 seats in the baths of Diocletian. The walls of the lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics, that imitated the art of the painter, in their elegance of design and variety of colors. The Egyptian syenite was beautifully encrusted with the precious green marbles of Numidia—the rooms were full of statues, and of pillars supporting nothing, but placed merely for ornament.* A perpetual stream of water was poured into capacious basins, through many wide mouths of lions of bright and polished silver: water issued from silver and was received on silver.† And finally, says Seneca,‡ such a pitch of luxury have we reached, that we are dissatisfied if we do not tread on gems in our baths; and these luxuries—at least those of the public baths, the poorest might partake of for a small copper coin in value less than a farthing. Their use was speedily followed by their abuse. The idle and the profligate spent many hours in the hot baths, and found it necessary to relieve by draughts of wine the exhaustion which they produced.

The Romans carried their fondness for baths with them to distant countries, and wherever they found hot springs they built baths or thermæ. The following are some of the countless places where their remains have been found out of Italy:—at Aix in Savoy and Aix in Provence; at Dax, Bagnères de Bigorres and Bagnères de Luchon in the Pyrenees; Alhama and Caldas in Spain, where the Moors were only too glad to revive the Roman baths; at Baden in Switzerland; at Wiesbaden; and at our own Bath or Aquæ Solis; not to mention Baden, near Vienna; and the baths of Hercules in Mehadia, in the Banat. The Roman *aquæ* still remains in the various forms of *Acqui*, *Aigues*, *Aix*, *Ax*, *Dax*.

The ancients did not resort to their baths merely for the purposes of ablution or health: they went also to meet their friends in the porches or inner rooms of the baths, to hear the last news, and to plan fresh amusements. And here, too, literary people assembled and poets endeavored to find hearers for their latest works.§ In close contiguity, and often in

the same building with them, were gymnasia for wrestling, for various games at ball, theatres, and arenas for the fights of gladiators and of wild beasts. It was this character of baths, as places of amusement, that led to their being placed, in common with theatres, under the ban of the early Christians, who also steadily protested against the two sexes bathing together.

In the earlier ages of Rome men and women bathed separately, and even in the times of the emperors, the more respectable matrons would not enter a common bath, although they seem sometimes to have frequented public ones, which had probably separate rooms; but that the practice of promiscuous bathing was frequent, and that its evils were understood, is abundantly evident from the many edicts directed against it by the emperors Hadrian, Trajan, M. Aurelius, and Alexander Severus. Heliogabalus again permitted the practice, and the Emperor Gallienus actually bathed along with women.

After the two first centuries our notices of bath life become very scanty, and the denunciations by some of the early fathers of its vicious excesses are the more interesting to us. Clemens of Alexandria, about the beginning of the third century, protested against* the luxury and indecency of the Alexandrian ladies in their bathing; they used to eat and get drunk in their baths. They had swinging, or pensile baths (which, though there has been a good deal of difference of opinion on the subject, seem merely to have been vapor baths suspended, *i.e.* built over flues), and used all kinds of gold and silver bath-utensils. Clemens declared that there were four causes for bathing—cleanliness, warmth, health, and pleasure. The last was utterly to be forbidden; women may bathe for cleanliness or for health, men for health only. To bathe for the sake of warmth he considered to be a piece of superfluity; besides, the frequent use of the warm bath was weakening. But it seems clear that the denunciations of Clemens did not put an end to the warm baths of Alexandria; and the baths which so many an eastward bound traveller has enjoyed on landing in that city are the direct successors of those denounced by the Fathers. That Clemens expressed the general Chris-

* Seneca, Epist. 86; Martial, vi. 42; ix. 76.

† Statius, Silv. i. 5.

‡ Epist. 86.

§ Horat., Sat. i. 4, 74.

* Pædagog., l. iii. c. 5.

tian feeling against the monstrous abuses of bathing is further shown by decrees of one of the councils of Carthage and of Laodicea* directed against them.

At a slightly later period a curious piece of controversy between Origen and Celsus shows us that the existence of mineral waters was not forgotten. Celsus, writing against Christianity, says, that Christians believe that hot springs arise from the tears of fallen angels! To which Origen replies † that such a thing had never been read or even heard of in the churches of God; for that no one was so stupid as to suppose that heavenly angels shed tears like those of men. Besides, if he might reply jocularly to Celsus, who seemed to be writing seriously, no one could say that warm springs, which are usually of sweet water, could proceed from the tears of angels, because tears are naturally salt, so that probably Celsus must have been of opinion that the tears of angels are sweet!

The transfer of the seat of empire to the East, brings us near to the well-known baths of Brussa, within sixty miles of Constantinople. They had been used from a very early period, and, in the age of Trajan, Pliny the Younger ‡ writes to his master for permission to restore their buildings. In the days of Constantine these baths were rebuilt with magnificence, and received the name of Royal. They fell into decay probably about the twelfth or thirteenth century, but revived again, and are, perhaps, the most celebrated baths at this day in the East.

About the year 390 Claudian composed an elaborate poem on the warm sulphur springs of Abano, in the Euganean Hills. This poem was evidently before the eyes of Cassiodorus, the Secretary of Theodoric, who held his rule at Ravenna, about a century afterwards, when he wrote ample instructions to an architect to repair thoroughly the baths which were then falling into decay, and which it is interesting to know are flourishing at the present day. Cassiodorus has also preserved to us some other glimpses of bath life; permission is given to one of Theodoric's warriors, Vinsivad, to go and visit the baths of Bormio, and both bathe in them and drink the waters for his gout.

This must have been about the year 535. Vinsivad may, therefore, be considered to be the first visitor whose name is inscribed in the bath list of Bormio. In another letter, the Gothic King Athalaric, grandson of Theodoric, allows his general, Primiscrinus, to visit Baia, which he terms a beautiful bathing-place, working miracles, and precious for health.

One of the laws of Justinian (Novell. 117) about this date, making a woman's bathing naked with another man a sufficient ground for divorce on the part of the husband, shows that public baths were still in use, and that their old abuses had not been forgotten.

The general decay of baths throughout Europe at this time has commonly been attributed to their destruction by the Christians. It should probably be more fairly assigned to the irruptions of the northern nations. There was not indeed any particular unwillingness on the part of the early Christians to adopt the sacred or medicinal fountains. Their objections, as we have already seen, were to the frightful abuses connected with the hot baths, which had already attracted the notice of pagan emperors. Wells formerly sacred to heathen deities were readily transferred to Christian saints. Springs dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, the Sun, Æsculapius, Hygeia, or Hercules—got the names of St. Mary, St. Helen, St. Giuliano, St. Winifred, St. Mungo, or St. Bridget. The heathen practice of bringing offerings to wells, or to their saints, though forbidden, was kept up to a much later period, and is probably not extinct in very Catholic countries; nay, a relic of it is to be found in the annual feast of one of our English baths. Perhaps the highest expression of the feeling of the sacredness of such waters is found in the "*Medicina Theologica*," the author of which says that the beneficent virtues of springs are due to the remains of the sacred impression of the spirit of the Lord which moved over the waters at the creation of the world. This to a certain degree explains to us the inscription on the old cross at Bath with reference to the wife of James II. having become a mother, which at first sight appears almost blasphemous, and which was removed nearly a century ago: "*In perpetuam Reginæ Mariæ memoriam, quam cœlo in Bathonienses Thermas irradiante, Spiritu*

* Canon xxx. † *Adversus Celsum*, v. 55.

‡ *Epist.* x. 34.

Domini qui fertur super aquas, trium regnorum hæredis genetricem fecit," &c. &c.

For eight hundred years we now hear little of bath life, but enough to show that baths were still to some extent frequented. According to the early traditions of Aix its waters were infested by a *lutin*, or demon, who was expelled by Pepin, which monarch on more than one occasion repaired to that place with his court. But it was in the time of Charlemagne that its waters regained their celebrity. Eginhard,* the chief historian of that prince, records that Charlemagne was the first swimmer of his age, and that he was so fond of baths, and of the hot ones of Aix in particular, that he finally fixed his residence in that city in order to enjoy them. The emperor used to make bathing parties with his family and his chief officers; he did not even disdain the society of the common soldiers, and had occasionally a whole company of his guards in the bath with him,—in all this, indeed, only following the example of some of the Roman emperors.

In 1138 a small leper hospital was founded by a bishop at Bath, and about that time Gilbertus recommended its waters in certain diseases. In 1161 the records of Pisa show that a captain was appointed annually, from 1st March to 1st November, to superintend the neighboring baths of San Giuliano. An important part of his duty was to keep away all pimps and courtesans, and gamblers, or those who kept gambling-houses. In 1176 the rules for the bath of Teruel, in Spain, show that separate days of bathing were appointed for the men and women, and one day in the week for Jews and Saracens. Some of the rules were directed against the men stealing the women's clothes, or otherwise insulting them. So gross did the immorality of some of the Spanish baths become, that in the beginning of the fourteenth century one of the Alphonsos was obliged to order them to be closed. Tussilagno's directions for using the waters of Bormio are interesting, as showing that they were frequented in 1336. The Latin rhymes of Ranulph Higden, dating from 1360, show how frequented in those days was the Well of St. Winifred, or Holywell, in

Flintshire, perhaps the most famous well of pure cold water in Europe. An abbess of Zurich, in 1415, sold certain lands to cover the expense of her paying a visit to Baden. The statutes of the synod of Avignon, in 1441, forbade all the clergy from visiting baths, which at that time were sinks of immorality. A little later, or in 1494, we find that the baths of Pisa were made over for fifteen years to Matteo Franco, canon of Florence, who, as he was author of a book of sonnets *da ridere*, was not, we presume, a severe ecclesiastic.

We begin to obtain fuller views of bath life in the writings, chiefly of Italian physicians, from the beginning of the fourteenth century. But there appears to be no detailed description of it till 1420, or about the time of the Council of Constance, when a learned Italian writer, Poggio Bracciolini,* who was secretary to Pope Boniface IX., and to various of his successors, gave, in a letter to his friend Leonardus Aretinus, a curious account of what he saw at Baden in Argau, affording us the first picture of European bath life, that has come down to us, since the decay of the empire. He says, in substance, that

"the beauty of the country, and the magnificence of the villas at Baïæ and Puteoli, caused more pleasure than the use of the baths, or the joviality of the mode of life. Baden, though offering no great natural beauty, and nothing very particular in the way of agreeable relaxation, presented such other pleasures, that you might imagine that Venus with her troop had deserted Cyprus and come to live at the baths. There were two public baths, and about twenty-eight private ones, attached to the hotels. In the public bath men and women bathed together in a state of entire nudity. In the private baths the men and women used at least partial clothing, and there was a partition between the men and women's baths, with openings, however, which made it easy for them to talk to each other. People used often to bathe three or four times a day,—indeed, to spend a great part of their time in their baths, to ask their friends to come and spend the day with them; they played at cards, and had their meals supplied to them on floating tables, and there was no lack of good eating and drinking. Even in the private baths friends were allowed to go about from bath to bath and visit their

* Cap. xxii.

* Works, Basle, 1538.

friends, whether male or female. Abbots, monks, brothers, priests, came with greater license than others, and you might see them bathing with the women, often having their heads crowned with chaplets, having cast away all religion. The object of all was pleasure and hilarity, and the amount of harmony in the pursuit of these objects was quite surprising."

In the midst of the Italian's astonishment at all this, he admits that there was not a suspicion of anything wrong in the meeting of the sexes, and he sneers at the primitive innocence of the Germans. As to the other amusements of the place, there was a meadow in the neighborhood, where the company used to assemble after dinner, and amuse themselves with dances and songs, and all kinds of games, men and women together. The ladies showed a taste for fine dresses and jewelry, such as is not surpassed by the wonderful toilets of modern Homburg and of Baden-Baden.

About 150 years after Poggio, when Montaigne visited Baden in Argau, the arrangements had been greatly improved. Montaigne's accounts are valuable, because he was a great traveller for those days, and took a particular interest in baths: he visited some twenty of them in France, Switzerland, and Italy, often going out of his way to see them, and never failing to make some experiment with them on his own person.

"There are," he says,* "two or three public baths, open at the top, of which poor people only make use. The others, of which there are a great number, are enclosed in houses, where again they are divided off into small private baths, let out with the apartments, which each respectively adjoins. Those who have under their charge ladies who wish to bathe with privacy and delicacy will do well to bring them here, where every lady has a bath to herself, handsomely fitted up with a dressing-room, light and airy, with rich windows, painted wainscoting and ceiling, and polished floors, and provided with chairs and small tables, on which you may read or play while in the bath. The bathers can lay on or empty off the water just as they like, and there are apartments adjoining each bath with long galleries to walk in. The strolls along the river side are very pleasant. The people of this part of the country, when they bathe, usually have themselves so unmercifully cupped and bled that

I have sometimes seen the two public baths almost full of blood. The houses are very handsome, and kept up on a grand scale. In that where we lodged there have been in one day 300 mouths to provide for."

Other accounts, however, of the same date as Montaigne, show that there was still much need for improvement. Dr. Pantaleoni, physician at Baden, while repudiating the overstatements of Poggio, himself gives but an indifferent picture of the morals of the place. As in other baths, there was jesting and singing of songs, often loose ones, to accompany the music that was played under the idea of counteracting the soporific influence of the hot water. The vice of hard drinking was again associated with prolonged immersion. An account of the bacchanalian orgies of breakfasts in the baths, preceded, though they were, by grace before and after, is given by him. He found it necessary to order that not more than two chopins of wine—and a chopin is nearly an English pint—should be allowed to each guest. One of the amusements of those collations consisted in electing and crowning a king of the feast. About the same period, a gentleman who had a letter of introduction to a French countess, was received by her in the bath, where she sat, naked from the waist upwards, with the exception of a simple gold necklace and a pair of bracelets. Beside her were two boys and a girl, all perfectly naked, the eldest of the age of about thirteen. Baden has changed since these days, and is at present frequented only by those who are in search of health.

Another bath, Plombières or Plummiers, as it was written and pronounced in those days, attained much popularity; it was situated in Lorraine, on the borders of Germany. Joachim Camerarius, before 1553,* paid it a visit, but was far from being pleased with the place. He gives a very disagreeable account of the promiscuous bathing of all ages and of both sexes, of its filth, and of its immorality. An interesting woodcut shows what were the primitive arrangements of an open public bath in those days. The amusements of the place were eating, dancing, and walking among the neighboring hills and woods. In his sarcastic verses, Ca-

* "Journey into Italy," Hazlitt's edit.

* De Balneis apud Juntas, 1553, p. 298.

merarius says every one was glad to get away from the place and from the natives, whom he considered inhospitable, superstitious, lazy, and stupid. Montaigne was better pleased with what he saw :—

“These baths were formerly frequented by the Germans, but for several years people from France Compté and from France, have come here in crowds. There are several bath-rooms, with a principal one, a large building constructed in an oval form, after the antique. It is thirty-five paces long, and fifteen wide. The hot water rises from underneath by several springs, and cold water flows in from above to moderate the heat, according to the will of those who are taking it. The seats or boxes are divided off along the sides by poles, suspended in the manner of those by which horses are kept apart in our stables; the place is boarded over to keep off the sun and rain. All round the baths there are four degrees of stone steps, rising in the same way as in a theatre, whereon the bathers can sit or lean. The greatest decorum is observed; the men, however, bathe quite naked, with the exception of a slight pair of drawers, and the women with the exception of a shift. We lodged at the Angel, which is the best inn, inasmuch as it is equally near both baths. Our whole suite of apartments, though we had several rooms, cost only fifteen pence a day. The landlords at all places supply wood into the bargain; but the country about is so full of it that it only costs the cutting. The landladies are excellent cooks. The rooms are not very handsome, but they are exceedingly convenient. The wine and bread are bad. The people here are a worthy set, frank, sensible, and attentive.”

Montaigne, too, was struck with the neighboring Remiremont and its clean inns, and with the Lorraine villages in general. They continue to deserve his praise. Plombières is at the present day one of the best of all the French watering-places, prettily situated in a valley in a broken country, and with excellent accommodation for visitors.

But we may now return to Italy, and take a view of the baths of Lucca. Montaigne was more comfortably lodged here than he had been at any bath, not even excepting Bagnères de Bigorre.

“The accommodation for bathing, and the lodging-houses at Baden, were, doubtless, more elegant and commodious than at the baths of Lucca, but the prospects at the latter were infinitely prettier than those at Baden. The bath stood on a level spot, and consisted of between thirty and forty

houses extremely well adapted for the purpose. He chose lodgings, so that from his chamber he could catch all night the gentle murmur of the streams. His landlord, who was a captain in the army, let him a sitting-room, three bed-chambers, a kitchen, and offices for the servants, with eight beds, two of which had curtains, and agreed to supply them with clean table-napkins every day, a clean cloth every third day, cooking implements and candlesticks, for eleven crowns a fortnight. The season does not commence till June, lasting till September: by October none of the invalid visitors were left. One day after dinner Montaigne gave a dance to the country girls. There was not one that did not wear white shoes, fine thread stockings, and a colored silk apron. They were very fond of dancing, and cut their capers, and turned their pirouettes in excellent style. It was really a most charming, and, to a Frenchman, a most unusual spectacle, to see these country girls, so handsome and so well dressed, dancing with as much grace and elegance as the finest ladies, only in a different fashion. On great occasions he caused notice to be given of the intended fête five or six days before in all the neighboring villages; and the evening before it took place he sent special invitations, as well to the ball as to the supper that was to follow, to all the gentlemen and ladies who were then staying at the two baths. The supper was a small affair compared with French notions of the thing. He managed to do with a joint or two of veal and a few pair of fowls.”

But we cannot follow Montaigne into further details of Lucca life. Lucca, although it is a little warm, and shut in during the summer season, continues to be a very pleasant summer residence, and is by far the most lively and agreeable of the Italian baths. It has in great measure supplanted the excellent baths of San Giuliano, near Pisa, in spite of the handsome and commodious establishment of the latter place. Some of the rules in force in San Giuliano, in the year 1597, were as follows:—By rule 4, patients were only allowed to be bled in the bath called *del Sangue*; by rule 7, men must not enter the women's baths, nor the women the men's; by rule 10, such as were bathing really for their health, might play among themselves for amusement all kinds of games except those with dice, as *Trentuno* and *Chiama Re*, and except dice with cards; they might have the relaxation of music and of dancing, and of similar amusements in use at baths; they were also allowed to hunt or fish.

A little before this period the baths of Pymont, little known previously, and buried in the north of Germany, suddenly sprung into renown. Within four weeks as many as 10,000 people are said to have flocked to them. All the neighboring villages and farm houses were filled to overflowing. Tents had to be pitched in the woods, a regular camp was formed, and public bakeries and meat markets were opened. The water was put into casks by the tun, and carted about all the neighboring country. So remarkable did Goethe consider these sudden pilgrimages, that he sketched the outline of a novel which was to describe them. Pymont grew to be one of the most fashionable spots in Europe, and although at present unfairly depreciated, it is still a bath which offers many attractions. In former days it is alleged that heiresses used to insist on having inserted in their marriage settlements, that they should be allowed to pay an annual visit to Pymont, just as Frankfort brides insisted that they should be allowed to visit Schwalbach.

We are now able to turn our attention to our own country. In 1560 Dr. Turner,* who, besides being a physician, was also Dean of Wells,† tells us that he had formerly visited Italy and Germany, and thought that it was his duty to offer to his well-beloved neighbors in Bath, Bristol, and Wells some of the very good and necessary things which he had learned abroad. Accordingly he favored them with a short account of the baths at Ems, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Wildbad, Göppingen, Baden in Switzerland, Pfeffers, Abano, the baths near Verona, and La Porretta in Italy. Many of these, and all the German ones, except Göppingen, are,

* A Book of the Natures and Properties, &c., Collen, 1562.

† This union of medical and clerical functions, common in the middle ages, seems to have been continued to a later period than is usually imagined. Since the revival of letters we have at least two bath books written by canons. With reference to the case of Dr. Jones, it is curious to learn that in the reign of William Rufus a certain John of Tours, alias de Villula, alias de Pilulâ, who practised in Bath, bought of the crown that city, with its baths, tolls, &c., along with the Bishopric of Wells. Churches and monasteries seem frequently to have had their sites selected with reference to wells. Indeed, the clergy of all ages have been great patrons of bath life. ‡

it will be observed, among the most important baths of modern times.

Dr. Jones, in his "Briefe Discourse," &c. (London, 1572-4), gives an account of the foundation of the baths at Buxton. Buxton has an additional interest to us, from its having been visited during more than two seasons by the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who, notwithstanding the strict precautions used to prevent her from communicating with any one, enjoyed the variety of these visits. Her cutodians, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, complained bitterly of the niggardliness of a government which did not allow them enough to cover the expense of these journeys. Many a bath has, like Buxton, owed much of its prosperity to visits of royal or of distinguished personages. Thus Margaret of Valois and Henry IV. brought Eaux Chaudes into notice. Madame Maintenon and her charge, the Duke of Maine, made Barèges known to the world. Bourbon-Lancy was visited by Catherine de Medicis; and Bourbon l'Archambault by Madame Montespan, by Madame Sévigné, by Boileau, and Racine. This list might be indefinitely increased, even without pointing out how Emperors and Kings have made Carlsbad and Teplitz illustrious, and how much Biarritz, Plombières, and Vichy owe to the present Emperor of the French.

The following is Dr. Jones's account of Buxton:—

"Joining to the chief spring between the river and the bath is a very goodly house 4-square four story hie, so well compact with houses of office beneath, and above, and round about, with a great chamber and other goodly lodgings to the number of thirty; that it is and will be a beauty to behold, and very notable for the worshipful and honourable that shall repair thither, as also for others. Yea, the poorest shall have lodgings and beds ready for their use only."

To the gentlemen Dr. Jones recommends as exercise bowling, shooting at butts, and tossing the windball.

"The ladies, gentlewomen, wyves, and maids, may in one of the galleries walk, and if the weather be not agreeable to their expectation they may have in the end of a bench eleven holes made, into the which, to trowle plummets or bowlers of lead, big, little, or meane, or also of copper, tyn, woode, either vyolent or soft; after their own direction, the pastyme Trowle in Madam is termed.

Likewise some feeble may also practise in another gallery of the same building. Always provided the day of your coming hither be noted before you enter the baths, and the day of your departure with the county of your habitation to the register to be kept by the warden of the baths, paying fourpence for the recording, and every yeoman boarder 12*d.*, every gentleman 3*s.*, every esquire 3*s.* 4*d.*, every knight 6*s.* 8*d.*, baron 10*s.*, marquis 30*s.*, duke 3*l.* 10*s.*, archbishop 5*l.* Every chancellor and utter barrister 6*s.* 8*d.*, archdeacon, prebendary, and canon 5*s.*, every minister 12*d.*, every lady 6*s.* 8*d.*, every gentlewoman 2*s.*, one half to the poor that do come for help, one half to the physician for his residence."

Dr. Jones thinks the sick should have a dispensation to enable them to eat meat always; and he gives a form of prayer to be usually said on entering the bath. There was something analogous to this in Germany, where a "spiritual journey to the bath" had appeared, and devotional songs connected with bathing were not unknown. He also tells us that lodgings were prepared for the poor by Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury.

We need not pursue the history of Buxton, or of the popularity which it has so long and so justly enjoyed, but must now revert to Bath.

Roman remains discovered there more than a century ago, show that those wonderful colonists had turned to use the hot waters in that station. Our chief early notice of them is Bishop Beckyngton's threat of fine and excommunication against those who entered the baths without any clothing, issued in the year 1450. Dr. Turner's account of them in 1557 is not flattering:—

"He that hath been in Italy and in Germany, and had seen how costly and well favouredly the baths are trimmed and appointed there in diverse and sundry places, would be ashamed that any stranger which hath seen these baths in foreign lands should look upon our baths, for he would think that the stranger could accuse the Englishman of these things, of grossness and brutal ignorance, because he could not trim our baths no better, of unkindness, because we do so lightly regard the excellent works of Almighty God—of beastly filthiness, because we make no partition between the men and women whilst they are bathing, but suffer them contrary to the laws of God and man to go together like unreasonable beasts to the destruction both of bodye and soule of very many."

In 1663 the Court visited Bath, where, according to De Grammont's Memoirs, they enjoyed every kind of diversion with avidity. "The game of bowls," he says, "is the exercise of gentlemen in England alone of European countries; it is only in use during the day and fair part of the season, and the places where it is practised are called bowling-greens, which are little square plots, where the turf is about as smooth as a billiard table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, all the company assemble there. They play deep, and spectators are allowed to make what bets they like. Near all these places of diversion there is usually a sort of inn, with a bower, where all sorts of liquor are sold, and where the *rooks*, or sharpers, meet every evening."

It was a little later than this that Pepys gives a description of his visit to Bath, of which he reports, in 1668, that the houses were mostly of stone, and the streets clean, though generally narrow. He found the King's and Queen's baths full of mixed sorts of company, good and bad, and the Cross bath only fit for gentry. His account of his bathing is so comical that, well known though it be, it can scarcely be omitted here.

"Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross bath, where we were carried one after another, myself and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And bye-and-bye, though we designed to have done before company came, much company came: very fine ladies: and the manners pretty enough: only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among those that are acquainted here and stay together. But strange to see when women and men here that live all the season in these waters cannot but be parboiled and look like the creatures of the bath. Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair home; and then, one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour, and bye-and-bye comes music to play to me extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere, 5*s.* In the afternoon I went to make boys dive in the King's bath, 1*s.*"

A very interesting account of Bath is given in 1675, by R. Pughe, who was confessor to Henrietta Maria, and who is said to have died in Newgate while imprisoned there for supposed connection

with the Titus Oates plot. He had travelled abroad, and in his comparison of the waters of Aix and of Bath, reminded his fellow-traveller

"of the pleasant mixtures of Rhine wine and of acidulous waters they had drunk together in Germany, of the excellence and pleasantness of the Schwalbach waters; and he said that it would be folly to compare the finished pleasures of Spa with the comparative rusticity of Epsom or Tunbridge. But Bath he considered afforded far better accommodation to strangers than Aix-la-Chapelle, both in hotels and in elegant private houses, provided and ornamented with very handsome furniture, which were let during the summer months, and which encircled the waters like the tiers of a theatre. The advantage of the privacy of the baths of Aix he thinks more than counterbalanced by the freedom of the open air at Bath, which does not allow the vapors to be confined, and which leads to the mutual civilities and agreeable conversation of the patients who bathe together in England. At the moment when he was writing, Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Manchester, a young lady of the sweetest disposition, and of manifold accomplishments, had entered the Cross bath for the first time, accompanied by a bevy of noble young ladies, and presented a most agreeable spectacle of modesty to those, including himself, who were viewing her from the opposite gallery."

He goes on to say, that the baths of Aix, owing to the heat, were only used in spring and autumn; those of Bath could be used in the height of summer. Garth, in his "Dispensary," a few years later, says of patients:—

"They cheaper than for our assistance call
Might go to Aix or Bourbon spring and fall."

We quote again the substance of what Pughe says:—

"At Aix people bathe morning and evening; indeed, the baths are never empty; ours are only used in the morning by respectable bathers of either sex. At Aix he was able, either at the public fountains in the early morning, or during the day, at the various hotels, to enjoy the most agreeable society, where among the variety of people of different nations, one could hear what each had to say about his own country. He greatly approved of the doctors not only allowing, but recommending a fair allowance of Moselle wine, &c. At Bath, bowls were the great amusement, and every one went to watch the skill of the players, with their balls of *lignum guaiaci*. The forenoon was

spent at the hospitable tables of noble gentlemen, or at private ones; and after the heat of the day was over, people generally went back to the bowling-green, or ladies formed parties to walk in the fields. Some people, however, staid over their cups and drank, while some betook themselves to the Turkish practice, now coming into general use, of drinking the fluid called in that barbarous language coffee, and to read letters, and to hear the latest news."

He does not mention the mixture of tea and coffee known in those days under the name of *twist*. Later in the evening they used to go, as Pepys did, to see the boys swimming and diving, and playing their antics in the public baths.

But besides Buxton and Bath, there were many other baths in England in those days. One of the earliest known in this century was Knaresborough, which was in high repute before the neighboring Harrogate was heard of; but the one which attained the most celebrity was Tunbridge. Evelyn, in 1652, carried his family thither, and stayed in a "very sweet place, private and refreshing;" and, after drinking the waters for some days, left his family for a time in the little cottage at the Wells. In 1663, the Court visited Tunbridge Wells. Nothing can be livelier than Evelyn's account:—

"The Court set out soon after to pass about two months in the place of all Europe the most rural and simple, and at the same time the most entertaining and agreeable.

"The company are accommodated with lodging in little clean and convenient habitations that lie straggling and separated from each other—a mile and a half all around the wells, where the company meet in the morning. This place consists of a long walk shaded by spreading trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, stockings, and where there is raffling, as at Paris in the Foire de St. Germain. On the other side is the market, and as it is the custom here for every person to buy their own provisions, care is taken that nothing offensive appear on the stalls. Here young, fair, fresh-colored country girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. Here one may live as well as one pleases—here is likewise deep play, and no want of amorous intrigues. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling-green, where in the open air those who choose

dance upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world."

To this the *Memoirs* add that there was dancing every night in the Queen's apartments, because the physicians recommended it to her; and that even those who did not care for dancing, danced that the exercise might help to digest the waters.

The advice given by a physician of this period* to his patients going to Tunbridge is amusing, but we are obliged to curtail his pleonasm:—

"Leave pining cares behind when you come to Tunbridge, expatiate your mind, and harken sometimes to the charming music you have there, for melody gently soothing nature, disposes the spirits into a dancing. Physicians here are many, able, and eminent. Many learned divines and spiritual guides are not wanting. Moreover, at Tunbridge you will find conference with eminent and famous wits. The whole ambient of the horizon is filled with an inexhaustible series of odoriferous and frequent effluvia incessantly exhaling from sweet-scented herbs and plants. Those who drink these waters must be facetious, cheerful, gay, jovial, free from melancholy, peevishness, &c. As in reference to the number of glasses you may make it odd or even, though some philosophers prefer the odd before the even, and attribute to it greater properties."

Dr. Wittief tells us of another well, into which they must observe to dip children naked, five, seven, or nine times, according to the custom, or some think it will not do. Another writer of this period gravely assures us that, according to the renowned Kircher, there were four hundred and seventy-nine millions one thousand and six hundred sorts of water. Yet this was an age in which people boasted of the great perfection and knowledge of physicians in England, far exceeding that of former ages, while the great general decay of nature was also considered by many to be very remarkable.

In those days we learn how Turkish baths, long popular on the Continent—indeed, Montaigne had described them and their license at Rome a century before—were revived in London, and we have full accounts of their use in the Duke's Bagnio in Long Acre. There were, at least, three other such baths at that

time in London. The proprietor, recommending these baths, thus quaintly expresses himself:—"A man after leaving the Bagnio betakes himself to his place of business, finding himself as active and vigorous as if he had just skipt into the world." More could scarcely be said for Mr. Urquhart's baths in Jermyn Street. The bagnios were soon used as places for assassinations; and their use at last became disreputable, and was abandoned. Artificial baths and artificial waters were in those days largely employed, and recommended in cleverly written pamphlets; in fact, bath life, in every variety, seems to have been at its height in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. Writers of the day speak thus:—

"What flockings there are every summer to Tunbridge where the best mineral waters are. Those of Bath are much frequented in summer, and might be more so. How are Epsom, Scarborough, North Hall, and the sulphur bath of Knaresborough frequented. Never was the use of baths so much in vogue in Europe as now. The most renowned and those that indeed excel all other natural baths in Europe, are those of Hungary, at Glass-hütten. These baths are exceedingly frequented—those of the city of Aken are most celebrated. At Baden in Austria, fourteen well beautified baths are much resorted to. Persons from all parts of Europe do throng and flock to Bourbon for the sake of bathing in the waters. How are these wells crowded in May and September, by persons of several nations, and what a confusion of tongues is there every season at the spas in Germany."*

With all these praises of foreign waters, we should be quite out of the fashion if we did not return to the Continent; first noticing a very English state of things mentioned by Dr. Peters:—

"I cannot omit the taking notice of a very great abuse occasioned by a rabble of Londoners and others weekly frequenting the Dulwich wells on Sundays, when under pretence of drinking the waters they spend that holy day in great profaneness, who after they have (for the most part of them) gorged themselves with the water, do drink upon it an excessive quantity of brandy (that bane of Englishmen) or other strong liquors."

We are afraid that a rabble of London-

* P. Madan, "Waters of Tunbridge," 1687.

† "Scarborough Spa," 1667.

* Haworth's the "Dukes Bagnio," &c. 1683; Dr. W. Simpson, "Zymologia Physica."

ers would not behave much better now, though in our days we have no excuse for our excesses, as learned physicians no longer discuss the question, as they did in grave Latin at that period, whether it does not improve a man's health to get drunk once a month. Our first guide to the Continent shall be a certain De Burgo or Burke, Abbot of Clare, and Vicar Apostolic of Aghadoe, who published at Milan, in 1689, a gossiping Guide, "*Dell' Acque,*" &c., to Massino and Bormio, to St. Moritz, Schultz, and Favera. The book is meant to convey useful information respecting the baths, and also to relieve the tedium of such places, which will at times be felt, in spite of the grandeur of their situations, not that the Abbot says anything of the scenery. He gives an account of the religious war in the Valtelline, a treatise on jealousy, lists of distinguished men and women, some acrostics and a list of witty replies, one of them containing scandal against Oliver Cromwell. We think we may venture on one of his witty replies, which will illustrate harmlessly the freedom of speech of those days. A certain pert lady, meeting a very fat Abbé, asked him when he expected his *accouchement*. To this he instantly replied, "I am only waiting till I can find a *sage femme*." It is curious to read the praises at that period of the waters of St. Moritz, now so popular with the English, though not a word is said about its elevation, which makes it such a delightful residence during the three summer months.

We have not, we believe, hitherto mentioned the main causes of the popularity of hot springs with ladies, in ancient as well as in modern times—the hope of the honors of maternity for those who are not blessed with children. The Abbé de Burgo is very re-assuring on this subject: "Bormio is called the paradise of ladies, because as many sterile ladies as bathe in this spring suddenly become prolific, whence it happens that one sees come thither every year duchesses, matrons, and most noble ladies, without any other malady except the hope of offspring, and never yet has one been seen defrauded of her hopes!" Such ladies as will take the word of the Abbé, and have no faith in Ems or in Ischia, had better repair to the waters of Bormio, as we fear that at present they will meet with but poor accommodation at Massino, which place

also enjoyed the good opinion of the Abbé in this respect.

We should have been glad, had our space admitted of it, to have gone back a little in time, and said something of the delightful island of Ischia, a book on the waters of which was dedicated in the end of the sixteenth century to Victoria Colonna, who was the centre of a literary group in her insular retirement, but whose aspirations after maternity were not fulfilled even by the famous waters of Citara, in her own favorite island.

We must now turn to France and to Vichy, which Madame de Sévigné visited in 1676 and 1677. What strikes one most on reading her letters, is the admiration she expresses for the country about Vichy, and for the banks of the Allier. To ordinary eyes in these days, that country is not ugly, but it is far from being beautiful. However, Madame de Sévigné was not singular in her opinion, for the eloquent Fléchier said that there was no landscape more beautiful, more rich, or more varied than that about Vichy. Madame de Sévigné's letters show the mode of life there, and talk plainly of various matters to which modern society alludes with reserve:—

"I went this morning to fetch the canoness to go at six o'clock to the fountain. All the world is there, one drinks and makes wry faces, for recollect they are boiling, and have a very disagreeable taste of saltpetre. One turns about and comes and goes—one walks and goes to mass—and people converse confidentially about the operation of the waters. Nothing is talked of but that till noon. Then one dines; after that we visit each others' houses—to-day the meeting was at my house, Madame de Brissac played at Ombre with two gentlemen, while the canoness and I read 'Ariosto.' Peasants came to dance the bourrée to a flute. At four o'clock one goes out to walk in this delicious country, at seven we have a light supper and go to bed at ten."

Madame de Sévigné's accounts of her douches at Vichy are well known to her readers: how she at first dreaded them, and how she came to like them, with many other details, perhaps the most curious of which is that she found an agreeable physician, an "*honnête garçon*" and no charlatan, who was so complaisant as to come and support her courage, by talking to her for half an hour from behind a curtain, while she

was being douched ; and attended to talk and read to her, for the two hours while she lay in bed after her douches ; but she is always bursting out into praises of the place. The beautiful country, the river Allier, the thousand little woods, the brooks, the meadows, the sheep, the goats, the peasants with their dances, would alone cure her. "It is the most surprising thing to see peasants dance, men and women, with an ear as good as yours, and with equal lightness and elegance about them. I am in raptures with it. I have every evening for a very trifling sum a violin and a tambourine, and it is a real pleasure to me to see the shepherds and shepherdesses dance in the copsewood, as in the 'Astrea'" (a romance then popular).

We cannot dwell on the important services of Sir John Floyer at this date,* who, by his advocacy of cold bathing, produced as great a revolution in Europe as Musa had done in the days of Augustus ; but some remarks of his illustrate the spirit of the age :—

"The civil wars have occasioned the neglect of many famous waters, but I will add this most particular cause of their decline. As the virtues of the waters formerly supported the reputation of the Saints, so now the want of a proper religious office to be used by the devout at the time of bathing and drinking waters, leaves all to a general debauchery of manners in such public places, and does very much to lessen the number of those who would come thither, if but the ends of devotion and health were served by coming to those places. This neglect of our Church I cannot but censure, being no less injurious to the bodies than the souls of good men."

Our next extracts will give some idea of society at a German bath, supplied from an account of the bath, interspersed with novelettes, which appeared in 1736, under the title of the "Amusements of the Waters of Aix-la-Chapelle ;" a similar book on the "Amusements of Spa," by the same author, had been published the year before. There are several such accounts of popular baths.

"My toilet did not occupy me long, in fact it is bon ton in Aix to appear in negligé and without your sword in the morning. The

ladies, like the gentlemen, endeavor to devise becoming *deshabilles*. In addition to the crowd of ladies, young and old, and gentlemen, some in rude health, others interestingly pale, there were sprightly priests, worn-out monks, *petit maître abbés*, *religieuses*, *grissettes*, and *bourgeoises*. It was easy to make out nationalities by the dress. One knew the Englishwomen by their red mantles, and their small black pointed hats—the French by their head-dress, the Swedes by their furred mantles, and the Flemish by their large capes. The dress of the men was at least as burlesque ; some in long robes de chambre, who could scarcely drag themselves on crutches, or supported on long staffs ; others who walked about in small silk gowns after the Polish fashion ; a number of Germans in shooting costumes covered with lace, and a quantity of Prussian officers, easily recognized by their short, tight, green surtouts. The variety in dress was only equalled by the variety of physiognomy. And people in rude health and spirits were mixed up with the paralytic, the dropsical, and the melancholic. As each nation spoke its own language at the well, although German was the language of the country, and French of society, there was a perfect babel of tongues. . . . In the morning it is a crowd of invalids, who are only occupied with their maladies and the remedies for them. One complains of his system being upset by the baths, another grumbles at his physician and his regimen ; this one objects to the smell of the water, that one to something else ; many of them, after hearing their complaints, you would not promise a month's lease of life. Yet these same persons will appear after noon quite different people, and form a group of convalescents who breathe only of gallantry, pleasure, fun, and amusement. At times one can scarcely believe one's eyes, so great is the transformation—well might some of the musicians sing a certain *Vaudeville* of which the refrain was—

"Tous les malades de Bourbon
N'ont pas besoin d'Apothicaire."

After all, according to the "Amusements of Aix," the mass of patients were occupied only in parties of play, in balls, in promenades, *petit soupers*, serenades and excursions. Pleasure and amusement were professedly the great helps to a cure :

"C'est l'Élixir souverain
Pour le cœur, la tête, et le foie ;
Malades qui venez au Bain,
Pour en rendre l'Effet certain,
Livrez vous sans cesse à la joie."

These verses are of no particular merit, but are amusing, as again recommending

* "Use and Abuse of Baths," London, 1697.

that enforced hilarity which almost all writers have prescribed. Indeed we must owe it to our insular gravity that our own Dr. Turner Dr. Jones, and Sir John Floyer, are almost alone in recommending that a trip to a bath should be undertaken in a serious spirit.

During the eighteenth century, Harrogate, Cheltenham, Leamington, and a host of minor wells, especially in the neighborhood of London, became known. Some Irish springs became popular, at the head of which was, perhaps, Swanlinbar. Scotland, too, put in its claims to notice: Peterhead was introduced to the public in the year 1626, and Moffat in 1659. The latter was the well that in those days found most general favor. Its character seems to have been much the same then as now. The "Tourist through Scotland" in the year 1732, talks of the famous wells of Moffat being much frequented, "but here is no Raftling, Walking, and Dancing, as at Bath and Tunbridge. An universal quietness reigns in the place."

Most of us are familiar with the reign of Beau Nash, the monarch who presided over the dissipation and play of Bath about the middle of the last century; and the rhymes of "Anstey's Bath Guide," the most popular book of the day, still afford much amusement. Smollett gives us in his "Humphrey Clinker" a young lady's picture of things at a somewhat later period:—

"All is gayety, good-humor, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendor of dress and equipages, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, and chairs. Then we are welcomed by the city waites in our own lodgings—we have music in the pumproom every morning, cotillions every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a week, concerts every other night, besides private assemblies and parties without number. At eight in the morning we go in dishabille to the pump-room, which is crowded like a Welsh fair, and there you see the highest quality and the lowest tradesfolk jostling each other without ceremony, hail-fellow-well-met. The noise of the music in the gallery—the buz of conversation, and the heat of the crowd gave me a headache the first day, but I soon got accustomed to it. Right under the pump-room windows is the King's bath—a large cistern where you see the patients up to their neck in the hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petti-

coats of brown linen, chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but they look so flushed and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way."

Miss Burney's Evelina, too, was amazed at the public exhibition of ladies in the bath:—"It is true their heads are covered, but the very idea of being seen in such a situation by any one who pleases to look is indelicate." Or, as Anstey puts it:—

"Ah 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels,

And then take to water like so many spaniels;
'Twas a glorious sight to see the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks."

Harrogate at that time was only becoming known, and Cheltenham and Leamington were not yet heard of.

Scarborough again, although its spa was less in favor than in the century before, was as deservedly popular as a sea bathing-place as it is still. It, too, was visited by Mr. Bramble, and the description of his being pulled out of the sea in front of the company by his servant is a picture that never will be forgotten.

Up to this period the numerous wells close to London, with their tea-gardens, their pump-rooms, dancing-rooms, and theatres, had been very flourishing. Foreigners towards the end of last century used to remark on the extreme fondness of the Londoners for their tea-gardens. There were mineral wells in use all round London, but their chief seat was in the valley of the Fleet, which poetasters of those days compared to the valley of the Arno. Here were the London Spa, the Cold Bath, Bagnigge Wells, St. Chad's Well, but the oldest and most important was the chalybeate of Saddler's Wells, so popular in the beginning of the century as to attract five or six hundred visitors of a morning. It and Bagnigge Wells had establishments on a large scale, with grottoes, temples, fountains, and pleasure grounds. Going west by a road anything but safe after dark, you reached first Pancras we'll, with its garden, and two miles further west Kilburn, then similarly supplied. But we cannot pursue the list of these places which environed London. The sites and even the names of many of those fountains are forgotten, although along the valley of the Fleet there still remain traces of them in the names of

the streets and districts. We have Clerkenwell, Spa-fields, Bagnigge Wells Road, Amwell, Well-street, Spring-street, Cold-bath-Square, where a bath still exists, and Saddler's Wells, represented by its theatre.

It was in the latter half of the 18th century that the practice of bathing in the sea was introduced in England; it spread from this country to the Continent, and it appears to become more popular every year along the coasts from Heligoland to Biarritz and San Sebastian. You may resort to the most crowded and fashionable sea-bathing places, or to many a secluded corner in Wales, Ireland, or Normandy, as you will. The ancients had little or nothing of the sea-bathing now so popular among us.

But all this time we have scarcely mentioned, though it was known long before this time, Spa, the Spa *par excellence*—a name that has been adopted into our language, and appended to almost every English well.

It was in the latter half of the 18th century that Spa attained the height of its celebrity. Spacious hotels, comfortable houses, and sumptuous rooms were built. It was the fashionable town, the small Versailles of Europe, and the centre to which all the wits, all the lovers of pleasure, and dissipated people of every kind flocked. There were not only promenades, conversations, balls, the theatre, music, races, fêtes champêtres. These were not alone sufficient. Play established itself in some private houses, and spread like a contagious fever, so that laws had to be made for its regulation. After a time the gambling fell into the hands of two chief houses. The passion for gaming fascinated the whole world. Taken by his father to Spa at the age of sixteen, Charles Fox acquired those habits of play which never deserted him. In the midst of names illustrious in the arts and sciences, in letters and in finance, of prelates and princes of the greatest houses in Europe, were to be found adventurers, courtesans, and chevaliers d'industrie. But the year 1793 put an end to all this. Formerly full of ostentation and gayety, the town became as silent as a necropolis. Its rooms and its promenades were deserted and abandoned, grass grew in its streets, and for nearly twenty years it was almost forgotten.

But Spa was not singular in the decay

which overtook her during the wars of the Republic and of the Empire, nor singular in her recovery from that decay after those wars were over. It is not, however, our intention to follow the history of bath life further. Of its phases at the present day most of our readers have had opportunities of judging for themselves, for who has not visited a bathing-place, foreign or domestic? or does not meditate visiting one this autumn? Besides, if we did pursue the history of bath life, we should be going over the same ground again and again; in fact we fear that our readers must have discovered a good deal of monotony in the pictures we have already given. Bath life has always remained essentially the same. The Romans indeed were more luxurious than we are in the use of our baths. Their stay in them was far more protracted—they used them more for pleasure than for health, and there was often a license connected with them, happily unknown even at our most dissipated baths.* The distich which declared bathing to be one of the three pleasant vices which ruin the constitution now finds no application. The ancients associated athletic sports with bathing more than we do, they anointed their bodies with oils and perfumes after a fashion which we do not practise, and rather had people to dance for them than danced themselves. The Romans had music and theatres, and games with balls and games with dice, they had aquatic excursions and strolls about the country. They gossiped in the ante-rooms of their baths, and in the cookshops, and got the latest news there; nay there are even signs of the booksellers' shops having had some functions analogous to those of reading-rooms. All their idle people resorted to their bathing-places, and there was abundance of high play.

In all these respects we agree. We differ from them in dancing more, in having subscription balls, and in the

* The public bathing of men and women together in the same bath at Leuk, though an undesirable, is a very harmless practice; it is merely a grotesque relic of older days. Still we know of no good reason for this practice, which is also in use at two or three other baths, nor for that of men and women bathing together in the sea at many watering-places abroad. However ample the clothing may be, the practice has its evils. The fun of appearing in a bath costume has a great deal to do with its being patronized by ladies.

ladies of our families being more associated with us in public amusements, and we differ from them especially in having our gambling more systematized. There were no gambling companies and banks in old times, as there are now.

But allowing for those and a few other minor differences, two thousand years have worked but little change in the general features of bath life. Seneca, were he to visit Homburg now, would consider it as unsuitable for the residence of a philosopher, or even of a virtuous man, as he thought Baïæ. Yet it and such places are crowded by personages who from their social or their professional position are considered to be our guides in public morals and in religion.

At this moment the question of doing away with public gambling at bathing places is attracting attention. Some years ago France abolished public gambling, and it took refuge beyond the Rhine. But it has been lately resolved that within the limits of the North German Confederation gambling shall cease at the end of 1872. Following the example of the North, Baden, though not belonging to the Confederation, has adopted a similar resolution; and meantime, by exacting a higher rent for the remaining three years from the lessees of its tables, hopes to form the nucleus of a sum for keeping Baden-Baden in order, when it is no longer in the hands of a company. The Belgian Government is, we believe, acting in a similar way with reference to Spa. It remains to be seen whether the other German States not belonging to the Northern Confederation will follow the example of Baden, and how the Swiss Confederation will act—whether it will permit the existence of gambling at Saxon. France sooner or later will be obliged to interfere at Monaco, one of the last refuges of the public

gambler. Though it is in reality a subject for much congratulation, many English will be much disappointed at this closing of the tables, and will think that half the amusement or pleasure of a visit to Homburg is gone; but baths with good waters and good establishments and climate, and with picturesque scenery, will not in the long run be losers. For a time there may be a want of funds for keeping up the extensive establishments and grounds of the large baths; but Government must lend its assistance, and visitors will surely not be backward to pay such small sums as are usually levied in baths which are not leased by gambling companies. The chief baths in the Pyrenees are leased out to advantage, although no gambling is allowed.

In these sketches of bath life we have confined ourselves as much as possible to describing its social aspects and its amusements. We have not spoken of the absolute value of mineral waters, but the strongest proof of their merits is afforded by the fact that their use has never been abandoned, while as Jeremy Taylor, remarking on the uncertainties of medicine, in a funeral sermon, observes—"Many principles in the art of medicine, after being believed seven or eight ages, come to be considered by a witty man, and others are established in their place." While some medicines drop out of use entirely, while others found in one age to be admirable are condemned in the next, few baths are ever forgotten, and certainly no hot ones. Baths, along with all scientific medicine, were neglected in the middle ages; but they continue to be regarded as valuable agents under all systems and modes of practice of regular, and even of irregular, medicine, and the baths which were the favorites of the Roman colonists are now more used than ever.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ABOUT WHAT THE OLD EGYPTIANS KNEW.

PERHAPS it is true that, ever since man first found himself at large upon the earth, and commissioned to replenish and subdue it, he has been improving in wisdom and accomplishments. Interruptions more or less partial we know that there have been, when the world seemed to be

going back; but these may have been only the reflux of the waves in a tide which, notwithstanding undulations, was clearly gaining ground, and majestically overspreading the strands of simplicity and ignorance. Thus the history of the world, like the history of a nation, is a

record of the advance of man from the first dawn of knowledge, by a rather unsteady progression, to modern philosophy and arts and sciences; and an examination of any considerable period of time is sure to show us mankind more instructed and more capable at the end of it than at the beginning.

The above was a universal creed fifty or sixty years since, and it is apprehended that, even to-day, any other belief may be counted heretical. But what are we to think when the antiquary, grubbing in the dust and silt of five thousand years ago to discover some traces of infant effort—some rude specimens of the ages of Magog and Mizraim, in which we may admire the germ that has since developed into a wonderful art—breaks his shins against an article so perfect that it equals, if it does not excel, the supreme stretch of modern ability? How shall we support the theory if it come to our knowledge, that before Noah was cold in his grave his descendants were adepts in construction and in the fine arts, and that their achievements were for magnitude such as, if we possess the requisite skill, we never attempt to emulate? It is not intended to answer these questions here; they are proposed only because modern inquiry is bringing to light so many methods of measuring the achievements of the men of old, and so many facts belonging to their days, that bold comparisons have been made already, and schools will certainly take sides as to the continuity or the rise and fall of intellectual advancement. The object of this paper is rather to recapitulate some of the things which one very old nation knew in early days; and this is attempted not because there is lack of accurate and most interesting information within reach of the general reader, but because the information is imbedded in thick volumes, so teeming every one with new facts, new speculations, and new connections, that the results which they exhibit cannot be reached but with labor and research; for the learned expositors are in this respect but pioneers advancing cautiously with tablets in their hands but swords dangling at their wrists, pausing at every stage to survey their position, and to do or obviate battle for the ground gained. Thus their works are necessarily diffuse; and thus it is that the student, rather than he who

drinks of knowledge by the wayside, appropriates the lore which they present.

Egyptology, though, like geology, a strictly modern science, yet busies itself with things anterior to all history; and as the authority for all geological doctrine must be the book of nature, so sound Egyptology must rest on that marvellous book, the works which the remote Egyptians have left for our perusal. But there is this difference between the two sciences; namely, that whereas there is not reason to think that any one before the end of last century ever recorded a fact with a view to unfold the early growth of the earth, we know now (and we have not known it long) that there were men in the dark, dubious, but no longer unfathomable past, who took effectual means for preserving some points and outlines, if no more, of early Egyptian chronicles. Yes; they wrought enduring hieroglyphics which for ages since the Christian era were to the reader foolishness, which were at length, by the power of strong indefatigable minds, made to yield up some portion of their hid treasures, and the full import of which may yet be unravelled, abounding more and more to perfect knowledge; for the inscriptions are innumerable, and the art of deciphering them is steadily advancing. But while profound investigators are with much travail slowly accumulating their facts and establishing their theorems, lo, Egypt herself suddenly starts into activity, and once more challenges the attention of the world! No longer a worm-eaten, musty theme, relegated to Dryasdusts and profound thinkers, she interests now the active, the enterprising, the politic, the mighty of the age. The days are fast coming when to know nothing accurately of her past will argue an indifference to her future, and when indifference to her future will be a reproach. Every one of us who knows anything at all has a pretty correct implicit knowledge of Egypt—can talk of the Pharaohs and Sesostris, of the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the obelisks—and knows that “ancient,” “marvellous,” “colossal,” “wise,” are epithets applicable to her monuments and her people; but when it comes to measuring or defining the antiquity, knowledge, power, achievements, &c., there is not such prompt utterance. It is good for us, then, to talk over the

things which have been established regarding ancient Egypt, and to evolve clear ideas of her characteristics, avoiding discussions and controversies which Time, the unraveller, will probably determine for us, and keeping as clear as we may of extreme views and wild speculations.

As we have not yet discovered any trace of the rude savage Egypt, but have seen her in her very earliest manifestations already skilful, erudite, and strong, it is impossible to determine the order of her inventions. Light may yet be thrown upon her rise and progress, but our deepest researches have hitherto shown her to us as only the mother of a most accomplished race. How they came by their knowledge is matter for speculation—that they possessed it is matter of fact. We never find them without the ability to organize labor, or shrinking from the very boldest efforts in digging canals and irrigating, in quarrying rock, in building and in sculpture; and as it was through these arts that attention was, during long, dark, sleepy ages, kept drowsily fixed upon Egypt, until at last the world woke up to some appreciation of her, there is reason for considering them first.

In the first historical reign—the reign of Menes—there was a little dabbling in water-works, but merely this, that the whole stream of the Nile, or of one of its main branches, was diverted from its course to favor the planting of the city of Memphis. The engineer who undertook the job—and tradition credits the monarch himself with the execution—must have possessed the soul of Mrs. Partington, with something more than that lady's scientific acquirements. Menes took accurately the measure of the power which he resolved to oppose, and constructed a dyke "whose lofty mounds and strong embankments," says Wilkinson, "turned the water to the eastward, and effectually confined the river to its new bed." The dyke was doubtless shown to Abraham, in whose day the diversion of the river was as old a story as the account of Joan of Arc or Jack Cade is to us. This is taking the very mildest calculation of the antiquity of Menes. And in the reign of Mœris, farther on, was formed an artificial lake, measuring, according to Herodotus, four hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and three hundred feet in

depth. This huge lake was fed by the Nile through artificial channels; it received and stored a portion of the annual overflow, and when that subsided, regurgitated upon the river by all the channels, prolonging the times of refreshing, and extending the fertilizing influence to land that, without the aid of art, would be absolutely barren, and no doubt was barren before the days of Mœris. Herodotus, and those who exactly followed him, were wrong, it is now thought, in supposing that this immense lake was wholly a work of art. There was probably a natural basin to suggest the scheme, but this was greatly increased; and all the feeding streams, the arteries and veins of the system, were undoubtedly artificial. These last had their flood-gates, dams, and locks, and were managed with the greatest skill. The retention of the waters seems to be all that is wanted to make the wilderness blossom; and yet for centuries and centuries younger Egyptians, although they had been shown the way, were unequal to the pursuit of such mighty designs, and in that most essential science were as dead men by comparison with the subjects of Menes and Mœris. In citing these two great works as instances, it is intended to show how generally the power of controlling streams and floods was possessed of old in the Delta and in Middle Egypt, and how thoroughly the value of it was understood by those primitive men. If he who has made one stalk of corn to grow where nothing grew before is a benefactor of his kind, where, in the catalogue of philanthropists, shall we place old Mœris, to whom, under Providence, it was owing that once dry Egypt had corn enough and to spare when Syria and Arabia fainted from lack of sustenance? There can be little doubt that modern Egypt, now that her soul is returning to her, will ere long address herself to the reclamation of her soil. At first it is perhaps a necessity that she labors to attract the wealth of the stranger; but, her treasury once replenished, she will surely search for and find the riches that may be drawn from her own bosom.

The mass of masonry in the Great Pyramid, according to Bunsen, measures 82,111,000 feet, and would weigh 6,316,000 tons. The dimensions of the separate stones are not very great, but the quantity raised shows with what readiness

these old workmen did their quarrying. And they not only got this stone out, but tooled and laid it with some skill. Mr. Kenrick, speaking of the casing of the Great Pyramid, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of silver-paper; and the cement so tenacious, that fragments of the casing-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached. All the fine work of the interior passages, where granite is not expressly mentioned, is of the same stone,* and finished with the same beautiful exactness." But the skill in quarrying was displayed more in the extracting of the huge blocks out of which obelisks and colossal statues were hewn. Obelisks ninety and statues forty feet high, each fashioned out of one stone, were not uncommon things; and the blocks selected for these monuments were not chance splinters from barbarous efforts of splitting and smashing, but clean slices separated *secundum artem* from the native rock, after being selected and accurately defined. And how was this done—by driving in huge iron wedges? No, indeed; that would probably have split the stone: by infinite labor, then, in chiselling and sawing? Pooh! the old Egyptians knew a trick somewhat cleverer than that: they cut a small groove along the whole length of, say 100 feet, and in this inserted a number of dry wooden wedges; then they poured water into the groove, and the wedges, expanding simultaneously and with great force, broke away the huge fragment as neatly as a strip of glass is taken off by a diamond. They had a way, too, of moving about these vast monoliths, which we, with all appliances and means to boot, would find it hard to imitate.

Now such work would have been very astonishing even if it had ended in Cyclopean savagery like Stonehenge; but we know very well that it ended in nothing of the kind. The separation from the native rock was but the beginning of artistic treatment. Every fragment, great or small, had its billet, and was taken off to undergo a series of transformations; the least that could happen to any one being

to be plain wrought, and then set with consummate skill in a building. And now that we come to buildings, it is not desirable to spend time in speaking of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, which, perhaps, are better understood generally than any work of art in Egypt. It is proposed, therefore, to pass on to some of the structures which have been less spoken of, and the history of which is still confined, or nearly so, to learned pages. And, writing twenty years ago, it would have been wise to say little or nothing of the Labyrinth, notwithstanding that Herodotus considered it to be a wonder not second to even the Pyramids. For such have been the destructions and inhumations of this splendid work, that nobody believed in the probability of recovering even its site, and not a few were inclined to look upon the whole account as an invention. The French, however, at the end of last century, affirmed that they had found the ruins, and forty years later antiquaries began to test and verify the French work. Gradually it came to be acknowledged that the foundations at least of the Labyrinth might yet be traced, and the labors of the Prussian Commission effected a complete recognition of the remains of this vast building. But there is still much dispute about the purpose and the form of it; and what has been realized is as yet valuable, more, perhaps, because it tends to confirm the account of Herodotus than for any other result. It is certain that the old Greek was not romancing when he wrote of it; and although criticism still amuses itself with finding flaws in his description, so much of that description is certified by an examination of the ruins that it is only fair to credit him with accuracy throughout, and to accept his details, which we cannot disprove. He tells us that it had 3,000 chambers, half of them above the ground and half below, and he goes on to say: "The upper chambers I myself passed through and saw, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation. Of the underground chambers I can only speak from report; for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the Labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. Thus it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however,

* To wit, the limestone of the Mokattam quarries.

I saw with my own eyes, and found them to excel all other human productions; for the passages through the houses, and the varied windings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls; and the walls were carved all over with figures. Every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the Labyrinth stands a pyramid forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is entered by a subterranean passage.* This is perhaps enough to say here concerning a structure of which there is so little now to be seen; but there is another marvellous palace, or temple, or both, at Karnac—a part of what was once Thebes—the grandeur of which a visitor may see for himself. The ground covered by this mass of buildings is nearly square, and the side measures about 1,800 English feet. Travellers one and all appear to have been unable to find words to express the feelings with which these sublime remains inspired them. They have been astounded and overcome by the magnificence and the prodigality of workmanship here to be admired. Courts, halls, gateways, pillars, obelisks, monolithic figures, sculptures, rows of sphinxes, are massed in such profusion that the sight is too much for modern comprehension. Champollion, the great French Egyptologist, said of it: “Aucun peuple ancien ni moderne n’a conquis l’art d’architecture sur une échelle aussi sublime, aussi grandiose, que le firent les vieux Égyptiens; et l’imagination qu’en Europe s’élève bien au-dessus de nos antiques, s’arrête et tombe impuissante au pied des 140 colonnes de la salle hypostyle de Karnack.”† In one of its halls, we are told, the cathedral of Notre-Dame at Paris might stand and not touch the walls. Denon, another Frenchman, says: “It is hardly possible to believe, after having seen it, in the reality of the existence of so many buildings collected on a single point, in

their dimensions, in the resolute perseverance which their construction required, and in the incalculable expenses of so much magnificence.” And again: “It is necessary that the reader should fancy what is before him to be a dream, as he who views the objects themselves occasionally yields to the doubt whether he be perfectly awake.” There were lakes and mountains within the periphery of the sanctuary. These two edifices have been selected as examples from a list which is next to inexhaustible. The whole valley and Delta of the Nile, from the Cataracts to the sea, was covered with temples, palaces, tombs, pyramids, and pillars.

The magnitude of some of the sculptures has been already spoken of, but they were worthy of the highest praise for their execution also. Critics are not agreed as to the spirit of their chiselling, but as to the mechanical perfection to which the artists wrought in granite, serpentine, breccia, and basalt, there is not, cannot be, disagreements. Animals, plants, chariots, and almost all natural and artificial objects, were freely sculptured; and battles by sea and land, as well as an infinite variety of peaceful scenes, are found on the *bas-reliefs*. Those who could perceive a soul in these productions were unmeasured in their approval. Dr. Richardson, speaking of the temple of Dendara, says: “The female figures are so extremely well executed that they do all but speak, and have a mildness of feature and expression that never was surpassed.” It need not be added that there was hardly a wrought stone in Egypt that was not sculptured with hieroglyphics. Most of these—the older ones especially—were accurately and beautifully chiselled. It is stated of the obelisks of Luxor that the Arabs climb them by sticking their feet into the excavated hieroglyphics, which are two inches or more in depth, and cut with the highest degree of perfection.

The works that have been cited were all executed before the exodus of Israel, some of them before the visit of Abraham; and the Egyptians were capable of executing them at the remotest epoch at which we can show that there were Egyptians. Sir Gardner Wilkinson says that their first introduction to us is as a people already possessing the same settled habits as in later times. He can trace no primitive mode of life, no barbarous cus-

* Rawlinson's translation.

† Here quoted from a note to Kenrick's “Ancient Egypt.”

tom, not even the habit, so slowly abandoned by all people, of wearing arms when not on military service, nor any archaic art. Can it, then, be otherwise than an interesting study to trace downwards the achievements in mechanism, science, and art of the different accomplished nations of the earth since the days of Moses, and to ascertain by what steps, and to what extent, they have outdone the subjects of the early Pharaohs?

But the works above alluded to are those which, from their magnitude, compel attention. There are others equally astonishing which research has brought to light. First among these (as being an indispensable preparation for free and rapid writing) we may consider the art of paper-making. This the Egyptians practised—we will not say discovered, for we know nothing about the invention—as early as they practised anything that we know of. They took out the pith of the papyrus, dissected it with a pointed instrument, and then flattened it into strips, which they glued together. These they strengthened by cross stripes, also glued together, and the surface so prepared was fit to receive writing. Such surfaces did receive writing, and some of those written on in the days of the early Pharaohs are yet in existence. Howbeit, *our* knowledge of these precious records is entirely new. Till lately, it was believed that the use of the papyrus for writing was introduced about the time of Alexander the Great; then Lepsius found the hieroglyphic sign of the papyrus-roll on monuments of the twelfth dynasty; afterwards he found the same sign on monuments of the fourth dynasty, which is getting back pretty close to Menes the protomonarch; and, indeed, little doubt is entertained that the art of writing on papyrus was understood as early as the days of Menes himself. The fruits of investigation in this, as in many other subjects, are truly most marvellous. Instead of exhibiting the rise and progress of any branches of knowledge, they tend to prove that nothing had any rise or progress, but that everything is referable to the very earliest dates. The experience of the Egyptologist must teach him to reverse the observation of Topsy, and to “spect that nothing growed,” but that as soon as men were planted on the banks of the Nile, they were already the cleverest men that

ever lived, endowed with more knowledge and more power than their successors for centuries and centuries could attain to. Their system of writing, also, is found to have been complete from the very first. They not only wrote, but they had a passion for writing, as the learned of these latter days have, to their great delight, found out. Every surface that would receive hieroglyphics was covered with inscriptions. Rocks, stones, walls, furniture, implements, coffins, tombs, as well as the papyri, were all left in a condition to tell their wondrous tales; and *mirabile dictu!* we did not know till about fifty years ago that they had any tale to tell! Yes: for about fifty years only we have known that they had an accessible meaning; and they have been there, some of them, for fifty centuries, challenging the regard of races, which nevertheless grew more and more darkened, until at last the vision was sealed up, the oracles were dumb, and in the very midst of copious flashing light men walked in a vain shadow. By surpassing patience and penetration the key to the enigmas was at last rediscovered; then the pursuit of hieroglyphic literature was entered upon with ardor, and with such success that now year by year the mists are clearing away, and such tableaux are unfolding themselves of life under the Pharaohs as it cannot have entered into the mind of any modern to conceive.

The well-known exploits of Sesostris go to prove that he and his people were well versed in the science and practice of war. Their armies marched from home, subdued Asia, Asia Minor, and part of Europe, and then returned. They maintained great wars too in their own land, sometimes Egyptian being arrayed against Egyptian, and sometimes against troublesome neighbors. If we may entirely believe the inscriptions and pictures, they were a very formidable people indeed, terribly rough customers to meet in anger. But there is much reason to suppose that the language of the inscriptions is unwarrantably *tall*, and that the *tableaux* exhibit a decidedly partial view of operations. And this exaggeration has so damaged their reputation that some writers doubt whether the great Sesostris's expeditions be not fables, and whether the exploits of the professing conqueror were not confined to the neigh-

borhood of the Nile. That this people constructed war-chariots there can be no doubt. Homer says that through each of the hundred gates of Thebes issued two hundred men with horses and chariots; and we know that there were six hundred chariots with the army that pursued after Israel. These war-chariots appear to have been of a magnificent construction, though they were very light—the smooth level roads of Egypt not demanding clumsy strength. Mr. Kenrick says in general terms: “In short, as all the essential principles which regulate the construction and draft of carriages are exemplified in the war-chariots of the Pharaohs, so there is nothing which modern taste and luxury have devised for their decoration to which we do not find a prototype in the monuments of the eighteenth dynasty.” It is presumed that springs* are included in this ascription of refinements. The warriors in chariots were, as far as is known, the only cavalry; and students have as yet come upon no record of the strategical principles observed in war. The battle-pieces in the *bas-reliefs* and pictures exhibit only *mêlées* in which acts of individual prowess are being performed by the king. The heavy-armed men fought in coats of mail, but the infantry in general had quilted tunics, and helmets without metallic coverings. The bow was a favorite weapon, but the soldiers wore double-edged swords and daggers, and carried shields more or less cumbersome according to the class of troops. They used also javelins, spears, and pikes. The light troops had darts and slings. The charioteers wield maces and battle-axes. Siege operations were sometimes executed; the assailants advanced by a passage covered with board, and pushed huge spears, worked each by a squad of men from the approaches, against the defenders on the walls. The covered passages had trap-doors in the roofs to enable the besiegers to reconnoitre, or possibly to muster on the top and shoot from

a vantage-point. Scaling-ladders and all the arts of escalade were perfectly understood. The battering-ram was a common expedient; and the Egyptians, being such adepts in quarrying, were not slow to attach the miner to an obstructive wall, and bring it scientifically down. There is only one representation of a naval combat, where the fight is by soldiers on board ship; in this each mast-head has a basket with an archer in it run up.

According to the present state of Egyptian science, the great flourishes about victories were not borne out by corresponding attention to, or knowledge of, the art of war; but it is much safer to mention what the Pharaohs and their people did, than what they did *not*, for research is so fruitful that the discovery of to-morrow may contradict the negative of to-day. If we were to find that they had been using Armstrong guns, the circumstance would not be more astonishing than many that have already come to light.

The proficiency of the Egyptians in mathematical science has not yet been defined. In proof of their having been foremost in this as in most, we have the testimony of the Greek authors, and the fact that the ancient mathematicians whom *we* revere as the fathers of geometry went to Egypt to be instructed therein. May it not indeed be now admitted that the regions which we have been fond of designating as the cradles of the arts and sciences were second-hand cradles? Our former belief and doctrine were that “the arts of War and Peace” had risen in the Isles of Greece, as Byron sang. Some rudimentary knowledge was ascribed to Egypt; but Greece was credited with the first cultivation of art and science from their very elements. Yet before Greece was, the arts were ripe and old. Though the nations at large were in darkness, though Greece was at its hornbook, there sat on the other side of the Levant sea a power already at her meridian—in wisdom pre-eminent, in works a giant!

Land-surveying, an art resting on geometry, the Egyptians undoubtedly understood, since Joshua took away with him sufficient skill to divide the Holy Land after he had conquered it. It is on record that they made maps. They were also most observant astronomers, watch-

* Mr. Kenrick should, it is thought, have made an exception in regard to springs as we understand that appliance. Some means certainly were used for mitigating the jolting of the chariot; but the elaborate description of chariots by Sir G. Wilkinson, which has been examined since the observation in the text was written, gives no countenance to the supposition that the vehicles were set on metallic springs.

ing the periods of planets and constellations, and calculating eclipses. The rotundity of the earth, the sun's central place in our system, the obliquity of the ecliptic, the starry composition of the Milky Way, and the borrowed light of the moon, are thought by Wilkinson* to have been no secrets to them. In dividing time they were very accurate. The true length of the year appears to have been known by them at a very early period, and Mr. Kenrick thinks that the precession of the equinoxes was also a fact understood by them. Records were made every day of the rising and setting of stars, and particular influences were believed to proceed from these positions and conjunctions of the heavenly bodies : moreover, the priests claimed the power of prophecy through astral motions. The true meridian had been correctly ascertained before the first pyramid was built, and there were clocks and dials for measuring time. The cubit was the established unit of linear measure—being 1.707 feet of English measure ; but the unit of weight is not known, although, of course, they had weights. Arithmetical notation and calculation they managed less cleverly than the Arabians,† and (what is certainly astonishing among so many refinements) their money was in gold and silver rings estimated by weight. They had both the decimal and duodecimal modes of calculation from the earliest times, but there is no appearance of algebra ; and notwithstanding the immense mechanical power which they could bring into operation, it cannot be ascertained that they understood the philosophy of what are called the mechanical powers.

What has been written concerning irrigation is sufficient to show how interested the Egyptians were about agriculture. Corn and Egypt are so associated in the minds of most of us, that the connection is proverbial. Nature did astonishingly for Egypt, giving her a fruitful soil and the swelling Nile ; and yet her gift would have been useless if she had not raised there a highly intelligent, enterprising people.

The Nile, left to its natural channels and its natural ebb and flow, would fertilize but a fraction of what had become corn-bearing Egypt in patriarchal times. The elements of plenty are always there, but they want the regulating hand of man to fructify them. The means of making the land bear were very different from those which are approved in Europe ; hoeing almost sufficed for turning the soil, instead of ploughing : once the river had risen, nature had done her part toward production ; and art and skill were applied to the retention and dispersion of the waters. No manuring, no management of the soil, was necessary ; husbandry was almost entirely proved in regulating irrigation, and it was practised with surpassing effect.

After corn, flax seems to have been the chief crop ; and with this the Egyptians wrought not by halves nor rudely, but, according to their wont, in the highest style. When Joseph first found favor in the eyes of Pharaoh, he had the monarch's own ring put on his hand, a chain of gold thrown over his neck, and a vesture of *fine linen* given to array his person. Now, what one age may call fine another may call coarse ; the epithet alone, therefore, does not carry much weight ; but it is a fact that the linen of Egypt was celebrated all over the world ; and, what is more, it may be seen and handled to this day, for the mummies were nearly all wrapped in it, and the wrappings are in excellent preservation. Mummy-cloths do not, of course, represent the finest linen, but we have a clear idea conveyed by Pliny of what was considered *fine* in the days of King Amasis ; that is, six hundred years B.C. Each single thread of a certain garment sent to Lindus by King Amasis was composed of 365 minor threads twisted together, so that Egyptian fineness was fine indeed. Not only was linen spun, but it was dyed and richly embroidered in the very earliest times. So far as we can trace, however, this work was all done by hand. And here it may be well to note that all the workmanship of which the Israelites in their wanderings between Egypt and Canaan showed themselves capable was due to the teaching of the Egyptians ; and any one who will refer to the embellishment of the holy tabernacle, and to the vestments of the high priest in the sacred books, will see in how many orna-

* See Appendix II., chap. vii., of Rawlinson's Herodotus.

† There have been writers who asserted that the Arabians learned their notation from the Egyptians ; but this belief is getting old-fashioned. Twenty years make a striking difference in Egyptology.

mental arts Egypt must have been accomplished. The spoil which Israel got from the natives in their flight consisted of jewels of silver and jewels of gold; and these jewels, it turns out, were very unlike what the country was in the habit of producing if they were not beautifully wrought. Cutting, polishing, and setting precious stones was done in excellent style by Egyptian lapidaries.

Emeralds were found in the neighboring deserts. These they cut and polished beautifully, and learned to imitate with great success in glass. But all the foreign gems of the East were known, and quantities of them acquired. Egypt had its gold and silver mines. The revenue derived from them was immense. The gold was dug and separated with very great labor and skill; the silver would seem to have been more simply procured. Besides these precious metals, they also found copper, lead, and iron near the Red Sea. It is uncertain whether they could temper steel, but Wilkinson thinks that they could; and he very fairly says that, whether they could steel iron or not, they certainly had some secret equally profound and equally useful, by means of which their exquisite chiselling was achieved. There is enough of negative proof that they were familiar with steel, since they wrought sculpture which, as far as we know, nothing but steel could effect.

The most curious, if not the most useful, of the arts of Egypt, was that by which they disposed of their dead. Let us not tarry now to inquire into the belief or fancy which urged them to the practice, nor into the remarkable ceremonies with which funerals were solemnized, but let us regard mummification simply as an art. It was, then, the will of the Egyptians to have their bodies, or the principal portions of them, preserved as long as possible from decay; and this was effected so successfully, that the sight-seer of to-day may examine the corpses of men and women over whom thousands upon thousands of years have rolled without bringing to them corruption, or depriving them of the human form. Indeed, we know of no limit to the endurance of the mummy if left in Egypt, the climate for which it was prepared. The processes (for there were three processes) of embalming required from two or three months to complete them. The body was never embalmed

whole. Some portions were always removed, and not always, there is reason to suppose, preserved; but commonly the separated portions were preserved by themselves and placed in jars. The exterior body was then filled with myrrh, cassia, and other gums, and after that saturated with natron. Then there was a marvellous swathing of the embalmed form, so astistically executed that professional bandagers of the present day are lost in admiration of its excellence. "According to Dr. Granville, there is not a single form of bandage known to modern surgery, of which examples are not seen in the swathings of the Egyptian mummies. The strips of linen have been found extending to 1,000 yards in length. Rossellini gives a similar testimony to the wonderful variety and skill with which the bandages have been applied and interlaced."* The exclusion of the air from the surface of the body was the object of this patient labor, and every proper expedient was resorted to to make the cerements fit tightly. Not the large limbs only, but the fingers and toes, have been separately bandaged in the more elaborate mummies. The body was generally labelled, having its card, so to speak, placed within the linen folds, and generally on the breast. The identification was usually a plate of metal engraved, but sometimes it was a small image of a god, or an animal with the name of the mummy on it, and this has been found sometimes within the body. Beads, earrings, necklaces are frequently turned out from among the wrappings. The bandaging effected, the next thing was to fit the mummy's *surtout*, which was made of layers of cloth pasted or glued together till they formed a paste board. Before it could be called a board, however—that is to say, while it was yet moist and pliable—it was placed about the wearer, whose shape it was made to take accurately. As soon as the artist was satisfied with the fit, the garment was sown up at the back, and then allowed to harden. A mask, representing the features of the deceased, was put over the head, and continued some way over the shoulders. Male mummies wore a reddish-brown, and female a yellowish-green mask as a rule; but the faces of some mummies, and sometimes even their

* Kenrick's "Ancient Egypt."

whole surfaces, were gilded over. Commonly the pasteboard case was painted in bright colors, whose brilliancy was as lasting as the mummy itself. Hieroglyphics were emblazoned on it, and it was in some instances stuck over with beads and spangles. The legend would describe the departed, or include a prayer or invocation. The mummy was thus complete, but it was boxed up afterwards in three coffins made to follow its shape as nearly as could be.

From the particular chemistry adopted for the pickling of ancestors to chemistry at large is a natural transition; and it will be found on inquiry that the successful embalming was not a chance discovery, or an art known by rule of thumb only, but that it was as fairly brought out from definitions and maxims as was any induction of Faraday's. The word "chemistry" comes from *Chemi*, and *Chemi* means Egypt. The science was rightly named after the country; for Egypt, through all her vicissitudes, kept alive the knowledge of chemistry, and had it all to herself up to the time of the Arabian conquest, when it became generally understood through Europe and Asia. The decorative borders found on Greek vases, and whose invention is ascribed to the Greeks, were, Mr. Kendrick says, only copies from the Egyptian vases. The figures of them are to be seen on the walls of a tomb of the age of Amunoph I., a period when Greece did not yet exist. Metallurgy the Egyptians understood before the earliest period of their history known to us. Colonel Howard Vyse found a piece of iron in a joint of the Great Pyramid, placed there, without doubt, when the pyramid was built. The mines of iron and copper were in the sandstone at Sinai, where to this day may be seen in large heaps the scoræ produced by smelting. It may fairly be presumed that the chemistry and metallurgy, as understood by the philosophers, were at the bottom of the magic.

The Egyptians paddled about a good deal on the Nile, whether expanded or shrunk, but they are not known to have had any great liking for, or acquaintance with, the salt sea. Some of their monarchs, about the time of the exodus built fleets and made incursions into foreign lands, but these were only forced movements; the nation never took kindly to "the briny," if one may take the liberty

of using Mr. Swiveller's expression. Seagoing nations have generally been, in their early times, such as could find very little to attract them in their own lands, and a good deal that was attractive in the lands of others. It must be confessed, although the avowal reflects somewhat pointedly on many of our own respected progenitors, that ancient mariners were, for the most part, ancient robbers, who found that ships were convenient means of descending upon a neighbor's coast, and of carrying away the plunder there to be procured. After sowing their wild oats in a course of freebooting, piracy, usurpation, and roystering, such races have occasionally settled down into loudly-professing moralists and sticklers for the rights of humanity, with a holy yearning for peace at any price; though, happily, a leaven of the old buccaneers' spirit may be left ready to rise through the lump at times, and confound canting Puritans. But old Egyptians, it is clear, had learned before the times of which we have knowledge to see in Egypt herself all that could be desired, and to devote all their energies to the improvement and embellishment of their native land. They developed so much wealth, and were so industrious at home, that they did not care to go filibustering, and so failed to foster that roving spirit which might have made them afterwards energetic traders. When they did take to the ocean, though, they did it, as they did everything else, to some purpose. Neco II. fitted out a fleet on the Red Sea, and sent it out to explore the shores of their native continent. The fleet was two years absent, and then came back, not through the Strait of Babelmandeb, but through the Strait of Gibraltar. Herodotus, the enlightened Greek, speaks compassionately of this fable of the Egyptians. It might do for less acute nations, who stood intellectually in the same relation to Greeks that marines do to sailors, but for philosophic Greeks—no, no! The silly Egyptian fellows proved a little too much, and so convicted themselves of drawing the long-bow. Didn't they say that returning homewards they had the sunrise on their right hands?—"a thing," says the old historian, "which to me appears incredible." And yet this assertion, which was to the Greeks foolishness, is to us Britons, who have traversed the same waters once or twice ourselves, incontestable

proof that the Egyptians did verily double the Cape of Good Hope. They anchored successively at two convenient places, landed, and sowed corn, and remained to reap the same; then set sail again, and finally steered in triumph through the Pillars of Hercules, and eastward along the Mediterranean. Any one looking at our maps of ancient geography may see one of them subscribed *obis veteribus notus*, on which is shown the northern shore of Africa and Egypt—all the rest of the continent without form and void. If there had been no ancients except the Greeks and Romans, such a map would do justice to ancient knowledge; but there was a people much more deserving of the term “veteres” than Romans or Greeks, who knew what the form of Africa was. The Greeks, young in knowledge, sounded a trumpet before them, and called upon all the world to admire their ability. Old Egypt, grown gray in wisdom, was so secure of her acquirements that she did not invite admiration, and cared no more for the opinion of a flippant Greek than we do to-day for that of a Feejee islander. Egypt did not seek to teach the Greeks; the Greeks went to Egypt to pick up what they could.

Inland navigation, as we have said, was much less strange to Egyptians than the passage of the ocean. Their famous river was their great highway. Traffic, ceremonies, processions, funerals, pilgrimages, friendly intercourse, were principally effected by traversing its waters; and the sights to be seen there must have been glorious “in the brave days of old.” The monarch and his princess floated in barges with deck pavilions,—hull and cabins, masts and rudder being richly gilt, and the sails being painted in the most brilliant colors. Great arks freighted with merchandise were towed up and down the stream: smaller and more manageable boats of all sizes—the largest moved by thirty or forty oars, or by the wind on sails of papyrus or canvas—in numbers traversed the scene; while the solitary passengers, through all, paddled their own canoes of *earthenware*, or a coarse sort of *paste-board*. The Egyptians, then, were not a roaming nation. “Their characteristic has been patient, sedentary industry, employed in agriculture and manufactures. The productions of the East have been deposited in Egypt, and from thence distributed over

the West; but strangers have brought them, and strangers have carried them away.”*

Wine was so commonly made in all countries where the vine would bear, that there is nothing remarkable in Egypt having pressed her own grapes. But it is remarkable that she brewed beer in large quantities, her working population appearing to have been as fond as ours of this beverage. The exact strength or quality we do not know, but no man can say that our knowledge on this head may not soon increase; for we may come down some day on the private cellar of Cheops, or the establishment of a Coptic Allsopp, and find the original of the X's to have been hieroglyphics emblazoned on the barrels. One *must* credit these people, too, with having done their brewing as well as they did everything else. Nothing but potent stuff can have sufficed for the fellows who built the Pyramids; and if ever we do come upon one of their ale-vats, we shall find the liquor has body in it still. There would be something sensational in tasting home-brewed, that has been in wood since the Deluge! Misraim's Entire.

Glass was manufactured in all its varieties. We find sculptures of glass-blowing; and the bottles, vases, &c., may yet be seen. Sir Gardner Wilkinson says that the Egyptians cut, ground, and engraved glass, and had even the art of introducing gold between two surfaces of the substance. He also says that they imitated, with glass, pearls and precious stones.

It was supposed until recently that the Egyptians were not very musical; but Time, which is continually raising this people in estimation, has shown that they were fond of music, and that they understood its influence on the spirit. A farther acquaintance with the monuments has discovered them playing in concert, the leader beating time by clapping his hands. It is thus clear that they understood the laws of harmony. They had their sacred music, domestic music, and military music. The lyre, harp, and flutes were played when the high priest offered incense, and the priests at the same time sang a song called the *Pean*, which word, Wilkinson says, is Egyptian. For festive music, guitars, single and double pipes, and castanets were added to the above. Trumpets,

* Kenrick.

drums, and tambourines, with cymbals and other noisy contrivances, made a crash in the presence of troops. The harp seems to have been the instrument most in repute. There were various kinds of them, as the lyre, sambuc, ashur; but some resembled the modern harp, and were very complete, having as many as twenty strings. We may not claim for Egypt the invention of this instrument, since we know that Jubal, a descendant of Cain, "is the father of all those who handle the harp and organ;" but there can be no doubt that she perfected the instrument, and that the harps which were afterwards hanged upon a tree when the minstrels faltered at singing the Lord's song in a strange land, were of a pattern derived from Egypt, memorials of another captivity. The superiority of the Egyptian lyre to the Greek is quite admitted; indeed the Egyptian instruments generally were superior, and they were made with that daintiness which shows them to have been favorite toys with the rich, not simply professional implements. The woods were often rare and costly, sought out in distant countries; some were painted, some inlaid, some covered with colored or ornamental leather. Parts of them are elaborately carved. The use of catgut for strings was well understood.

Pythagoras and many other studious Greeks learned the science of music in Egypt, and refugees from Egypt were encouraged in Greece as teachers of music. The Alexandrians had the character of being the most skilful and scientific players. Philosophic students of music hold that in any country great progress has been made in the science when, having passed through the ruder stages of drumming, clashing, and blowing, performers have come to understand the extraction of harmonious sounds from an instrument of many strings, and the multiplication of notes by shortening the strings upon the neck of an instrument. Now this the Egyptians thoroughly understood. The harp, lyre, and guitar are found represented in every conceivable form, adapted to stand on the floor, to be suspended from the neck, to be carried over the shoulder, to be held up by the hands which are to play it, to be rested on a single leg, to be raised on a table, to be held under the left arm like a bagpipe. In Bruce's Travels, he, speaking of harps in a tomb at Thebes, says: "They overturn

all the accounts hitherto given of the earliest state of music and musical instruments in the East, and are, altogether, in their form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music were at the greatest perfection when this instrument was made; and that the period from which we date the invention of these arts was only the beginning of the era of their restoration." The Spanish castanet had its origin in Egypt, where, however, it was made of metal instead of the chestnut-tree.

Nothing has yet been said of the science of medicine. This was assiduously studied in Egypt; but there is no proof that any of the great discoveries of modern times were forestalled there—nothing leads to the suspicion that the circulation of the blood or the nervous system was understood. Such as it was, however, the practice of medicine was established, and very strictly subdivided. Every practitioner kept to his own branch. There was the dentist and the oculist; if your digestion was affected, there was a doctor to treat you; if you suffered in the head, there was a physician whose punishments were exclusively capital. Even if you were ill and didn't know the seat of your disease, there was a healer for you, one who addicted himself wholly to dealing with obscure complaints. They had very just ideas concerning diet, and they set more store by temperance than by medicine. It is known that they were an exceptionally healthy race, the even climate, pure water of the Nile, abundance of food and of clothing, being eminently in their favor; possibly, therefore, their healing art was high in proportion to their requirements.

Of arts and sciences which the Egyptians possessed in common with other ancient peoples, it is not necessary to speak here. They could do all that their neighbors could, and a very great deal more that no other nation on the earth could then accomplish—nay, they did, as we know, some works which have never been equalled in either ancient or modern times.

A consideration of the above outline must throw, it is thought, much light on the character of Moses. Though he was largely favored with immediate inspira-

tion on grand occasions, he was nevertheless, like St. Paul, carefully prepared for all the ordinary calls of his great position. He was *learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*—this was to be learned indeed!! Moses, however, seems to have seen that the Egyptian theory of government was unsuited to the Israelites. Possibly their bondage under royal rule made the name of kings odious to the sons of Jacob; but it is certain that to Pharaoh's hereditary subjects his sceptre represented mild and civilized sway. The training of the monarch, enforced by law, was such as to make him fit to rule a wise people; and his power was hedged about with every guard that could bring dignity and credit. If there be anything that we English plume ourselves on having invented in relation to the kingly office, it is the vicarious responsibility of the ministers of State expressed in the maxim, "The king can do no wrong."* This is a lofty and refined conception undoubtedly, but if we fancy that it is original with us, we are mistaken. A people quite as clever and shrewd as we are, imagined and acted upon it thousands of years before our era, and the Egyptians were that people. Thus it is clear that in two of our sublimest ideas which seemed to belong to us first and solely—namely, the personal innocence of the sovereign, and the merits of malt liquors—we were forestalled by the children of Ham. Perhaps, if we could get back at all to their experimental nascent ages, we might even find them using trial by jury; but, as has been already said more than once, we know nothing about them till after they had discarded all manner of barbarisms.

Besides the curious question concerning progressive improvement noticed at the commencement of this paper, there is another which may equally interest the speculative. How did Egypt contrive to become what she was by her own lights and her own material resources alone? It is a doctrine of the present day, that intercommunication of minds and workers

is necessary to effectual progress in the sciences and arts. But what intercommunication had old Egypt, or what could she have learned from any contemporary nation? By her own mind and energy she was what she was. Resting on the noble river which had won her from the waters, and had raised and nourished her since the Almighty fiat went forth and the dry land appeared, she sat serene, and thought and wrought and throve. The barbarism of the external world gave her no anxiety, raised no interest in her, did not retard her progress. She knew that she possessed the true secret of subduing the earth, and, fully believing in herself, she did not call in all her neighbors to confirm her in her belief. She sent out no evangelist, she asked no help. She sufficed for all her mighty designs; it may be said that she rose and flourished and fell alone: almost it may be added, that wisdom died with her. The time that has elapsed since her grandest age, has not availed to bring all the arts back again to where they were in her day; and yet she was separated from Europe and from Asia by no very formidable barriers. Greece, when she began to understand her mission, found no difficulty in sending a sprinkling of her sons to the banks of the Nile to pick up information. But this was after Egypt had become great and old; this had nothing to do with the rise of Egypt. Unassisted, unappreciated from without, Egypt wrought out her own magnificence, solitary, self-relying. That little eruption of Sesostri's just sufficed to show what she could do when the humor took her. But the humor didn't often take her. She found nothing outside comparable to what she was familiar with at home; the worlds beyond the Nile's overflow were not such that she should weep for them to conquer. Like the dove, she found no rest for the sole of her foot, and returned into the ark which, washed on every side by the waters of barbarism, enclosed all that was great and subtle and able on the surface of the earth.

Great and splendid as are the things which we know about oldest Egypt, she is made a thousand times more sublime by our uncertainty as to the limits of her accomplishments. She presents not a great definite idea, which, though hard to receive, is, when once acquired, comprehensible and clear. Under the

* "That the king could do no wrong is a much older notion than we generally imagine—*vide* Diod., i., 70: *τον μὲν βασιλεὺν τῶν ἐγκλημάτων ἐξαισίουμεν*", &c. The title given to them, 'living forever,' seems also to bear analogy to the idea of the king *never dying*."—Footnote from Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians."

soil of the modern country are hid away thousands and thousands of relics which may astonish the world for ages to come, and change continually its conception of what Egypt was. The effect of research seems to be to prove the objects of it to be much older than we thought them to be; some things thought to be wholly modern having been proved to be repetitions of things Egyptian, and other things known to have been Egyptian being by every advance in knowledge carried back more and more towards the very beginning of things. She shakes our most rooted ideas concerning the world's history: she has not ceased to be a puzzle and a lure: there is a spell over her still.

Besides her early maturity and the solitariness of her career, there is another mystery concerning Egypt; and that is the thick darkness that so long shut her out from sight. We are wont to call those ages dark wherein the wisdom of Greece and of Rome became dim to the world at large, and was treasured by the few; but what was this darkness in comparison of the utter obscurity which settled with a weird persistence over Egypt herself, over all her wisdom and all her works? As year by year the deposit of the river was entombing her material works, so was the cloud of oblivion enveloping and surely obliterating the memory of her glory and of her ability; and this in spite of the most determined resistance that any nation has ever offered to time and his effacing power. The monuments would not, could not, perish forever; but they were ineffectual to avert an eclipse that lasted for ages. It is little less than a miracle that such a country could quietly sink out of sight, and the world begin life again, fancying that it was originating thought and art, while close to the tyros lay a nation that had proved ages before every mode of human ability, and whose credentials did not rest on tradition or history, but were shining on the earth—splendid, gigantic, palpable—obvious to the regard of the aspiring and the inquisitive. As one ponders on these things, it is impossible to be regardless of the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet* who foretold this obscurity. "The pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, *a cloud shall cover her*, and her daughters

shall go into captivity." The period of forty years during which no foot of man or foot of beast was to pass through Egypt is not plain, but the condition to which Egypt fell is only too distinctly painted. "I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste shall be desolate forty years: and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries." The "cloud," we may suppose, began to break at the beginning of this century: from without came the regard of nations, from within arose reanimation and the desire to be known once more. The nations of the world resort thither again, and find this kingdom truly "a base kingdom;" but things look as though she had resolved to acquiesce no longer in her baseness. Already one sees how the highway from Egypt to Assyria, foretold by the prophet Isaiah, may be accomplished. The Canal of the Isthmus will undoubtedly lead to the contraction of the desert, so that the way into Assyria will be comparatively easy. And when life and vigor and civilization shall return, what great results may be expected to accompany them! To a nation waking up to consciousness after centuries of coma, everything about her present self must be unsatisfactory and distasteful—a condition to be reformed as soon as possible, and banished from sight and memory. Her consolatory thoughts all centre in the past. As she looks back with pride and glory at what she was, the hope of what she may again be is lively within her, and she can feel a trust in herself. Her reviving ambition will feed upon the mighty deeds of old, and her sons will gain strength from the knowledge of the glorious dead. When this spirit shall come upon Egypt—when, instead of leaving research to the stranger that may come from a far land, Egyptians themselves shall make it a pleasant labor to ascertain the wonderful past of their native country—then, perhaps, the world will truly understand what *the wisdom of the Egyptians* was.

And now, to come back to the idea named at the beginning of this paper—viz., the continuous progression of mankind in knowledge and power. For him who believes that his puny efforts are tending

* Ezekiel.

to the establishment of a golden age, and leading the human race to perfection, there can be no corrective more effectual than the study of ancient Egypt. From thence he may learn the truth that human wisdom and human knowledge cannot perpetuate themselves. Great, strong, wise as she was, the glory of Egypt came to naught, her science perished, her engraved characters became riddles. Progress was arrested, and thick darkness overspread the earth—not for a short interval, but during a very large fraction of the world's existence—darkness which has never yet been dispersed. It is true that, if we cannot build pyramids or hew out colossal statues, or divert the course of a river like the Nile, we can use the printing-press and control the forces of electricity and steam. But when we have summed up gains and losses, what is the amount of advancement since the days of Moses that we can fairly credit ourselves with? Truly it is very little, and that little due to a *renaissance* in the last two or three centuries.

But if we, creatures whose life is half an age, may not influence the destinies of the world on which we live, or of our remote

successors, that consideration need not damp our spirits; it does not show us that our labor for the benefit of humanity is in vain. We may design and build, though we may not attempt a tower whose top shall reach to heaven. Plenty of legitimate work is given us to do: we are commissioned to subdue the earth, but we are not commissioned to determine its future. That future will be as little affected, probably, by our acts and labors as our present has been by the wisdom and works of the Egyptians. A great nation—a community of great nations—may die like a mighty man, and then all their thoughts perish. The earth is not ours. Nevertheless, we have a field for labor—greater labor than we shall ever accomplish. Let us benefit, if we may, our own generation and that which is to follow us, trusting to the providence of an ever-living power to determine whether any part of our work shall survive and be a heritage for our descendants; or whether it shall perish utterly; or whether, like the glorious deeds of old Egypt, it shall lie for millenniums under a mysterious cloud, and live again hereafter to a race such as it has not entered into our hearts to conceive.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE OLD PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR INMATES.

THE LUXEMBOURG.

AMONG the prisons selected for the detention of the victims of the first Revolution were the three neighboring ones of the Luxembourg, of the Caserne Vaugirard, and of the Carmes. On the horrors of the massacres of September, 1792, we are not disposed to dwell; they may be readily found in histories. Our business is with the fortunes of individuals presenting interesting traits or situations. Danton, the personal embodiment of the Revolution, after offering numberless victims to the blades of the sans-culottes, and the instrument of public vengeance, the guillotine, at last got a foretaste of his own fate during some hours' leisure in the Luxembourg. Perhaps during these moments he recollected his own address to the Jacobins:—"The metal is bubbling hot, but the statue of liberty is not yet cast. If you watch not well the furnace, you yourselves will be burned."

What a humiliation for the proud and relentless man, to be asked his name by his fellow butchers, now his judges, and some of whom he had himself proscribed! His answer was characteristic: "I am Danton; I have made my name known in the Revolution. My dwelling will be soon in the void, but my name shall live in the Pantheon of history."

In the Luxembourg also were detained Camille Desmoulins and Fabre d'Églantine (the latter a provincial actor), whose nice names did not prevent them from assisting in bringing about the Revolution.

Another illustrious victim who rested in the cells of the Luxembourg and the Conciergerie before his promotion to the scaffold, was the learned chemist Lavoisier, to whom we owe the knowledge of the composition of water, and the office of oxygen in combustion. Lavoisier's offence consisted in his having been a farmer-general of taxes. He was for some time

concealed by a noble-minded and devoted woman in the Rue Féron. He was so fearful of compromising his generous guardian that he made several attempts at escape, but she was very watchful, and at times absolutely locked him up. However, he at last eluded her vigilance, and next day was safe in a cell of the Luxembourg.

The fate of Condorcet somewhat resembled that of Lavoisier in being concealed by a woman for a considerable time after his outlawry, and escaping from her protection in order not to involve her in his danger. Along with the other Girondins he had been obliged to succumb to the Jacobins, and being arrested in the country, he was conducted to the prison of the Bourg la Reine, where he poisoned himself.

It is probable that in his last moments he reflected on the coincidence of his approaching death at a town called *La Reine*, after assisting to bring destruction on the king and queen whose liege subject he once had been. His arrest was owing to an indiscretion. Wandering in the environs of Paris, accoutred as a mason, and besprinkled with plaster, he entered a little house of entertainment, and called for an omelet. "How many eggs do you wish broken?" said the hostess. "Twelve," answered he. "This must surely be a *suspect*," said the by-standers, "who orders a dozen eggs and is able to pay for them." They began to question him, and the examination ended in his arrest. When the chiefs of the Revolution took the fetters off the hands of the people, they little thought that they themselves would so soon experience such treatment as these rough and unfeeling hands could inflict. It is in the order of Providence that the descendants of evil ancestors suffer in this life for their misdeeds. The good-hearted and compassionate king and queen suffered temporary punishment for the heartless and unfeeling mode in which the people had been treated by the reigning powers from the thirteenth to the fifteenth Louis; and it was a blessing sent to the *noblesse*, male and female, to arrest the career of utter vice and indifference to the condition of the poor, in which they lived.

The Duchess of Orleans, the exemplary mother of Louis Philippe, was confined as a *suspecte* in the Luxembourg, in 1793.

In the June following she was transferred to the Conciergerie, the last halting-place on the way to the scaffold. She so understood it herself; but when the agents of the Committee of Public Safety summoned her to the tribunal, the head gaoler, Benedict, asserted that she was dying. Through powerful interest she was afterwards transferred from the Luxembourg to an asylum in the Rue de Charonne.

A woman, by name Jeanne Faurie, another *suspecte*, had, without intention or even knowledge, so enthralled a most rigid turnkey, that he let her have everything she wished for in her cell, and when she was on the eve of being examined he allowed her to escape. The poor man frequently visited the cell, and wept and kissed everything which she had ever touched. After one of these ecstatic visits he repaired to the head-gaoler, Benedict, and acknowledged his crime. The worthy Concierge judged that the poor man was beside himself, and therefore not accountable. Instead of denouncing him he condemned him to live, and go on with his ordinary occupations.

Heron, secretary to that unrighteous denouncer, Fouquier Tinville, relates a little incident in extreme contrast to that of the innocent but intense love of the poor turnkey. A college friend one day paid him (Heron) a visit at the court; gleefully rubbing his hands, and calling a smile over his features, he cried, "Bravo, citizen, bravo! Well done! fifty-four condemned to-day! Have you as many for to-morrow?" "Not quite, but nearly so." "Is the list yet signed by the Citizen the Public Accuser?" "No! Why do you ask?" "I have a little service to demand. Put my wife on the list." "Your wife! go along; you want to have a laugh at me." "No, no, my friend; you will do me a signal favor." "Impossible, my friend. It was not longer than last *duodi* (second day), when we dined together, that you seemed enchanted with the citizenship." "Well, I have changed my opinion." "But the citizenship is a good *sans-culotte*." "Not at all; she is an aristocrat, and I'll prove it." "You are mad." "I tell you no; once, twice, thrice, will you guillotine my wife?" "Certainly I will not." "So much for college friendship!" said the disappointed man, retiring in great dudgeon. The best of the story was, that this married pair

lived agreeably with each other for thirty years after the Revolution, the poor woman never suspecting the visit to Tinville's secretary nor its object.

Mr. Shandy was not very wrong when he propounded his views on the influence of names. Could any one with a spark of intelligence expect anything from the owner of the name Fouquier Tinville but servility, baseness, and cruelty?

The future Empress Josephine, one of the most amiable and graceful women that ever existed, passed more than a year at Sainte-Pélagie and the Luxembourg. She became the wife of Napoleon I. on the 8th of March, 1796. Their first residence after he was promoted to the Consulship was the little Luxembourg. It is related of her that one morning there was a stronger charm of grace, beauty, and innocent coquetry about her than usual, the object being to induce the First Consul to visit the cell which she had formerly occupied at the Luxembourg. Bonaparte felt no pleasure in the proposal, but will he, nill he, there was but one thing to be done—obey. When they arrived at the poor chamber, Josephine seemed much affected. She went to a corner, knelt down, and endeavored to loosen a flag. "Lend me your sword, my friend," said she to her husband; and with its aid she lifted the flag. She then began to search in the dust underneath, and the next moment she uttered a cry of joy, and held up a ring towards Napoleon. He was all inquisitiveness about it, and soon learned that it had been given to her by her mother. When she learned that she was to be removed from the prison, she was uncertain whether she was to be executed or not, and so she had buried the dear keepsake, that it might not be profaned by the hands of the executioner.

Later in time the Luxembourg had for an inmate Marshal Ney, whom the powers of the Restoration might have forgiven. It was a very human weakness to have cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" on the great man's escape from Elba. Ney's fault was the taking of service under the restored dynasty. He met his fate in such a mode as to detract nothing from his title of the bravest among the brave. Peace be with him! Later in date the present Emperor experienced the stingy and harsh hospitality of the same prison.

THE BICÊTRE AND THE SALPETRIÈRE.

The first of these hospitals or houses of refuge, afterwards converted into prisons, was in turn a religious house, a castle, a stronghold of armed vagabonds, a house of invalids under Cardinal Richelieu, and of refuge for St. Vincent de Paul's abandoned children. The Salpêtrière was devoted to the protection or incarceration of females, young and old. M. de La-tude, before mentioned, has left in his memoirs an appalling picture of living death in the cabanons of the Bicêtre. The interior economy of the institution, part prison, part infirmary, and part lunatic asylum, was of the worst description, and the mingling of the lunatics with the prisoners and the sick produced the most bizarre and wretched scenes.

One of the earliest inmates under restraint as a lunatic was a man in advance of his time as an inventor. This was Solomon de Caus, to whom the idea of economizing steam as a moving force had presented itself before the Marquis of Worcester entertained it.

Solomon was a distinguished architect, painter, and sculptor, and having executed commissions for the Prince of Wales, son of Charles I., and the Elector of Bavaria, he repaired to Paris to interest Cardinal Richelieu in the uses to which steam might be turned. The Superintendent of the Finances, Michel Particelli, willing to construct a little palace for the beautiful but unprincipled Marion Delorme, gave the commission to Solomon, who exhausted all his skill on the little paradise, having become deeply enthralled by the beautiful sorceress who was to inhabit it. He was anxious to make her his wife, but Marion loved liberty too well to consent. Becoming tired of her serious and exacting admirer, she requested one of her influential patrons to have him sent away, or free her from his presence in some manner.

An interview of poor Solomon with the great man was followed by his imprisonment in the Bicêtre, where banishment from the presence of his enchantress, and the evil treatment of the place, effectually deprived him of reason. Cardinal Richelieu, in consigning him to that terrible asylum, really believed him to be insane.

Some years later Lord Edward Somer-

set Marguis of Worcester, being in Paris. On Marguis, his friend, absent at the time from the city, requested Marlon, with whom he was at the time in favor, to do the honors of the city to the English nobleman. One day she took it into her head to bring the guest to the Bicêtre, but was misunderstood to hear herself called on by name from behind the bars of a cell, and anxiously implored to get liberty for the voice's master. Poor Solomon, for he was the unhappy prisoner enlarged on his discovery and boasted of the riches and splendor it would procure for her and him if he were only set at liberty. She was for the moment duly shocked, for she had till then supposed that her hapless lover had been merely sent out of the country. She induced the Englishman to leave the place, but the answer she returned to his inquiries made him anxious for an uninterrupted conversation with the poor madman. He spent some hours in his cell, and on his return to the little court of Marlon, he exclaimed: "Instead of this man being imprisoned he would have been distinguished by honor and rewards in my country. He is now, however, thoroughly mad. Despair and confinement have made him so. In casting this man into captivity you have assassinated the greatest genius of the age." Who can say but that the communications of the poor lunatic gave the man of science the first idea of the capabilities of the steam of boiling water?

When the Government of 1793 discovered that the filth and squalor of the Bicêtre had become intolerable they commissioned Buffrand the State architect for hospitals, and he, by dint of skill and patience constructed a draw well 200 feet in depth and fifteen feet in diameter. The water was first raised by four horses, but afterwards the ruling powers substituted for these the labor of thirty-two prisoners or lunatics, or blind people. Two vessels each containing 1,200 lbs weight of water are brought to the surface by the machinery and poured into a tank fifty feet square. So if the Bicêtre was not afterwards distinguished by cleanliness, it was not for want of water.

One of the earliest acts of the National Assembly was the selection of four of its members to visit the three prisons of Paris. Mirabeau was one of these four — Mirabeau, who had had such intimate

personal experience of prison-life. They found in the Bicêtre three thousand detainees and three hundred and forty officials.

Notwithstanding the unwillingness and resistance of the director, they visited every room and cell, and horrible discoveries they made. This was in 1790. It was the guillotine decapitated its first man at the Bicêtre. The massacre executed by the sovereign people on the prisoners and the officials of the Bicêtre was one of the most appalling scenes of the Revolution: the very children were butchered, and thrown in a pile in one of the yards.

The detestable Marguis of Sade, who had been condemned to death by the *Parlement* of Aix, and only saved by the influence of his family had been some time in the Bicêtre when the massacre was committed. He was one of those whom the temporary judges let off with life. However he was remanded again to the prison by Bonaparte after the memorable day of *Brunoy*. He was at a later day confined at Charenton, where he died in 1812. This wretch, not content with having committed abominable crimes, had written a couple of infamous books which were burned by the hands of the hangman. His least objectionable amusement while in the Bicêtre was thus enjoyed: he got purchased the finest roses that could be procured for money, and having fastened his senses of sight and smell on each for a considerable time, he scattered the leaves on the ground. Then he lay down as if to delight again in their odor, but instead of that he scattered them in the mud and then rising he tramped on them till they formed a dirty colorless mass.

A system of amelioration commenced during the reign of Louis XVI. Doctor Pinel, who presided over the sanitary condition of the prison at the era of the Revolution, was accused before the Committee of Public Safety of a desire to restore the monarchy, as appeared from his treatment of the insane. He explained his system of treating mental diseases, in which he showed that he preferred mildness to violence, and availed himself largely of freedom of movement and fresh air. For a wonder the committee sent him back to tend his patients. Dr. Ferrius, who succeeded Dr. Pinel, continued the same system, dictated by judgment

and philanthropy. Improvement went on in the same ratio among the females confined in the appendage to the Bicêtre, the Salpêtrière.

Among the lunatics of the Salpêtrière, Theroigne de Mericourt, an infamous woman of the days of the Revolution, was kept for some years. She varied the course of her ordinary life of wickedness by assuming male attire, and doing duty on the aristocrats with a pike and sabre. The very knitters who sat for relaxation's sake round the guillotine considered this conduct unworthy a woman of the people. They accordingly seized her one day, stripped her, and administered a public whipping of a severe character. This chastisement deprived her of such powers of reasoning as she possessed, and she ended her days at the Salpêtrière. While she was able she occasionally gave herself a good whipping, the result of the memory of her punishment acting on her diseased intellect.

It much interested the body of the prisoners, as well as the Parisian populace generally, when the day arrived for dispatching a batch of *forçats* to the galleys. They watched with eager looks the laying out of the chains at one end of the yard, and the fastening of the ring which went round each man's neck to this chain, the sinister-looking smiths using portable anvils laid on the backs of the culprits, and giving themselves but small trouble about the sufferings of the poor wretches.

One day, in 1818, there went off from the Bicêtre thus accounted a man of extraordinary fortunes, Coignard, who had long borne the title of Count of St. Helena.

In 1805 this man, by the interference of a female friend, obtained the title-deeds and other family papers of an *Émigré* nobleman, who had died in exile in Spain. Henceforward he was Coignard no longer. He was the Count of St. Helena. Quitting France to fight in the Spanish army under General Mina, he behaved himself so well that the title of Chevalier of Saint Wladimir and of Alcantara was conferred on him. In 1808, the Count was found fighting under the banners of France as chief of battalion, and did his best against the arms of Spain till the fall of the Empire. In 1815, the brave Coignard, whose loyalty was on a par with that of the no less brave *Dugald Dalgetty*,

found Louis XVIII. ready to accord so tried a warrior a hearty welcome. Under the Restoration he enjoyed the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, the title of Chevalier of Saint Louis, and the cross of an Officer of the Legion of Honor. Coignard, so far, was favored by the blind goddess.

In 1818, at a review in the Place Vendôme, he was recognized by Darius, a former galley comrade; but he was now too great a man to renew so disreputable an acquaintance. The offended Darius denounced his old comrade to General Despinos, and Coignard was convicted of being an escaped *forçat*. He contrived to escape, but was recaptured among a band of malefactors, and recommitted to the galleys for life—a very unwise proceeding on the part of the Government, who should have considered his useful and heroic services for thirteen years.

The last ironing of *forçats* to be forwarded to some seaport occurred on the 3rd October, 1835, when 180 prisoners were chained and dispatched from the Bicêtre. There is a graphic and painful account given of the operation in Victor Hugo's *Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*.

Bicêtre is now a mere receptacle for patients suffering under mental maladies. Its squalor, filth, vice, and crime are things of the past. The same remark also applies to the Salpêtrière.

L'ABBAYE.

The cells which the architects of the Monastery of Saint Germain des Près had constructed for the temporary confinement of monks unmindful of their duties, became in time the abodes of young rakes, whom their parents consigned to the care of the institution, with a view to their reformation. Previous to the Revolution, unruly members of the Garde Française suffered detention there for their misdeeds, and one of the earliest exercises of their power by the sovereign people was the deliverance of these worthies, and the corrupting by drink and the spells of fraternity the guards who were sent to reclaim them. This was three years before the massacres of September.

They gave a legal character to this proceeding at the Abbaye by holding a trial for a few seconds on each. If the individual was not doomed, an officer was sent out, who proclaimed his innocence. If

found worthy of death the president pronounced the words, "A la force!" and the victim, supposing he was consigned to some prison, was sent on between two rows of armed men, but he did not live to come to the extremity of the avenue.

The victims butchered at the Abbaye included the Prince de Rohan Chabôt, the venerable abbot, Chapt de Rastignac, Thierry, the king's body-servant, Montmorin, minister for foreign affairs, numbers of priests true to their faith, and of soldiers true to their oath. One priest, before being presented before the tribunal, removed his ecclesiastical dress, put on some very ragged clothing, and passed himself off as a beggar. Having been dismissed, he hastened home, but was so imprudent in his joy as to mention his mode of escape to two of his neighbors, one of whom was a butcher. These wretches knocked him down on the instant and killed him.

M. Cazotte, the writer, and his daughter were among the inmates of this Abbaye at the period. She was pronounced innocent, but when her father was about to be assassinated, she threw herself before him, and declared they should reach his life only through her body. Some impressionable individuals raised their voices for pardon, and the philosopher escaped. However, some of his worst ill-willers contrived to have the poor girl confined, and having now no dread of her influence, got the sentence of death executed on her father. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil was more fortunate; she saved her father's life under similar circumstances. Malesherbes' daughter, Madame de Rosambo, when proceeding to the tribunal with her father, meeting the heroic young woman, cried: "Ah, you have had the glory of saving the life of your father; I shall have the consolation of dying with mine."

The Abbé Sicard, the instructor of the deaf and dumb, felt the pike of the assassin at his breast, when the clockmaker, Monnot, rushed between him and death, crying, "'Tis the Abbé Sicard, one of the most serviceable men in the community. I will protect him at the risk of my life." The Abbé thus got time to address his executioners: "I devote myself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and as there are many more of the poor than of the rich thus affected, I belong more to the people than to the nobles." This

speech nearly procured an ovation, and notwithstanding the exertions of some personal enemies, he escaped with life.

In the sanguine episodes of the Revolution, it sometimes happened that good feeling and natural justice influenced the folk in power for the moment, and that wicked subordinates met the treatment due to their crimes. The ex-Abbé Schneider, a personification of cruelty and luxury, was a public denouncer in the department of the Lower Rhine. It was his custom of an afternoon to take a choice dinner with a person well-to-do, and superintend his execution immediately after, in the courtyard of the house.

Taking it into his head to marry, and thus increase his popularity, he fixed his choice on an estimable young woman, daughter of a dignitary in Brumath who was at the time in prison. He released him, invited himself to dinner with him, and proposed for the hand of his daughter. The poor young woman, looking out at window, saw the perambulating scaffold in the street, and was at no loss to guess at its import. So she accepted the offer, merely stipulating that the marriage such as the new order of things allowed, should be publicly celebrated in Strasbourg, the seat of the local government, in order that she might not be confounded with his other numerous wives. He agreed, and as the cortège could not arrive before the closing of the gates, Schneider sent on word to have them kept open for an hour beyond the time. This was quite informal, and the Governor, St. Just, was not in good-humor when the betrothed pair presented themselves in state in an open chariot, and the death apparatus was seen lumbering on a wagon in the rear. When the carriage stopped, the bride got out, went on her knees before Saint Just, and requested justice in the name of the Convention. On her explaining the circumstance in some detail, the Governor, who by the way suspected the apostate monk of a design to displace him, ordered him to be tied to the guillotine, and, after some hours of exposure to public derision, to be sent on to Paris. There, after a short sojourn in prison, he was brought before Fouquier Tinville, accused, and condemned to the guillotine, the fate which he had inflicted on so many others.

Madame Roland and the intrepid Charlotte Corday, who rid the world of Marat,

spent some days in the Abbaye. We do not dwell on the fortunes of the last-named heroine, as they have been so often told.

THE TEMPLE.

This prison, the last abode of the ill-fated Louis XVI. and his queen, dates from the 12th century, when the Knights Templars (so called from the Temple of Jerusalem) requested from the king a piece of marshy land, whose exhalations in summer brought illnesses innumerable on the Parisians. The unhealthy spot was given over to them, and soon trees, esculent fruits, roots, and plants succeeded to the rushes and the deadly vegetation of the *Marais*. There they raised their military convent, and there they enjoyed the power of life and death within a certain distance of their stronghold. The building was provided with a large tower for the arsenal and the preservation of the treasures of the order, and four smaller ones for the temporary confinement of offending knights. The esplanade afforded room for the manoeuvres of three hundred men armed with crossbows and halberds.

These Templars, these military monks, from rather an early era in their existence, exhibited a decided preference for arms and armor when placed beside missals and breviaries. Their fortress in the *Marais* afforded a stronghold for the safety of the Royal treasures. They treated with kings on terms of equality; they lent money to the king; they received the keys of cities.

They had the honor of entertaining our Henry III. on his visit to Louis IX., and notwithstanding the size of the fortress, the visitors and the kingly trains could not find room within the precincts. They filled all the hostelries from the Temple to the Place de Grève. After the kings had paid a visit to the churches, they were entertained at a banquet, and the doors being left open and the tables loaded with food everywhere, any person might enter and take his fill. Saint Louis had King Henry on his right, the King of Navarre on his left; and twelve bishops, twenty dukes or barons, and eighteen countesses sat at table. After the feast the English monarch presented to the French lords many silver goblets, gold buckles, and silken scarfs. St. Louis carried off Henry to the Palais, jokingly remarking that he

was master in his own kingdom at all events.

Fifty-eight years after, and under the orders of Philip the Fair, the Templars were suppressed, many of them tortured and put to death, and the Grand Master, James de Molay and Guy Dauphin of Auvergne, burned alive in the Isle du Palais, and all the goods of the community confiscated. Under the torture, the Grand Master acknowledged that his knights were guilty of the blasphemies and abominations laid to their charge. But before his execution he revoked this confession, declaring that it had been wrung from him by the intolerable torment of the rack. He cited the Pope to appear before the sovereign judge in forty days, and the King within a year. This was on the 11th of March, 1313. At the time of the first movement against the order, the Temple was occupied by the Grand Master and one hundred and thirty-nine Knights.

A difference of opinion concerning the general depravity of the body at the period of their prosecution still prevails. Philip's proceedings were certainly not motived by a desire to enrich himself by the general confiscation. All the property sequestrated was made over to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the king reserving to the crown nothing but the towers, large and small, mentioned above, to be used according to state exigencies. These were afterwards put in requisition when it was necessary to imprison the great of the country or the city.

Among the prisoners of the Temple in the 14th century was the gentle damsel Odette, who alone had any effective influence over the spirit of the poor mad King Charles VI., the husband of the wicked Isabelle of Bavaria. One of the patient's afflictions was a deep-seated repugnance to change his linen. But a threat uttered by Odette that she would care for him no more, and would quit the palace, always brought him to reason in this matter at least. She was obliged to exert her authority to induce him to do anything conducive to his health. After his death she was accused by the English of having corresponded with the Dauphin, and done her utmost to make the late king entertain a good feeling towards him. However, the poor favorite was left only three months in the Temple till she was released.

There is but little to interest the reader in the history of the Temple and its precincts till its occupation by the Royal Family some four-score years since. Its dependencies had, during the greater part of the 18th century, given shelter to many workmen, who had not served as apprentices, and debtors who converted it into a sanctuary. We cannot overcome our repugnance to dwell on the treatment given to the well-intentioned king and his family by their unfeeling and maddened people, especially the inhuman management of the poor young prince. Besides, the imprisonment of the Royal Family in the Temple has been a hundred times recorded. Admirers of Bonaparte would be glad that the estimable negro chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, had never set foot in France, or that the First Consul had shown more respect to the law of nations, or more greatness of soul in his regard. Napoleon fell short of Julius Cæsar and a few other great generals in the oblivion or disregard of personal affronts or selfish interests. Toussaint was imprisoned for a time in the Temple, and later in the fort of Jaux, where he died on 27th April, 1803. His siding with France against the English and Spaniards was not taken into account by the ungrateful powers of the day.

Pichégrou and Moreau also experienced the hospitality of the Temple.

THE MADELONNETTE.

Of this prison or its inmates, which, at first a Magdalen asylum, was at the time of the Revolution converted into a prison, we should have nothing very important to mention, but for its temporary possession of the bodies of the actors of the *Comédie Française*, and the extraordinary activity and goodness of one of the inferior officers of the Public Safety Committee in preserving doomed victims from the axe. Before mentioning his humane exertions, it is miserable to fancy the sanguinary Collot d'Herbois armed with a dagger, and making war on the poor dogs who came to howl under the windows behind which stood their hapless masters, unable to save the faithful creatures' lives.

The poor comedians were already seven months in prison when Fouquier Tinville wrote to Collot d'Herbois to be brisk and get them out of the way. It was the usage of the commission to send along with a

batch of the accused a sheet, on the margins of which were marked capital G's in red after the names of those doomed already in intention. Every one of the names of the six players was furnished with this onimous letter appended. They, as well as many others, owed their safety to Charles Labussière, a comic actor, then superannuated, who, partly in order to save his own head, had entered into the service of the Committee of Public Safety. His official duty brought under his notice the lists of people suspected of disaffection, lists of those incarcerated, of those called on for trial, and of those on whom sentence was passed. Until he discovered the confusion and incertitude that prevailed in the accounts, he proceeded with great caution. When among the roll of names of those marked for death he found mothers and fathers of families, he withdrew their warrants from the mass. Those who came for the victims rarely troubled themselves about the individuals. They looked merely to the number to be done to death, and Labussière made up the number from those who had no chance of escape or were genuine criminals.

He relates an agonizing scene which he had to endure in order to save some eminent personages. He easily penetrated to the place where the warrants of death were kept, but dreaded the passing out, as he was liable to be searched. It was summer time—not a fire near—not a lucifer-match available, the invention of these useful articles being yet in the womb of time. His head was blazing with excitement, he applied some water from a basin to cool it; lo! the idea of wetting the papers, tearing them up, and making them into little pellets, at once started into his mind. He put the idea into execution on the moment, and the doom of several estimable individuals was soon conveyed by the outlet from the bath into the Seine.

The public accuser, Tinville, began to have his suspicions. He found before him only half or so of the accused on the roll, and he suggested to the Committee that there must be some royalists or contre-revolutionists under their employment. Principally he thirsted to see the comedians before him. On the night before the poor players were to be executed, Labussière got at the warrants, but in coming down with them to the ground-floor of the office, he heard steps ap-

proaching, some from above, some from below. The voices belonged to Collot d'Herbois, Fouquier Tinville himself, and Saint Just. Our worker in the dark took refuge in a large chest which held fire-wood, and soon he had the comfort of finding two of these worthies sitting on it, and drumming it with their heels, Tinville accusing his worthy colleagues of remissness, as Titus Oates would have scolded some compassionate official, for "stifling the *plaut*." He was relieved at last from his horrible hiding-place, and the heads of the comedians were left on their bodies. He had saved at a certain period in the second year of the Republic some 800 lives.

The disorder in keeping the ledgers of blood may be guessed from this fact. An order came once to the Conciergerie for the liberation of eighty prisoners, and it was discovered that sixty-two of them had been already guillotined. If the prince of darkness is methodical in his book-keeping, several of his agents were the reverse.

After the Revolution the Madelonnette became a prison for women in debt, and for women accused of crimes. The debtors were in time removed to the Rue de Clichy, where daily relief came to the poor women from the Duchess of Berri, in the guise of two large copper vessels, borne by two strong men, and containing a plentiful meal for the inmates.

THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE CHÂTELET.

When Paris entire was confined to that Island in the Seine which Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue made the centre-point of their two unedifying romances, the Great Châtelet was constructed on the northern extremity, the small castle on the southern extremity, both merely for the sake of defence. This was in the beginning of the 12th century, and in the reign of Louis le Gros; under Philip Augustus the Great Châtelet became a prison. Alas! how little value did people in power in former days set on the lives of those who displeased them! Prisoners were let down to their cachots as buckets are sent down into draw-wells, and there they remained, their feet in the water and their backs bowed by the lowness of the vault.

In the year 1564 the Provost of Paris,

who by right of office dwelt in the Great Châtelet and ruled its inmates, was commanded to receive and treat according to his deserts an Italian named Gonsalvi, who had established some houses of ill-repute in the *citê*, where young noblemen assembled to play, to fence, and indulge in other practices of a still worse character. The Italian interested Catherine de Medicis, the Queen Mother, in his behalf, and she requested the worthy Provost, Hugues de Borgueil, to treat her fellow-countryman as indulgently as his duty permitted. This he did, allowing him a room near his own, and affording him frequent hospitality in his own domicile, forgetting that his wife was a beautiful and susceptible woman, and his own appearance rather unprepossessing, for his poor back was encumbered with a hump.

One night the lady contrived to get the keys of the prison into her possession, and at three o'clock every captive found his door unlocked. There was a general escapade, the Italian and the false spouse together, and the prisoners as chance or choice ordained. The poor provost, on learning the disaster, troubled himself about the capture of the prisoners alone, and the major part of these were retaken. He bore the loss of his too charming wife as a philosopher should.

A characteristic trait of the morality of great folk in the same reign, that of Charles IX., happened during the rule of Nantouillet, successor to Borgueil. The King of France, the King of Poland, and the King of Navarre, invited themselves to sup with the unfortunate man, and sup they did, notwithstanding all his excuses to be spared the honor. After supper they searched his strong boxes, and their attendants carried off the contents, along with all the plate they found under their hands. The stout provost, however, captured some of their noble and unprincipled assistants, had them conducted into the Little Châtelet, and laid his complaint before the king, the chief offender. He contented himself with hinting that the accused were too powerful, and that it would be more prudent to let the matter rest.

Why the Revolution occurred so late in time, and why the innocent were chastised in place of the guilty, will be understood some day.

In demolishing the Little Châtelet in 1782, the workmen found medals, arms, and utensils, which were once used by Roman soldiers. They also discovered the Eagle of the Invincibles, who had accompanied Julian the Apostate into Gaul, and had formed the garrison of Luteria. The greater Châtelet was de-

prived of its inmates in 1792, and completely demolished in 1802 and 1804. A column now stands on the spot once occupied by the Provost's Donjon.

Space is wanting for a notice of the fortunes of the Bastille, but its history is easily accessible.

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A GLIMPSE OF THE THEATRE IN JAPAN.

ASAKUSA is the most bustling place in all Yedo. It is famous for the Temple Sensōji, on the hill of Kinriū, or the Golden Dragon, which from morning till night is thronged with visitors, rich and poor, old and young, flocking in sleeve to sleeve. The origin of the temple was as follows:—In the days of the Emperor Suiko, who reigned in the thirteenth century A.D., a certain noble, named Hashi no Nakatomo, fell into disgrace and left the Court; and having become a *rōnin*, or masterless man, he took up his abode on the Golden Dragon Hill, with two retainers, being brothers, named Hinokuma Hamanari and Hinokuma Takenari. These three men being reduced to great straits, and without means of earning their living, became fishermen. Now it happened that, on the 6th day of the 3d month of the 36th year of the reign of the Emperor Suiko (A.D. 1241), they went down in the morning to the Asakusa River to ply their trade: and having cast their nets took no fish, but at every throw they pulled up a figure of the Buddhist god Kwannon, which they threw into the river again. They sculled their boat away to another spot, but the same luck followed them, and nothing came to their nets save the figure of Kwannon. Struck by the miracle, they carried home the image, and, after fervent prayer, built a temple on the Golden Dragon Hill, in which they enshrined it. The temple thus founded was enriched by the benefactions of wealthy and pious persons, whose care raised its buildings to the dignity of the first temple in Yedo.

Hard by Asakusa is the theatre street. The theatres are called *shibai*. * "turf

places," from the fact that the first theatrical performances were held on a turf plot. The origin of the drama in Japan, as elsewhere, was religious. In the reign of the Emperor Heijō (A.D. 805), there was a sudden volcanic depression of the earth close by a pond called Sarusawa, or the Monkey's Marsh, at Nara, in the province of Yamato, and a poisonous smoke issuing from the cavity struck down with sickness all those who came within its baneful influence; so the people brought quantities of fire-wood, which they burnt in order that the poisonous vapor might be dispelled. The fire, being the male influence, would assimilate with and act as an antidote upon the mephitic smoke, which was a female influence.* Besides this, as a further charm to exorcise the portent, the dance called Sambasō, which is still performed as a prelude to theatrical exhibitions by an actor dressed up as a venerable old man, emblematic of long life and felicity, was danced on a plot of turf in front of the Temple Kōfukuji. By these means the smoke was dispelled, and the drama was originated. The story is to be found in the *Zoku Nihon Ki*, or supplementary history of Japan.

Three centuries later, during the reign of the Emperor Toba (A.D. 1108), there lived a woman called Iso no Zenji, who is looked upon as the mother of the Japanese drama. Her performances, however, seem only to have consisted in dancing or posturing, dressed up in the costume of the nobles of the Court, from

* In Dr. Hepburn's Dictionary of the Japanese language, the Chinese characters given for the word *Shibai* are *chi chang* (*chik chang*, Morris-

son's Dictionary), "theatrical arena." The characters which are usually written, and which are etymologically correct, are *chik chū* (*che chu*, Morrison), "the place of plants or turf-plot."

* This refers to the Chinese doctrine of the Yang and Yin, the male and female influences pervading all creation.

which fact her dance was called *Otokomai*, or the man's dance. Her name is only worth mentioning on account of the respect in which her memory is held by actors.

It was not until the year 1624 A.D. that a man named *Saruwaka Kanzaburô*, at the command of the Shogun, opened the first theatre in Yedo in the *Nakabashi*, or Middle Bridge Street, where it remained until eight years later, when it was removed to the *Ningiyô*, or Doll Street. The company of this theatre was formed by two families named *Miako* and *Ichimura*, who did not long enjoy their monopoly, for in the year 1644 we find a third family, that of *Yamamura*, setting up a rival theatre in the *Kobiki*, or Sawyer Street.

In the year 1651, the Asiatic prejudice in favor of keeping persons of one calling in one place exhibited itself by the removal of the play-houses to their present site, and the street was called the *Saruwaka Street*, after *Saruwaka Kanzaburô*, the founder of the drama in Yedo.

Theatrical performances go on from six in the morning until six in the evening. Just as the day is about to dawn in the east, the sound of the drum is heard, and the dance *Sambasô* is danced as a prelude, and after this follow the dances of the famous actors of old; these are called the extra performances (*waki kiyôgen*).

The dance of *Nakamura* represents the demon *Shudendôji*, an ogre who was destroyed by the hero *Yorimitsu* according to the following legend:—At the beginning of the eleventh century, when *Ichijô* the Second was Emperor, lived the hero *Yorimitsu*. Now it came to pass that in those days the people of *Kiôto* were sorely troubled by an evil spirit, which took up its abode near the *Rashô* gate. One night, as *Yorimitsu* was making merry with his retainers, he said, "Who dares go and defy the demon of the *Rashô* gate, and set up a token that he has been there?" "That dare I," answered *Tsuna*, who, having donned his coat of mail, mounted his horse, and rode out through the dark bleak night to the *Rashô* gate. Having written his name upon the gate, he was about to turn homewards when his horse began to shiver with fear, and a huge hand coming forth from the gate seized the back of the knight's helmet.

Tsuna, nothing daunted, struggled to get free, but in vain, so drawing his sword, he cut off the demon's arm, and the spirit with a howl fled into the night. But *Tsuna* carried home the arm in triumph, and locked it up in a box. One night the demon, having taking the shape of *Tsuna's* aunt, came to him and said, "I pray thee show me the arm of the fiend." *Tsuna* answered, "I have shown it to no man, and yet to thee I will show it." So he brought forth the box and opened it, when suddenly a black cloud shrouded the figure of the supposed aunt, and the demon, having regained its arm, disappeared. From that time forth the people were more than ever troubled by the demon, who had carried off to the hills all the fairest virgins of *Kiôto*, whom he ravished and ate, so that there was scarce a beautiful damsel left in the city. Then was the Emperor very sorrowful, and he commanded *Yorimitsu* to destroy the monster; and the hero, having made ready, went forth with four trusty knights and another great captain to search among the hidden places of the mountains. One day, as they were journeying far from the haunts of men, they fell in with an old man, who, having bidden them to enter his dwelling, treated them kindly, and set before them wine to drink; and when they went away, and took their leave of him, he gave them a present of more wine to take away with them. Now this old man was a mountain god. As they went on their way they met a beautiful lady, who was washing blood-stained clothes in the waters of the valley, weeping bitterly the while. When they asked her why she shed tears, she answered, "Sirs, I am a woman from *Kiôto*, whom the demon has carried off; he makes me wash his clothes, and when he is weary of me, he will kill and eat me. I pray your lordships to save me." Then the six heroes bade the woman lead them to the ogre's cave where a hundred devils were mounting guard and waiting upon him. The woman, having gone in first, told the fiend of their coming; and he, thinking to slay and eat them, called them to him; so they entered the cave, which reeked with the smell of the flesh and blood of men, and they saw *Shudendôji*, a huge monster with the face of a little child. The six men offered him the wine which they had received from the mountain god, and he, laughing in his heart,

drank and made merry, so that little by little the fumes of the wine got into his head, and he fell asleep. The heroes, themselves feigning sleep, watched for a moment when the devils were all off their guard to put on their armor and steal one by one into the demon's chamber. Then Yorimitsu, seeing that all was still, drew his sword, and cut off Shudendôji's head, which sprung up and bit at his head; luckily, however, Yorimitsu had put on two helmets, the one over the other, so he was not hurt. When all the devils had been slain, the heroes and the woman returned to Kiôto, carrying with them the head of Shudendôji, which was laid before the Emperor; and the fame of their action was spread abroad under heaven.

This Shudendôji is the ogre represented in the Nakamura dance. The Ichimura dance represents the seven gods of wealth; and the Morita dance represents a large ape, and is emblematical of drinking wine.

As soon as the sun begins to rise in the heavens, sign-boards all glistening with paintings and gold are displayed, and the play-goers flock in crowds to the theatre. The farmers and country folk hurry over their breakfast, and the women and children who have got up in the middle of the night to paint and adorn themselves, come from all the points of the compass to throng the gallery, which is hung with curtains as bright as the rainbow in the departing clouds. The place soon becomes so crowded that the heads of the spectators are like the scales on a dragon's back. When the play begins, if the subject be tragic the spectators are so affected that they weep till they have to wring their sleeves dry. If the piece be comic they laugh till their chins are out of joint. The tricks and stratagems of the drama baffle description, and the actors are as graceful as the flight of the swallow. The triumph of persecuted virtue and the punishment of wickedness invariably crown the story. When a favorite actor makes his appearance, his entry is hailed with cheers. Fun and diversion are the order of the day, and rich and poor alike forget the cares which they have left behind them at home; and yet it is not all idle amusement, for there is a moral inculcated, and a practical sermon in every play.

The subjects of the pieces are chiefly

historical, feigned names being substituted for those of the real heroes. Indeed, it is in the popular tragedies that we must seek for an account of many of the events of the last two hundred and fifty years; for only one very bald history of those times has been published, of which only a limited number of copies were struck off from copper plates, and its circulation was strictly forbidden by the Shogun's Government. The stories are rendered with great minuteness and detail, so much so, that it sometimes takes a series of representations to act out one piece in its entirety. The Japanese are far in advance of the Chinese in their scenery and properties, and their pieces are sometimes capably got up: a revolving stage enables them to shift from one scene to another with great rapidity. First-rate actors receive as much as a thousand riyos (about £300) as their yearly salary. This, however, is a high rate of pay, and many a man has to strut before the public for little more than his daily rice; to a clever young actor it is almost enough reward to be allowed to enter a company in which there is a famous star. The salary of the actor, however, may depend upon the success of the theatre; for dramatic exhibitions are often undertaken as speculations by wealthy persons, who pay their company in proportion to their own profit. Besides his regular pay, a popular Japanese actor has a small mine of wealth in his patrons, who open their purses freely for the privilege of frequenting the green-room. The women's parts are all taken by men, as they used to be with us in ancient days. Touching the popularity of plays, it is related that in the year 1833, when two actors called Bandô Shûka and Segawa Rokô, both famous players of women's parts, died at the same time, the people of Yedo mourned to heaven and to earth; and if a million riyos could have brought back their lives, the money would have been forthcoming. Thousands flocked to their funeral, and the richness of their coffins and of the clothes laid upon them was admired by all.

"When I heard this," says Terakado Seiken, the author of the *Yedo Hanjôki*, "I lifted my eyes to heaven and heaved a great sigh. When my friend Saitô Shimei, a learned and good man, died, there was barely enough money to bury him; his

needy pupils and friends gave him a humble coffin. Alas ! alas ! here was a teacher who from his youth up had honored his parents, and whose heart knew no guile ; if his friends were in need, he ministered to their wants ; he grudged no pains to teach his fellow-men ; his good-will and charity were beyond praise ; under the blue sky and bright day he never did a shameful deed. His merits were as those of the sages of old ; but because he lacked the cunning of a fox or badger, he received no patronage from the wealthy, and, remaining poor to the day of his death, never had an opportunity of making his worth known. Alas ! Alas ! ”

The drama is exclusively the amusement of the middle and lower classes. Etiquette, sternest of tyrants, forbids the Japanese of high rank to be seen at any public exhibition, wrestling matches alone excepted. Actors are, however, occasionally engaged to play in private for the edification of my lord and his ladies ; and there is a kind of classical opera, called *Nô*, which is performed on stages specially built for the purpose in the palaces of the principal nobles. These *Nô* represent the entertainments by which the Sun Goddess was lured out of the cave in which she had hidden : a fable said to be based upon an eclipse. In the reign of the Emperor Yōmei (A.D. 586 — 593), Hada Kawakatsu, a man born in Japan, but of Chinese extraction, was commanded by the Emperor to arrange an entertainment for the propitiation of the gods and the prosperity of the country. Kawakatsu wrote thirty-three plays, introducing fragments of Japanese poetry with accompaniments of musical instruments. Two performers, named Taketa and Hattori, having specially distinguished themselves in these entertainments, were ordered to prepare other similar plays, and their productions remain to the present day. The pious origin of the *Nô* being to pray for the prosperity of the country, they are held in the highest esteem by the nobles of the Court, the Daimios, and the military class : in old days they alone performed in these plays, but now ordinary actors take part in them.

The *Nô* are played in sets. The first of the set is specially dedicated to the propitiation of the gods ; the second is performed in full armor, and is designed to terrify evil spirits, and to insure the punishment of malefactors ; the third is of a gentler intention, and its special ob-

ject is the representation of what is beautiful and fragrant and delightful. The performers wear hideous wigs and masks, not unlike those of ancient Greece, and gorgeous brocade dresses. The masks, which belong to what was the private company of the Shogun, are many centuries old, and have been carefully preserved as heir-looms from generation to generation.

During the Duke of Edinburgh's stay in Yedo, this company was engaged to give a performance in the Yashiki of the Prince of Kishiu, which has the reputation of being the handsomest palace in all Yedo. So far as I know, such an exhibition had never before been witnessed by foreigners, and it may be interesting to give an account of it. Opposite the principal reception-room, where his Royal Highness sat, and separated from it by a narrow court-yard, was a covered stage, approached from the green-room by a long gallery at an angle of forty-five. Half a dozen musicians, clothed in dresses of ceremony, marched slowly down the gallery, and, having squatted down on the stage, bowed gravely. The performances then began. There was no scenery, nor stage appliances ; the descriptions of the chorus or of the actors took their place. The dialogue and choruses are given in a nasal recitative, accompanied by the mouth-organ, flute, drum, and other classical instruments, and are utterly unintelligible. The ancient poetry is full of puns and plays upon words, and it was with no little difficulty that, with the assistance of a man of letters, I prepared beforehand the arguments of the different pieces.

The first play was entitled *Hachiman of the Bow*. Hachiman is the name under which the Emperor Ojin (270—312 A.D.) was deified as the God of War. He is specially worshipped on account of his miraculous birth—his mother, the Empress Jingo, having by the virtue of a magic stone which she wore at her girdle, borne him in her womb for three years, until she had conquered the Coreans. The time of the plot is laid in the reign of the Emperor Uda the Second (1275—1289 A.D.). In the second month of the year pilgrims are flocking to the temple of Hachiman at Mount Otoko, between Osaka and Kiôto. All this is explained by the chorus. A worshipper steps forth,

sent by the Emperor, and delivers a congratulatory oration upon the peace and prosperity of the land. The chorus follows in the same strain: they sing the praises of Hachiman and of the reigning Emperor. An old man enters, bearing something which appears to be a bow in a brocade bag. On being asked who he is, the old man answers that he is an aged servant of the shrine, and that he wishes to present his mulberry-wood bow to the Emperor; being too humble to draw near to his Majesty, he has waited for this festival, hoping that an opportunity might present itself. He explains that with this bow, and with certain arrows made of the Artemisia, the heavenly gods pacified the world. On being asked to show his bow he refuses; it is a mystic protector of the country, which in old days was overshadowed by the mulberry tree. The peace which prevails in the land is likened to a calm at sea. The Emperor is the ship, and his subjects the water. The old man dwells upon the ancient worship of Hachiman, and relates how his mother, the Empress Jingo, sacrificed to the gods before invading Corea, and how the present prosperity of the country is to be attributed to the acceptance of those sacrifices. After having revealed himself as the god Hachiman in disguise, the old man disappears. The worshipper, awe-struck, declares that he must return to Kiôto and tell the Emperor what he has seen. The chorus announces that sweet music and fragrant perfumes issue from the mountain, and the piece ends with felicitations upon the visible favor of the gods, and especially of Hachiman.

The second piece was *Tsunémasa*. Tsunémasa was a hero of the twelfth century, who died in the civil wars; he was famous for his skill in playing on the *biwa*, a sort of four-stringed lute.

A priest enters, and announces that his name is Giyôkei, and that before he retired from the world he held high rank at Court. He relates how Tsunémasa, in his childhood the favorite of the Emperor, died in the wars by the western seas. During his lifetime the Emperor gave him a lute, called *Sei-zan*, "the Azure Mountain;" this lute at his death was placed in a shrine erected to his honor, and at his funeral music and plays were performed during seven days within the

palace, by the special grace of the Emperor. The scene is laid at the shrine. The lonely and awesome appearance of the spot is described. Although the sky is clear, the wind rustles through the trees like the sound of falling rain; and although it is now summer-time, the moonlight on the sand looks like hoar-frost. All nature is sad and downcast. The ghost appears, and sings that it is the spirit of Tsunémasa, and has come to thank those who have piously celebrated his obsequies. No one answers him, and the spirit vanishes, its voice becoming fainter and fainter, an unreal and illusory vision haunting the scenes amid which its life was spent. The priest muses on the portent. Is it a dream or a reality? Marvellous! The ghost returning, speaks of former days, when it lived as a child in the palace, and received the Azure Mountain lute from the Emperor—that lute with the four strings of which its hand was once so familiar, and the attraction of which now draws it from the grave. The chorus recites the virtues of Tsunémasa — his benevolence, justice, humanity, talents, and truth; his love of poetry and music; the trees, the flowers, the birds, the breezes, the moon; all had a charm for him. The ghost begins to play upon the Azure Mountain lute, and the sounds produced from the magical instrument are so delicate, that all think that it is a shower from heaven. The priest declares that it is not rain, but the sound of the enchanted lute. The sound of the first and second strings is as the sound of gentle rain, or of the wind stirring the pine trees; and the sound of the third and fourth strings is as the song of birds and pheasants calling to their young. A rhapsody in praise of music follows. Would that such music could last forever! The ghost bewails its fate that it cannot remain to play on, but must return whence it came. The priest addresses the ghost, and asks whether the vision is indeed the spirit of Tsunémasa. Upon this the ghost calls out in an agony of sorrow and terror at having been seen by mortal eyes, and bids that the lamps be put out: on its return to the abode of the dead it will suffer for having shown itself: it describes the fiery torments which will be its lot. Poor fool! it has been lured to its destruction like the insect of summer that flies into the flame.

Summoning the winds to its aid, it puts out the lights, and disappears.

The Suit of Feathers is the title of a very pretty conceit which followed. A fisherman enters, and in a long recitative describes the scenery at the sea-shore of Miwo, in the province of Suruga, at the foot of Fujiyama, the Peerless Mountain. The waves are still, and there is a great calm; the fishermen are all out plying their trade. The speaker's name is Hakuriyô, a fisherman living in the pine-grove of Miwo. The rains are now over, and the sky is serene; the sun rises bright and red over the pine trees and rippling sea; while last night's moon is yet seen faintly in the heaven. Even he, humble fisher though he be, is softened by the beauty of the nature which surrounds him. A breeze springs up, the weather will change; clouds and waves will succeed sunshine and calm; the fishermen must get them home again. No; it is but the gentle breath of spring after all, it scarcely stirs the stout fir trees, and the waves are hardly heard to break upon the shore. The men may go forth in safety. The fisherman then relates how, while he was wondering at the view, flowers began to rain from the sky, and sweet music filled the air, perfumed by a mystic fragrance. Looking up, he saw hanging on a pine tree a fairy's suit of feathers, which he took home, and showed to a friend, intending to keep it as a relic in his house. A heavenly fairy makes her appearance, and claims the suit of feathers; but the fisherman holds to his treasure-trove. She urges the impiety of his act—a mortal has no right to take that which belongs to the fairies. He declares that he will hand down the feather suit to posterity as one of the treasures of the country. The fairy bewails her lot; without her wings how can she return to heaven! She recalls the familiar joys of heaven now closed to her; she sees the wild geese and the gulls flying to the skies, and longs for their power of flight; the tide has its ebb and its flow, and the sea-breezes blow whither they list; for her alone there is no power of motion, she must remain on earth. At last, touched by her plaint, the fisherman consents to return the feather suit, on condition that the fairy shall dance and play heavenly music for him. She consents, but must first obtain the feather

suit, without which she cannot dance. The fisherman refuses to give it up, lest she should fly away to heaven without redeeming her pledge. The fairy reproaches him for his want of faith; how should a heavenly being be capable of falsehood? He is ashamed, and gives her the feather suit, which she dons, and begins to dance, singing of the delights of heaven, where she is one of the fifteen attendants who minister to the moon. The fisherman is so transported with joy, that he fancies himself in heaven, and wishes to detain the fairy to dwell with him forever. A song follows in praise of the scenery and of the Peerless Mountain capped with the snows of spring. When her dance is concluded, the fairy, wafted away by the sea-breeze, floats past the pine-grove to Ukishima and Mount Ashidaka, over Mount Fuji, till she is seen dimly like a cloud in the distant sky, and vanishes into thin air.

The last of the Nô was *The Little Smith*, the scene of which is laid in the reign of the Emperor Ichijô (987—1011 A.D.). A noble of the court enters and proclaims himself to be Tachibana Michinari. He has been commanded by the Emperor, who has seen a dream of good omen on the previous night, to order a sword of the smith Munéchika of Sanjô. He calls Munéchika, who comes out, and after receiving the order, expresses the difficulty he is in, having at that time no fitting mate to help him; he cannot forge a blade alone. The excuse is not admitted; the smith pleads hard to be saved from the shame of a failure. Driven to a complicity, there is nothing left for it but to appeal to the gods for aid. He prays to the patron god of his family, Inari Sama (Inari Sama is the god of farming, who is waited upon by the foxes, beasts to which Japanese superstition attributes preternatural powers, both for good and for evil). A man suddenly appears, and calls the smith; this man is the god Inari Sama in disguise. The smith asks who is his visitor, and how does he know him by name. The stranger answers, "Thou hast been ordered to make a blade for the Emperor." "This is passing strange," says the smith; "I received the order but a moment since; how comest thou to know of it?" "Heaven has a voice which is heard upon the earth. Walls have ears and stones tell tales. There

are no secrets in the world. The flash of the blade ordered by him who is above the clouds (the Emperor) is quickly seen. By the grace of the Emperor the sword shall be quickly made." Here follows the praise of certain famous blades, and an account of the part they played in history, with special reference to the sword which forms one of the regalia. The sword which the Emperor has sent for shall be inferior to none of these; the smith may set his heart at rest. The smith, awe-struck, expresses his wonder, and asks again who is addressing him. He is bidden to go and deck out his anvil, and a supernatural power will help him. The visitor disappears in a cloud. The smith prepares his anvil, at the four corners of which he places images of the gods, while above it he stretches the straw rope, and paper pendants hung up in temples to shut out foul or ill-omened influences. He prays for strength to make the blade, not for his own glory, but for the honor of the Emperor. A young man, a fox in disguise, appears, and helps Munéchika to forge the steel. The noise of the anvil resounds to heaven and over the earth. The chorus announces that the blade is finished; on one side is the mark of Munéchika, on the other side is graven "The Little Fox" in clear characters.

The subjects of the Nô are all taken from old legends of the country; a shrine at Miwo, by the sea-shore, marks the spot where the suit of feathers was found, and the miraculously-forged sword is supposed to be in the armory of the Emperor to this day. The beauty of the poetry—and it is very beautiful—is marred by the want of scenery and by the grotesque dresses and make-up. In the *Suit of Feathers*, for instance, the fairy wears a hideous mask and a wig of scarlet elf-locks: the suit of feathers itself is left entirely to the imagination; and the heavenly dance is a series of whirls, stamps, and jumps, accompanied by unearthly yells and shrieks; while the vanishing into thin air is represented by pirouettes something like the motion of a dancing dervish. The intoning of the recitative is unnatural and unintelligible, so much so that not even a highly educated Japanese could understand what is going on unless he were previously acquainted with the piece. This, however, is supposing that which is

not, for the Nô are as familiarly known as the masterpieces of our own dramatists.

The classical severity of the Nô is relieved by the introduction between the pieces of light farces called Kiyôgen. The whole entertainment having a religious intention, the Kiyôgen stand to the Nô in the same relation as the small shrines to the main temple; they, too, are played for the propitiation of the gods, and for the softening of men's hearts. The farces are acted without wigs or masks; the dialogue is in the common spoken language, and there being no musical accompaniment, it is quite easy to follow. The plots of the two farces which were played before the Duke of Edinburgh are as follows:

In the *Ink Smearing* the hero is a man from a distant part of the country, who, having a petition to prefer, comes to the capital, where he is detained for a long while. His suit being at last successful, he communicates the joyful news to his servant, Tarôkaja (the conventional name of the Leporellos of these farces). The two congratulate one another. To while away his idle hours during his sojourn at the capital the master has entered into a flirtation with a certain young lady; master and servant now hold a consultation as to whether the former should not go and take leave of her. Tarôkaja is of opinion that as she is of a very jealous nature, his master ought to go. Accordingly the two set out to visit her, the servant leading the way. Arrived at her house the gentleman goes straight in without the knowledge of the lady, who, coming out and meeting Tarôkaja, asks after his master. He replies that his master is inside the house. She refuses to believe him, and complains that, for some time past, his visits have been few and far between. Why should he come now? Surely Tarôkaja is hoaxing her. The servant protests that he is telling the truth, and that his master really has entered the house. She, only half persuaded, goes in, and finds that my lord is indeed there. She welcomes him, and in the same breath upbraids him. Some other lady has surely found favor in his eyes. What fair wind has wafted him back to her? He replies that business alone has kept him from her; he hopes that all is well with her. With her, indeed, all is well, and there is no change; but she fears that his heart is changed. Surely, surely

he has found mountains upon mountains of joy elsewhere ; even now, perhaps, he is only calling on his way homeward from some haunt of pleasure. What pleasure can there be away from her ? answers he. Indeed his time has not been his own, else he would have come sooner. Why, then, did he not send his servant to explain ? Tarôkaja here puts in his oar, and protests that, between running on errands and dancing attendance upon his lord, he has not had a moment to himself. "At any rate," says the master, "I must ask for your congratulations ; for my suit, which was so important, has prospered." The lady expresses her happiness, and the gentleman then bids his servant tell her the object of their visit. Tarôkaja objects to this ; his lord had better tell his own story. While the two are disputing as to who shall speak, the lady's curiosity is aroused. "What terrible tale is this that neither of you dare tell ? Pray let one or other of you speak." At last the master explains that he has come to take leave of her, as he must forthwith return to his own province. The girl begins to weep, and the gentleman following suit, the two shed tears in concert. She uses all her art to cajole him, and secretly produces from her sleeve a cup of water, with which she smears her eyes to imitate tears. He, deceived by the trick, tries to console her, and swears that as soon as he reaches his own country he will send a messenger to fetch her ; but she pretends to weep all the more, and goes on rubbing her face with water. Tarôkaja, in the meanwhile, detects the trick, and calling his master on one side, tells him what she is doing. The gentleman, however, refuses to believe him, and scolds him right soundly for telling lies. The lady calls my lord to her, and weeping more bitterly than ever, tries to coax him to remain. Tarôkaja slyly fills another cup with ink and water and substitutes it for the cup of clear water. She, all unconcerned, goes on smearing her face. At last she lifts her face, and her lover, seeing it all black and sooty, gives a start. What can be the matter with the girl's face ? Tarôkaja, in an aside, explains what he has done. They determine to put her to shame. The lover, producing from his bosom a box containing a mirror, gives it to the girl, who, thinking that it is a parting gift, at first declines to receive it. It is pressed upon her ; she opens the box

and sees the reflection of her dirty face. Master and man burst out laughing. Furious, she smears Tarôkaja's face with the ink ; he protests that he is not the author of the trick, and the girl flies at her lover and rubs his face too. Both master and servant run off, pursued by the girl.

The second farce was shorter than the first, and was called *The Theft of the Sword*. A certain gentleman calls his servant Tarôkaja, and tells him that he is going out for a little diversion. Bidding Tarôkaja to follow him, he sets out. On their way they meet another gentleman, carrying a handsome sword in his hand, and going to worship at the shrine Kitano ud Kiôto. Tarôkaja points out the beauty of the sword to his master, and says what a fine thing it would be if they could manage to obtain possession of it. Tarôkaja borrows his master's sword, and goes up to the stranger, whose attention is taken up by looking at the wares set out for sale in a shop. Tarôkaja lays his hand on the guard of the stranger's sword ; and the latter, drawing it, turns round and tries to cut the thief down. Tarôkaja takes to his heels, praying hard that his life may be spared. The stranger takes away the sword which Tarôkaja has borrowed from his master, and goes on his way to the shrine, carrying the two swords. Tarôkaja draws a long breath of relief when he sees that his life is not forfeited ; but what account is he to give of his master's sword which he has lost ? There is no help for it, he must go back and make a clean breast of it. His master is very angry ; and the two, after consulting together, await the stranger's return from the shrine. The latter makes his appearance, and announces that he is going home. Tarôkaja's master falls upon the stranger from behind, and pinions him, ordering Tarôkaja to fetch a rope and bind him. The knave brings the cord ; but, while he is getting it ready, the stranger knocks him over with the sword. His master calls out to him to get up quickly and bind the gentleman from behind, and not from before. Tarôkaja runs behind the struggling pair, but is so clumsy that he slips the noose over his master's head by mistake, and drags him down. The stranger seeing this, runs away laughing with the two swords. Tarôkaja, frightened at his blunder, runs off too, his master pursuing him off the stage. A general run-off, be it observ-

ed, something like the "spill-and-pelt" legitimate and invariable termination of scene in an English pantomime, is the the Kiyôgen.

Popular Science Review.

WHAT FILLS THE STAR-DEPTHS?

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

FOR more than two centuries and a half astronomers have studied the depths of heaven with the telescope, piercing farther and yet farther into wondrous abysms of space, gathering clearer and yet clearer information as to the structure of celestial objects, and accumulating an untold wealth of knowledge respecting the habitudes of the great system whereof our sun is a constituent orb. During all this process of research, the great end and aim of astronomers has been to extend the range of their instrumental appliances, in order to analyze more scrutinizingly the features of each portion of the celestial depths. Now and then it has occurred to some among their number to endeavor to combine the results which have been gathered together with so much pains; but these attempts have been almost lost sight of amidst the continual accumulation of fresh facts. The efforts made to arrange and systematize our knowledge have been altogether out of proportion with its extent.

And, very strangely, when any attempts are made to educe from the labors of observers their proper significance, to reap the harvest which is already ripe, or rather to grind the corn which is already in our garners, the cry is raised that such attempts are fit only for the theorists, that they argue a want of appreciation of the labors of observers, and that we have more to hope from fresh observations than from any process of mere reasoning. Surprising, indeed, that those who say "Let us use the observations already made," should be accused of undervaluing observation; and that those who can find no value or significance in past observations, should call so eagerly for fresh ones!

I make these remarks because I am about to exhibit certain views respecting the habitudes of interstellar space, which have been formed from the study of the past labors of astronomers. I am fully sensible of the fact that to many I should

seem better worthy of a hearing if I nightly timed my watch by the stars, if I had spent a few years of labor in attempting to divide well-known double stars with inadequate telescopic power, or if I had in some other equally convincing manner exhibited my title to be regarded as a member of the now large array of amateur telescopists who work so hard and effect so little, and suppose themselves to be practical astronomers. Let me not be misunderstood, however. It is only because I wish to see amateur telescopists engaged on more useful researches, because I wish to see them devote a little more consideration than they do now to the thought of advancing astronomy, that I speak slightly of the modes in which at present they are for the most part wasting time. We want all their help, and more, to advance the interest of our well-loved science; all their telescopic appliances are too few for the work astronomers would like to see them doing.

In studying the heavens, we have always this great difficulty, that we are looking at objects which are in reality at very different distances, but which appear to lie on the concave surface of a vast spherical enclosure. It seems almost hopeless to attempt by any processes of observation to obtain reliable estimates of the distances of all, save a very few, of the fixed stars. It is not going too far to say that we are tolerably certain of the distance of only one star in the heavens—the star Alpha Centauri. This being the case, and the heavens spangled with millions of objects at altogether unknown distances, we must look carefully round us for evidence of another kind than that derived from actual measurement—we must look for signs of association, for definite laws of aggregation—if any such exist—and, if possible, we must apply that mode of inquiry from analogy which Sir William Herschel found in many instances so effective.

And here, as I have mentioned the

name of this great astronomer, to whom we owe the first systematic survey of the heavens, and the first attempt to reduce the results of observation into law and order, I wish, with extreme diffidence, to point to what I cannot but consider an error of judgment in his selection of the principles which were to guide his survey of the heavens. It appears to me, that it would have been in all respects better had his first processes of stellar observation been directed to gauge the probability that this or that law of distribution prevails in the heavens, rather than to the application of a system of star-gauging, which, if founded on a mistaken assumption, was necessarily but a waste of labor. It would have been a misfortune if the unequalled observing qualities of either the elder or the younger Herschel had been misapplied for a single hour; but the possibility that the labors of both these astronomers should have been devoted year after year to a process which (if my views are just) was practically useless, is painful indeed to reflect upon. It is true that the labors of the Herschels have been so numerous and so widely extended, that even the recognition of their star-gaugings as of little real utility would leave the great mass of useful results credited to them almost unaffected; but it would remain none the less a misfortune that labors, which in the case of other men would have worthily filled a life-time, should have been misdirected.

And yet, when one considers the matter apart from preconceived notions, how inconceivably small the chance appears that these laws of distribution believed in by Sir William Herschel actually prevail within the sidereal depths. How amazing that to his clear perceptions the idea should ever have seemed probable that the celestial spaces are occupied only by orbs resembling our sun. For, be it distinctly noted, that his belief in the existence of gaseous nebulae, and orbs in various stages of development, belongs to the later part of his career as an observer. Undoubtedly the whole system of star-gauging was founded upon the belief that the sidereal system consists of stars, varying greatly perhaps in size, but still not so greatly but that the least of them would be visible in Herschel's great telescope, as far as the very limits of the sidereal system, and that these stars are distribu-

ted with a certain general uniformity throughout space.

It is well to observe how fatally any error in this fundamental hypothesis affects the significance of any system of star-gauging. We turn a telescope in a given direction, and we see, perhaps, but four or five faint stars. According to the Herschelian hypothesis, the limits of the sidereal system are near to us in that direction, because the stars seen are so few, and those stars being necessarily within those limits, and faint, belong probably to the lower orders of real magnitude. But what if that hypothesis be erroneous—if there may exist in this or that direction vast blank spaces a thousandfold larger, perhaps, than the whole sphere of the visible stars in extent? Then, perchance, these four or five faint stars may lie farther from us than the farthest belonging to some of the richer star-fields; they may form a group of orbs which individually surpass Sirius or Canopus in magnificence, and are separated from each other by distances exceeding many thousandfold those which separate our sun from neighboring luminaries. But, yet again, suppose that in any direction our telescope reveal crowded star-fields, orbs of all orders of apparent brightness, "strewn as by handfuls, and both hands full," and each increase of power adding fresh riches to the display. According to the Herschelian hypothesis, there is but one explanation of these wonders; we are looking into a widely extended part of the sidereal system, and those different orders of stars lie at different orders of distance—the farthest at distances so enormous that we cannot attain to them. But in what a different light we must regard the scene if we remember the possibility that that wondrous wealth of stellar display need by no means argue enormous extension. All these sparkling orbs may be gathered into one region of space, their various orders of apparent lustre arguing various orders of real magnitude. Instead of looking into star-lit depths, which extend linearly from the eye, far out into space beyond the ordinary limits of distance separating from us the outer bounds of the sidereal system, we may in fact be contemplating a wondrously variegated star-group.

But the conclusions we are to form must be founded not on the consideration

of what *may* be, but on our observation of what *is*. There is abundant evidence for forming probable views respecting the general laws prevailing within the sidereal system; at any rate, for deciding whether it is more probable that there is or not any general uniformity of distribution within its limits.

One direct consequence of the laws of probability has been very much lost sight of in dealing with the subject we are now engaged upon. It has been urged that where so many stars are spread over the heavens, at so many various distances, we ought not to be surprised if very great varieties of distribution should be observed, nor conclude, therefore, that the general uniformity predicated by Sir William Herschel may not prevail as respects distribution in space. It has been forgotten that the vastness of the numbers in question should tend to a uniformity of apparent distribution, instead of the reverse.

I had been led myself to overlook this consideration, obvious as it is, until it was impressed upon me in a very striking manner during a somewhat novel process of research.

I wished to determine what peculiarities of distribution might be expected to appear among a number of points spread over a plane surface perfectly at random. It is clear that this is a preliminary consideration very necessary for the purpose of determining whether the laws of distribution seen among the stars are accidental or not. Now, the problem of determining by purely mathematical consideration what peculiarities would probably appear in a chance distribution of any given number of points, is one which may be regarded as altogether too difficult for solution. Very simple problems of probability have been found perplexing, inasmuch that two eminent mathematicians of the last century are said to have disputed over the question whether the chance of tossing one head and one tail in two throws of a coin were one-half or one-third.* But prob-

lems concerning the chance distribution of points are specially difficult, as any one will find who tries a few apparently simple ones.* Therefore, I sought to solve this particularly complex problem in a practical manner, by simply spreading a number of points at random, and examining the result. But *how* to distribute points perfectly at random? It seems very easy, but is not so by any means. Suppose we take a handful of grains, and throw them upon a table. Will they then be strewn without law or order? Very far from it. The fact that they have all come from the same hand will lead to very obvious effects, taking away altogether from the desired random character of the distribution. Then, again, suppose we were to distribute grains over a table from a sieve as large in extent as the table, and uniformly filled. In this case the grains would be distributed with a uniformity not appertaining to chance distribution. And so of a number of other contrivances which may be thought of; in every case of mechanical distribution, we always find either an enforced inequality or an enforced equality of distribution, not that really random distribution which we require.

The plan I actually adopted, if laborious, was at least satisfactory in this respect. I took a table of logarithms (any other book full of tabulated figures would have done equally well), and opening the book at random, brought down the point of a pencil upon the page of figures. The numeral on which, or nearest to which, the point fell, I entered in a book. In this way I took out several thousand figures, following each other in altogether random sequence. Then, having divided two adjacent sides of a square into 100 equal parts, I drew parallels to the sides, through the points of division, thus dividing the square into 10,000 small squares. Now, suppose the first four figures in my list to have been 7324. I took the seventy-third parallel measured from one side, and the twenty-fourth

* The erroneous reasoning by which the answer is made to be one-third seldom fails to puzzle the uninitiated. "There are," said D'Alembert, "three possible events: either two heads must be thrown, or two tails, or head and tail; of these three possible events, only one is favorable. The chance of that event is, therefore, precisely the same as the chance of drawing one particular ball out of a bag containing three,—that is, it is one-third."

* For instance, here are two: (1.) On a square surface of given size (say one square foot) two points are marked in at random; what is the chance that they will be within a given distance (say one inch) of each other? (2.) Three bullets strike a circular target three feet in diameter; what is the chance that the lines joining the three points where the target is struck will include a triangle less than one square foot in area?

measured from the adjacent side of the square, and at the point where these lines intersected I placed a black dot. I treated the next four numerals in the same way; and so on, until I had exhausted the series. I thus had upwards of 1,000 dots distributed perfectly at random over the square.

Now, as I went on marking in the dots, I found that at first groups and streams might very well be imagined to exist among the dots. But, as the process continued, these groups and streams were obliterated (so to speak), until at length, when all the dots were marked in, it required a very fanciful imagination indeed to conceive that any signs of special laws of distribution existed among them. I was thus reminded of the great law of probability, that the mere numerical increase of trials ensures a steady increase in the uniformity of the results. For example, if one tosses a coin a few times, there will often result a very remarkable preponderance of "heads" or "tails;" but where one continues tossing the coin a great number of times, the ratio between the number of "heads" and "tails" approaches more and more nearly to equality. And, applying this law to the case under consideration, it follows that if a very large square sheet were divided into an indefinitely large number of small squares, and an indefinitely large number of perfectly equal dots were marked in according to my plan, or according to any plan securing a perfectly random distribution,* an accurate miniature of that sheet (taken by photography, suppose) would be found as uniformly tinted by these chance-distributed dots as by any mechanical process of uniform dotting.

* One of the most interesting results of any such process as that above described, is the striking evidence afforded of the fact that any circumstance affecting the random character of the distribution is sure to tell when many trials are made. I was led to enquire whether in my list of numerals any special numbers seemed unduly to preponderate. I found that the number 8 appeared oftener than the rest, and that to an extent which I could not ascribe to mere accident; 1 and 7, on the other hand, appeared less frequently than the rest. The reason is obvious: the figure 8 covers more space, 1 and 7 less space, than any other figures; so that when the point of the pencil fell between an 8 and one of these figures, the chances were more favorable to the 8 being selected as the figure nearest to which the point came.

Therefore, supposing that any general approach to uniformity of distribution exists among the stars, we ought to find all signs of special arrangement disappearing as we extend the range of our researches. We cannot then possibly explain the peculiarities actually observed as due to the enormous number of stars and the resulting probability that remarkable arrangements might accordingly be looked for, since the exact reverse is the case.

Now I conceive that so soon as we pass the third or fourth orders of star magnitude, we reach orders large enough, numerically, to supply the information, clear of the effects of mere accident, which we actually need in this instance. Among the stars down to the fifth magnitude, there is surely a sufficient number to enable us to begin to reason, with some degree of confidence, as to the constitution of stellar space. Therefore, when, in 1866, I was constructing my gnomonic maps of the heavens, in which stars of these orders are included, I was disposed to regard the signs I met with of special laws of distribution as significant of real laws; and accordingly I put forward, in that year, the theory that the stars are aggregated into streams and clustering aggregations, with relatively bare spaces all round them. And, furthermore, it seemed to me, even at that stage of the inquiry into the habitudes of stellar space, that the Milky Way probably consists of relatively minute stars, and not, as had been supposed, of stars generally comparable with our sun, and forming a system extending to enormous distances on all sides of us; while I was led to regard the nebulae as belonging to the sidereal system, and not as external galaxies resembling that system.

But recently I have had occasion to apply processes of mapping to stars down to the sixth magnitude, or, in all, to four times as many stars as before. And clearly one cannot regard signs of arrangement among so many as 6,000 stars as being due to accident. The largeness of the number altogether precludes the possibility of this being the case.

When, therefore, it appears that among stars of the first six magnitudes there are signs of special laws of aggregation, we are bound to accept as legitimately following from the evidence, the conclusion that real laws of aggregation exist among

the stars. We may not be able to tell what these laws are—we may mistake a number of separate clusters for a stream of stars, or the nearer end of a stream for the farther end, and so on; but the broad fact remains that the stars are gathered into some regions and withdrawn from others, and, further, that within the same region of space stars of very different orders are, in many instances, gathered together.

The general results of a systematic survey of the stars of the first six magnitudes seem certainly to force upon us such conclusions. They are as follows:—

1. The southern hemisphere contains more stars of the orders considered than the northern, in the proportion of about seven to five.

2. The stars of these orders are gathered into two definite regions—a northern and a southern—so markedly, that the distribution of stars within these regions is richer than the distribution over the rest of the heavens, in the proportion of about five to two.

3. The stars of these orders are associated in the most intimate manner with the Milky Way, inasmuch that when the Milky Way is included with the two rich regions above-named, it appears that stars in the single division thus formed are distributed about three times as richly as over the remaining portion of the heavens.

These results cannot be regarded as due to mere chance-distribution, unless we are to forget all the rules which the science of probabilities lays down for our guidance in such cases.* And if once we admit that they result from real laws of aggregation, our estimate of the nature of the sidereal system is wholly altered. We see at once

that we are not dealing with a system that can be gauged; for if within the limits of naked-eye vision there exist these aggregations and these *lacunæ*, we may be full sure that throughout the sidereal system they exist also, and what confidence can we have in any system of gauging applied to depths so diversely occupied? Our sounding-line may light on a rich stream or clustering aggregation of stars, or it may pass through relatively vacant spaces; yet we can by no means conclude from the richness of the one region or the poverty of the other, that the line reaches either very far off or relatively very near the limits of the sidereal scheme.

Again, regarding either of the rich regions referred to above as consisting wholly or in part of a definite aggregation of stars happening to lie relatively near to us, it is not abundantly evident that other such aggregations at different orders of distance would exhibit many of the features which we see in the nebulae, and have been in the habit of associating with regions lying beyond the sidereal system? Or—to arrive at a similar conclusion from different evidence—if the Milky Way be really as it seems (from the third of the above results), a stream of stars of many different orders, with an enormous preponderance of relatively small stars, is it not abundantly evident that, supposing any portion of this stream removed to a greater distance, the fainter regions would vanish first, and that the brighter regions would appear as small discrete patches of nebulous light, or naked-eye nebulae? Now conceiving the stream yet further removed, until even these patches become telescopic objects, would they not in all respects resemble the stellar but irresolvable nebulae?

Thus it appears to me that we have not only no grounds for believing that the nebulae are external galaxies, but tolerably distinct evidence that the stellar nebulae are distant aggregations of stars of many orders of magnitude. Such aggregations may also themselves present, and doubtless they do present, all orders of magnitude, precisely as within the two rich stellar regions above referred to we find every conceivable variety of aggregation, and precisely also as within the Milky Way we find, on the one hand, bright regions as extensive as that which lies in the constellation Cygnus, and, on the

* The effect of numbers in diminishing the probability of such signs of law resulting from mere chance-distribution, must here again be insisted upon. It is most important to notice how it bears upon the conclusions we are to form. Here is a simple illustration of the law of probabilities in question.—Suppose we toss a coin 4, 8, 12, and 16 times, and inquire what is the chance that in the several cases either heads or tails will preponderate in the proportion of 3 to 1. Now the exact mathematical solution of this problem shows that when 4 trials take place, the chance is $\frac{6}{16}$, or more than $\frac{1}{2}$; when 8, the chance is $\frac{37}{128}$, or less than $\frac{1}{3}$; when 12, the chance is $\frac{249}{2048}$, or little more than $\frac{1}{8}$; while when 16 trials take place, the chance is reduced to $\frac{617}{32768}$, or less than $\frac{1}{13}$. The chance would become indefinitely small if, instead of 16, we took several thousand trials.

other hand, regions as limited as the double cluster in Perseus.

Have we, on the other hand, any satisfactory reasons for regarding the nebulae as external galaxies? Tracing back the course of that process of discussion which has led to the nebulae being commonly so regarded, can we indicate any one argument which may be looked upon as definitely pointing to such a conclusion? *I know not of one.* I have carefully studied the writings of Sir William Herschel, and I venture to assert, without fear of valid contradiction, that every single consideration adduced in favor of the nebulae being external galaxies has been founded on the assumption that the sidereal system is continuous—that is, on an assumption which Sir William Herschel himself was the first to throw doubt upon.

But the evidence derivable even from Sir William Herschel's own writings goes farther than this. He not only formed views respecting the sidereal system diametrically opposed to those which he had entertained when his conceptions respecting the stellar nebulae were put forward, but he arrived, by his careful study of the nebulae system, at a conclusion which, rightly interpreted, brings the nebulae into close association with the sidereal system. For, noticing the aggregation of nebulae

at the northern region, which lies farthest from the Milky Way, he confidently expressed his belief that any sound theory of the universe must account for that peculiar relation. In other words, no theory of the universe can be regarded as sound which treats that relation as accidental. So that Sir William Herschel himself regarded the nebulae system in a light which in effect associates them in a real manner with the sidereal system.

In fact, and in conclusion, that great astronomer was not bound, as so many of his modern followers have been, by his own earlier theories. As his researches continued, his views gradually changed. The process of change went on during the whole course of his career as an observer. He advanced steadily from truth to truth, and when at length the close of his labors approached, he looked onwards, not backwards. He would have been the last to desire that astronomers should take even his latest and best theories as including all that they could desire or hope to know; but it would have been even more painful to him to imagine that the views he held, when as yet his labors were but beginning, should be adopted by future astronomers in preference to those which were the fruits of his ripened experience.

Temple Bar.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE: A STORY OF A FIRST LOVE.

BY J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "A LOST NAME," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEASURE WEAPONS.

"WELL, what do you say? What will you take?" said William Haworth.

"He's dog-cheap at a hundred guineas. I'll say ninety, and not a penny under."

The man was holding the horse's head; horse and man were fine types of their several species.

William laughed, quietly and scornfully.

The man fixed a fiery stare on him. "Ay, and what do you say?" he asked.

"What do I say? I've a good deal to say. You are Lussha Sinfield, and I've heard enough about you to help me to value your horse. I've no doubt he's a cheat, and five pounds is too much for

him;" and William laughed again contemptuously.

Sinfield turned pale under his swarthy skin; his brow lowered darker, and fire gleamed from his black eyes on William. He stands without motion for some seconds, like the statue of an evil spirit.

"You d——d gorgio!" he yelled, "you haven't five pounds in the world."

And, stamping, he broke into an extravagance of fury, of shrieking curses and abuse, gesticulating as if he was hurling handfuls of dust at William into the air. The effect of this frantic exhibition was increased by the rearing and plunging of the startled horse, which he held with his left hand by the bridle, which forced

him to caper and spring, this way and that, by its struggles.

"Take the horse, and give me the cudgel!" he shouted to Cowper.

"Lend me your cudgel, Dick," said William to his companion, who was utterly puzzled by the mad scene, and at the same time he grasped the weapon.

"A ring—a ring!" shouted the crowd, that had already begun to collect.

"Ay, a ring," cries William Haworth, sternly. "I'll fight that fellow, if he dares; I'll drive him out of our county."

"Will ye try the cudgel, ye d——d thief?" screamed the horse-dealer.

"Ay, I don't care."

Sinfield made a spring into the air, and twirled the heavy stick he held by the middle; then off went his coat and his waistcoat, and old Cowper rolled them tight together, and strapped them to the saddle; off went Sinfield's hat, and off went his green-and-crimson handkerchief, which he tied instead tight about his small black head. There stands the handsome athlete, with this bright headgear, in his shirt and "shorts" and gaiters, looking so lowing and malignant.

He made his stick spin in the air as his black eyes gleamed on William. Light, long of limb, all bone and sinew, a very formidable adversary looked this champion, who had killed his man in fair fight with the selfsame tough bit of ash, and left his mark scarred on many a valorous youth—being, in fact, a highly skilled master of that weapon.

Every fellow who has not seen a good single-stick play fancies he can guard himself and hit another well enough to hold his own in a fight, and feels safe enough if he has a good stick in his hand. A little experience will open his eyes, if it does not close them.

"I back myself to win—five pounds," said Lussha Sinfield.

"Done!" cried William.

"I'll make it ten," rejoined Sinfield.

"Done, again!" said William. "We'll stake the money with Mr. Hoggen, here—Mr. Richard Hoggen; every one knows Mr. Hoggen."

"Aye, he'll do: I've heard tell of Mr. Hoggen."

"You'll hold the stakes, won't you, Dick?" asked William.

"I don't mind," said Dick; "but canst

play? Have a care what you're doing," he whispered, with a wink.

"Well, I ought to know something about it; I was the best man at school at it, and, so far as I know, the best at Cambridge. I was worth something, I can tell you, in the town-and-gown rows; I used to knock them over like nine-pins."

"Well, I'll take the money," said Dick; "and we'll keep a ring clear. Hollo! Dobbs!—Heyward!—Clewson! Come, lads, ye must keep a ring; get half-a-dozen more, and keep fair play. Here be the squire o' Haworth goin' to play a bout for the honor o' the old county."

Sinfield said a word to his comrade, taking the horses himself by their heads; and Cowper strode up to Dick Hoggen, and, with extended arm, held forth a £10-note, which honest Dick took with a careful scrutiny, folded, and, with ten sovereigns which William Haworth handed him, placed in his purse, and stuck into the lowest depth of his breast-pocket.

"Now, mind ye don't press in," said Richard Hoggen, addressing the crowd. "If you don't keep the ring you'll spoil the fun, and stop the sport; and see, lads, the two foremost rows mun sit a t' ground."

William Haworth now thréw off his coat, handed his watch to honest Dick Hoggen, and put off his waistcoat and hat; and instead of it, like his antagonist, tied a handkerchief tight about his head.

"Now we mun mezzur t' sapplins," said Dick; and on being placed together there was scarcely, as it turned out, a quarter of an inch difference in the length of the two sticks; and having satisfied himself that there was no loading in Sinfield's, he pronounced the cudgels fair, and restored each to its owner for the occasion.

The ring was already formed; an ample area of smooth short turf awaited their tread, and the North-country folk who were lucky enough to be on Willarden Fair Green that day were about to see some very pretty play.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOST AND WON.

"Now, mind ye," said Dick, in a loud voice, "I'm goin' to tell ye how the play mun be. It shan't last o'er an hour; and, won or drawn, it ends then. Every ten minutes I cry '*Over!*' unless the play's hot at the time, and then the players take

five minutes' rest. An' if one tak's a skelp o' the other, and when time's ca'd he can't be up and to't, he's bet ; but an' if it's a banger over t' head, en he's floor'd, he has ten minutes' rest, in place of five, to cum till himsel'. En noo, is beath pleased ?"

"Ay !" cried Sinfield.

"All right !" said William.

"Weel, then, blitely lads, lig intul to't, noo !" shouted the yeoman, lifting his hand for a sign.

And, each eyeing his adversary closely, the two combatants stepped cautiously from opposite sides, with cudgels well-poised, towards one another.

And now the cudgels cross, and now come a few quick feints, and each player shows something more of caution. Each has formed, I suspect, a higher estimate of his antagonist.

William Haworth's face is stern ; he is heart and soul in the battle. Victory is more to him than any one dreams ; it is everything to him ; he would sell Haworth, I am sure, to secure it. Pale with an intense anxiety, and stern, looks the blue-eyed Saxon Squire. His swarthy adversary, on the contrary, grins merrily, showing under his lowering brow and fiery eyes white rows of small teeth.

That fellow has the tricks of a prize-fighter—this smiling or grinning for the groundlings, a trick to maintain confidence, and ape good-humor. He has often played for money, one would conclude. The odds are awfully against the amateur.

Now comes a sudden break in this cautious play, and with beautiful rapidity cuts and parries whistle and rattle ; and a heavy blow takes the horse-dealer across the leg, another at his head is parried, and he replies swiftly, and is met, in return, by a parry. They draw back a little, and the swarthy fellow laughs with all his glittering teeth.

Dick Hoggen looks at his watch, which is nestled snugly in his hand ; it wants two minutes and a half still of the time at which he is to cry "Over !" His confidence in William has revived ; and, judge of the lists though he be, he would like to call the five minutes' rest during which that resounding cut across the dark fellow's leg, just above the knee, would possibly stiffen and spoil his action.

But there remain two minutes still, and suddenly the dark fellow advances, and a

very pretty and fierce bit of play follows instantly. "Click-clack—click-clack," with sightless speed and force the strokes and guards fly and meet. The ten minutes are up, but the play is at the moment too "hot" to be interrupted, in accordance with the articles.

The two minutes have passed, and on a sudden, with the sound of a stroke on a well-stretched sail, a single blow ended the "round."

You could hardly have seen who gave it or where it fell—all was so quick. But instantly William Haworth lay stretched on his back, looking up to the sky with a white sad face, and blood was trickling over his cheek and ear.

Well was it for William that his fall was so instantaneous, for his adversary followed it with a swinging swoop, that might have cut him across the temple, and ended his dream of love and glory.

Thus, by a few inches and a small fraction of a second he escaped, and folly and passion lived on ; though, looking on the young fellow's face, some of the spectators feared he was dead. The cudgels with which they played were quite heavy enough for such a feat.

It was soon evident, however, that the Squire was not in that predicament.

A broken head, pure and simple, is a trifle where the cudgel is a pastime—is no more matter than a broken pipe. William Haworth sat up. His friends stanch-ed the blood as well as they could ; and as he was still giddy, "daddled" him, in Dick Hoggen's phrase, one at each side, across the arena.

Ten minutes rallying-time, according to agreement, was allowed William Haworth. He needed every second of it.

As William showed signs of recovery, his adversary frequently called to Dick Hoggen, "How's time ?"

William was now on his legs, and his friend quietly advised his withdrawing from the contest, and so escaping the "bevel-lin'" that awaited him.

"I'm all right again—thank you, old fellow. You quite mistake. He's a better man than I thought him, and I was too rash ; but I know him now. The lesson was worth a knock, and I go in now to win, you'll see."

Sinfield, on the other hand, talked in an undertone, laughing, as he passed to and fro, to his companion ; and the old

fellow, fired by the combat and the sight of blood, jabbered fiercely in reply, and looked more horribly ugly than ever.

The fellows who had been sitting round on the grass stood up now, and a loud gabble was going on all round. When order was called, the ring was re-formed; and, after a minute's hurry and hustle, all was right again, and the battle recommenced.

There is evidently more caution on each side. It is plain, after the first slight skirmish, that the Squire of Haworth had suffered nothing in hand or eye by his disaster. It is also plain that the dark fencer, who has drawn first blood, is resolved not to throw away his advantage, but to await his opportunity, and make his victory sure.

The Squire's hurt, oddly enough, proved in the end the cause of his safety. Thus it happened. Sinfield having trifled, and "dodged," and worried, with the intention of tiring a man who had lost some blood and sustained a shock, on a sudden makes a determined and formidable attack, and the Squire of Haworth is sorely pressed—is in danger—five to one, it seems, against him; and Sinfield's smile has vanished, and an atrocious glare and dark pallor unconsciously betray the animus with which he fights.

The people hold their breath; some in the first ranks stand up. Any instant may see the catastrophe, and at this moment Sinfield's foot slips: he has placed it in the little patch of blood which flowed from his adversary's wound. The slight derangement that attends this accident William Haworth avails himself of; and instantly a resounding "skelp," as they term such a blow in the North-country, proclaims to the world that Sinfield's skull has "caught it" this time, and, as he reels, quick almost as you can clap your hands, two others follows, and tall lithe Lusha Sinfield lies, face downward, on the short grass, his small black head and green-and-scarlet handkerchief on his doubled arm, and the cudgel in which he trusted a yard away from his open hand.

The crowd had now closed in about the fallen man; and foremost among the gabbling faces were the silent heads of the gray and the chestnut, pulled over by the powerful old gipsy, who had picked up the cudgel on his way in a trice, and who is violently roaring, stamping, and gesticulating, with the stick and the bridle clench-

ed in his right hand, and the halter in his left; so that the horses are frightened, throwing up their heads and snorting in the air, and in danger of trampling on the feet of the crowd, who are shoving and hustling with them, and bawling to Cowper to mind his horses.

"It's foul!" he is yelling. "He struck the man down!—he struck him foul! I don't care a d—n!—he struck him down! I claim stakes for Sinfield! It's all foul! I'll fight him for double the money, I will, myself!—I'll fight that chap myself, if he's the man!—I'll fight him, double or quits; and Sinfield's winner!—He struck foul! I'll lay my oath to't! Give up the money here; I'll make ye!"

While he is yelling, in the midst of a sort of scuffle, the men about him are threatening and bawling, "Whar gangst thou, dafy?—wilt tramp the lad's feace!" and so forth.

It was a full hour before Sinfield came to himself. In the mean time, Dick Hoggan proclaimed the Squire of Haworth winner of the stakes. William took his own, and said he would let off Sinfield, on condition. He would give him a cheque, payable in three months, adding £2 to it, provided that neither Sinfield nor Cowper appeared in the county for that time. If they did he would stop payment of the cheque at the bank.

After much shrieking, threats, and bluster, the terms were accepted, Sinfield and Cowper having conferred for a minute apart; and the crestfallen partners, having by good-luck sold the chestnut, set forth on their march northward.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOOKING EASTWARD.

THE battle was over between two and three o'clock. A thin little boy, dark and handsome, who, with great black eyes, had been watching the vicissitudes of the combat with silent interest, got quickly from the fair green so soon as the fight was ended, and ran, with a light foot, through the old town of Willarden, and away westward, towards Dardale Moss.

William had left home in the gray of the dawn; and old Martha Gillyflower, talking at breakfast to her guest, said:—

"Now, see, if here isn't a cow?" She had whisked round the tea-leaves that remained in the bottom of her cup, and inverted it in her saucer, and was now

reading futurity, after the manner of her kind, in the tracing thus made on the sides of her tea-cup. "A cow. Look here; isn't there one horn, and there the other?—and its tail here? That's what he'll bring home, ye'll find—a cow; and if he does, he mun find room for her in his study, for there's none on the farm. He did the same at Crinkford—half-a-score sheep, without ever a word to Clinton, and more sheep at Haworth than Peter kenn'd what to do wi'."

The girl laughed. "Well, if he brings home a cow, it will be an odd day's shootin'."

"Shootin', child! The first time I heard of a gentleman shootin' at a fair," replied Martha.

"Oh! the fair? What fair?—Willarden?" asked the girl, carelessly, but with a slight change of color.

"Ay, Willarden. He's not gane there to sell, sa it mun be to buy, I consayte; it will not be the gingerbread and peep-shows that taks him thiddher."

The girl laughed. "Some young lady—a sweet-heart, mayhap," said she.

"Na—na. Willie's nane o' that sort; he's too wise. Time enough to court when he's thinkin' to marry, and time enough to marry when he has meyar years o'er his pow, and meyar goud in his poke. He'll no du a' that lids. Na—na; he'll no be thinkin' o' fetchin' hame a marrow to Haworth this mony a year yet; en afoore ony sic like cattle comes hiddher to Haworth, I wish a'ad Martha may be far enough out o' the way."

The girl talked on very merrily. She was in great spirits. But so it was, that when Martha was no longer near, she grew thoughtful and restless, and after a time walked down to the ruin that stands near the road to Willarden, and stood on that eminence looking towards it. It was too early yet for any one to return from the fair. The narrow old road was deserted. She sat there, looking for a long time. She sang sometimes little snatches of airs, wild and quaint, of which the world knows nothing. Then came intervals of silence, and then, in her low sweet voice, she would talk to the dog, of which she made a pet, as it sat beside her, and then a silent watch again.

Then into the house she would run, and whistle to the bullfinch, or lend a hand in any work that was going on,

and make a bit of fun for Mrs. Gillyflower.

"Wi' all your fun, thou's not eatin' a bit. Thou's not well, lass?" asked old Martha, kindly.

"Never better—only I was thinking, Mrs. Gillyflower; and where's the good of thinking? Everything dies—birds, flowers, lads, and lasses—all, and sorrow itself dies at last; and so, ma'am, I say, let us not care too much for any, for 'tis only grief, at best; and if you like them well, and their liking dies first, where are ye? So keep your heart sure locked, and the key where none can find it, and your love won't be stole away; and ye'll have a merry mind, and careless days, and light sleep, and ye'll die a good old woman. Shall I sing you the song of the little fiddler that died of love of Willie Faa's big aunt, and was buried on the top of the hill in his fiddle-case?"

So the strange girl sang this song, which affected from first to last a pedantic strain of philosophy, with a tune somewhat monotonous and severe, both of which, contrasted with the irresistibly absurd images and incidents of the tale, made old Mrs. Gillyflower's fat sides shake with laughter.

Away the girl ran again, before the laughter was half over, and was looking eastward once more from the same eminence—watching listlessly sometimes, and sometimes more anxiously, for the distant figure of the returning horseman.

Had she once been satisfied that she saw him and that he was safe, she would have returned, and the *preux chevalier* would never have known that his return had been so watched for.

Many restless toings-and-froings had there been.

It is now within an hour of sunset, and she hears a whistle, and guesses who is coming. She advances. A little black-eyed boy comes running up the road, that here winds with a picturesque irregularity, and he sees her and raises his hands. She beckons, in her cold lofty way, and in a moment more he has reached her side.

He has a story to tell. It is related with wonderful gestures and volubility. She stands listening, with her hand extended. They are quite out of sight of the house.

Out comes her little red purse, and she

gives the boy some money. He has a word or two more to say. He is going, but she beckons him back again, and has more questions to ask—possibly the old ones over again.

And now she waves him off, and away goes he; and she is alone, looking down on the grass beside her with a pale face.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NAME.

THE girl returned to the house, and talked and laughed as usual. The fuss of preparation for the Squire's return, with a keen appetite after his long ride, was over, and honest Martha was already predicting that the "darkening would come before Willie was heam," and rehearsing the lecture she would give him if so it should be.

The girl laughed. "Is he afraid of you, Mrs. Gillyflower?" asked she, suddenly grave again.

"Why sud he, lass, so lang as he keeps gude hours and gude manners? But he kens weel enough he's nobbut to tak' care o' himsel', and Martha's weel pleased."

"Wilful and wayward the young lads be—'taint easy ruling them, ma'am," said her young guest, with the gravity of a sage. "I wonder how half o' them ever lives to thirty year."

"Thirty year!—not they. If they warn't looked after by wiser heads, there wad na be ane o' them left at yan score and twea—wi' couds en fevers, to say nowt of the faws, en clinks, en sizzupers they're gettin' ever an' always."

The concluding items in old Martha's catalogue sounded ominously in the girl's ear, but she laughed again. After a little time, she left the kitchen unnoticed, and passed out of the hall-door.

The renown of Lussha Sinfield was high as a master of the cudgel. She had heard the story of that day's fight. A chance had given William Haworth the victory, but a deadly hand had struck him.

Had not the same hand struck Tinkler Gordon, the Scot, what seemed but a light blow, and the Tinkler seemed never the worse for three whole days, and at the end of that time he sickened, and soon died; and it was found that the tap of Sinfield's skilful cudgel had broken the brawny Tinkler's skull.

In the mean time, William Haworth was riding homeward. The sun was just at the edge of the wayzoun, and the melan-

choly glory of evening tinted all the landscape.

As he rode at a walk, the by-road there making a little turn, looking over his right shoulder toward the old house, whose chimneys, now not three hundred yards away, rose over the familiar thorn-trees and elms—upon his saddle, on the left side, a hand was laid, and, with a quick glance, he saw his beautiful guest looking up in his face.

That look was radiant. There was admiration, there was gratitude in it. The Squire drew the bridle instantly, smiling down in return.

I dare say she thought Lussha Sinfield about the most formidable champion on earth. In her proud face was beaming that sympathy with the heroic that makes the beauty of girls almost sublime.

"Willie—Willie—oh Willie!—you're hurt."

"Nothing," he laughed.

"All for me! I'll never forget ye, Willie."

"I say it is nothing. Oh, how I wish it were! I wish I could lay down my life for you," said this romantic Squire, whose chivalry was rising to a wild adoration in the light of her beauty.

She was gazing up at him steadfastly, and speaking in her low sweet tones.

"My man! And all for a poor lass!"

"For my beautiful friend—my fairy-queen—my treasured guest!"

"I'm a proud girl." Suddenly there was a little sob, and a little gush of tears.

Willie was by her side, and caught her hand in both his to his lips.

"No—no, none o' that, Willie," she said gently, but in the old sad way that was not to be gainsaid. "I'll see to your wound, Willie. I'll cure it myself. We have our own way of curing everything. I will—but oh!—that's nothing."

Willie laughed again, and said:—

"It is nothing—the hurt is nothing; but—" in a changed tone he said—"but that you should think of me, and care for me, ever so little, is more than all the world and more than life to me."

Gazing in his face, she repeated, as if to herself, with the same melancholy rapture, "My man—my man!"

"If you trusted me better now, if you thought me ever so little worthier, just as a little sign that you do not quite distrust me, you said you would tell me, some time—"

"My name? Oh yes! I will," she said slowly and very gently. "A strange name you'll think it. Euphan Curraple, that is it. I would not tell it to another here."

"Euphan! It is a beautiful name! I know you ever so much better now, dear Euphan! Oh, Euphan! my only, only love!"

"No—no, Willie; you don't know me better, and you're not to talk so. You gave me your word. You're true-hearted—didn't I say you were?—and you'll keep your word. Get on your horse again, Willie, and no wild talk; but home, and I'll follow the path."

"Well, Euphan, there's a secret between us, isn't there?—a secret in my keeping. Your name. It is only a sign of trust between us. God bless you for it!"

"Come—come, Willie, up and home; they'll wonder what keeps you—they'll be coming."

"Well, Euphan, if I were never to say it more, you are my life and my hope, the star of my worship! Euphan, my darling——!"

"If you were never to say it more, well, never say it more, Willie. Can't we talk like other folk? Can't we be kind without being foolish? We should know one another longer than we are ever like to do, before we can tell truly what's to say the one o' the other. Wide is the world, and many kinds, and chance or change, and nothing stays, some in walls, some under barns, no two songs the same, and some that meet and like, and lose; love passing like a ship at sea and comes no more; and so, Willie, be merry while ye may, lad, and we'll sing while the way lies together, and think after." And with a light sad laugh, the girl waved him toward the house, and herself ran up the little footpath in the same direction, and was lost among the briers and bushes that grow through the clefts of the old gray rocks that peep through the sward as you mount that wild and winding way to Haworth Hall.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHANGE.

WILLIAM HAWORTH'S hurt looked no trifle, but he did not mind it. In the veins of a young fellow in good training, and living in such wild free air, on good country

fare, it is not blood but ichor that circulates, and wounds heal in no time.

It seemed to him that the beautiful girl who haunted his thoughts rather kept out of his way—that is, he could never see her except in the presence of old Martha now, or of Mall Darrell. He fancied that she had grown thoughtful.

Certain it was, when he was by she was silent. She was grave. She did not, he thought, even look at him, except when, driven to despair, he spoke to her. Then she spoke gently and pleasantly as ever.

Once only he caught her smiling at some joke he addressed to Mrs. Gillyflower—she smiled at the roses she was arranging in a glass for the dresser—and William felt prouder and happier for half the day.

What could this be? There was no affectation in the matter—there was no appearance of being offended; only you would have fancied that she was under orders to avoid a *tête-à-tête*, and to act with a little more reserve. I need hardly say, however, that there was no one to impose any such conditions.

William tortured himself to find reasons for it. Perhaps the cause was in the rapturous audacity of his talk. She had thought it over, perhaps, and formed resolutions in counsel with herself.

The Squire affected to be careless, sometimes; and was often angry, and always miserable.

He had reviewed his theory of her being an escaped nun. He had another theory now, romantic also. Was ever wight more desperately in love?

She is expecting a letter or a message, and she is meditating her farewell; and she has made up her mind that there shall be no entanglement, even of sentiment.

"How cold and selfish they are!" he said, in his anger. What made it worse still was that he sometimes heard the old sounds of merriment from the kitchen—the laughter and the singing—and this cruel girl was clearly the origin and spring of all the gayety.

Some girls have affected this estrangement to pique a lover and make themselves more precious, or even from the mysterious pleasure that some find in an unexplained and smouldering quarrel—the pain and the submission of a suffering lover, his wanderings in the dark, and his pleadings for light.

But William Haworth did not suspect his Euphan of this. He felt that in that character, in some respects so volatile, there was a vein of common sense, decision, and dignity, where the deeper feelings were concerned, quite incompatible with any such shabby trifling.

In this mood, amid these conjectures, William Haworth took his gun, and spent the day in a lonely march over Dardale Moss.

The sun was touching the distant rim of the horizon, as William Haworth, with the butt of his gun over his shoulder, approached the scattered wood near Haworth Hall.

Far away, but still a bold feature in the landscape, are visible the towering fells of Golden Friars. Looking towards them, as you stand under the group of birch-trees, with your back to the sombre moor, the landscape has a wild and melancholy charm of its own, especially in certain lights.

Take sunset, for instance—as it now is—when, red with the mists that gather over that dark expanse, the sun seems sinking inch by inch into its black level, and throws your shadow long before you, touching every weed and thistle and long blade of grass with its fiery light, and with a softer tint lighting up the trees in the foreground.

Before you stands the old gray-fronted house of Haworth, its small windows now glimmering all over with the reflected flame of the west. About it, with an air of shelter and comfort, stand huge old trees. It is by no means a “palatial residence,” as county historians often term ancient family houses. It is a homely old house, shingle-roofed and strongly built; and 200 years hence may find it looking westward over the moss, with little or no change.

A little in the rear, and crowning an abrupt eminence of very modest pretensions, rise the ruins of Haworth Castle. In this land of raid and rapine, no less than seven such buildings are said to have belonged to the family of Haworth.

In the foreground near the margin of the moss, a little to the right, stands one of those mysterious relics that carry us back to cyclopean times. On a level, no doubt once surrounded by a forest of oak—the indications rather than the relics of which remain in the fragments of dwarf

oak-wood which are to be found in that region—stands a druidic ring of huge stones. Two are prostrate, and two missing—blasted, perhaps, and carted away in fragments to contribute to some neighboring building. It is, however, on the whole, an imposing and very perfect monument of this rude and mysterious architecture. Within and about this silent and venerable circle—whose origin, when the first stone of that ruinous castle was laid, was a secret as irrecoverably lost as it now is—grow a few hawthorn and elder trees. I suppose it figures in books of topography and antiquarian works. These objects, partially screened by the irregular wood I have described, make the scene picturesque and interesting.

No place is more solitary than this. In Sydney Smith’s phrase, “You must here send twelve miles, and over the fells too, for a lemon.” Golden Friars is the metropolis of this stern and somewhat savage region, and, thus placed within the circle of dependency, I may treat this relation as a chronicle of Golden Friars.

It was here, in moonlight, on that stormy night, not yet a fortnight since, that William had first come within the circle of a strange enchantment—when, like a spirit in the solitude, that beautiful girl stood before him. By the same path, as nearly as he could make it out, he now approached these tall time-furrowed stones.

Traversing a thick screen of hawthorn and wild birch, on a sudden this solemn circle stood full in view.

Not among these rude columns, but some twenty yards nearer to the spot where he then stood, on a slight elevation, full in the level light of the red sun, two figures were fixed in attitudes that betokened an engrossing dialogue.

William’s step was stayed. He gazed on them, breathless. One was Euphan Curraple—the other was a wonderful stranger.

CHAPTER XXII.

HECATE.

THIS stranger was an old woman, dark and grim beyond anything he could have imagined, and resembled nothing that William had ever heard of but the witch of a fairy-tale. Her shoulders were humped with age; her face extraordi

narily long and swart, the chin resting on her breast. Her eyes were black and vivid. She wore a very wide-leafed black hat, tied down over her ears with a handkerchief, and a short dark cloak, from the folds of which her brown bare arm was extended; and her fingers, on which were several rings, grasped a long stick, on which she leaned.

Beautiful Euphan leaned with her shoulder lightly on the silvery stem of a birch-tree, one of three that sprang forking from the same root; and her arm and slender hand wound on a branch beside her, the small leaves of which waved and quivered slightly in answer to the motion, else unperceived, with which she accompanied her talk. Now and then her narrow shapely foot peeped forth, and listlessly poked the little tufts of grass.

Here, truly, were the embodied types of the graceful and the grotesque—the ugly and the beautiful—contrasted.

The old woman is talking now. The strange mask shines in the setting sun, like burnished bronze.

And now it is Euphan's turn, and William sighs, "How beautiful she is!—how beautiful!"

What a mysterious prettiness, and novelty, and finish in all her movements, when a gesture or a change of attitude accompanies her speech! How strange and sinister the bright-eyed hag, who now and then, as she talks, lifts the point of her stick, and makes little diagrams and circles in the air! The shrivelled hand, the fixed smile, the hawk-like eye and myriad wrinkles, lend a malignant force to that picture of a witch performing an incantation.

Now they join hands. The old woman's head is nodding in time to some last words; and now she walks, with her hunched stoop and wiry gait, swiftly enough to the old Druidic ring, close by, through which her path lies. As she reaches these tall gray stones, she turns, extending her long shrunken arm towards the girl, with an uncertain wave in the hand, as if pronouncing a farewell benediction. As she does so, William thinks she sees him; for it seemed, far as he was, that her piercing black eyes were directed suddenly on him. He had caught her eye, he felt. She remained fixed, for a moment or two. Then—had she made a sign to

the girl?—she turned again, and disappeared among those hoary stones and bushes.

Euphan Curraple looked towards William, smiled—not kindly, he thought—and remained where she was.

The young Squire was nettled. Here was a secret conference—a secret influence, he assumed—advising and planning going on; and he not informed even of the subject of it! He was stung and angry. Yet, could anything be more unreasonable? What right on earth had he to all this girl's confidence?

Is not the whole Court of Love near akin to Bedlam? Is ever love without jealousy? And what madder than jealousy—save love itself?

If William had reflected for a moment, being proud, I think he would have walked straight home without troubling Euphan with a word. But, being impulsive too, he walked straight up to her, and raised his hat ironically, and said:—

"I'm so afraid I've interrupted a conversation."

"Why need ye raise your hat, sir, to a gipsy girl?"

The avowal did not come by surprise on William. This was his second theory. But she interested him the more.

"I treat all people—and your sex especially—with respect."

"Oh no! That was banter, sir, and you're angry."

"Angry? Not a bit. Why should I?"

"Very true—why should you?" she replied, coldly.

"I say, I'm not angry!" said William, a little hotly. "Every one has their own business, and, provided that's not interfered with, I don't see what right any one has to be angry."

"It is I that should be angry, sir," said the girl.

"I don't think, lately," said William, "I have had an opportunity of saying anything to incur your displeasure."

"You should not have watched me, sir, like that; no gentleman would have done so."

As she spoke she waved her hand, ever so slightly, towards the spot where William had been standing.

"Watch you!" said William. "I never dreamed of such a thing. I was walking home, and saw you, and was surprised—little more than one minute; and

I did not hear one word you were saying—not a syllable. If you knew anything of me—if you cared to understand me—you would know that I'm no such person; that's quite impossible."

"Well, you need look no more, and guess no more; I've told you all."

A brilliant color flushed under the clear brown of that beautiful girl, and made her splendid black eyes burn like fire.

"You've told me only what I thought before, Euphan," he said, in a tone on a sudden quite changed. "I have read about your race, ever so much, with the deepest interest. Think what you will of me, Euphan, but don't think me a fool or a worldling. I treasure the words you said to me—words that you forget—when first you came, so true and wise, containing the very secret of all the happiness that this sad earth can yield."

"If you had asked me, sir, when I told you my name, I'd have told you all; we never deny our people. There are some of them passing, and they'll camp near the cat-stone, on the moss, to-night. They are bad gipsies; we don't like them, but they can fetch a message, and that old woman had a message for me. She says I may go on safely to my own people now. That was all; I would have told you, if you had asked me."

She spoke a little coldly—she looked pained. What a dignity there was in this young queen of nature!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE OPEN HEART.

"I HAVE told you the truth," said William; "and when you think a little, Euphan, you will do me justice. I have not been watching you; you ought to have known that I was quite incapable of that."

"I was wrong, sir, I'm sure. I had not time to think—I was angry."

"Well, Euphan, you won't refuse to shake hands."

She laughed a little, and did shake hands.

"Euphan," said William, still holding her hand in his, "you are the loveliest creature on earth—there is no other like you!"

"You don't think so."

"I do, Euphan. I never dreamed of such a creature. You are the finest spirit, the most beautiful being—I adore you!"

"No—no, you don't." She shook her head, as if smiling the thought away.

"Oh, Euphan! you wring my heart—you are cruel!"

Euphan smiled her proud wild smile, in which expressions mingled strangely—something of disdain, more of compassion, also something beautiful of gratification.

"You Rias talk so to us gipsy-girls, but you don't mean it."

"Oh, darling! you'll break my heart. May God destroy me, but I do!"

He had taken her hand, and was holding it in both his.

"No, sir—ah no! 'Tis all folly," she said, drawing it back, with a look that was grave, and even sad, and, having withdrawn it, she waved it back, ever so little, her arm extended; but it was a prohibition queen-like, quite natural—even girlish, but not to be disobeyed.

"Why did God make you so beautiful and so pitiless?" said William, clasping his hands.

"Beauty is only in the eyes that see it. We are all as we are, sir—we can't change."

"'Sir!' You call me 'sir,' and you promised to call me 'Willie.'"

"'Twas in play."

"No—it was no jesting; I never was so in earnest in my life," said William, impetuously.

"There is a distance between us."

"There's no distance, Euphan; what shall I do to prove it?" wildly he answered.

"I don't mean rank—there's no rank," she said, carelessly. "The real gipsy was never a servant from the time the world began."

"Where is the distance, then?"

"Wide and wild as the sea," she said sadly, and smiled, and was grave again. "My mother told me, a Gorgio, long ago, married one of our people—a girl he fell in love with; it was but a fancy, it could not be more. It would not do—never; the tame and the wild bird should not mate."

"God made us all, Euphan; there's no such difference. I have read of your wild free life—there's nothing like it. Young men of wealth and birth have so fallen in love with it as to renounce all, and follow the fortunes of the camp, and chosen beautiful wives of your mysterious race, and lived free and happy, and every

year loved its liberty and beauty better, and never repented their choice, or thought with a sigh of the dull world they had left behind."

Euphan smiled a melancholy smile at these wild words:—

"If I thought you spoke in earnest, sir, you should see me no more. You shan't stay with me longer. Go your way home, Willie, as if you had not seen me. I'll talk no more now, for Euphan's heart is heavy."

"Euphan!" he said, wild and pale, "you are going; if I leave you now I shall see you no more. Swear—that if I leave you, you will return as usual!"

"I will," she said.

"You would not deceive me?" he pleaded.

"I'll go back, as you say, sir. I'll be thinking a bit here, alone; and I'll go to the house again, and see you just the same as ever."

The Squire looked in her face for a moment; it was pale and gentle, and the fires of her lustrous eyes were misty. In that saddened face was a look he could not doubt.

As he went homeward alone, a mad dream was whirling in his brain:

"Oh Euphan! if I thought you could ever love me best of all! Yes, the wild free life!—there's nothing like it; the miserable life that chains us to fear and drudgery is all a fallacy. Give me the life of the tent, the mountain march, the forest camp, the simple free republic, where mortals have time to think, and to enjoy, and live with nature—God's beautiful creation! Think no more of vain pre-eminence and tawdry competition, and the fever and lassitude of a shabby ambition. What a miserable slave I've been!—what a coward and a suicide! I've had enough of this. I have found courage at last. Beautiful Euphan! you are the spirit of liberty, who can break my chains, and lead me into an enchanted world!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

FURIOSO.

EUPHAN CURRAPLE kept her word. She was soon by old Martha's side again. She was very merry. Never had the old kitchen rung to pleasanter peals of laughter.

William heard these sounds, as he paced his study, in a tumult of fancies and feel-

ings. He opened the door, and leaned smiling at its side, with his arms folded. He hardly breathed, for the voice that was more silvery than choirs of angels in his ear was dimly audible in the merriment: and oh! how clear, and though the faintest, the only one he heard. He sighed, in his lonely rapture.

A world as new as the world of spirits was opening to him. These sounds of merriment were of good augury to him, he hoped. Had she thought over all he had said, and was she happy? Oh! if that friendless being could only love him as he loved her—hand-in-hand, through enchanted ground, they would walk henceforward together!

His darling was there—his idol, his muse, his beautiful spirit—and everything was interesting; the tick of his old Dutch clock was musical; the light of fairy-land was on the panels of his homely house. The look down the dim passage was a gaze into beautiful futurity. O Time! wing on, and bear him swiftly to the gate of his paradise!

Next morning, just as usual, Euphan was there, very merry, at breakfast with old Martha.

You are not to suppose that she was a useless visitor. Ready to lend a hand whenever it was needed—very quick, very neat was she, and could use her needle for half an hour as well as any. She was a wise adviser, too, in all household matters; and old Martha had come, by this time, habitually to consult her—obliquely and accidentally, as it were; for the old housekeeper had her pride of rule and care, but made no secret of her opinion that the lass had a good notion of housekeeping, and would make a very pretty housewife in time. And anything she did was pleasantly done, with a song or a story.

Now it was the last loitering five, or ten minutes after their last cup of tea, when Mall had gone to her work in the scullery, or among the poultry, and she and Mrs. Gillyflower were alone, each on her clumsy kitchen-chair, at the opposite side of the little deal table on which their cloth was spread—clumsy, but also beautifully white.

"There's a song I used to laugh at," said the handsome stranger, smiling down upon her hands that lay on the table—"about a poor girl that loved a prince, and the prince loved her, ever so much,

and he would have married her; but she bethought her how his father the king, and his mother the queen, would rate him, and his lords and great folk despise him, and how he would be made little of, and sorry—and all for her sake. And just because she loved him too well, she would not marry him—and wasn't she a big fool?"

"Never a bigger," acquiesced Martha.

"She was called Dun Alice, and he was the Lord of Linton, and a king's son. And will ye miss the song and the dances, and all the nonsense—and think of me when I'm gone away?"

And suddenly, leaning across the table, she kissed old Martha on the cheek; and Martha caught her close to her heart, and said:—

"Gone, lass! Ye shan't think o' that for mony a day. I would not know my old self, or the old house, or the fields without ye, my bonny rogue!"

And thus saying, old Martha rose abruptly, with a little laugh, and trotted away to the dresser, and then to the cupboard—or (as in that northern region they term it) the "catmallison"—and was busy over cups and flagons in an instant; for she did not choose people to see her eyes wet, and dried them hastily, with her back turned, and speaking hilariously all the time.

William was not likely to make a secret of his love anywhere. But he could not tell how Euphan might resent his letting Martha guess it, and therefore he had to act with circumspection. Sorely it tried him, as you may fancy, to know that she was so near, and yet so effectually hidden from him. As to reading, that was quite out of the question; equally so was his remaining in his study. He was in a state of sublime restlessness.

Quietly, with an unavowed fear of old Martha Gillyflower, he let himself out, gently, by the hall-door, and stood leaning on the outer edge of the porch, vainly looking for Euphan, listening for her voice.

Then the young Squire walked away through the trees to the right, and, making a detour, reached the wood of thorn and birch, oak and hazel, that skirts the moss, and so up again, by the Druid ring of tall stones—always, henceforward, an enchanted region for him.

Quite lonely it now was, and beyond it, through rugged glades of scattered

dwarf oak and birch, he still looked in vain.

He was in the *acme* of his fever—he could not rest. Those who measure all things by mundane prudences and proprieties will regard his infatuation with proper astonishment and disgust. There are others to whom it will appear essential true love, and in so far heavenly as it was uncontaminated by the sordid. The inner man, the *καρδία*, the spiritual man who is to live forever, is the shrine of every celestial affection. There reside the true and the loving in all human nature. If not there, both are extinct, and what is then that inner man? An immortal principle of evil, the Satanic lord of the tabernacle of the flesh, which is not, as in the happier man, a veil through which, as in the countenance, the glory of the inner love and truth shines forth; but a fixed and a goodly mask, within which lurks and rules a satanic stranger. When, from the celestial tenant in the other, shines forth a sudden truth or affection—how the heavenly spirits thrill with a strange delight! In this law is the life of what we call romance—that noble folly, which to some seems so ridiculous, and to others so beautifully wise.

William is now walking in his dream—in his delirium. The intoxication is not, as in some, selfish. Generous madness!—who can charm it into sanity, or impose on it the laws of plodding quietude? Will it listen to reason, or be strapped down on its bed? Alas! no; it will talk from its frenzy, and enjoy its suicidal liberty—and gather supernatural strength from its very mania.

Euphan liked, when the sun shone out, to sit on a stile, or under an old tree, or to wander up and down the hedgerows—with the dog by her side, or the bird's cage in her fingers—singing sometimes, sometimes silent, and sometimes talking to her mute companions.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STONE AND TREE.

MANY such excursions "the young Squire" made that day, in vain. It was in the evening, on the old weird ground, where, among the wild woods, stand the huge gray blocks of the Druid worship, that he saw his love at last.

"Euphan! I feared I was never to find you."

She laughed; and was not there, under her clear brown tint, a beautiful crimson, for a minute flooding up, and then ebbing softly away?

"How did this wild bird come to me?" thought William, as he looked on her with a tender wonder.

And so he began to talk, approaching that with which his heart was fullest.

"I told you I had read," he said, "of beautiful girls of your race, Euphan, who have married into ours, and they and their daughters have become great ladies; and they have continued to maintain friendship with their own people, and have done them, in their day, great services."

"They were bad gipsies, though," said Euphan, with a shake of her small head, and a smile. "There's but the one way—the wild life or the tame. They could never come back, like a bird that has been tamed; her own will shun her."

"But, oh! if she loved the man, could not she leave all, and be happy?" said William.

Again that beautiful tint dyed her cheeks. There was a silence, and her eyes were lowered to the fern, with which the tip of her slim shoe was fiddling.

"She might leave all, but she could not be happy, for she'd always know he'd a' done wiser to have married one of his own. But 'tis nothing to me," she said, with a slight fierce change, and her eyes glanced by his with a sudden flame; and then, with a cold contemptuous carelessness, she continued:—"I care for nothing—no one—not even myself. I'm a young lass—nineteen I count young—and I'm happy enough; let them settle their affairs that has such nonsense to manage, and when I hear the story 'twill make Euphan laugh heartv. There's many a man has been kind to me, and I'll give him my hand, and wish him luck from my heart, and glad to say a good-natured word to him; but for love, I don't know what it is, and for its sake I would not pluck that weed. That's not Euphan—she's not like that; there'll never live the man she'd walk a mile to meet, or fret an hour if he was to go forever."

She stood, pale, and smiling, with her fiery eyes on William, with a cruel pride.

The worst pain he had ever known was at William's heart as he looked on the graceful cold girl. For a little time he was silent.

"I won't leave you, Euphan, even for that," he said, in the low tone of a deeply wounded man. And so beginning, little by little, he recounted the wild story of his love—and on, and on, into passionate pleading. "Don't turn—don't go; it costs you but a moment's patience to hear me out, and when it's over you'll say you don't like me, and never can like me, or let me hope for your love."

"I *could* not say that, Willie," she answered, with her hands locked together, and looking at him, as he stood by her shoulder, with such a pale mournful face as painter never dreamed. "Willie, where was the use of breaking Euphan's heart? I wish I liked ye less—I might be happy then."

"O God!—my darling!" he said, and his face was pale, in his rapture, as that of a man who had received his death wound.

"Willie—Willie—Willie," she said, as gently as a child—each "Willie" sounding like a sob—"you don't know; you shouldn't a' spoke kind to me—you should a' let me go."

"Oh, Euphan!" he cried, with a dreadful thought, "you like some one else—you like another better!"

"Never, never!—no, Willie, never. There's none, and never was, but only you. But, for all that, the night ye found me in the storm, standing by the stone, 'twould a' been well if you had passed me by—or better," she said, with a sudden wild sob, "if ye had put your gun to my head and shot me."

The anguish of an uncertainty dashed his rapture: Proud, pale, happy, yet with the same strange anguish, he held her hand clasped in both his, and looked with dilated gaze for his unknown fate in her beautiful face. For a time not a word was spoken—he wondering, in tumultuous silence, what grief lay at the little heart that was so near him. At last he said, scarcely above a whisper:—

"Euphan!—Euphan, darling! say, I implore, what it is!"

"'Tis only—nothing; only Euphan's heart is sore."

"You don't doubt me? Oh, Euphan you are not so cruel. You said I was true-hearted," pleaded the young Squire. "You could not think me false."

"No; if I had a' thought that, I would a never looked at you," she said, with a cold

fierce smile and tone of disdain, that seemed to chill him; and she went on, like herself: "No, no, Willie—never, no; nothin' false in you—a gentleman, true and high—a one to live and die for. Oh, Willie! the world's all wrong." And with these words came a sudden gush of tears.

Hastily she laid her hands across her eyes, and turned, and walked hurriedly backwards and forwards within the circuit of the gray monumental blocks among which they stood. William followed; but with her hand, in her wayward mood, she impatiently pushed him back, and continued, with a passionate step, to walk to and fro.

She stopped, and looked up and down, and clasped her hands, and stamped.

"Oh! mad—mad! Did ye ever see a fool like Euphan? The sky, nor the grass, nor my own voice, nor nothing, is like itself—all's gone changed. I know ye so short a time, Willie, and can I never forget ye? The quiet times long ago!—children's very happy. Just a wee thing, four years old, stretching after flowers in the tarn. Oh! why didn't they let me drown that time, and this poor heart wouldn't a' been beatin' now!"

It seemed to Willie that this flood of feeling must be suffered to rush and eddy its own way into quiet; he had laid his arm against one of the huge old stones, and leaned, following her with the sad eyes and patient love that watch the tossings and ravings of sickness.

With a change of mood she came to his side, and laid her small Oriental hand on his shoulder, looking up into his face, with a sad childlike trust in her eyes. She said, very lowly and softly:—

"You've handsome hair—soft, rich brown. Ah! yes, my handsome Willie, that fought for me."

"My beautiful spirit! Here I found you," said he, enthusiastically.

"What will your fortune be, Willie?—what? I won't tell your fortune now. Well, am I to call ye 'Willie'?"

Though her eyes were upon him, it was not as if she asked Willie, but something else.

William Haworth smiled, and laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder, with the adoration of all his manly heart.

"I'll tell it to-morrow—shall I?—and Euphan's too. And I must have a bit of

your hair, mind—Willie's hair. "'Twill be a good fortune, and you'll be a great man. Some kind grief first and then all good after; and Euphan's will be a long one, and—a short."

As she spoke thus softly, as it were, to herself, with her fingers over his shoulder, she was choosing a lock of the silken-brown hair, that grew, in long curls, at the back of his head. It was quietly, as if she had a right to it, and she never asked him.

He smiled fondly down at her, as he might on a beautiful wayward child.

And now up come her tiny scissors, tied to thin blue-silk ribbon; and she snips off the lock of brown hair gravely, and holds it before her sad eyes, and then winds a little bit of red thread fast round it, and places it in her bosom.

She looked up now, with her pretty laugh.

"Ain't we queer cats, and never thinks o' one thing—no, not half an hour? Come, now; and look ye, we are going to be merry, now; cryin' comes in change and time; and time and change will dry our tears again, and I am going to make ye laugh with the dance we danced before. Ah, lad—if we had but a clever fiddler! I'll go home alone, mind."

She smiled over her shoulder as she turned away, and had reached the farthest stone of the ring, when she turned her head, stopping, and looking at him, said softly, to herself, "One other look;" and her look was all the sadder that her smile still lingered there, and then, with a little wave of her hand, away ran the pretty stranger, with a tread light and proud as a deer's.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BED UNTREASURED.

It was a merry evening at Haworth House. William smoked his pipe in the kitchen chimney-nook, for his half-hour, which grew to twice as long; and quaint song and dance made the hour hilarious, pretty, long remembered.

All is over now. He is in his study. The Dutch clock, in the firelight, ticks briskly; and its friendly face glows kindly over the young man's romantic dreams of the Robin Hood life that is before him, with his nutbrown maid. The passion so sublime, the scenery so wild—all that is so true and yet so visionary—

"All that time has disenchanted."

All the house, but this room, is dark now. In a little time more he, too, is in his bed, and fast asleep. Deep in the night comes a dream. How it began—what it was about—he forgets. Only he hears in it the wild song :—

“The hawthorn-tree
Is dear to me,
The elver-stone likewise—
The lonely air
That lingers there,
And thought, that never dies.”

The distant song, in his dream, sounded clear and sad. He started up, listening, with a beating heart. The notes seemed still in his ear. But the night-air was silent. The scenery of his dream had flown, and there was darkness only when he tried to recall it. It was as if he had dreamed only of a sweet voice issuing from darkness.

He sighed deeply, listening on. An unaccountable melancholy was heavy at his heart—that pure deep melancholy of a farewell in childhood, that hardly ever returns in after-life.

Yet, why should it last? All was a dream. Nothing is changed. And so, after a while, he falls asleep again, and no dream comes.

Early he awakes, and is out among the trees in the morning air, with the restlessness of a lover. All his future is sweet with the opening flowers, and sparkles in the morning sun, and rustles with the freedom of the forest.

But that morning a change is to befall him.

He is now back again in his study; and at some time past nine o'clock, old Martha comes in, in a great taking, and stands to harangue him without closing the door. Her jolly old face is pale; she gesticulates indignantly, and is in a great excitement.

What she had to tell was this: Euphan, the girl, had totally disappeared. It was no accidentally late ramble in the fields or woodlands. The red bag, with the things she had brought with her, was gone; her gray cloak, which she never took in her walks with her, was gone also. She had made her bed, and the forsaken room was neat as ever, and the flowers stood in the glass on the little table beside the window. She must have visited the bedside of Mall, for some silver in a little bit of blue silk

was pinned to the cover of her pillow, and a pretty little carved ivory needlecase, that Martha Gillyflower used to admire, was found tied round with a bit of silk ribbon in a bow, and in like manner pinned over old Martha's head. The hall-door and back-door were undisturbed; but the side-door, that opened on what was called the meadow, was unbarred, and through it she had gone.

William Haworth stands before her, like a ghost, speechless—his face ashy-white. For a long time he can't believe the story, and she has to repeat it over and over. Still he can't believe it—won't believe it.

He stalks by old Martha's side from room to room, to visit the evidences of the flight, in dumb half-credulous panic. Old Martha is at his elbow, denouncing, in her grim northern dialect, the ingratitude of the lass who has turned her back on her best friends without a “God-b'-wi'-ye,” and “out o' window wi' her like a bird, and, God knows, none but a daffy would wish her back, the graceless lass!”

“She's gone!” said William, wildly. “My God! why didn't you look after her? She's gone!—you've let her go! I shall never see her again; and I charge you with it all!”

He shook his hand in the air distractedly, as if he could have cursed her; and he looked so scared and furious that Martha could not “find,” as they say, “her tongue.” She stared at him, with her mouth agape, for the second that he stood thus—and then he was gone, and the hall-door clapped after him; and when she had recovered breath, she said :—

“Agoy! there's a rageous lad for ye! Here's a clitter-clatter! An' all this coil, an' rampin' an' rearin', acos a firligig lass like that takes the road by night, and off to seek autners, like that! Hev I bin winkin' all this time, en Willie in love wi' the lass! Who'd a' thought they wor so sly! Weel! I say, he shud nae hev made that undacent hirdum-durdum; she's a graceless lass, howe'er it be. But I sud-na ca' her a firligig; she's nane o' that lids. Na—na, pur thing! she was as harmless, and had as many tricks, as a kittling,” she continued, softening. “Bonny and winsome she was. I could a'most wimple like a child—but, oh! she'll come

back—she could not do so—she'll come again."

So old Martha—excited and disquieted—ruminated, thinking sometimes one thing, and sometimes another. Sometimes her anger was kindled against Euphan, who seemed in her eyes an artful "hizzy" who had ensnared the affections of the Squire of Haworth; and sometimes she fancied that she had flown to prevent her losing her heart to a gentleman quite out of her rank; and sometimes she thought only of the change, and how the hour would be dull without Euphan.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PURSUIT.

WILLIAM did not return that night—nor for two long years. During that time he travelled all England over. By woods and wilds, by moss and moor, wherever a fleeting gipsy camp was pitched, his wandering search was directed.

Euphan Curraple—any tidings of her? He would make it worth their telling. They should have what they asked for the discovery. These strange people listened to his earnest imploring appeals, gravely and civilly—sometimes thoughtfully—and spoke together in their own language; but always it ended in their saying that they knew no such person. People of the name they knew, but no Euphan Curraple.

He tracked his old adversary, Lusha Sinfield. That rogue did not like him, for a gipsy can bear most things better than being foiled at the game on which he prides himself by a "Gorgio." Still the Squire's money was as good coin as another man's, and William offered it freely for any tidings of Euphan.

The man eyed him with a dark steady gaze; he was civil, and heard him out, and was silent for a while after he had done.

Sinfield's gray and chestnut had been sold, I suppose; old Cowper was holding a cart-horse by a halter when the Squire reached them. They stood under a group of two or three trees at the edge of a common, where a little brook runs by, and meant to make a halt of some hours.

Sinfield looked out of the corners of his large dark eyes, as if at a distant object, and repeated: "Euphan Curraple! I can't say, I'm sure; I'll ask my partner."

And he turned on his heel, and walked

to his comrade. William's heart beat violently as he watched him, and a mist seemed to cover his eyes.

Sinfield leaned across the horse's back, and talked with his companion in their own tongue. The old gipsy looked hard at the Squire, as they talked low, for a while. Then the young man turned about, and told William, carelessly:—

"No—he don't know no such woman."

"Did you tell him all I said?" exclaimed William. "Here! I say—you're Cowper, I saw you at the fair—I'll pay you what you please, if only you'll tell me where I may hear anything of Euphan Curraple."

"There's many a woman might tell you," said the surly old fellow.

"Where?" asked William, with his soul at his lips.

"What is she to you?" Cowper replied, in turn, with a question.

"She was a guest at Haworth, and she's gone," he answered; "and we don't know what's become of her."

"And how should we?" answered Cowper, gruffly.

"Who are those women you spoke of," urged William, "who could tell me anything of her?"

"Such as lives in tents," said Sinfield; and Cowper nodded.

"Ay, 'tis them I mean," said the old man, who was now stuffing his pipe with tobacco.

"Gipsies?" said William.

"Why not?" answered Cowper.

"Are there any near here?" he asked, with a hope strangely rising into agony at his heart.

"There's five tents at Tarlton."

"That's about ten miles away?" said William, pointing with his arm northward.

"And a bit," added Sinfield.

The old fellow lighted his pipe.

"Is she with them?" asked William, awaiting the answer—with what feelings you may guess.

"Not as we know," interposed Sinfield; "you know more about that young woman yourself than me and Cowper does, I'm thinkin'."

"And—and what are they likely to tell me?" asked William.

"Cross their hands with gold and they'll tell ye," said the old man, sternly, at the same time carelessly.

And he and Sinfield both again looked hard at the Squire.

"Do they know?—Do you think they know?—How do they know?" asked William, all in a gush.

"By the planets, and the hand—how else?" said old Cowper, spitting on the ground.

"They'll tell you what they knows, and very like they'll tell ye what ye want."

"Come, now," said William, suddenly, "I know all about you. You and he, there, were pursuing that young girl Euphan Currale; and, for anything I know, you may have waylaid her as she went; and by——! if she's either hurt or missing, I'll make you out, though you were hid under a mountain; and if I don't hear of her within a week, I'll have a warrant from the nearest magistrate, and arrest you both."

Old Cowper looked at him from the corners of his eyes, and smoked on contemptuously.

"That's a d——d rum way to talk to honest men," said Sinfield, with a swarthy flush, and a dangerous gleam from his dark eyes. "How do you know we ever heard her name? I don't care a blast! I'm d——d if I ever saw her in my days! You're talkin' like that stick, mayhap; the oak ain't out o' your head yet."

And he switched his clenched hand, as if dealing a blow with his cudgel.

William saw the ridicule and folly of a new row with these fellows; and a moment's reflection assured him of the improbability that one so cautious and astute, and, one way or other, so well-informed about their movements, should in reality have misdirected her way, and fallen into that danger.

"Well," said William, "you may be good fellows enough, though I don't think you have much to boast about oak-sticks; but if you do know, you may as well tell, and I'll make it better for you than I said—I will, indeed."

"We knows nothing, him nor me, about her. D——n it! isn't once enough? Don't ye think we'd like what ye offers well enough? It takes a while at horse-dealin' to turn that money, I'll swear—doesn't it, Cowper?"

And Sinfield laughed angrily.

Cowper smoked on, listlessly. William waited in vain.

"Well, we shall see," said William, with

a heavy sigh. "I'll try the people at Tarlton, as you say."

"You'll give us something to drink, after all that?" said Cowper, as the Squire turned his horse's head away, and William threw him a shilling that was loose in his pocket. And after he had got some way, looking back suddenly, he saw the two gipsies looking steadily after him, and fancied they were conversing upon the interview that had just ended.

They did not turn away, or affect to conceal it; on the contrary, they continued to follow him with their eyes, steadily, till he was out of sight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A HOPE.

It was nightfall when the Squire of Haworth reached the common of the little village of Tarlton, and beheld the gipsy tents and fires dimly before the darkening screen of wood, under the shelter of a green bank.

He dismounted, and led his weary horse up to the nearest tent. Every man who is good for anything knows, or at least remembers, the flutter and yearning with which he approached the place where he suspects his beloved may possibly be. Let him magnify this a thousandfold, and bring it up to the point of anguish, and he will guess what William felt as he strode across the twilight grass, toward this solitary little camp of the gipsies.

And now he was among them, his horse by the bridle. They saw a tall young man, with something fine in his bearing—pale, melancholy, and with the light of an intense anxiety in his eyes.

People less shrewd would have known that a call at such an hour indicated an unusual agitation.

A tall handsome gipsy, with very dark face, and a bright-colored handkerchief about his neck, stood with his arms folded, and his feet apart, smoking in front of the tent. William hesitated. He would rather ask the women. An instinctive trust, in such a case, in feminine sympathy determined him. As he drew near, dogs barked, and a pet fox yelped, and a startled parrot screamed from the shadow of the tents of this pet-loving people. The man drove back the dogs without disturbing his pose or his pipe, with a backward cut or two of the switch he held, in the air.

"You'd like your fortune told?" the man asked, civilly.

The Squire assented, and a sibyl of the same dark race emerged—not a young woman, nor yet old—somewhere about eight-and-thirty, a dark black-haired matron, with a "rom" lying his length by the tent-fire smoking, and half-a-dozen wild little "charies" playing and gabbling together, and teasing a donkey.

So he crossed her hand and the fortune was told, and then again he crossed it; and they grew more confidential, and William made his tempting promises, and asked his earnest questions. She listened, and answered not, but signed to a girl who was lurking before a tent-door, and in a low tone gave her a message.

From a tent in the rear—the tent perhaps of the chief—she returned, accompanied by a mahogany-colored old woman, smiling, fierce-eyed; and the handsome girl who had summoned her, extending her arm, with the palm downward, indicated their visitor and his prophetess, and looking round the sky to guess the weather, or (as one might fancy) to read the stars, that had begun to glimmer, she stooped, and re-entered the tent from which she had come.

The old woman raised her dark bony arm, regarding the sibyl with a fixed smile, and William's dark-eyed sorceress left him, and talked for a minute or two with the crone, whose countenance changed not; though the Squire, who watched intently, saw that she made one or two gestures, that were solemn and grim, as she spoke.

The old woman departed, and the sorceress returned.

"No," she said, in the same calm tone, "we don't know such a person, nor no such name; but let me see your hand."

"Is she," thought William, "about to make a circuitous revelation of facts, by way of prediction? And does she mean thus to mark what she regards as a betrayal, and to secure the reward I promise?"

But when it came, the disclosure was only this—that the person he was most anxious to see had not gone the way he supposed, but southward, and that she would soon be in Devonshire.

No more could he expect.

With a heavy heart he wished her "Good-night," and rode slowly away.

"These people," he thought, "are a freemasonry—impenetrable and peculiar.

Their suspicion of us is profound. Their fidelity to their race is plainly incorruptible. Some irreparable disgrace attaches to the least betrayal; and the worst among them cannot be tempted to tell the secrets of the others. *There* is that Sinfield, who would injure her gladly, if he could; but he will not, for any sum I can offer, tell me one syllable about her; and yet he must know, generally, as he did before, something of her movements."

With the anguish of this thought, he rode his tired horse slowly through the twilight mist, toward the little inn of Tarlton.

But hope, that never leaves us absolutely or very long, soon returned, and pleased the Squire of Haworth with the same fancy that had cheered him before.

Sinfield, he thought, might have sent him on to the gipsy camp at this place, knowing that these people were possessed of the information that he sought; and they, in turn, clothed the fact he wanted in this prophetic guise, and, one day or other, might extract from his gratitude the reward they could not take on the terms on which it was offered. Thus once more the light of hope was kindled. If only he could see her face again, and plead his own cause with the wild despair and adoration of love!—she was not cruel; she would relent, and save him. Otherwise he must die!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WANDERER.

THE madness of the Squire of Haworth increased rather than abated, as weeks were added to weeks, and months followed months, and his wanderings led him to nothing, and hope deferred made the heart sick.

There was nothing he did not try—even advertisements in *The Times*, and offers of reward for information posted at country fairs. Every attempt of this kind resulted in—simply nothing. He had himself no faith in these devices, but it was worth knowing that he had left nothing untried. All his appeals were followed by inexorable silence.

North, south, east, west—all over England, and through its most devious paths, and unexplored moors and woods, and picturesque gipsy haunts, the young Squire pursued the phantom of his love, in vain.

Sometimes, as he rode, dejected, by

solitary paths, in moonlight, he would draw bridle suddenly, and listen, breathless, for a sweet voice, heard again for a moment, in fancy, and as suddenly lost, and waited and listened for in vain. Sometimes in darkening hollows, or in the shadowy forest-glades, the figure that haunted his imagination seemed to stand before him in the distance, and beckon him toward her.

Sometimes farther, sometimes nearer—in the picturesque ravines of Derbyshire, or in the nooks of wild and solitary Dartmoor—in his lonely travels, deep in the night, he has seen her—approached, and the illusion vanished; and under the bank or scaur where she seemed to be, he has sat down, and wept the bitter tears that are shed in solitude, and called her beloved name to the heedless rocks and bushes with a deepening sense of the irrevocable.

Heaven knows, in those days of exalted imagination and wild sorrow, how near to madness he may have been!

But Time, the consoler, works his slow but sure mercies. Not that consolation which grief, in its first wild agony, most fears—forgetfulness—or the subsidence of the first passionate affection; for who, in his wildest agony, would drink of the waters of Lethe, and think no more of the beloved and lost?

The chase is over—he will never see her more. In stilly evening, in the soft gloom, in the dark archways of the old trees, in the melancholy chasms of the ruins of Hazelden, or in the gloaming by “the hawthorn-tree” and “elver-stone,” he sees a beautiful phantom. Or when “the call” is on the air—that far-off sighing sound, by which, in the North-country, they foretell the coming storm—the lonely Squire sometimes hears, like a voice from another shore (so faint), the silvery laughter and sad tones of his love.

The tumult is ended, and the melancholy, which Hope disturbs no more, is come.

Two years have passed, and the Squire is at Haworth—at home. The broken thread of his old life is, as it were, re-knit.

Have these two years, filled with a wild episode, been quite lost? They will be the best remembered of all his life, though never told to any. They will sweeten and sadden all his future thoughts; and,

no doubt, they have wrought their good and enduring work upon a character elevated by suffering.

He has returned to his books and his work; graver, more thoughtful, more gentle he has grown. Otherwise, prudent people will see no change. It will just be, in their opinion, that William Haworth has returned to his senses—is quite sobered, and that his heart is once more in his sensible plans, and bent on winning his way in this arduous world.

But the romance of life is not over. While memory lives it will never die. There is no one to speak to—no one who cares, or will ever know about it, now. But it will never die, for a year or an hour, till William Haworth dies. A man's works and his words are not always his life. The real life of the man is his dream and his love. Blessed is he for whom both are high and pure!

William is working now as hard as ever, and things go on in their old humdrum way at Haworth, duller than before. For, never to return, a vision from a wonderful land has lighted up that homely place and vanished, and the walls seem to darken and contract; and talk is tasteless, and the air drowsy. Not for a long time will any one care to laugh there; and work is work, and something always wanting.

Old Martha for a long time used to look toward the fields, and the thorn-trees, and the half-hidden gray columns among the copse, in the untold hope that some day would see her returning “home,” with her old smile and song, and her arch pranks, to make Haworth alive again.

But never more was that to be; and so, gradually, the hope died out, and Haworth was just a gray old house, as before, and the moss a wide black sea before it, and the people lonely.

Old Martha's jealousy of the girl who had made Master Willie “daft” almost, had passed away, though it sometimes helped a little to reconcile her to her flight. Perhaps she was a little sore, too, at her leaving the old house and kind faces so easily. Also she missed her. And Mall's heart also was heavy, and her eyes filled, when she thought of her.

William's thoughts were for himself alone. Sweetbrier—Euphan was often thought of, but seldom named in that

house. It was like a place in which the darling of the house had died.

Great changes were coming in William Haworth's life—one of those sudden changes of destiny which sometimes befall poor men who are richly connected. A very simple series of events, no one very unlikely by itself, and turning upon the order in which so inevitable an event as death may reach some four or five people, will make a golden transformation in the life of such a man.

It was nothing in the fairyland of "Debrett." No title had reached him. It was simply an estate, the right to which two or three unlikely deaths had transmitted to him, with the swift zigzag of a flash of lightning.

He has not gone to India; no need now of any such emigration. New duties have grown up about him—occupations, privileges, cares. But he is unchanged—gentle, manly, generous still, the same in heart. He has long left the solitudes of Haworth, to which, however, for a month or so, he returns every autumn, and shoots a little over the moss and the heath, and fishes in the Dwyle, as in old times.

By stone and tree the midnight shadows come and go, but the beautiful phantom of his earlier youth has faded from year to year, and comes no more. Still in the deep well of memory, where secrets lie, he sees it. He can look, as men look in after-years upon a miniature, unseen by any, and solitary tears roll over the face that will smile no more in the light of those features.

But in the grosser light of the world his work must now be done. Its cares and labors are upon him. These are but the intervals.

Ten years have passed since the night when, with his gun on his shoulder, after the long march over the moss, he first saw Euphan Curraple, and offered her shelter, and placed her in the care of good old Martha Gillyflower. How far away it all seems now! How it has receded into perspective!

William Haworth is married. The kindest and truest of husbands, the gentle highborn lady, his wife, adores him. One beautiful child, a little girl now more than three years old, makes their house bright.

William is now a Member of Parliament, and has taken to his House of

Commons' work with the love of distinction and contempt of labor which belong to his energetic character.

Things are changed since the old life at Haworth.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DREAM.

THE Session is not over, although it is the first week in August. It cannot last many days longer. There will be no House to-night, and William has taken a long ride into the country. He takes the road by which his pretty wife and little girl are returning. That gentle lady, with their one little daughter, has passed the day before with a friend, some eight-and-twenty miles out of town.

William surprises the beloved travellers at the little wayside posting-house where they change their horses. Here he kisses his treasures, and they have their quiet little chat, and she thanks him with all her heart.

And then she says, as they get into the carriage, smiling in William's face, for he has mounted his horse, and he smiles down upon her, answering:—

"You know your promise? You are to go your own pace and your own way home, and you are not to ride by the carriage, where you'll be covered with dust; and we'll meet there, and talk ever so much."

"My good little darling is always thinking of other people," he answered, fondly.

"And you must—you'll promise?"

"I will—I do," he laughed.

"Well then, you must ride on before."

"Imperious little woman, I obey!"

And he smiled and nodded, and rode on.

There was nothing in particular to trouble William Haworth; but why was there, that day, the melancholy of a foreboding at his heart? As he reached the old Forest of Epping he had slackened his space. Sunset was approaching. The gold and red were in the western clouds, and the amber-and-green tints of evening in the sky, across which, with a drowsy cawing—the only sounds upon the air—the crows were sailing homeward to their cover.

Just in that transitory light, "a fairer sadder scene" he could not have fancied. He dismounted, and led his horse along

the edge of the road, hoping that the carriage might overtake him, as it soon did. And so a ten minutes' ramble was agreed on; William leading his horse, his pretty wife engrossed with the laughing care of the child, that was toddling and running and tumbling on the grass, as it gravely prattled to itself, or laughed, with arms extended, and hands half-open.

There is a melancholy in the distant future as well as in the retrospect, and, looking at our children, the long vista opens, and "the summers that we shall not see" are in our thoughts.

William held his horse by the rein, on a little eminence among the old trees. Some gipsy tents showed in the foreground, at the edge of the thicker forest, and, saddened by association, the sight stole him slowly away into dreamland. And as he stood there in his reverie, among the faint sounds, over the soft lights of sunset, a sweet voice floated from the distant wood.

What is that? Like a voice from the land of spirits, the old song trembles on the evening air:—

"The hawthorn-tree
Is dear to me,
The elver-stone likewise;
The lonely air
That lingers there,
And thought that never dies.

"In evening glow
The may will blow,
The stone a shadow cast;
And stone and tree
A field will be,
As in the summers past.

"And words as dear
Will others hear
Beneath the hawthorn-tree,
In leafy May,
At fall of day,
Where I no more shall be."

The long note died into silence, and came no more. With a strange sense of unreality, and a wild tremor of his heart, the Squire of Haworth walked down the gentle slope, over the ferns and daisies, toward the tents. At the door of one of them he saw his wife talking with a gipsy-woman. He followed, and leaving his horse's bridle in the hand of a man who was smoking his pipe, leaning against a cart whose shafts were in the air, he stooped, and entered the soft shadow of the wattled tent. Very neat, singular,

even pretty, were its arrangements, and a gleam of the evening sun, touching it, lighted a portion of the interior with a softened glow. As in a dream, William took his little child's hand in his, and stood, and "hearing heard not and seeing saw not," for it seemed all a vision.

"Send Euphan here," said the gipsy matron, stooping, and speaking through the tent-door.

"And now I'll tell your fortune, please, ma'am," said this grave polite matron, with the large dark eyes of her race. His wife smiled over her shoulder as she submitted her hand to the soothsayer, and in a minute more the low measured talk began, and in another minute Euphan was in the tent. A chill passed over William, as if he would have fainted. He saw her plainly as she saw him. Ten years had passed, and yet she was as beautiful, he thought, as ever, except for the sadness in her face—that was a change.

He felt that she knew him, but she showed no sign—not the least—of recognition. This perfect self-command and presence of mind, in a people by nature so fiery and impetuous, is a strange evidence of the dangers through which the race has passed. She came, and said some words he did not hear, and took his hand, and in her low sweet voice told his fortune thus:—

"You have married a very good lady, that is highborn and beautiful, and loves you well. You are very honorable, and you will be always true to her, and love her to the end of your life. You have one little child, and it will be beautiful, and good to you. And you have had sorrow, and you have passed it by, and it is over now. And you are kind to the poor, and would like to make them happy; and there's many a one that likes you, and wishes you well. And though you are so kind, you are very brave, and would fight for them you like, and spare none, nor your own blood. And there's some that were ungrateful, and some you thought ungrateful that never were so, but loved you well; for the good you do is not lost, though you may forget it. And there once was one that you thought ungrateful, and that person is single still, and will die single; and she thinks still of that one that was best to her of all the world, and so will to the end of her years, though she'll never see you more, nor you her."

And gently she let go his hand, and she laid hers caressingly on the head of the child, and looked on the golden locks, that resembled her father's in his earlier youth, and in the true deep-blue eyes, that also were like his—and she smiled. He saw the even little teeth, as in the old times at Haworth.

“And will ye keep this, darling, from the gipsy girl?” And very gently she placed a curious little old-fashioned locket, that she took from her breast, tied with a red ribbon, in the child's hand.

And the little girl turns up her large blue gentle eyes wonderingly, and with some awe, looking into the wild and tender smile of the gipsy.

And Euphan caught her up softly, and folded the child in her arms, and kissed it over and over again, smiling; and as she sat it down, a voice called to William, and a gentle hand touched him, and he turned to his smiling wife.

“Yes, darling,” he said, laying his hand upon her arm, as people do who want a moment's pause; and when he turned again, Euphan was gone, and he never heard her voice again, and never saw her more.

The last beams of the setting sun lighted them on their returning path, and William Haworth rode slowly home, and in the twilight, communing with his own thoughts, wept bitterly.

Temple Bar.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENAYE, A.D. 841.*

BY SIR EDWARD CREASY.

No. I.

“Lothair relied on his claims recognized by the clergy; the Germans, combined with the southern French, challenged him to submit them to the judgment of Heaven by battle. Then it was that the great array of the Frankish Empire split into two hostile masses: the one containing a preponderance of Roman, the other of Germanic elements. The former defended the unity of the Empire; the latter demanded, according to their German ideas, its separation. There is a ballad extant on the Battle of Fontenaye, in which one of the combatants expresses his grief at this bloody war of fellow-citizens and brethren:—

“On that bitter night in which the brave fell, the skilful in fight.”

For the destiny of the West, it was decisive.”—*RANKE*, “Hist. Reformation,” vol. i., p. 13.

It is now nearly twenty years since the “Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World” were first published. During that time, I have received many suggestions as to other battles, that might be included in the catalogue of “Decisives:” and the events of the three great wars since 1850,

—of the Crimean War, the American War, and the War between Austria and Prussia,—have more than once made me think that I ought to add a sixteenth, and possibly a seventeenth, to my list. But, after careful reflection, it has always seemed best to leave the old number unaltered. With respect to recent battles, the fact that they are recent is, of itself, enough to forbid any one of them being, at present, recognized as one of “those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world, in all its subsequent scenes.” Let us, for a minute, consider the recent battle, which has been the very greatest of them in its immediate result. I mean the battle of Sadowa. Austria now appears to be thoroughly humiliated by that defeat, and to be thrust down from her old station in the highest rank of European States. Prussia appears to be elevated and aggrandized in even a higher proportion. But Austria has been as low before, and yet has rallied. In 1618, a victorious army of insurgent Bohemians were pouring their bullets into the very Archducal palace at Vienna; the sovereignty of Austria (afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand II.) was urged by a deputation from his own hereditary States to capitulate.

* This decisive battle shows the historic divergence of the two races, German and French.
—[*Editor of the ECLECTIC.*]

late ; but he stood firm, and his firmness was rewarded, in two years, by the recovery of Bohemia, and by the conquest of the Palatinates. In 1631, Austria lay again defeated, and apparently helpless and hopeless. There seemed to be no existing power that could save her from dismemberment by the conquering sword of Gustavus Adolphus. Again the tide turned in her favor ; and after a long vicissitude of victory and defeat, she emerged from the Thirty Years' War, scarred and weakened by many blows, but still a first-class European power. In 1683, it appeared impossible that she could be rescued from the Hungarians, whom she had driven into insurrection by her tyranny, and from the victorious Turks, who were besieging her capital. Yet in fifteen years from that time Austria had driven her enemies south of the Danube ; she had half conquered Bosnia and Servia ; and her armies might have advanced to Constantinople, if the Emperor Leopold had not preferred to close his triumphant warfare in the east, and to prepare for the expected war of the Spanish succession in the West. In 1740, at the accession of Maria Theresa, France, Spain, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria—almost every European power except England, Holland, and Turkey—joined in making war upon a young and apparently feeble sovereign ; and the dismemberment of the Austrian dominions seemed to be inevitable. Yet the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, left Austria impaired only by the loss of Silesia, and, in the main, strong, victorious, and with the different parts of her wide dominions far better knit together than before the war. Let us come to events nearer to our own age ; let us view the Austria, that struggled so often, so tenaciously, but for a long time so calamitously against revolutionary and imperial France. How precarious must her chance, not merely of retaining her old dignity in Europe, but of preserving her independence and national existence, have appeared after Austerlitz ! After Wagram, it was more frail and desperate still. Yet she survived, to be the recognized chief among the allied powers, that conquered her late conqueror ; and her sovereigns exercised for more than thirty years (from 1814 to 1848) more authority than had been enjoyed by any of their predecessors since the times of

Charles V. After tracing such alternations in Austria's fortunes during the past, the man must be a bold one who confidently predicts them for the future. There may be more Radetzky's still among her armies, capable of changing reverse to victory, and of rivalling the military fame of Tilly, of Wallenstein, of Mercî, of Montecuculi, of Lorraine, of Eugene, of Dahn, and of the Archduke Charles.

On the other side, it is enough to remember Jena, if we want to find in history a lesson, how a single great military reverse may, in a few hours, turn back the triumphant career of a great military monarchy.

To use a forensic metaphor, the verdict of Sadowa may be set aside, and may be reversed on a new trial ; and while there is any reasonable possibility of this being the case, the arbitrament of battle given at Sadowa—grand and terrible as it undoubtedly was !—cannot be accepted as decisive and final. At least, a generation must pass away before it can be so regarded. The historian in such matters is right in following the course, which Horace censures in the Critic,

“ Qui redivit ad Fastos, virtutemque æstimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit.”

I turn back, therefore, to the battles of former times ; and among them I find one, marked by Palgrave as memorable in the history of mankind ; a conflict followed by a treaty of which (to quote Palgrave's words) “ the history of modern Europe is an exposition.”* This is the battle of Fontenaye, which was fought on the 25th of June, A.D. 841, between the forces of the Emperor Lothaire, aided by the Aquitanians under their young Count Pepin, on one side, and the forces of Lothaire's two brothers, Louis le Germanique, and Charles le Chauve, on the other. I do not absolutely class it as equal in importance to the fifteen, which I, many years ago, selected, and to the list of which I still adhere. But Fontenaye is one of the three which seem to me to rank next to the fifteen ; and it is certainly the battle, which I had most often been disposed to group with them. It would have found its place, in due chronological order, between the battle of

* “ History of Normandy and England,” vol. i. p. 346.

Tours, fought in 732, A.D., and the battle of Hastings, fought in 1066.

Fontenaye decided the separation of modern Germany from modern France. It is scarcely possible to open a history of modern Europe, and to read many consecutive pages in it, without noticing the persistent antagonism of Germany and France, and without feeling how much their rivalry has influenced the course of events throughout Christendom, and, indeed, throughout the world. When, after the Capetian had succeeded to the Carolingian dynasty, France, under Philip Augustus, began to acquire consolidation and power, we see the Emperor Otho attacking her, but driven back by the important victory which King Philip obtained, in 1214, over Otho and his German troops, and over Otho's English allies under the long-sworded Earl of Salisbury, at Bovines. We see the Emperor Frederick II., in the thirteenth century, checked in his schemes of conquest; and we see the last of the Hohenstauffens cut off from the face of the earth, through the aid given to their Papal enemies by French princes and French armies. The fourteenth century shows us the Emperor Louis of Bavaria forming an alliance with our Edward III.; the fifteenth century shows us the Emperor Sigismund confederated with our Henry V. against France. Then comes the rivalry of Maximilian with Charles VIII. and Louis XII.: and then follows the still more memorable series of contests between Charles V. and Francis I. Add to all this the effective share taken in the Thirty Years' War by Cardinal Richelieu and his generals against the Imperialists. Hostility against the Empire by open warfare or state intrigue, or by both, marked nearly the whole of the long reign of Louis XIV. In his successor's time, though France, when she engaged in the Seven Years' War, took the unusual part of a confederate of Austria, it was against a North German power that she was contending, when she lost Rosbach. On coming nearer to our times, we find a number of battles between French and Germans, which, if set out in full, would occupy pages. Valmi, Jemappes, Stockach, Arcola, Marengo, Hohenlinden, Ulm, Jena, Aspern, Wagram, Lützen, Dresden, Leipzig, are but a few of them. These were all in the times of the first French Repub-

lic, and the first French Empire. In the journals of our own age we have read of Solferino; and few will now affirm with confidence that there will be no renewal of warfare between Frank and Teuton before the close of the present century, or even before the close of the present year.*

Yet, when at the beginning of that first part of modern history, which is commonly called "Mediæval," Germany and France were emerging into civilization, the one out of her primitive free barbarism, the other out of the chaos created by the downfall of the ancient Roman Empire of the West, they were both under the same ruler,—they both formed parts of the same new empire,—of an empire well knit together, and which seemed in no way likely to be so cloven asunder, that out of it there should be formed on the two opposite sides of the Rhine, two nations widely differing from each other in national character and in language, and destined to strive against each other for centuries, of which we know not yet the end.

The most striking characteristic of the empire, which Charlemagne founded, and which he long maintained, is not its extent—though that is certainly marvellous; but the unity, and the organization which he established within its ample frontiers. He reigned over all the countries from the Elbe to the Ebro; and he reigned over them, not as Oriental conquerors have often reigned over regions almost equally vast—without any fixed system, or any real subordination of the conquered population to their titular sovereign: Charlemagne maintained an orderly, an homogeneous, and a firm government; a few only of the more distant, and most recently acquired provinces, were mere tributaries retaining their own laws. The old veneration for the Imperator—the Cæsar of the ancient Roman rule—had never died away: and when Charles, on the Christmas Day of the year 800, was solemnly crowned at Rome by Pope Leo, and was proclaimed "Cæsar Augustus," he acquired an accession of dignity, in the eyes of his subjects of every race, such as no number of victories in the field could of themselves have bestowed on him.

* I might have added, "before the close of the present month."

All things at this time tended, throughout reviving western and central Europe, to promote the idea that the sole, true form of government for its various nations, was to unite them, and to keep them united under one supreme temporal head—the Emperor, beneath whose centralizing sovereignty they were to form one State, even as beneath the paramount supremacy of the Pope in things spiritual they were to form one Church. Thus only could effectual resistance be made to the Mahometan enemies of Christendom,—enemies who professed obedience to one true Caliph, and whose triumphs were attributed to the divisions, which had existed among those whom they assailed.

The clergy zealously preached the duty of loyalty to the Emperor. They thought that the unity of the Empire was essential for the unity of the Church. Moreover, the Cæsar who in one part of the ceremony of an imperial coronation had been anointed by the Pope, ceased to be a mere layman. The passages of Scripture, which enjoin reverence to the Lord's anointed, were quoted, as applying to the "Cæsar, always August, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans." This sentiment was felt as strongly to the west as to the east of the Rhine. To the very last, amid the fatal feuds of the descendants of the great Charles, the clergy appealed to it, and strove to revive it. To the very last, they protested against the breaking up of the united dominion; and they long uttered in their uncouth Latin verses their passionate regrets for the time when there was one kingdom, and when all the races of mankind comprised within that kingdom were blended together as a single people.

Charlemagne's successor on the throne of his mighty empire was his son, the Emperor Louis, whom French chroniclers have termed Louis-le-Débonnaire,—a phrase which may perhas be best translated as, Louis the Meek. He was a prince not deficient in understanding or in learning, or even in personal courage. But he had a gentleness and pliability of disposition, which was fatal to a ruler placed in such an arduous station. Very submissive to the Church, but swayed also in his latter years by his second wife, and passionately fond of his younger children, he was easily led to join in schemes for providing for them by grants of dominion

carved out of the empire. He was, on the other hand, unable to resist the authority of his churchmen in the great council, which was held at Aix-la-Chapelle in 817. Bishop Agobard, speaking in the name of the clergy of the realm, exclaimed, that "the empire must not be divided: it must be one empire." It was accordingly decreed that, on the death of Louis, the undivided sovereignty should pass to his eldest son, Lothaire, who was recognized as Emperor even in his father's lifetime. The younger brothers were to bear the title of kings, and they were to rule provinces under him; but they were to pay him homage and tribute: they could not make peace or war without his sanction; they were liable to be deposed by him, if they were contumacious to the imperial will.

When Louis-le-Débonnaire closed, in 840, a reign full of dissensions, calamities, rebellions, and civil wars, his eldest son, the Emperor Lothaire, on whom, according to the constitution of 817, the whole imperial sovereignty was now to devolve, was actual ruler over Italy; and he had numerous partisans in the other provinces of the empire. Another son of Louis-le-Débonnaire, who is called in history Louis-le-Germanique, was ruling in Germany; and the younger brother, Charles the Bald, was in power in central and northern France. The south of France and the imperial possessions in northern Spain were under the government of a young prince of the Carolingian family, named Pepin, who was the child of a deceased son of the late Emperor.

Lothaire was determined to be Emperor, in fact as well as in title, over the whole dominions of Charlemagne. He required that every man throughout the empire should take the oath of allegiance to him, Lothaire, as sovereign lord and master. The penalty for refusing or neglecting to do this was death.

Lothaire's nephew — young Pepin of Aquitaine, who had been hard pressed by Charles the Bald—was willing to acquiesce in Lothaire's permanent and effective sovereignty. But with German Louis and Charles the Bald the case was far different. Each of them was resolved to keep a firm grasp on the provinces which he held, and to hold himself free from all control or interference. They were willing to allow to their elder brother, as the

Emperor Lothaire, a ceremonious acknowledgment of his high rank, and a titular precedence in all state formalities; but neither of them would abate one jot of his independent power. Each of them probably felt that, in order to be safe, he must be powerful; and it was an age in which treachery and perjury had been so abundant, that no man could trust his life to the security of oaths or compacts. None of the three sons of Louis-le-Débonnaire was likely to feel any scruple about engaging in this war of the imperial succession, on the ground of its being a war of brother against brother. They had all three become well practised in fratricidal animosity, by several former wars of the same character. Two of them had been repeatedly in arms against their own father.

Neither Louis-le-Germanique nor Charles-le-Chauve was strong enough to contend single-handed against the Emperor Lothaire. They leagued together, accordingly, to oppose their elder brother; and, on the other side, young Pepin of Aquitaine became the willing confederate of the Emperor against the Kings of Germany and France. The greatest possible preparations were made on each side for the coming contest, which all parties intended to be final and conclusive. Each ruler drained the provinces under his command of their best troops, and each drew his army nearer to the expected central scenes of conflict, leaving the frontiers of the empire totally unguarded, and the estuaries of its great rivers unprotected, as if the world around the imperial dominions had contained none but friendly or feeble tribes, and as if a season of external calm had been secured, during which the grandsons of Charlemagne might fight out their rival pretensions to the inheritance.

Yet it was a time, when the most complete union and co-operation of the princes and powers of every kind that the empire contained, were required for defence against foreign enemies; and when the removal of the armies from the frontiers left the wretched population that dwelt near them a helpless prey to the almost incessant attacks of ferocious barbarians.

Charlemagne's Empire had been founded by the sword, and it could be upheld only by the sword. Throughout his long reign, that monarch had been engaged in nearly unremitting warfare against the Ma-

hometans of the south, and against the still pagan nations of Europe to the east of his dominions. His wars are called wars of conquest, and he is reproached with having been ambitious. He may have been, and he probably was so; but it is certain that most of the wars which brought him conquest, were wars essentially necessary for his defence. He reigned over a civilized and a wealthy realm; and he might justly boast that much of its civilization and wealth was due to him. It was his duty, as it must have been his pride, to protect that wealth and civilization. But beyond his realm—along many of its landward boundaries and on the opposite coasts of its seas—there were whole nations of warriors, poor, uncivilized, but possessing a not inconsiderable amount of military institutions and discipline; men of great personal strength and natural high courage; men whose very religion taught them to love warfare and to despise danger. By his wars against the pagan Germanic tribes of the Continent, Charlemagne prevented them from assailing and destroying the civilized empire which he had raised; and, by the strong hand of conquest, he moulded many of the fiercest of those nations into most valuable members of his empire. It was not until the old age of the great Emperor, that the Scandinavian kinsmen of Germans whom he had subdued, appeared, in their piratical fleets, along the coast of Gaul. But before his death they had begun to infest even the Mediterranean. Charlemagne is said to have seen with his own eyes a squadron of those northern sea-rovers enter the port of a city in Southern Gaul, where he was residing for a time. They were soon driven off by the Emperor's forces; but Charlemagne watched them from the window of his tower long and anxiously, until the last sail disappeared from the horizon. He then turned to his attendant nobles, and they saw that he had tears in his eyes. Observing their surprise, he said to them, "Do you know, my friends, why I weep? It is not that I fear for myself any ill from these corsairs. But I mourn that they should approach this shore, even while I am living; and my grief is bitter when I think upon the miseries which they will bring upon my descendants, and upon the coming generations of my people." Charlemagne knew probably the weak character of his heir in the empire, and he foresaw that Louis-le-

Débonnaire would never adopt the bold, vigorous policy which his sire would probably have chosen, and have followed out, if the Scandinavian sea-rovers had appeared on the imperial coasts a few years earlier, —the policy of equipping adequate armaments for an effective attack on the pirates in their own dens, so as to stop their maraudings abroad by conquering them at home. But Charlemagne, though he predicted that this new enemy would bring evil upon his empire, could never have foreseen the extent of that evil, or how it would be encouraged by the intestine dissensions of Frankish princes one with another. Throughout the reign of Louis-le-Débonnaire, the Northmen harassed the empire with continually increasing audacity. But still some attempts were made by the Franks to protect the seaboard, and at any rate to check the invaders from penetrating far into the interior. For this last purpose, forts were built and troops were stationed along the lower courses of the great rivers, to prevent the piratical flotillas from sailing up them, and plundering the wealthy cities along their banks. But now the descendants of Charlemagne —intent only on their struggle with each other—called together for the civil war the garrisons and detachments which had hitherto, to some extent, performed this important duty against the Scandinavian spoilers. The natural result was that the Northmen now penetrated regions, which had hitherto been free from their devastations. In the second year of the civil war, in 841, Jarl Oskar (one of the most renowned among the sea-kings of the North) sailed up the unguarded estuary of the Seine, and sacked and burned the great city of Rouen.

The Northmen were the most terrible, but they were not the only foreign foes of the empire at this crisis. The Saracens of lower Italy boldly assailed the centre and north of that peninsula. Fleets of other Mahometans—from Northern Africa and Spain—cruised along the wasted coasts of the Northern Mediterranean; they sailed up the Rhone, and established fortified posts along its banks, whence they marauded over Provence and Burgundy. In East Germany, many of the Slavonic tribes, which Charlemagne had subdued, were in insurrection against the dominant Teutonic race. These insurgents were largely aided by their brethren from beyond the Elbe

and the Oder. The whole Carolingian Empire seemed to be encircled with fire and sword by foreign foes; while its chiefs, neglecting the pressure and the peril from without, armed themselves and their followers, and concentrated all their resources for internal warfare of the most rancorous and desperate description.

Hostilities commenced in 840—the very year of their father's death. Lothaire, who appears to have been over-confident in his strength, crossed the Alps northward with a hastily prepared army, but received a severe check from the Germans, who adhered to his brother Louis; and a division of his troops, which had been sent by him to operate westward of the Rhine, was defeated near Chalons. But these were mere preliminary blows, aimed and given before either party was in full strength. During the winter of 840, and the spring of 841, they completed their preparations. Lothaire again took the offensive, and marched through south-eastern into central Gaul. He had many adherents among the Burgundians, and he took a station near Auxerre, where he waited until he should be joined by his nephew, Pepin, and the contingents of Aquitaine, Navarre, and Upper Arragon.

Meanwhile, King Louis and King Charles had completed their levies; and had joined each other in a march to confront Lothaire. The intelligence of the sack of Rouen by the Northmen reached King Charles about this time, and caused him so much alarm, that he and his brother, Louis, opened negotiations with Lothaire. The Emperor affected to entertain them cordially, and pretended a vehement desire to be reconciled to his brethren; but this was only done by him in order to gain time for the coming up of the Aquitanian reinforcements. On the 24th of June, young Pepin and his troops entered Lothaire's camp, and the Emperor then scornfully dismissed his brothers' messengers, and refused to listen to any more words of peace. The confederate Kings then formally bade him battle. Lothaire haughtily accepted their challenge, and called on them to name the time and place. They answered, "Let the time be to-morrow morning, two hours after midnight; the place Fontenaye." "So be it," replied Lothaire; and each solemnly appealed to the coming battle as to the judgment of Heaven between them.

There are no means for ascertaining the real numbers that fought, or the real numbers that fell, on either side at Fontenaye. We cannot gain any clear idea of the array of either army; of the tactics, if any, that were followed; or of the movements of the respective troops immediately before the battle, and while it was raging. But we have the rare advantage of possessing two original contemporaneous accounts of it, written by men of high rank, who were present at the engagement,—and written by men on different sides. One of these accounts is to be found in a rhythmical Latin poem written by Count Angelbert, a devoted partisan of the Emperor. Count Angelbert's brother, Count Nithard, fought on the other side, as a follower of King Charles-le-Chauve. The King had requested Nithard to write a chronicle of the war; and it is in the chronicle so written that we find the best narrative of the battle of Fontenaye, and the events connected with it. Both brothers were brave men, and both survived the battle. Angelbert tells us, in his simple soldier Latin, that he fought in the front rank, and that at the battle's close no one except himself, out of the many warriors who had made up the imperialist front rank in the morning, was standing alive on Fontenaye.* We know no more of the personal history of Angelbert. Count Nithard survived, and did his duty bravely to the King, whom he served, for a few years longer. He was then killed by a blow from a Northman's battle-axe. Both brothers speak deplorably of the terrible carnage that was wrought by Christians upon fellow-Christians at Fontenaye. This thought seems to have predominated in the minds of both over their party feelings. The battle seems to have been obstinately contested for the greater part of the long summer day; and the slaughter wrought in such prolonged strife, between large masses of infantry fighting hand to hand (which was the general mode in which Frankish warriors fought), must have been enormous. The

Emperor Lothaire appears to have gained a temporary advantage, in the part of the field where he fought in person. Count Angelbert praises his Cæsar's personal valor, and complains of the faint-hearted and treacherous followers who failed to emulate their sovereign's prowess. But, eventually, the Imperialists were forced off the field: the victory was with King Louis and King Charles; but it was a victory so dearly won, that they were unable to pursue the beaten foe, and to complete the ruin of his army. The conquerors halted on the battle-field; and they were filled with remorse, according to Count Nithard, at the extent of the slaughter of Christian warriors. His brother's stanzas mourn over the carnage and wreck of the Frankish race, which heaped up village, fountain, and stream, field, grove, and marsh, at Fontenaye. In scriptural phrase he prays that neither dew nor rain may ever descend upon the accursed place, "where fell the brave, the skilled in fight." *

But though he had inflicted such dreadful loss on his brothers' armies in the battle, that their realms remained almost drained of defenders, and the Northmen thenceforth spoiled Gaul at their will, without meeting any resistance worthy of the old renown of Frankish valor, the Emperor Lothaire felt that his ambitious scheme of uniting France, Germany, and Italy under his single sceptre, was baffled forever at Fontenaye. His troops had suffered still more severely than the victors. Many of the nobles and of the prelates north of the Alps, who had been willing to support him while he appeared likely to be successful, fell off from him after his defeat. He, like his brothers, had already drained the resources of the regions which formed the stronghold of his power. He, too, had foreign enemies, who devastated his exposed frontiers. The war lingered a little longer, but there were no more battles. It was, however,

* "Hoc autem scelus peractum,
Quod descripsi rhythmicæ;
Angilbertus ego vidi:
Pugnansque cum aliis,
Sols è multis remansi
Prima frontis acie."

See *Angilbertus de bello quod fueret Fontaneto*,
"Rec. des. His." vii. 304.

* "Fontanetum fontem dicunt
Villam quoque rusticæ,
In quâ strages et ruine
Francorum de sanguine:
Horrent campi, horrent silvæ,
Horrent ipsæ paludes.

Gramen illud ros et imber,
Nec humectet pluvia;
In quo fortes occiderunt,
Prælio doctissimi."

Angilbertus, ut supra.

during this languid last part of the war, that a compact was made between Charles and Louis, of little consequence in itself, but of the greatest possible interest to the philologist, and of very great importance to the historian; because the language, or rather the languages, of that compact have been preserved. Anticipating a second campaign against the Emperor, the two Kings took again an oath of alliance with each other; and each took it in the presence of the other's army. Each, therefore, employed a language which the other's soldiery understood. King Charles-le-Chauve's oath was pronounced in German; but King Louis-le-Germanique, in order that he might be intelligible to the followers of King Charles-le-Chauve, pronounced a form of oath in the language then current in the country, which had formerly been Gaul, and had not yet acquired the name of France. The staple of that language is the Latin dialect of the old Romano-Gallic provincials; but it was largely affected by terminations and idioms belonging to the old German language of the Franks. It shows that the conquering Germanic tribes,—the Franks, the Burgundians, the Goths, and the Suevi, and others, who had planted themselves in Gaul,—were now beginning to blend with the numerically superior population, which they had conquered. It shows that the natural time was now coming for Frankish victors and vanquished Gallo-Romans to form one nation, distinct from the Germans, who remained on the eastern side of the Rhine.

A congress—with a view to a permanent pacification between Lothaire, Louis, and Charles—was opened at Coblenz, in 842. Its avowed object was the division of the Empire between those three. Young Pepin of Aquitaine was sacrificed without scruple. After numerous surveys, calculations and discussions as to boundaries, there was a final meeting at Verdun, in 843; and then the treaty was executed, which attests the permanent effect of the battle of Fontenaye, in making Germany and France separate and independent

realms. The treaty purported to deal primarily with the interests of Lothaire. He, as the eldest of the three—as anointed Caesar Augustus—took Italy and Rome, the ancient seat of empire. By virtue of the same Imperial dignity, he claimed and received Charlemagne's capital, Aix-la-Chapelle. To join these two capitals (and probably with the wish of effectually parting his brothers' kingdoms), Lothaire had also assigned to him a long narrow territory, called Lotharingia, stretching from the Alps and the Mediterranean to the North Seas,—having the Rhine on its east, and the Rhone and the Moselle on its west. Part of this territory still bears the name of Lorraine. This part of the treaty is very important. It deprived the new realm which was about to become France, of the old frontier of the Rhine, which had been enjoyed by ancient Gaul. The other main parts of the treaty of Verdun are those which assigned in full and independent sovereignty to Louis-le-Germanique Charlemagne's dominions east of the Rhine; and to King Charles-le-Chauve all that lay to the west of the portion given to the Emperor Lothaire. King Charles thus took as an independent sovereign, Neustria, Brittany, and Aquitaine. These, with additions in after ages, became the kingdom of France.

The crowns of Italy, Germany, and France were, in 885, united on the head of Charles-le-Gros; but this reunion was brought about almost casually, and had no permanence. With this nominal exception (and, perhaps with the exception also of the brief period for which Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, was also Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and practical, though not titular, master of defeated Austria and Prussia), the judgment of battle given at Fontenaye, and ratified at Verdun, has been decisive. Germany and France have steadily preserved their mutual independence, and have too constantly exhibited a mutual antagonism in the long and tangled web of the politics of mediæval and modern Europe.

St. Paul's.

THE ROSE AND THE ARMADA.

(FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

A LITTLE child, in a Duenna's care,
 She holds a rose, and looks before her there.—
 At what? she scarcely knows: the placid sheet
 Of water in the basin at her feet,
 Shadowed by beech and pine whose branches meet;
 The white-winged swans that slowly float along;
 The ripple rocking to the leaves' low song;
 The far perspective of the garden's glow.
 —She seems an angel moulded out of snow.
 Behind, a stately palace bounds the view;
 Parks with clear ponds, around whose sculptured brink
 The timid does lead forth their fawns to drink;
 Dim groves with starry peacocks gleaming through.
 Around the child the dewy grass is gay,
 Each drop a diamond of purest ray,
 And sapphire jets from marble dolphins play.
 She stands there busied with her flower, she wears
 A point-lace boddice, and a satin train,
 O'er which a golden tracery now appears,
 Now sinks between the massive folds again.
 The rose she carries—petals opened wide—
 O'erflows its chalice in its full-blown pride;
 A heavy burden for a hand so small!
 And when the child's sweet face is downward bent—
 Lips pouting, nostrils curled to breathe the scent—
 The royal flower almost conceals it all!
 So that the gazer stands perplexed, nor knows
 Which is the blushing cheek and which the rose.
 Poor child! below God's sky she stands in state,
 With a vague consciousness of being great;
 Stands there, presiding over all she sees,—
 The spring-time lustre of the flowers and trees,
 The solemn splendor of the setting sun,
 The hidden brooks that whisper where they run,
 Nature herself, eternal and serene,—
 With the composure of a little queen!
 No man that bowed or knelt not has she seen:
 She will be Duchess of Brabant one day;
 Govern Sardinia, over Flanders sway;
 She, the Infanta of proud Spain,—unborn
 Five years ago—already can feel scorn!
 For such are royal children: Fate has bound
 The shadow of a crown their brows around,
 Their first unsteady steps are thronewards bent.
 She—waiting for an empire—is content
 Meanwhile to smell her rose; her glances shine
 Imperially on all and say, 'Tis mine!—
 There is a terror blended with her charm:
 If any seeing her so weak, so small,
 Laid his hand on her, ev'n to save from harm,
 His forfeit head would on the scaffold fall.

.II.

The day dies down : within each close-packed nest ·
 The young birds peck and flutter into rest ;
 The sunset purple o'er the woods is thrown,
 Flushes the marble goddesses around ;
 Then as it fades each hovering wing drops down,
 All life subsides—no glory left ! no sound !
 Mysterious evening hides, as in the grave,
 The bird beneath the leaf, the sun beneath the wave !

III.

While the child smiles unconscious o'er her rose,
 In yonder palace vast, whose arches gleam
 Like golden mitres in the sunset's beam,
 An awful shape behind a window shows !
 Standing beneath, you catch, amidst the gloom,
 A sombre shade that flits from room to room.
 That shade—like ghost above a grave—will stay
 Sometimes immovable through half the day.
 A fearful presence, seeing naught 'twould seem,
 Wandering around, or standing still to dream,
 Pressing against the pane a livid brow ;
 As tolling-bell, its fatal step is slow ;
 Pale, robed in black—what is this spectral thing ?
 It must be Death, unless it be the King !

IV.

'Tis he ! 'tis Philip, life and soul of Spain,
 Who glories while she trembles 'neath his reign !
 If we might look within that phantom's eye,
 Now, as he stands and gazes thro' the glass,
 It would not be yon child upon the grass,
 Nor the gay garden, nor the golden sky
 Reflected in the water's burnished sheet,
 Nor nest-filled groves that would our vision meet.
 No, on the retina of that glazed eye,
 Beneath those fatal brows whose frown can keep
 Unfathomed still a glance as ocean deep,
This is the "Mirage" that we should descry :
 A host of vessels getting under weigh—
 Then 'neath the stars, amid the waves' glad play,
 The mighty shivering of a fleet full sail,
 Borne proudly onward by the favoring gale,
 Till a small white-cliffed island, wrapped in fog and rain,
 Shall hear their coming thunders walk along the main !

V. ●

Such is his vision—at this present hour
 Exerting o'er his frigid brain such power,
 That objects round him he no longer sees.
 The Armada—the great lever he will use
 To move a world and shape it to his views—
 Is at this moment traversing the seas !
 The King in thought pursues its conquering flight,
 And his dark spirit has no other light !

VI.

When the Bey Cifresil of Abdul's line
 Had dug by Cairo's mosque a spacious well,
 He carved around it, as old records tell,
 This sentence : " Heaven is God's, the Earth is Mine."
 And as there's nothing new beneath the sun,
 And despots all are in their nature one,
 What then the Sultan said, King Philip thinks to-day.
 —Meanwhile the Infanta in her silent play
 Stands by the water, and with stately grace
 At times to kiss her rose bends down her face.
 Sudden a breath of air, a shuddering sigh
 Across the plains by dying evening thrown,
 Troubles the water, bows the myrtles high,
 Ruffles the quiet woods, and swooping down,
 Passes the child, and in its boisterous play
 Shakes her loved rose, and blows its leaves away !
 In the small hand remains a thorn alone !
 She stoops, she sees the scattered blossom cast
 Upon the water by the daring blast.
 And looks up to the sky in vague dismay,
 Seeking her unseen foe, nor understanding right
 How aught should dare to do her such despite.
 What help ? the clouded water, black as ink,
 Dashes itself against the basin's brink,
 And the poor rose, so late her joy and pride,
 On its vexed waves is scattered far and wide ;
 Its hundred petals—eddyng round and round,
 Mere helpless wrecks, all tossed and torn and drowned—
 Look like a fleet that founders in the sea !
 The grave Duenna, with her unmoved face,
 Says to the child,—who, rooted to the place,
 Seems wondering still how such a change should be,—
 " Madam, all things upon the Earth we find
 Obey the Kings of Spain, except the wind !"

L. C. S.

 London Society.

A DAY-DREAM IN A YACHT.

THE sea looked up with its great blue eye,
 And smiled, and lured me to dive and float.
 The flags were fluttering merrily ;
 The wave was dandling the fishing-boat.
 Then, without casting a look behind,
 Radiant with love, and hope, and joy,
 I trimmed my sail at the harbor mouth,
 And swept keen round by the dancing buoy.

Morning of youth ! how the rosy clouds
 Flushed all the heavens as I set forth.
 I felt like Columbus ; but which to choose—
 East or West, or South or North ?
 Should I seek the land of ice or fire ;
 The granite cliff or the golden sands ;
 The coral isle or the stormy cape ;
 Well-worn regions or unknown lands ?

But while I pondered the boat flew on,
 And noon on my yellow sail shone hot :
 No glimmering now of the long white cliffs ;
 No glimpse of tower, or town, or cot.
 Waves wherever I turned my eye,
 Growing stormy and white with wrath ;
 Roaring for food, and rising up,
 Like giants, to bar my onward path.

Where are the golden islands now
 I hoped to conquer an hour ago ?
 Where is the lode-star of the dawn ?
 Sunk in the surges' roll and flow.—
 And as I clung to the wavering helm,
 I longed for the coming of the night,
 So I might see through the breaking storm
 One friendly flash of the harbor light.

Ah ! treacherous sea, to lure me forth
 Only to wreck me, like the rest :
 Will the sun, hidden behind the storm,
 Never burst through in the smouldering west ?
 Oh for a shore, though of hungry rocks !
 Or a strip of scorching desert sands ;
 So I might sleep, and forget this toil ;
 Though clinging to life with my bleeding hands.

Evening came ere I saw it come,
 And over the thin gray level bar
 Of fading cloud there sparkled out
 The kindly rays of the first pale star.
 A vapor lifted, and I beheld
 An azure line of spectral shore,
 Stretching on to a silent plain
 Bordered by mountains vast and hoar.

And the boat, like a dolphin, leaped and flew
 As night came lowering upon the land ;
 And now I could see the ghostly forms
 Of those who waited upon the strand.
 There were the faces of friends long dead,
 And pale hands stretching to welcome mine ;
 A black flag waved from a ruined tower,
 And the cruel star had ceased to shine.

The sunny ripple below the keel
 Awoke me ;—'twas only a moment's dream,
 Never was sky so pure and blue ;
 Never had cliffs a pearlier gleam.
 A mile from the Needles.—Harkaway !
 We are flying fast ; and the wind is south.
 Hurrah for the little Hirondelle !
 Running away 'with a bone in her mouth.'

WALTER THORNBURY.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

I.

IF I were required to say at what exact date the age of English history in which we are now living began, I should be disposed to mention the year 1829. Certainly about that time began an order of things which seems not yet to have closed. It is true that the Reform Bill of 1867 was of magnitude enough to form the commencement of a new period; and some years hence, when we look back, it is possible that we shall see that it actually did so. But this is not visible yet; that measure remains as yet a cause without consequences; something has happened, we do not yet know what; we have seen the flash, but the report has not yet reached us. Meanwhile we may still regard ourselves as moving under the impulse of the great events that took place forty years ago. At that epoch two or three great events came in quick succession; but I select Catholic Emancipation as the critical one. It was not the first, for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts happened a year earlier; nor was it so striking an event as the Reform Act, which came two years later. But the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was rather ominous than very important; it was the beginning of the end, rather than the end itself. The Reform Bill would make, no doubt, a very good era. It was the installation of the new power. On the other hand, Catholic Emancipation was the abdication of the old one. When, not by hostile majorities in Parliament, by sheer inability to carry on any longer the government of the empire, the dominant party were forced to surrender the post they had defended so long, and to tell their supporters that the distinctive principle of their rule was incompatible with the safety of life and property—at that moment a Power passed away, a Reign ended. At that moment, rather than later, the Revolution took place in the public mind.

There was far more noise and commotion in '31, and it was in '31 that the great constitutional change was proposed; but the true moment of revolution is not so much that in which the new legislation

takes place as that in which the conviction becomes universal that a change must come. It is the moment when the balance decidedly inclines to the side of innovation, when a simultaneous despair seizes upon the defenders of the existing *régime*; when they begin to resist rather for honor than for victory; when they plainly recognize their inferiority; when they begin to accustom their thoughts to a new condition of things, and to prepare for the inevitable change. It is not in every revolution that such a moment can be distinguished, and there are sudden political changes which are preceded by no such moment. But when it comes, when it can be discovered, that is the true moment of revolution. It is then that the shock is felt; then comes on the agony of amazement and dismay. Then it is that men's imaginations are shaken, and the time is felt to be out of joint. And in looking back upon the change through which the country passed forty years ago, I seem to find the true revolutionary moment, not when the Reform Bill was brought forward, nor when it was passed, but when the Wellington Ministry conceded Catholic Emancipation to avoid civil war.

Let us take this moment as the beginning of the present age, and let us try to discover the principal differences between this age and that which preceded it immediately, or the other great ages of England. There will come a time when this age, too, will belong entirely to history. Another leaf will have been turned in the book of time, and our own age will appear clearly marked, limited, and characterized among the other ages of the life of the nation. What character will it then bear? How will men describe it?

Some periods of history are characterized by repose, and others by activity. How little material do the reigns of the first two Georges, and even the first years of the reign of George III., afford to the historian, compared to the corresponding period of the 17th century!—the earlier period fertile of remarkable men and memorable deeds, the later barren of both.

But, again, there are periods of activity that are not periods of progress or even of change. No part of English history is more obscure or inglorious than the period of the Wars of the Roses, yet assuredly it was an age of activity. The period of the Great War with France was not only full of activity, but it was in many respects great and glorious. Nevertheless, it was not a period either of progress or of change. At its close the institutions of the country, with the exception of the National Debt, were just what they had been at its commencement.

Future historians, we may safely say, will not compare our age to the somewhat stagnant period that corresponds to it in the 18th century. It has been, on the whole, a period of activity. It began with revolutionary energy. The Grey Ministry crowded into two years the work of twenty. A temporary lull succeeded. Then followed a decennium rich with the financial reforms of Peel and Cobden, but darkened with distress and Chartist riots, and towards the close with famine and a social revolution in Ireland. The first decade of the second half of the century was a period of reaction over the greater part of Europe. It was the period of Manteuffel and Bach, and of Louis Napoleon in his earlier and worse time. Only in Italy the genius of Cavour made it a period of progress. We, too, paused at this time in the career of change. We were occupied with the Russian war and the Indian mutiny, and at home we allowed Lord Palmerston a tranquil reign. With his death ended our holiday, and we have again learnt to expect almost as our due one mighty change every year.

Ours, then, belongs to the busy or energetic ages, and, further, its energy is of a kind precisely opposite to that of the war-time. We have had no great generals; no laurel-wreaths have been won in our days; nor have we given to any statesman the dictatorial power that was allowed to Pitt. In thrilling incident we can produce nothing comparable to what we read in the history of the war. The age is, therefore, in a certain sense, dull by comparison. Yet in another sort of interest it completely eclipses the former age. If there is less of personal, there is much more of political incident. War and politics are antagonistic to one another, and all the energy which our fathers gave to fighting the

French was taken away from the study of political improvement. In the political history of the country, therefore, the war-time is almost a blank. Eloquence there was, but it had but few topics, and was occupied either in justifying inaction and repression, or in desperate efforts to break the sleep of the nation. The present age has been as fruitful of changes as the former one was barren. Our activity has been directed to producing change as decidedly as that of our fathers was directed to averting and preventing it. Accordingly, though it is probably true that no age has furnished less material for romance than the present, on the other hand no age of English history is more interesting or instructive to the political student. Since the age before it presents nothing but a sharp contrast, where shall we look to find an age which resembles it? Evidently it must be compared to those great ages of reformation which are long past, and in which the institutions of the country were snaped. Our age is the third period of reformation in English history, succeeding to the great periods of the 17th and 16th centuries. Less interesting in the narration than the earlier reformations it must necessarily be, for indeed the progress of civilization tends to make history less and less interesting. The incidents which are most interesting in narrative are those which have to do with death and those which have to do with fighting. The progress of civilization has banished most forms of both from politics. No part of our political affairs are now transacted on Tower Hill or in Smithfield; armed insurrection has ceased to be among the recognized modes of political opposition. The absence of these reduces the history of our time from the interest of a novel of plot and incident to that of a novel of character and manners. But if death and fighting are on the whole evils, are on the whole to be deprecated, we should regard the quiet character of modern change as one of its best features. It will be one of the greatest triumphs of our nation if we can learn the art not only of accomplishing great changes without bloodshed and anarchy, which we have long had the knack of doing, but of so conforming our habits and ways of thinking to perpetual change and unintermitted improvement, that we may learn to find rest and health in political movement, and may shrink

from stationary politics, as from stagnation and death.

Another difference in resemblance strikes us when we compare our own age to the age of the Reformation, or to that of the conflict with the Stuarts. It is that the modern political movement affects the national well-being much less profoundly. This is not because the movement is less, but because the national well-being itself has now a far broader basis. Political institutions, or rather those of them which are still liable to be changed, are now less important, and have less depending on them. At one time with the change of the political *régime* everything seemed to change. In particular, science and literature were instantly affected. But now science has become to a considerable extent independent of governments. Governments may still help it forward. They may found Universities or reform them. They may endow it liberally and judiciously. But they cannot in any considerable degree retard it. They can no longer prevent men from inquiring, or suppress the results of their inquiries. For the liberty of inquiry and thought has passed out of the sphere of special institutions, and is become one of those common and inviolable institutions, the sum of which is civilization. Still more striking is the freedom of literature in modern times from political trammels. Until the middle of the 18th century, English literature reflected faithfully the principal political changes which took place in the country. Elizabethan literature in its freedom and boldness is the child of the Reformation. The triumph of Puritanism was followed by the closing of the theatres and the breaking of the Shakspearian tradition. The literature of the Restoration reflects the dissoluteness of the restored court. The literature of Queen Anne plainly betrays that the Licensing Act had not been renewed. Walpole's contempt for authors is as plainly written in the "Dunciad," and in Johnson's "London." But now literature and politics have severed their connection, nor can the most repressive and reactionary government that is now possible in England do anything to repress literary genius. The consequence of this is that the present age is less strikingly contrasted with the last than it might otherwise have been. In

old times a period of repression and stern government was wont to be barren of literary achievements, and in other countries it has been so recently. The despotism of the first Napoleon almost killed literature in France, and Napoleon III.'s government has perceptibly injured it. The Tory *régime* in England was not only repressive, for repressive governments have sometimes studiously fostered such literature as is not dangerous to them. But Pitt, while he ruled so sternly, made no such amends to literature; on the contrary, he set the first example of entirely disregarding it. All this would lead us to expect to find the last age exceptionally barren in the department of literature, while the *régime* of liberty and bold innovation which succeeded it would seem calculated to inspire and stimulate literary genius. But it would seem that Pitt's disregard of literature was caused by an instinctive perception that literature had passed entirely beyond the sphere of government, for in point of fact the Tory period appears rather superior than inferior to the period of Reform in literary genius. Although Leigh Hunt was "shut in prison," although Cobbett went to America to escape the Six Acts, yet the age was distinguished by a remarkable constellation of great poets; and what is more striking, these great poets were especially distinguished by daring freedom. At the moment when Government was sternest, and political stagnation apparently most hopeless, England possessed six poets who have been surpassed singly in other periods, and perhaps equalled singly in our own, but who form an absolutely unparalleled combination. In richness, freshness, and force, the poetry of England was at its best in the dulllest moment of political obstruction. The age of Liverpool and Sidmouth is the age when there were living together (and if not all writing, yet assuredly not silenced by any political considerations) Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Keats, and Coleridge.

Thus the third Reformation, besides being less rich in tragic and romantic incident, is also less extensive in its operation and results than the other two. In this respect, too, civilization, as it advances, makes men happier in proportion as it makes their history less interesting. If it is more striking to see a political change

carrying with it a universal change in the habits, manners, and thoughts of men, on the other hand it is far happier for mankind that less should be risked on a single stake ; that the field of politics should be more strictly limited ; that as many as possible of the liberties of the citizen, and of the blessings of civilization, should be removed out of the list of things debatable ; and that, by the contraction of the whole area of political difference and dissension, the distance between the best and worst of possible governments should be made as small as possible.

Let us now proceed to consider what are the evils with which this third Reformation deals. The two former Reformations admit of being described in a very few words. We can say distinctly what was the evil with which the country struggled in the 16th century. It was Popery, as our forefathers called it—a disease of the body politic, which had filled the country with sloth, superstition, and mendicancy. The 17th century also contended with a definite evil. Cavalier and Roundhead, Tory and Whig, contended always on one question. The reformation then gradually wrought destroyed irresponsible government, and relieved the community of the mischiefs that had flowed from this source. These two great movements may be roughly described as movements against Popery and against prerogative. Is it not possible to find some equally short description of the reformation we are now witnessing ?

Those who live in the midst of a revolution are tempted to consider it much more comprehensive and universal than it really is. Seeing so many things changed, hearing so much called in question, they suffer the sense of instability to master them, and forget to remark how much at the same time passes utterly unquestioned and unchanged. The first French Revolution seemed to sweep away everything ; but when the Revolution of '48 came we saw how much remained to be destroyed, how little of socialism or communism had mixed with the earlier movement, and how those who repudiated God and King had scarcely thought of calling in question the institution of property. Moreover, in such movements much more is said than is really meant ; enmity is professed towards all institutions by those who are really hostile only to some ; the spirit of

innovation exaggerates out of boastful self-confidence as much as conservatism through fear ; not till the first excitement has subsided does it clearly appear how strictly limited the movement which seemed universal really was. When a river is swollen and overflows its banks, we are not to think that it has submerged everything because it may have covered everything within our immediate view, nor are we to think that it has lost its definite direction and been turned permanently into a lake or sea ; in all that temporary lake there is still but one narrow strip where the waters are deep, and there they still flow steadily forward.

We constantly hear our own age described vaguely as an age of universal change, an age when no institution is safe from criticism, when everything is on its trial, when one historical land-mark after another is passing out of sight, and many similar rhetorical phrases. Certainly the changes that have taken place are numerous ; but if, before we excite ourselves by thinking of them we reckon up how much has remained unchanged, we shall see plainly the inaccuracy of much of this general description. Let us remark, first, how little the great lines of the constitution have altered. It was otherwise in the two earlier Reformations. The revolution of the 16th century greatly increased the power of the Crown, and changed the House of Lords from an ecclesiastical to a secular assembly. The second great revolution broke the power of the Crown, and raised the House of Commons to supremacy in the State. But the present age, in which everything is called in question, has introduced no changes of this kind. The Crown is almost where it was at the beginning of the period, and it is more respected. The House of Lords was weak then, and it is weak now, but it would be hard to show that it has materially declined in influence, and of ten men that have been Prime Ministers during this period five have been peers. The House of Commons was supreme then, and it is supreme now. Now, as then, it has occasional quarrels with the Lords, in which it is generally victorious, and occasional quarrels with the nation, in which it generally has to give way.

The most characteristic and peculiar trait in our Constitution is the relation

of the executive to the legislative power. The head of the executive is at the same time the leader of the legislative body. He is called upon to render a strict account of his whole administration to that assembly; he is set up as a target for all the shafts of opposition, and he holds his post on the tenure of retaining the confidence of Parliament. So very singular an arrangement—an arrangement which has arisen by an historical process, and which other nations have hitherto had little success in imitating—might seem particularly ill-qualified to abide the pelting of a revolutionary storm. History, like Saturn, swallows her children. I mean, that what has sprung out of special circumstances generally disappears when the circumstances change. Government by a Ministry nominated by the Crown, and deposed by a vote of the House of Commons; this is a system which might seem too artificial to continue unchanged in a period when change is the order of the day. Yet during the last forty years the system has continued without showing any signs of wearing out; it does not appear, as we might expect, to be passing slowly and by successive modifications into something different; on the contrary, it is what it was, and has scarcely undergone even development, much less change.

The framework of government then has been unaltered. Those institutions which are most conspicuous among us continue what they have been. There is another institution which may rather be called fundamental than conspicuous. The institution of private property has been the favorite mark for the assaults of revolutionists in this age. On the Continent the Revolution has long been Socialist. We should expect then to find that in England also, since the age is disposed to innovation, socialistic principles would become rife, and private property would be seriously threatened. And it is true that the exaggerated pretensions of private property, its claim to be something indefeasible, have suffered in the present age, much in the same way that the corresponding claim set up by Government suffered in the 17th century. But beyond this it cannot be said that Socialism has made progress among us. No influential party has adopted it. It is as much in disrepute and disfavor now as it was forty years ago.

It is indeed quite possible, while we consider the curious immobility of some parts of our institutions, while we remark how much still exists and has vitality that was familiar to our fathers, to question the propriety of calling this an age of change at all. Compared with almost any other country, our own may be said to have been at rest. But when again we turn our attention to the alterations which have actually taken place, and endeavor to give some account of them, we are confounded and bewildered by their number, and recognize once more that we have lived through a revolution. Let me now endeavor to collect into one view the changes that have taken place, in the hope of discovering some principle that links them together.

It is hardly possible to do this without adopting at least some rough classification of the parts of a political system in which changes or reforms may be made. What then will be our principal heads? we will put Government first. And Government will require several subdivisions. There is imperial government and there is municipal. Again, in the imperial government it will be necessary to consider the legislative apart from the executive, and the machinery of administration apart from the executive power itself. Then, passing from government, we shall have to consider the community in the manner in which it is regarded by the political economist, that is, as a society organized for the purpose of creating wealth. Under this head come such subdivisions as agriculture, trade, manufacture. Then comes another aspect of the State, that, namely, which it presents from the point of view of culture. In this aspect the community is a society organized for the purpose of mutual improvement. Under this general head come education and literature, science, law, and religion.

Beginning then with the government of the country, and considering the legislative power first, what changes do we find to have been made in the present period? There have been two great Reform Bills and two Acts of Emancipation—the Emancipation of the Catholics and that of the Jews. If, instead of merely enumerating these changes, I describe them, I must say that whereas the government of the country was engrossed by a very small

minority of the population, it has now been thrown open to the mass; and whereas it was engrossed by Christians of a certain description, it is now open to all without distinction of religion. In municipal government similar changes have been made. Jews have been admitted to corporations, and, by the Municipal Corporations Act of '35, that which the Reform Bill had done for imperial government may be said to have been done for local. The close monopoly of the old freemen has been abolished, and a large franchise substituted for a narrow one.

So much then has been done in Government proper; such are the changes which have been introduced in those assemblies which have the privilege of political volition, and in which resides, properly speaking, political power. But this power moves through particular channels; there is a machinery of administration as well as an impelling force. There are agents and officials; there are public services, civil and military. Under this head what changes have we to remark? The principal one is the abolition of the system of appointment by interest, and the introduction of the system of competitive examination. This applies principally to the civil service. In the administration of the army no very great change has taken place; but an agitation constantly goes on against the system of purchase, and in favor of a system of promotion by merit.

These changes in government are of great magnitude, and we know that the two Reform Bills, especially the first, cost the State convulsions which threatened anarchy. When we pass from this head and consider the economical history of the period, we find changes not less comprehensive accomplished sometimes in the midst of agitations scarcely less formidable. First came the abolition of the monopoly of the East India Company, and then the introduction of Free Trade, and the slow and gradual expulsion of the principle of protection from our finance. This economical revolution consists in the abdication by the State of its right of applying its authority, and in particular its taxing power, in such a way as to favor particular industries. The State abandoned the right of creating monopolies, whether directly or by the indirect method

of protective taxation. It is not necessary to linger upon a matter so well worn in the controversies of the time; but as it is under this head that we meet with the word "monopoly," I pause to observe the importance of this word in the history of the present age. It belongs properly to the department of trade, but it is usefully and naturally applied to many other departments. There is a monopoly of power and a monopoly of office, as well as a monopoly of the market; at least, the language affords no other word that expresses so conveniently the higher generalization.

I turn now to that group of subjects for which I can find no more appropriate general name than "culture." Man may be regarded not merely as a producer of wealth, but as possessed of powers and qualities which are capable of improvement by known processes. His power of reasoning, speaking, and acquiring knowledge may be developed and increased by education; his knowledge itself may be enlarged by science; his sense of justice may be educated, and his disposition to conform to its rules strengthened by law; his habits and his feelings towards God and man may be improved by morality and religion. To secure these ends a vast number of institutions have been called into existence, which, like government or administration, stand as marks for criticism, and excite approbation in some and dislike in others. In an age of revolutions these institutions also must pass through an ordeal. Let us consider how they have been modified by the influences that have been at work in the present age.

First, then, let us take education. The first thing that strikes us no doubt is that there has been much zeal in this work, and that great exertions have been made to extend and improve it, and to apply properly the funds and endowments by which it is sustained. But what we are looking for is not mere increase or diminution, but change. We are inquiring what new principles of action have been introduced in the present age, and not how much energy has been shown in working upon old ones. From this point of view the most important characteristic of the modern educational movement is the constant and successful opposition that it makes to the ascendancy of the Establish-

ed Church. The great schools of the country and the universities have been like strongholds of the Church, upon which the movement of the age has been constantly directing a hostile attack. An Endowed Schools' Act was passed to admit Dissenters to the benefit of all educational endowments that had not been explicitly intended for the Church. Dissenters have made their way into Oxford and Cambridge, and there is every prospect that the last monopolies of the Church in those universities will before long be yielded up. Meanwhile a new university has been created in England to take away from the Church its monopoly of academic degrees, and in Ireland Government itself has created unsectarian seats of learning. What has been done by these measures for the higher classes it is now proposed by a scheme of National Education to do for the lower, and to take away the monopoly, not of the Established Church only, but of all the churches in education.

But in education there were other ascendancies besides those of the religious bodies. At Oxford and Cambridge the colleges had an ascendancy, against which at the very beginning of this period Sir William Hamilton raised his voice. Connected with the monopoly of the colleges were minor monopolies, appropriating particular colleges to particular schools, particular fellowships to particular counties, &c. Of this artificial system a great part has been already swept away, and the tide encroaches steadily upon what still remains.

And what is the new movement in education which we have seen rising in these last years, and which gains greater strength every day? It has been discovered that the higher education has been confined to men, and that women have been unjustly excluded from it. Women have been excluded, it is said, from the benefit of endowments intended for the education of both sexes alike; they have been entirely excluded from the universities. The demand grows more and more urgent to give to women an equal share in all educational advantages, to admit them into the schools and colleges of the men, or, if not, to found schools and colleges expressly for them.

In the institutions which exist for the purpose of promoting morality and reli-

gion, in the churches of the country, we have witnessed a similar series of aggressions intended to rob the oldest and most splendid among them of its invidious precedence. Not only has it been deprived of its political privileges and of its monopoly in education, but it has been invaded within the sphere of its own special functions. It has lost its monopoly of the marrying power. Its right to tax those outside its own communion for the support of its buildings, after being for many years a bone of contention, was practically surrendered. In Ireland, where it was the church of a minority, after suffering many rude shocks in the beginning of this period, it was deprived at one stroke last year of all its precedence and reduced to the level of the other religious bodies of the country. Nor do the enemies of this ascendancy show signs as yet of pausing in their career, or of being satiated with victory.

Now it can escape no one that all the changes I have been enumerating have a common character. Whether in government, or production, or culture, the tendency shown in these measures is the same; and the evil, or supposed evil, they are intended to remove is always the same evil, which may be described by the word "monopoly" taken in the enlarged sense I mentioned above. But I must, of course, admit that in this enumeration I have passed over several measures of the greatest importance. You will at once call to mind the Abolition of Slavery, the New Poor Law, a multitude of Law Reforms, a complete revolution in the system of Colonial Government, the abolition of the East India Company, and a quantity of legislation for Ireland ending in a Land Bill, the chief characteristic of which is that, instead of taking away a monopoly, it does something towards creating one. Of these measures, however, some of the most important do not really concern our subject. The movement of affairs in India, and in a less degree in the Colonies, though it may be influenced by the movement of affairs at home, is essentially distinct from it. Our vast empire occasionally requires from us great resolutions and great actions which cannot but stand out conspicuously in our history, but from which very little can be inferred about the movement going on in the English nation itself. Upon such matters the nation does not really move at all, but takes on trust

the opinions of those whom it supposes to have given most attention to them. It decides to govern the Colonies in a certain way because successive Colonial Ministers have agreed that it is the best way. It abolishes the East India Company, because those who have had experience say that the system is cumbrous and inconvenient. Nor can our legislation for Ireland be taken as an expression of the tendency of legislation in England. It is true, as I shall show in another lecture, that the progress of affairs in Ireland has had a most remarkable influence upon the English movement, and indeed the crusade against monopolies which we have remarked in England has gone on even more hotly in Ireland. Still many things have been done in that country on the ground of its exceptional exigencies which are in no way indicative of the general spirit of the age; especially the Land Bill of the present year, which, though one of the greatest measures of the period, is in no way characteristic of the period; its leading defenders have admitted without reserve that, considered by itself, it might seem a retrogressive measure and have justified it as a concession to an extreme necessity.

We may therefore put aside all those measures, however important in themselves, which affect only remote parts of the empire, or parts of it which are exceptionally circumstanced. When this is done, there will remain a few great changes, such as the Reform of the Poor Laws and the Reforms of the Law, which cannot be brought under the general head of Abolition of Monopolies. Looking at these great Reforms alone, we might be disposed to attribute them to a general impulse towards improvement, and thus be led to describe the age as characterized not by hostility to one particular evil, such as monopoly, but by an intolerance of all political evils and abuses. Mr. Carlyle has talked of the Scavenger Age, that is, the age that clears away nuisances, and many people might be willing to accept this as an apt description of the present period. The strongest evidence that can be alleged for it are the Law Reforms that characterize this period beyond any other in English history. These at least have swept away evils that were not monopolies, obsolete fictions and mystifications, inadequacy and inappro-

priateness of machinery. There is, however, a special explanation of this. The movement of the age would probably have turned aside from a task so difficult as the reform of the law, but for the special circumstance that a great thinker had made the subject his own, and had created a school of law-reformers who were prepared to give shape to the vague wishes of the public on this subject. Had the whole field been ploughed up beforehand, as this part of it was ploughed up by Bentham, the age might perhaps have become veritably a Scavenger Age, but actually it has fallen very far short of this. No doubt the first Reform Bill by removing the dead weight of obstruction did very much raise the courage of all Reformers, and seemed the opening of an age of universal improvement. No doubt it was followed by a short season of ardent zeal. No doubt also the whole age as compared with the one before it, and indeed with the average of English history, is active in reform and bold in innovation. But it is not equally zealous for all kinds of reform, and there are some kinds of reform in which it is very slothful and timid. There are indeed so many vast questions upon which the public mind continues obstinately languid and apathetic, that impatient reformers beat about for an explanation of the fact, and conjecture that Parliamentary government is not capable of comprehensive reforms, or that party spirit absorbs all our activity. Mr. Carlyle says we are wholly given up to palaver. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of the "hubbub of our sterile politics." Mr. Greg enumerates the many great reforms urgently wanted, and perfectly practicable, and tells us we systematically postpone them to questions of much less importance which appeal more directly to party feeling.

It is not then reform in general, not reform as such, that the present age cares for, but a certain kind of reform. There are certain suggestions which the public will take up at once, eagerly discuss and resolutely carry into execution. There are other suggestions which may be equally valuable and equally feasible, of which the public will take no notice whatever. People's habits, the inveterate bias of their minds, the direction that the time has impressed upon their energies, make them ready for some kinds of political

work, but absolutely powerless for others. Instinctively they turn a deaf ear to the voice that exhorts them to what they feel they cannot even attempt. The Word falls among thorns. But how unjust it is to call our politics sterile—to say that we are only capable of talking and can get nothing done—must seem startlingly evident to us who are fresh from considering the revolution that has been accomplished in the last forty years. The excuse for such language is, that the reforms accomplished have all been of one kind, and that our present system seems adapted to accomplish no other kind. We have created a power which for one sort of task is incomparably adapted, but which is almost inapplicable to every other. Set before it any monopoly, any invidious ascendancy belonging to any class or corporation, and it gets to work directly, the wheels begin to turn, and the whole ponderous machinery rouses itself into irresistible action; but evils that are not of this particular description, however formidable, plans of constructive politics, however important, find this power almost as passive and inert as the most obstructive *régime* that England has ever known.

Doubtless we shall find, sooner or later, that there are other tasks in politics besides this useful one of removing monopolies. If it were not so, we might, perhaps, expect politics to be speedily exhausted. So few monopolies remain to be devoured that, unless our monopolivorous monster can learn to change his diet, he will be in danger of starving. He seems already to be beginning his final meal. It promises, indeed, to be a long one. To remove from our laws and social institutions every trace of the ascendancy of the male sex—this is no light undertaking. But when it is accomplished, when the male monopoly has gone the way of the Protestant one, of the boroughmongering one, of the Protectionist one, of the Anglican one, of the denominational one, what task of this sort will remain to occupy us? It is hard to conceive.

But ages overlap each other. Perhaps before the last monopoly has entirely disappeared, new forces will have begun to work, a different chapter in politics will open upon us, politicians will be busy with a different class of problems, and will have learnt new phrases and new catchwords. When this has happened,

and from the middle of another age they look back upon ours, I believe it will assume a unity which it wears to few of us. To them, not less plainly than the 16th century was the age of abolition of Popery, and the 17th the age of emancipation from the yoke of Prerogative, it will appear that the 19th century brought the age of the abolition of monopolies.

If so, it will be seen that some descriptions commonly given of this age were little accurate. I will mention two. It is common to call this an age of Democracy. We have so often repeated that the tide of Democracy is submerging everything, that the flood-gates are opened and the waters out, that we have at last abandoned in mere weariness this favorite image of an inundation. If it had been applied to the Continent, there might have been appropriateness in the description. There Democracy is indeed advancing and alarming. But if we say the same of England, let us at least understand that we mean by it a very different thing. English Democracy is a tame domestic animal compared with the redoubtable savage that has been so long used "in Gallic walks to roar." There is a Democracy that hates wealth and birth, that would elbow them out of government and create a government of the people for the people. This Democracy would, if it could, create a monopoly for itself. English Democracy, on the contrary, wants no monopoly for itself, for indeed it is but one form of the intolerance of monopoly characteristic of the time. It never dreams of taking all; in its wildest moods it only hopes for a share. It is like English Dissent, which sometimes uses very bitter language against the Church, yet neither hopes nor wishes to win for itself more than equality. English Democracy asks to be represented; it asks to have something; it says that hitherto the government of the country has been exclusively in the hands of the rich and great: this, it says, is an unjust monopoly, and it puts in its claim to a share. And with how much diffidence it does so may be seen if we consider the last Reform Bill. Parliament gave everything. It said to the Democracy, "You shall elect, as you will, a part of us, or you shall elect us all. Choose by how many members you will be represented." To which, English Democracy, like a

timid and nervous monster as she is, replied, "I will not be represented at all; you, the rich and great, shall govern me as before, at least for another Parliament."

Another mistake commonly made is to suppose from the unceasing attack which has been made throughout this period upon the Church Establishment that the movement of the age is hostile to religion. Undoubtedly there is a movement against religion in this age, and a movement which gains strength; but it has not yet had any political result. Hostility to religion has not yet had any perceptible share in bringing to pass any legislative act. By whom has the attack upon the Church Establishment been conducted? By men who hated religion, or by men who doubted or denied the theology of the Church? Not at all, but by the Nonconformist bodies—that is, by religious men, the majority of whom had the very same theology as the Church they attacked. To the Church as a religious body they

could feel no hostility, or, if any, it was because they thought its constitution was not favorable to religious zeal; in other words, because it was not religious enough. I do not even believe that they were hostile to it purely because of its union with the State. At least I can imagine a form of union with the State which would not have excited their hostility. But it had an ascendancy which was invidious; it excited the same feeling that the Protectionist landholder excited in the mind of Cobden, that the boroughmonger excited in the mind of Cobbett, and, therefore, the trials and disasters it has undergone prove nothing more than is proved by the passing of the Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. They prove, in fact, that old Time has taken a work in hand; that as in Elizabeth's days he would not put up with Popery; and as in the days of James II. he was tired of prerogative, so now and for the last forty years he has been angry with monopolies.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE POWER OF SOUND.

It is pleasant to-day, among these great stones beside the waves, on the shore of the Northern Sea. Before me is a creamy mass of foam tossed from the sparkling waves, as again and again they roll majestically in to shore, rapidly succeeding each other, and riding one over another in glorious tumbling play, like sea-gods of old gambolling among the Isles of the Ægean. Heigho! that well-nigh surrounded the great stone whereon I am sitting: the tide respects not Canute! So, that was a splendid burst of spray from a huge wave following a moment's lull, and reaching my jacket with its foam! But this has touched my boot: let's move back a wee. Far to my left hand is seen a great gray headland, shooting out into the ocean in a bold defiant manner, as though reckless of storms; beyond this another, loftier than its fellow, rising into high projection, then plunging into the deep. On my right hand is a long line of cliff, broken into picturesque hollows, some grassy, others bare and brown; and above them a long terrace of houses fronting the sea. Further away, across the harbor at the river-mouth, and high upon another cliff, stand the ruins of a gray

old abbey, proud even in its decay: beneath are seen two serviceable light-houses at the pier end, each side the harbor, holding friendly beacons to weather-stressed vessels on black nights of winter storms. Between these promontories on my left and right, is spread forward a mighty expanse of ocean, lifting itself to the horizon, and dotted over with one, two, *thirteen* sails slowly making way in this calm atmosphere, which lies blueely reflected in the water, save near the shore where the surf has tinted the waves with brown. For some hundred yards or so out, the surface of the sea is covered with foam, white as snowflakes, where long lines of waves come rolling in with that grand, continuous monotone, *booming* as of old ere men listened with longing to its ceaseless voice: a tone blended with a more treble-like murmur of last wavelets at the actual boundary of sea and land, where pebbles are rolling in the surf as they did many thousand years ago. Closing my eyes, I lift up my face to listen: it is a most satisfying tone, soothing the mind into due appreciation of these grand passages of the sea.

Would that all the readers of the *Dub-*

in *University Magazine*, city-confined as doubtless many are, might so enjoy today the tossing of the multitudinous waves ; so listen to this sublime roar ; so inhale the salty freshness of the breeze. The power of the tone of the sea is great ever upon the mind ; it hath the continuity of ancient days joined to the freshness of youth ; a power of rest with a power of work ; it tells of loyal submission even while evincing its greatest strength and seeming most unconquerable. As I lie on a huge flat stone, and gaze a long time across the sea, gradually the world retires into the rear, with its noisy discords, its poor shows, its empty glories ; while the solemnity of ocean constantly doing its work, and the might of abiding Truth, seem alone to remain. With the Roman writer I might exclaim,

“Nihil est nisi pontus et aer.”

Sometimes there is almost a lull, with a *splash—splash*, against the stones, from the ends of eddying wavelets just under me, followed by a plunge and a *roar* from side to side, as one great wave after another comes surging on and breaks grandly in a cataract of foam. Some of the foam, flung up among these great stones, seems like white hands thrown up in their play by some merry Naiads of the sea. The merry voices of children near sound pleasantly now after the solitude, as I catch sight of them round a rock, with spade and naked feet prepared for fun on the sands. How rounded all the pebbles, that for untold centuries have rolled thus on the strand ! some of these I hold in my hand may have been thus, only a trifle larger, when Isaac went out into the fields to meditate at eventide, or have existed so ages before human eyes gazed with strange longings over the broad, mysterious purple sea. To realize the fact, it comes home to us in power of surprise to think how these snowy waves came rolling on the strand, in like manner, ages on ages before we were sentient atoms, and shall thus speak forth the praise rendered by the voiceful sea when we shall have long since passed into silence. But all times of earthly rest come to an end : the stone I sat on a while ago is submerged by the sea : the tide creeps slowly on : let me go.

The foregoing was originally pencilled

on the seashore, while the writer realized the power of sound in one of its most forcible forms. While staying by that Northern Sea, I one evening heard distant thunder sounding across the level expanse of water, and was struck with the contrast to thunder over land. This was more like the effect of distant artillery in round volume of sound, without the reverberation and echo usual with distant inland thunder : the steady roll over the sea in low bass tones had a grandeur of effect in harmony with the voice of waves heard breaking on the coast below. We may live heedless and forgetful lives : but a severe thunderstorm has power to rouse into seriousness even the most thoughtless among us ; so startling the instantaneous flash, so overpowering the burst of thunder. Most of us have listened with admiration to the sublime deep tone of far thunder, dying into the sky during the calm which often follows the electrical breeze and sweeping rain of a storm : how the tones seem linked to eternity, in deep majestic utterance !

During some still evening of summer, as we pace our garden walks at home, with the quiet of the time soothing us after the bustle, or cares, or follies of the hot sunny day, how sweet to the ear are sounds of gently waving branches of companion trees, clustering together for very friendship and answering the breath of free air with whispers of peace. The constant recurrent murmur of foliage on high tree-tops has a most pleasant tone, helping our meditations by furthering the growing stillness of our minds, as we rest in contemplative mood below. Of all such tree-tones, possibly none are so suggestive and influential as the passage of a breeze through pines on a lonely heath : a more subdued whisper theirs, more charged with themes for longing or for sadness, more faintly soul-addressing at times, and better fitted to induce a *waiting* attitude of mind.

As a contrast to that, what a power there is abroad in the air, when storms are up, and trees bend low before the rushing blast which tears off their branches and hurls the leaves far and wide ! I have ever enjoyed being out in a great gale of wind, if without rain, to realize the power at work in the sky, and become, as it were, a part of the mighty wind ; while owning the strength that urges on

the storm as it sweeps the face of the island. What a roar then within the great woods, tossing their arms as they groan and writhe in upper air, while it is almost calm among the stems! One naturally thinks of our seamen at such a time, hoping for their safety, while acknowledging the great good effected by a strong gale of wind in changing thoroughly the atmosphere around, and clearing away the lurking miasmas of dirty parts of our great towns. The tone of such a storm implies strength, as we consider what a vast volume of air is thus being urged forward at such a fearful speed.

I am writing on a summer's evening, after a day of great heat, and through the open window can hear a *seething* tone of continuous rain falling steadily on the grass-plot and the thousands of thirsty leaves, after weeks of dry weather. The tone is very pleasant to hear, and must gratify many a farmer. How impotent we seem beside the great work done by one such shower! "He planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it:" what reproof on man's boasting in such words! what acknowledgment of God's goodness. So it must ever be, though in prosperous times we are apt to forget this. A tone of solemn thunder is even at this moment heard as I write: "the voice of One mighty in operation."

Not long ago I had the satisfaction, in company with my wife, of attending divine service in York Minster. I need scarcely say how grand was the power of sound of praise, lifted by many voices in that Snowdon of our national churches. The beautiful harmony rose to that far vault of stone in sustained and delicate fulness, rolling away in multitudinous reverberations as the notes were flung heavenwards. Whether from some mood more susceptible than common, or from the finished music and marvellous forest of stone, I cannot say; but we were both affected deeply by the service, or during the service, that morning, and realized that peculiar and delicate balancing of the feelings, alive to all good influences, and leaving a sensation—like as though the soul had been weeping. It was a glorious power of sound, and we rejoiced that our voices were permitted to blend with the notes of praise.

Among the effects upon our hearts of the power of sound, scarcely any reach us

more instantly, and with less loss in the transit than tender human tones. I mean those exceptional powers of voice, inflexion and modulation, which belong more particularly to a few favored persons, but are occasionally remarked in persons commonly destitute of such powers. A tone of a sister's voice in the gloaming can win us back, it may be, into quietude after distress, or allure us into firmer stand for truth and kindness; can be like some whisper from heaven, telling us to work patiently *here*, and wait for the rest that remains *yonder*. The tone of a good woman's voice is one of the pleasantest things on earth, has more music than many a sonata, often prevails more than a preacher. The tone of voice of some women is a thing beyond common, peculiar to themselves. You never heard anything else at all like it. It takes its tone of *æsthetical* excellence generally from a woman's tone of *moral* excellence: hence its power, and the willingness with which we yield to its good influence. With men, this distinction is not so frequent; yet we have known those whose voices won our respect at once—yea, have yielded place to their power of mind without a challenge. I can remember one who possessed this eminently, and whose voice has sometimes, in common conversation, conveyed to me some tidings of a mighty overflowing wealth of love abiding in his large heart, but incapable of perfect showing on this side the grave. But his was a nature unusually powerful, a strength of soul more than common. The power of a good voice can instantly recall past days, in all their very shading and character, placing us again in a moment beside those we loved, among familiar scenes, and bringing the same tone and quality of feeling which then were ours: can sometimes withdraw from the niches of memory the substance of forgotten things, revealing them in startling distinctness, like the uncovering of some white statue.

On the other hand, the laughter of some men—cold, calculating men of the world chiefly—is sardonic, mocking, and almost satanic: from such men we instinctively shrink, as from the bite of a serpent. Certain tones of laughter are able to produce a sensation of extreme uneasiness and even pain, we may scarcely be able to say why. Again, the open, honest laugh of a true-hearted man is able to as-

sure us, and inspire feelings of trust and love : and the smile of some kindly people is a great corrective of discontent and selfishness, being such as draws our best sympathies, and gives at once the feelings of brotherhood. What power, also, in the inflection and modulation of the voice, whereby the whole sense of words may be changed, and quite other ideas conveyed to those which a different intonation would give. We all know this, and are struck sometimes with the difference the same words make, according to the voice with which they are used ; and are aware how written words may be felt as harsh and unkind, from which all bitterness is withdrawn by a kindly tone when spoken. So delicate, so suggestive, so heart-reaching, the tones of the human voice !

A few evenings since came a wandering minstrel, and played several tunes upon his harp, in front of my window, to the great delight of a certain little flax-haired girl. The tone carried me back to the banks of the murmuring Dee, at Llangollen ; I seemed again within the spell of its pretty scenery, listening to the rippling of the river, as it blended with harp music heard from the garden of the "Hand." It has power to awaken enthusiasm of the heart, has that stirring music of the harp ; and one can well understand how Welsh warriors of old marched bravely to battle and to death, with the rapturous music of their ancient Bards. To-day we can listen to old battle music, in the calm eventide beside the flowing waters, and catch a little of the fire that burned in the breasts of kings in the far olden time. It were a pity that national music of the harp should ever cease to be heard in Wales, where it seems so greatly in keeping with the leaping streams and soaring hills.

Speaking of Wales reminds me that one of the many powers of sound is that of falling water, more especially when heard at a little distance during a still evening, at which time the tone of streams is mostly far louder than in the day, and comes with satisfying fulness to the ear in continuous cadence of soothing sound. Such a tone fills the air with the voice of power unseen, working alone in the silent night, when weary laborers sleep. We say silent—for such voice of the plunging waterfall is fully in alliance with the silence of night, and often renders the stillness deeper. The voice of streams in a mountain region

is a sweetly soothing power, during our moments of repose, and passes continuously through the mind with a dreamy kind of effect, laying open our best appreciation to the beauty of hill and vale spread out for our enjoyment. We have many of us listened to such a constant murmur, as we lay in our beds in strange villages, and haply been stilled to sleep by its gentle power.

On lonely mountain heights the sound of united chorus of many streams has a peculiar effect, not unlike the sound of wind, heard, as it may often be, when no other tone reaches the ear, and when the listener is alone with nature. We remember noting this particularly one calm evening on the top of Moel Wyn, that rugged mountain close to Ffestiniog, when scarcely a breath of air passed by, and all the array of mountainous country around lay as it were under the spell of sunset. The voice of streams was low and gentle, yet it filled the ear with its power of continuous murmur, as a hundred runnels of water hastened to the sea whence they came. It seemed only to intensify the silence, which on that high mountain peak wrapped one around as with a cloak.

There crosses my mind at this moment an instance of the power of sound, which was suggested to me the other day for this article, and which not many of us may have noticed : namely, the sound of oars in early morning, when dew-drops throng the grass and hedges, and a most cooling freshness everywhere pervades the air as the morning breeze passes like a laborer to his work, full of vigor for the toil of the day. The measured stroke of the blades falls pleasantly on the ear, as we walk in the fields beside some river, causing us to pause, the better to hear their cadence, and take to ourselves the quietude of the time. The effect of that *one* human sound when most people are fast asleep has a peculiar power as it fills the air.

As a wide contrast to this, I pass to the consideration of a very different effect, the roar of Oxford-street or the Strand, as so vast and varied a tide of humanity is pouring along in a ceaseless stream, made up of lives so antipodal and interests so diverse, consisting of centres of sensation so immeasurably unequal and characters so largely opposed ; all seeking good, real or fancied, and many passing it by in the eager quest. Rightly understood, it is

one of the most solemn things we know, that full tide of life in the Strand, when we consider the momentariness of all those lives, and the great issues vested in each, their separate individuality and character peculiar to each, their power on the rest of men, their ability for praise or dishonor to God. As we pause a moment out of the throng, or survey the seething, hurrying mass from the top of an omnibus, what a full tide of life it seems—the world cannot match it—as it dins the ear of any one not accustomed to it! I suppose the diversity of character is perfect in the crowd of a London thoroughfare, and to be equalled nowhere else on earth. The sound is that of one of the main arteries of a great nation. It speaks of extensive public prosperity; it is really the roar of a great battle-field.

This reminds me that there is something fearful in the power of sound conveyed by the shout of a great multitude on any public occasion, when the result of combination of expression of sentiment carries the weight of number. The mighty uplifted voice of a great crowd awes one unawares, having so unanimous a will, and reaching us like the determination of a giant. This must strike dread in many hearts during revolutionary times, prophetic of bloodshed, the block, or scaffold. Yet, on the other hand, it can rouse enthusiasm in the coldest breasts on some occasion of national rejoicing, as when our good Princess of Wales passed first through the streets of London, and received the welcome of many thousand hearts. The cheers accorded to the Guards, marching out to any scene of death, must fill them with a cool daring, as remembered when the eve of battle comes. The waving of a little white handkerchief and the cheers of a small delicate voice have moved many a man to more calm heroism, and strengthened the confidence of the iron soldier under fire of the enemy's guns.

This brings me to speak of one most impressive and vastly solemn power of sound, the roar of a great battle. I know of this only from accounts of ear-witnesses; yet, heard at a distance, I can well imagine how terrible must be the thunder of artillery filling the air with dismay and noise of death: likely soon to break the peace of the Rhine.

So great are the contrasts in various

powers of sound; they touch subjects widely different as the poles. What can be a greater contrast of sound to the last-named than the trill of a nightingale in May, throwing his song rapturously heavenward in the darkness rendered luminous by such music? I have gone miles to hear a famous bird and waited into the small hours, close beside the bush whereon the little brown songster sat, enjoying the continuous flow of melody poured forth so lavishly, less for our ears than for his own constrained utterance. Such is music of the highest excellence. One is astonished how such tones can proceed from so small a bird: notes so loud, sweet, and rapid. Jules Michelet says of the nightingale, "His is the nocturnal melody, the deep poesy of the shadows, the hidden meaning of the grand effects of evening, the solemnity of midnight, the aspirations before dawn; in fact, that infinitely varied poem which translates and reveals to us, in all its changes, a heart brimful of tenderness." Like a true artist, the nightingale thinks little or nothing of himself, but pours forth his whole glowing being in a wonderful burst of praise and enthusiasm, during which he takes small heed of noises around, when once fairly speaking his epic song. I have heard one sing on undisturbed whilst several voices immediately beneath him were raising a Babel of uproar; the great minstrel sang on as though he heard them not, or disdained their miserable prattle. He will also easily allow himself to be caught, so thoughtless is the nightingale about his own personal safety. There is a romantic mystery about his preference of the night for song; his seems the burning eagerness after the infinite; his the desire to cast his melody afar, in the stillness of nocturnal solitude. How often, in far days of old, have youth and maiden together heard those rapturous tones, as hand in hand they paced the woodland ways! Strange, if no tenderness overtook them, or no awakening of slumbering strength for great enterprises.

Allied to this power of the nightingale's song, is the general power of music over the mind, various in its effects; capable of producing martial ardor, enthusiasm of several kinds, manifold shadings of regret or pensiveness, longings after higher and happier times. We may well suppose that some martial strains, full of vigor and home memories, can inspire the soldier to

march towards death with greater enthusiasm. In the battle of life, heroic darings are occasionally roused within us at hearing good music, and we feel for the moment able to do mightier deeds. One of the greatest results of the power of music is the showing to us of depths within our own heart where we ourselves even have never fully penetrated : at the sound of some sweet melody we occasionally feel competent for higher and nobler things than our daily life allows, and a consciousness of immortality thrills the soul as it starts at catching some strain of beauty it seems to have heard far down the past, out of this life. It is like some captive faintly hearing afar some melody of his native land. Greater capabilities for noble offices seem revealed to ourselves, as we listen to some stirring harmony : music tells us our slumbering powers ; at the notes of some enrapturing strain, we recognize our brotherhood with loftier intelligences. Such manifestations, however, reveal at the same time our ties to time and sense : hence partly proceeds the tender melancholy which often accompanies our listening to sweet music. We feel also the bondage of the flesh. But this power of sound arising from measured cadences is shown forcibly in the expression it gives to phases of thought and feeling of the most delicate and elusive kind, which can be told in no other way. Where words fail to convey the shadings of the mind, music takes up the pencil and portrays them with the subtlest delicacy and power. We have all felt this at some time or other, and wondered at the power of sound. The beauty and inner meaning of some airs of the great masters exhibit, or rather suggest, delicate shadowings of thought, faint tenderesses of feeling and sorrow, deep but quiet longings, told otherwise by no means whatsoever. A plaintive air of some master, far removed in time, will strike a hidden chord with us, and we feel that such spirit of the music has been *ours all along*, but now only expressed to us. Bound are we at once by a threefold cord to that master, and feel that we are in some respects brothers. A world of beauty is opened to us by a few notes of very sweet music ; and our hearts are instantly glad—with a grave joy, for true and good music ever addresses what within us is of the best. A sister's voice, singing an old homely air, can lift us to good re-

solutions ; even while it draws across the heart a faint veil of sadness, which yet is but as the intervening atmosphere lending to some mountain landscape a more delicate purple beauty. Song of a lark in early spring can aid us in recovery of hopefulness, and a blackbird's mellow note in strange places link us again to home. After a day's work, and possible conflict with selfish or quarrelsome people, or some worry of business and "the petty cares which infest the day," it is a pleasant change to sit out on the shadowy lawn, with a book and entire leisure, and to listen to music from the hands and voice of one dear to us ; it restores the balance of power, soothes our jarred feelings, and eases the burden of the mind.

Music to sorrowing hearts can whisper of joys reserved ; can tell the weary of rest remaining ; breathes hope of reunion to those bereaved ; can raise from despondency into peace, and deliver us from the torment of little cares ; can come into minds troubled or perplexed with a cool refreshing power ; can tell of spiritual wealth to the poor ; is effectual to soothe when other earthly comforts fail, and out of the darkness of our selfish griefs can lift us into contemplation of the bright serenity of the City Celestial.

The song of birds in very early morning is one of those charming effects we mostly miss by not being up before the sun. In the stillness of the time from all human noises there is a deeply-felt power in the chorus of gladness from many tiny throats, as often may be heard on the edge of a wood during early mornings of spring and summer ; and one wonders if any ears are pleased with the sounds when all human senses observe them not. They contribute largely to the marvellous freshness and dewy power of the morning over the mind, do those early songs of birds by woodland ways, and go a long way towards making us more cheerful and contented, as we stray to gather the good quality of their praise.

The power of sound issuing from human lips is largely manifested when any good reader holds his audience in almost breathless attention, while reciting words heroic, touching, or humorous. Such in an eminent degree as a reader was the late lamented Charles Dickens, taken from us so suddenly, but who passed away in the full tide of success, and in the midst

of honorable work. So often heard reciting his powerful words, with marvellous skill to convey their delicacies or depths of meaning ; so often moving his listeners to laughter or to tears ; but now passed into silence, so far as that voice is concerned, yet alive in his works with all his geniality and thoughtful memory of the poor and the oppressed, and alive as he will remain in the hearts of Englishmen. Wonderful power of voice, that can rivet the attention of thousands as one man, swayed by the inflections of tone capable of conveying the subtlest workings of the mind ! A man with that voice-power in any great degree is a master of men ; able to sway them by his influence, and exerting over their minds and hearts a spell of singular and well-nigh resistless strength. What good such men may and often do effect ! The very tone of voice is with some people an index to the world of their superior mental *finish*, so to speak, revealing instantly a nature delicately poised and largely endowed, or showing to any one of similar mental quality some shade of character and acquisition, telling considerably their present *status*. To the preacher this superiority of voice is a very great addition, giving firmer hold of any audience, and by its attractive power drawing the people's attention the better to great truths propounded. Hence voice-power should be more cultivated than it is among our teachers of men, as giving them better standing ground whereon to reach their hearers.

Speaking of voices, it is remarkable how the tone of a once familiar voice, but lost to us for years, will linger somewhere in the deep of memory, past recalling in our wakeful hours, yet now and then heard in dreams : heard in all its individuality and distinctive qualities, as possibly we have not remembered it for many years. Some such tones carry to us even in dreams a most satisfactory feeling of *home* : and we may during the day following, with its little cares and small details of work, feel a sort of lingering regret that we hear such a voice no longer.

No wider contrast to this can well be imagined than the rude noises of the common street, full of jarring and harsh sounds, grating terribly on the sensitive ear. I have often thought it would be a blessing if we could occasionally shut our ears ! and so rid ourselves of many unpleasant sounds.

The streets abound with unpleasant sounds, and it cannot be otherwise. But it would be a great boon if we could remove ourselves from them at will, without fear of being run over ! This continual noise, harsh, violent, and jerking, must sadly try the nerves of very sensitive people. We know how the organ-grinders of London helped to kill poor John Leech, with their continual harassing noise ; they ought to be considered nuisances of the worst kind.

I turn from them to dwell in memory and imagination on those faint and eerie sounds in lone mountain solitudes, wrapping themselves round the spirit, like the cool atmosphere does the body, as we rest on a summit in perfect quietude, and gather the strength of the gentle voices of the wilds during some calm evening as we *listen*, until we almost *hear* the harmony of the sunset painting the western clouds with beauty. Solitude and silence so refreshing ! as we gaze long on far prospects of mountain, lake, or sea, and treasure to ourselves a little of the loveliness of the world.

The roundness and finish of what we may call any artificial power of sound are scarcely to be found equal to the Italian Opera, with its exquisite solo voices and well-timed chorus, united to a band fit to lull Titania to her slumbers. Rapt out of ourselves we may be by its bewitching charm, and enter a region of ideal life, where the tax-gatherer comes not, nor water-pipes burst in the back-kitchen ! For an occasional treat, few things at all similar can equal a well-appointed opera ; yet the effect becomes baneful if we become addicted to that kind of thing, and indulge therein too frequently ; as making us dissatisfied with common life, and engendering an unhealthy craving for excitement.

Hark ! methinks I hear the great bell of St. Paul's tolling out the knell of the death of some high personage. Over the vast city float the waves of sound, measured with deep solemnity, proclaiming the loss of a great nation, as its utterance submerges for a while all lesser considerations, and we meditate on the dread significance of that mighty tone. Away into immensity roll the fluctuations of that great bell, passing into the ears of thousands with a sad confirmation of their fears, or striking them suddenly with wonder at the unusual

sound, as men look one upon another, dreading to hear what either may have to tell. Truly it is an impressive thing thus to hear the great bell of St. Paul's!

In like manner is there tremendous power in the sound of Beethoven's "Funeral March on the Death of a Hero," so stately, yet so melancholy, with a stern effect of accomplishment—a sort of severe satisfaction that one more hero has passed to his rest. Heard at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, such a march would be too much to suffer; the agitation too great to be borne.

There is a peculiarly suggestive power in the tones of an *Æolian Harp*, as the wandering breeze sweeps over the strings, eliciting wondrous purity of sound, as notes faintly, very faintly, rise far away, swell onward, and roll over us, in tones of weird-like minstrelsy, and as gradually pass away until they resemble far music heard in dreams. So touching and so pure the tones, we have known persons so sensitive as to become absolutely unwell when listening to an *Æolian Harp*, and there is something wonderfully suggestive and far-reaching if its exquisite effect is heard when we have time to listen and yield ourselves to its spirit-like melody. The chords are, as it were, swept by hands of angels that pass with the wings of the wind, and pause an instant to soothe the hearts of suffering humanity.

It is a curious contrast to the above, but I consider no sound on earth could more appal us, who are unaccustomed to it, than earthquake rumblings underground. The idea of earth-thunder beneath our feet on a calm day seems to me terrible. We should not well know what next to expect, or only anticipate disaster and ruin. Such sounds, as indicating the instability of the very ground we tread on, may well strike terror into the hearts of the brave, as depriving us of our notions of the firmness and security of earth, and seeming to leave us not a refuge for escape. In South America, for instance, such underground rumblings and accompanying earthquakes are common things in certain districts; but we fancy the first experience of them must cause a European to wish himself safe at home in the north.

There is no doubt one of the grandest tones the earth affords is the distant roar of Niagara by night. The grandeur of the

volume of sound must equal the vastness of the volume of water ever plunging over those high rocks, and slowly wearing them away. In the stillness of many homesteads for long miles round must the tone of Niagara fill the ear "like a presiding spirit in the air." Sustained, majestic, deep, and powerful, the sound of a great body of flowing water always conveys the idea of strength. We know that one of the grandest tones ever alluded to by an inspired writer is described as being "like the sound of many waters."

I call to mind a sweet effect of sound, memory of which exerts even yet a refreshing power over me; namely, the union of voices singing on the Lake of Grasmere in the lovely eventide, when longer shadows fell from Silver How, and fair clouds touched with sunset glided above us as we rested on the water. It was a time full of repose, a pause in the moments of our being, full of beauty, and clothed with the grace of an exceeding peace. Silence followed, more musical than our song. Into that silence, if so I may deem it, entered the voice of streams mingling with faint breathings of wind among the foliage, with an occasional trill of some happy bird enjoying the evening. Lake, wood, and mountain seemed expectant. We ourselves seemed afraid to break the charm, lest the lovely combination should vanish like some fairy picture of a dream! The highest and fairest things on earth have ever some touch of unreality, bordering upon the perfection of the spirit-world, and seeming less as things of time than as creations for eternity, which a rude breath of earth may dispel or remove from our apprehension.

Heterogeneous and conflicting must be the sounds of the nocturnal forests of the tropics, with their roar of many tribes of wild animals preying upon one another, and the scream of thousands of birds of night blending with the "gabber" of countless monkeys who throng the trees to escape the jaguars, tigers, and other fierce beasts below. It must be a fearful sound heard at night, say from some river which penetrates the deep recesses of the vast primeval forest. Humboldt speaks at some length of the terrible roar and the conflict ever going on among the tangled and luxuriant vegetation. Such a tone would terrify any one not used to its loud and angry confusion, as the great life of

the forest was heard throbbing thus with full and rapid pulsation.

Widely contrasted with this, there comes before me the effect upon the average human heart of the bright laughter of childhood, with its arch innocence and brimming merriment, its sparkling flash of glee and charming relinquishing of self; which can often win us from our moody states to admire the power of fun and frolic set into colors by a little child, and to have a romp with the youngsters that dispels the cloudiness of our minds. Contagious is the free, happy laughter of a child, going straight to our best appreciation, and revealing a glimpse of the sunshine abroad in the world. The tone of a little child, contentedly singing to itself, is something to make us ashamed. Little feet are running about me as I pen some of these words, and a little girl with long, flaxen hair, comes prattling, and asking curious questions. She was just now singing what she calls "Battle over," in a plaintive, yet contented sort of way; and I think of *her* conflicts yet to come in the days that lie before, hoping she may come through them victoriously, to receive back such like happiness and ease of heart at the close.

The laws that govern the relations of sound and motion are, I believe, yet very imperfectly known. Sound we all know to be conveyed by the motion of the air thrown into wave-like vibrations; and those old experiments, whereby sand placed on a tight, drum-like surface, and exposed to certain sounds, becomes thrown into certain regular figures, are still perplexing thoroughly to comprehend. We know there is a great sympathy between some sounds caused by concurrent intervals of vibration. Thus it is much easier to sing a certain note when in harmony with one already sounding; and I remember once observing, at the great organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, that, as a gentleman was tuning it, the great pedal pipes answered the touch of the pedals much sooner when an octave note was "speaking" beforehand, than when they sounded alone. The one vibration evidently assisted the other. As a comical instance of the power of sound in this respect, I may mention that at my old home we had a nice little organ, and among the stops was an hautboy, which, of course, requires frequent tuning.

When a note of the hautboy was held down for tuning, it often happened that our old dog "Dash" would sit on the stairs, and *howl* piteously. The spirit of the tone *moved* him, I suppose, into sympathetic utterance; he generally put out a good note! The poor fellow's heart was full; he must needs explain himself.

Appreciation of the power of sound reaches one of its highest points, I presume, in the love of music often found in blind persons, who, sadly deprived of sight, enter without any distraction into the beauty and intricacies of sound. There used to be a blind Asylum at Liverpool famous for the beautiful singing of its inmates, who, with all the concentration of the senses, enjoyed their own sweet music. Some of the most accomplished organists, far as delicacy and expression are concerned, have been blind: without interruption can they apply themselves to music, enjoying its power, and swayed by its influence as few other people can equal them. It must form a grand treat, must music, to the blind. I can easily imagine the luxuriant fancy wherewith a blind person listens to some touching melody, or some full and rich harmony of sound.

Faint and unreal seem to us some of the sounds of very early morning. I am at this moment writing early: it wants from two to three hours to breakfast time; and into this room I can hear a strong blackbird's song, though it is summer, and most of our song-birds are silent. As I look up to gaze with pleasure on a green spacious lawn in front of the house, graced with evergreen and other trees, and on a stately avenue of ancestral elms, leading up to a fine old house, removed several hundred yards away, there seems to me something unreal and transitory about it all, chiefly caused, I fancy, by the notes of that bird singing alone in the calm early morning. It is a delight to mark the bold shadows cast on the grass from the massive lofty elms, entwining their arms with brotherly affection, and sympathetically enjoying the sun. Clouds of white are leisurely moving through the blue, far above the wavy outline of the elms, and eight (say) rooks are winging their way to feeding grounds afar. It is a beautiful scene, reposing in the freshness of the early morning: the blackbird seems to enjoy it even as myself, and, I fear,

offers better thanks, or more expressive : though I too enjoy the morning and am thankful.

Many a time and oft has my soul been cheered by the sprightly song of a lark in winter or early spring, or far into the melancholy autumn, when the cheerful bird, from his place out of sight, showered on me and all things his excellent trill of thanksgiving, making me verily ashamed of my selfish dejection, and assisting me to turn my thoughts into a healthier channel. No songster is more *perennially cheerful* than the lark. Songs of other birds, the luscious droppings of music of the blackbird, the sweet variety of the thrush, the quiet, simple cantata of the robin, or the transcendent copious melody of the nightingale, may all at times, and according to the mood of the listener, be construed into pensiveness or accents of sorrow. But the lark is nothing but cheerful ; full of uncontrolled gushing rapture flung towards the sun. His nest in the spring, truly, is on the ground, but his aspirations tend heavenward, whither, by his delightful song, has he many a time directed the heart of man oppressed with care, or dejected at ill-treatment from others, or sorrow-laden, why he knew not. So cheering, so full of pleasant associations, so influential on memory, so corrective of lowliness of spirits, is the song of the constant lark.

How many pleasant memories of by-gone summer days may be brought to us by the sound of mowers whetting their scythes ! Delightful times of careless years of infancy may start up before us as we listen in solitude at a little distance, and hear that self-same tone so familiar in our early days, it may be, but less frequently heard amid the profession or business of engrossed manhood. Visions of childhood may flit before us, and tender faces come again that have been buried for years, while the merriment of old hay-fields seems again to fall on our ear, with the call to the man on the top of the waggon to "hold fast" while the horses are driven on to another lot of hay. There is something very joyous in the gathering of the fruits of the fields—the copious gifts of One who "openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness." Even as we hear the gardener on the lawn sharpening his scythe before breakfast, we have fresh suggestions of

summer and realize better that June, the month of roses, is verily come once more. Pictures of our early home may come, and with some shadowings of regret for those now with us no longer, in all the halo of a child's imagination—for memory is wont to clothe the far past with the romantic and dreamy imagery of a child : our memory in after life beholds things of our youth much as our imagination then conceived them. So even the sound of a gardener whetting his scythe may be powerful to develop some charming photographs of memory.

Once it came to pass that I heard a singularly beautiful and solemn effect of sound rarely enjoyed. I had gone out along the drive in front of home, and passed by the large door I had opened, which led from our garden into a road hard by. It was a winter's evening, and a lovely surface of pearl white covered the fields as far as the eye could reach. Across the snow came to me, like a message from beyond the confines of the world, the deep, low tone of bells, softened into something of unearthly purity, and beauty, and solemnity. Four miles at the least must the sound have come, "across the broad silent fields of snow : " but to me the measured melody, in its low, quiet *softness*, was as a message bidding me haste away ; and roused feelings of sadness blended with strong aspirations of soul.

Village bells : how suggestive of rural peace and contented lives ! Not that it follows these things abound where bells are sweetest, for human nature and human error is ever much the same in far country villages as in the thronged city. Yet the imagery suggested by village bells speaks of stillness among the shadowy trees and rest under pretty rustic porches, all the same, and will ever so tell of supposed contentment and rest in the quiet of the day ; while we love their sound borne to us on the breeze, and telling of sabbath quiet, where life is calm and equable, and less worry enters into the lives of those who there reside. If one's lot is cast in such a spot, well is it to enjoy the peace and the seclusion, just as to do our work contentedly if the busy city claims us for its own. I remember hearing some village bells once across a lake in Wales, coming with marvellous power to aid the soothing and satisfying combination of fair water girt with a fringe of foliage and

bounded by noble mountains. Beneath the influence of the whole I fell into a dreamy state of mental coma, lulled into annihilation of self and converted into a mere recipient. Verily a *mere* recipient; for the lake, with all its wealth of beauty entered my being like the spell of some sweet tune, or like the magic mystery of voices heard in dreams.

Sound plays many parts among created things; is one of the most easy vehicles of the minds of men, conveying sometimes more meaning by a *tone* than by a word. Sound has much to do with our comfort, and influences often the fluctuations of mind. Some sounds have power to still our impatience or silence our discontent, at least for a time, and to impart, instead, a quiet, thoughtful mood. Of old, it was well known how soothing were the notes of music, as even the hasty Saul sent for David's harp to soothe him; and to this day most of the wildest tribes of far uncivilized lands have their rude instruments of music, many of them skilfully contrived, and some productive of curious melancholy sounds.

There is food for thought and reflection in the fact, that the tenderest Voice that ever stirred the atmosphere of this earth at least once joined in singing a hymn with a few devoted men. Memory of *that* hymn must have been cherished in the hearts of those men when bitter per-

secution fell on them, and often have cheered their troublous lot.

We suffer much from sound; so many are the harsh and discordant and angry noises in the world. Our streets are full of jarring but unavoidable noises, sorely distressing to sensitive organizations. Many sounds are so violent, they come like a blow. In the ordinary pursuits of life we cannot escape them. There will be a wondrous change in this respect, we may be sure, in a higher and happier state of things. Harsh sounds will be forever gone, as much as the evil and misery of this present world. No sounds will then greet the perceptions of the purified and happy spirit but such as deepen its repose. Marvellous harmonies of the wide universe will then float in upon the soul, the grandeur and loveliness of all things carried on the sound; and we ourselves shall, in some good way, serve to swell that mighty chorus, so comprehended, yet so vast; so childlike, yet so seraphic; so matchless in beauty, yet so sublime: "Like the sound of many waters."

A little girl comes running into the room wherein I am writing, shaking her light curls as she asks: "Come into the garden, papa, and pick Effie a pretty flower." I think I'll go.

H. P., F.G.S.

Frazer's Magazine.

GUNPOWDER AND MODERN ARTILLERY.

FIFTEEN years ago the most powerful gun which England possessed was one which threw a round ball of iron, eight inches in diameter and weighing sixty-eight pounds. The largest gun which has recently been adopted into the service is one which can hurl forth huge elongated projectiles, thirty inches in length, twelve inches in diameter, and weighing some six hundred pounds. The 68-pounder of 1855 cost about £100; the 600-pounder to-day costs about £1,800. The old gun was made by simply pouring molten iron into a mould of the shape required; our present guns are constructed by coiling round and welding together layer upon layer of long bars of the toughest and purest wrought iron, and are further strengthened by being lined

with tubes of steel. The cost of such guns is due therefore not only to the increase in their size, but the great labor which is expended in making them. No cast-iron gun, though made of tenfold thickness could stand for a day the work which is done by our wrought-iron rifled ordnance; for no mere piling of metal outside will prevent the inevitable disintegration of the bore, if once the strain to which it is subjected exceeds the tensile strength of the material of which the gun is made. This is equally true of wrought iron and steel.

One great advantage attending the use of the old guns was that the artillerymen who fired them knew that they were perfectly strong enough for every purpose for which they were required; there was

no anxiety about them. But though it would be unfair to say that our present great guns are not sufficiently strong—they are the strongest in the world—yet though the ingenuity of our greatest engineers has been taxed to the uttermost to make them more durable, so tremendous is the strain, so great the tension and friction to which their inner tubes are subjected, that it is only by lessening the violence of the charge that we can hope to prolong their existence. Though all who have given much thought to the subject have been fully aware of this ever since rifled guns were introduced, little has been done in the matter till recently. Attempts to modify the violence of gunpowder have been made from time to time, but have met with only partial success; principally because there was no means of ascertaining the exact amount of relief afforded to the guns, or the nature of the action which went on within them. And until lately much opposition has been offered to the prosecution of such experiments on the ground that they are a step in the wrong direction. Even some artillerymen are found at the present day to cry out for stronger guns, forgetful apparently of the fact that there is a limit of strength which cannot be exceeded.

The round ball of the 68-pounder lay loose in the gun, to use a homely metaphor, like a pea in a pea-shooter: if the gun was tilted up and the muzzle lowered, it rolled out. It was therefore readily set in motion by the gunpowder when fired, with comparatively little strain on the gun. Action and reaction being equal and opposite, if a bag of gunpowder be placed between a shot and the bottom of the bore of a gun, and then by the action of fire be instantaneously converted into an immense volume of expansive gas, there must be as much pressure applied to the gun as to the shot. The more easily and quickly, then, the shot moves the less will be the injury inflicted on the gun. The strength of our old guns was amply sufficient to withstand the shock of firing their loose-fitting spherical shot; nay, there was such an ample margin of strength that for many years back the great object of our gunpowder makers has been to increase the power of gunpowder as much as possible. To return to the metaphor of the pea in the pea-

shooter—the more hearty the puff given to the pea the quicker and farther it will be shot forth. So with the old round bullets of the days of Waterloo and the Crimea. The more vigorous the blast of the powder, the more execution they did; the stronger the charge, the greater was their effect on the fortifications and earthworks of the enemy. So much attention was given to the improving of our powder, that English gunpowder became proverbial over the world for its excellence. In Dr. Wynter's amusing little work, *Curiosities of Civilization*, we read that of late years the manufacture of the article at the Royal Powder Works has been so much improved that a charge of a particular description of powder which formerly threw a ball from a mortar some 190 feet can now throw it 268 feet.

But with the introduction of rifled guns all became changed. In these, instead of a light shot—light in proportion to the weight of the piece used to fire it—lying loose in the bore, we have a long cylindrical shaft of great weight tightly held in the spiral grooves of the barrel. Though such shot are easily placed in the gun—are easily pushed home till they touch the powder—the moment their outward progress begins, the studs or projections on their exterior are at once tightly grasped by the rifling of the gun. The force, therefore, required to throw such a shot out of a gun is very great. The mere setting in motion such heavy projectiles causes a sudden check to the wave of powder-gas and a corresponding wrench of the metal of the gun. And the starting of the gun is not, as in the case of the old guns, an immediate relief to all further strain; but the rifle-bolt must be forced along the spiral grooves from breech to muzzle like a tight-fitting piston, causing enormous friction against the inner surface of the gun and corresponding strain to its whole surface.

Artillerymen soon began to discover that the service powder was a great deal too good. The qualities which rendered it so effective with smooth bores produced a most destructive action on the interior of the new guns. Though the tough material of which they were constructed rendered them safe from bursting explosively—that is, from flying into fifty pieces as the old cast-iron guns, it must be confessed, occasionally did—yet their inner tubes

were found to crack and fissure, and required such constant watching and examination as to give the supporters of the smooth bores occasion to rejoice. Steel was substituted for wrought iron as a lining for the guns with excellent effect, but the endurance of steel, like that of every other substance, is limited. The makers of the guns at last turned upon the artillerymen who fired them and told them that they were subjecting the guns to a strain which no rifle could ever be constructed to bear, and that if they wished them to last they must lessen the violence—that is, the suddenness of action or explosiveness of the powder.

Gunpowder, when set fire to, begins to burn at the point where it is ignited, and burns onward till the whole of it is consumed. Certainly it burns with marvellous rapidity; so rapidly, indeed, that its combustion becomes an explosion. Still, the combustion is not simultaneous; that is to say, if a barrel of powder be ignited by thrusting a red-hot iron into it, the whole of it is not burnt at the same instant of time. The time that the flame takes to travel through the mass is so surprisingly rapid that it is beyond the power of science to measure it. But attention has often been drawn to the fact that when firing cannon with large charges the front part of the powder—that is, the part farthest from the vent and nearest the shot—is often blown out of the gun *unconsumed*, and can be seen lying scattered over the ground under the muzzle of the gun. The powder next the vent is first of all ignited, and the charge burning onwards generates such a mass of gas as to blow not only the shot but the front part of the powder-charge clean out of the gun before the flame has time to reach it. Reasoning on this fact, which has been well known to the artillerymen of all countries, the advocates of rifled guns asserted that the explosiveness of the gunpowder might be further reduced in some way or other, as very materially to lessen its destructive effect on the interior of the guns. The question was, could it be so reduced without sacrifice of efficiency?

Now, it is a very easy matter to reduce the quickness or explosiveness of powder. If a thimbleful of powder be placed on a metal plate and touched with a hot iron, it flashes off in an instantaneous puff; but if the same quantity of powder be taken

and first of all subjected to high pressure in a mould, so as to form a hard pellet, and then be ignited in the same way, it takes a very perceptible time to burn, fizzing of gradually, like a school-boy's "devil." The more the powder has been compressed the denser it will be and the slower it will burn. If, then, a quantity of ordinary powder be taken and compressed into little discs or pellets and used in this form as a charge for great guns, we may expect that the action which goes on inside them will be analogous to that described. The gradual nature of the combustion of the compressed powder is not indeed so manifest in firing a gun as in the case when a single pellet is burnt in the open air, for a gun fired with a charge of compressed powder appears to make quite as sudden and loud a report as would be produced by ordinary powder. But there is ample evidence to show that the combustion of the charge is much less rapid, and that the nature of the force exerted against the inside of the bore is more of the nature of a push and less than that of a blow.

The facts are so plain, and the deductions from them so evident, that the first experimenters on powder-compressing jumped to the conclusion that the whole difficulty was overcome. The Americans pressed their powder into flat disks or cakes; the Russians into hexagonal prisms; our own artillerymen into cylinders—all with the same object, that of prolonging the lives of their costly guns.

Experiment very soon showed that while there is no difficulty in reducing the rapidity of action of a charge of gunpowder, it is very easy, on the other hand, to reduced it a great deal too much. The Americans, who appear to have been the first experimenters, found that their compressed disks of powder, though admirably adapted to save their guns, failed to impart a sufficient velocity to their shot. They had, in fact, overdone the relief to the guns, and had rendered them inefficient. The new question which had to be solved was, therefore, Is it possible at the same time to avoid strain to the gun and to impart a sufficiently high velocity to the projectiles? Over this all-important question artillerymen of all nations have been puzzling for the last six years.

*Of course the largest gun in the world is of no value unless it can project its shot

and shell with sufficient velocity to do a proper amount of damage on impact. Of what use is it to build monster guns if they cannot drive their shot through the iron-clad sides of an enemy's ship? The penetrating power of rifle shot is directly proportional to the "work" in them, and it is immaterial whether this "work" be made up of velocity or weight. Clearly, then, it is an enormous gain to the attacking side if it can double and quadruple the weight of its shot and yet project them with equal velocities. The higher, too, the velocity the flatter will be the trajectory or path the shot describes, and the flatter the trajectory the greater the chance of a hit. Everything, therefore, short of the life of the gun itself should be sacrificed to impart a high velocity to the projectiles. Every additional foot per second added to the speed at which they leave the muzzle is a great and direct gain to the power of the gun. Is it, then, advisable to reduce the energy of the powder at all? Is it possible to obtain as high a velocity with the compressed as with the old granular powder? It is only within the last year that it has been possible to give a satisfactory answer to these questions.

Since the days of Robins, the father of gunnery, many contrivances for measuring the velocity of projectiles have been used, but it was not till Major Navez, of the Belgian Artillery, brought forward his ingenious electro-ballistic apparatus that artillerymen had accurate means of determining the speed at which a bullet travels at any point of its course. The Navez instrument was a great gain to gunnery, for by means of it many interesting problems could be definitely settled. No investigation was of greater consequence than the determination of the effects produced by different descriptions of powder, and none sooner attracted attention. Provided it is possible to ascertain the exact speed at which a bullet leaves the muzzle of a gun, it is easy to compare directly the force exercised on it by different kinds of gunpowder. A very complete series of experiments carried on at Shoeburyness some years ago settled some, if not all, of the principal points under discussion, but proved that until some greatly more accurate instrument was devised—one that would reveal what actually went on *within* a gun—a full and complete solution of the gunpowder question was impossible. It

was easy to settle, first, that equal charges of the old granular powder and the new compressed powder imparted very different velocities to the shot; and, secondly, that to attain equal velocities with both it was necessary to employ a much larger charge of the latter.

But was there any possibility of determining which of two charges of powders which drove the shot forth with equal velocity strained the gun least? Could it be possible that one powder might be converted into gas instantaneously, and so exert all its force in the powder chamber, and that another beginning to burn gradually might continue burning the whole time the projectile was passing up the bore, and so distribute its strain all over the gun? Subsequent experiment *has* shown that the same muzzle velocity may be attained with two different kinds of powder, and that the one may from its sudden ignition strain the gun enormously, while the other beginning its action gradually, and so affording the gun great relief, may yet by its continued combustion raise the speed of the shot as it travels along the bore, till it issues from the gun with as high a velocity as that given by the quicker powder. In the first case a blow like that of a steam-hammer is given to the gun which all its strength is required to withstand; in the latter, the shot is spun through the grooves with a steady push.

A little reflection will show that the results described can only be ascertained by actually measuring the speed of the shot at a number of points in the bore of the gun. Considering that only a small fraction of a second elapses from the time that the fire is applied to the powder till the time the shot leaves the gun, it is obvious that any instrument intended to effect this must not only be one of the most perfect accuracy, but must be capable of measuring the minutest periods of time. The chronoscope lately invented by Captain Andrew Noble, formerly of the Royal Artillery, a mathematician whose writings have attracted attention abroad as well as at home, is a most perfect and beautiful application of electricity to the measurement of extremely small intervals of time. It is capable of measuring accurately the *one-millionth part of a second*. It has been specially designed with the view of determining the precise action of different descriptions of powder within a gun, and

most perfectly does it fulfil the inventor's object. The information sought is obtained by measuring the speed of the shot at a number of points within the gun. A highly explosive powder will, of course, impart a great velocity to the shot during the first part of its passage, which velocity will be slightly increased as the shot nears the muzzle; while a powder of a less sudden action will cause the shot to start comparatively slowly, and will increase its speed at a much higher rate as it passes up the bore. One experiment which has been tried, showed that in an 8-inch gun a charge of 30 lbs. of one kind of powder gave a muzzle velocity of 1,324 feet per second to the shot, with an internal pressure against the bore of 30 tons per square inch; while a charge of 35 lbs. of another kind of powder gave a velocity of 1,374 feet per second, with a pressure of only 15 tons. In the second case the shot was projected with a higher velocity, while the gun was strained just one-half!

It would be out of place to attempt a minute description of the ingenious instrument by which these results have been ascertained. Suffice it to say that its principle of action consists in registering by means of electric currents, upon a recording surface travelling at a uniform and very high speed, the precise instant at which a shot passes certain defined points in the bore. The first part of the instrument consists of a series of large thin metal disks, having blackened edges, fixed at intervals on a horizontal shaft, which is driven at a high speed by a heavy descending weight. Each disc is connected with one of the secondary wires of an induction coil, the other secondary wire of which terminates in a needle point placed close to, but just clear of, the disc. Each disc and coil is further connected by a primary circuit with a wire which projects into the bore of the gun, the cutting of which wire by the shot in passing causes

a spark to be emitted from the needle point, which makes a little white dot on the blackened edge of the disc. To take an observation, the gun is loaded, the wires of the primary circuits are inserted through holes in the side of the gun, and the spindle carrying the discs is set in motion, the edge of each disc travelling at a speed of about 1,000 inches a second. The gun being fired, the ball passes out, cutting wire after wire in succession, and causing each of the needle points to throw out a spark and mark a dot on the edge of its corresponding disc. The angular distance between the dots on two consecutive disks is of course an exact measure of the time the shot has taken to pass from one wire to another. The results furnished by such an instrument would be liable to be received with very great suspicion were there no means of testing the indications given by it; but the inventor has taken special care to provide means by which its accuracy can be tested at any moment with facility.

This much has been already definitely settled by the experiments which have been made with it, that it is possible by compressing powder to a certain degree of density to obtain sufficiently high velocity with greatly reduced pressure; but that, to obtain uniform results, the density of the powder charge must lie within very close limits. It remains, therefore, for the makers of gunpowder to show that compressed powder of uniform density can be manufactured with ease and economy for the wants of the service. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that artillerymen have at last a means of ascertaining with perfect accuracy the amount of strain to which their guns are subjected; and that they may now hope to succeed in so modifying the nature of the explosives they make use of, as greatly to prolong the lives of their guns and to diminish the risk of accident.

St. Paul's.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE DUKES.

At the present moment dukes, no doubt, are at a discount in England. An hereditary House of Peers is naturally subject to criticism from rational reformers, to whom the task of proving that no one

beneath the sovereign should become a legislator by chance, can never be difficult; and latterly this standing argument has been enhanced by peculiar misconduct among some of those so favored by

fortune. But a comparatively small incident has latterly done more to lower the honors of the House of Lords than either the arguments of the Liberals, or the follies of youthful peers. We have had a man among us strong enough to rise to the position of Prime Minister,—which Englishmen regard with a praiseworthy conceit as the highest place to which a human being can exalt himself,—and consequently great enough to create a duke; who has created his duke, and has then been little enough to trot his own creation out in the pages of a novel, as though determined to show how poor and mean a thing it was that he had done! We can only account for “Lothair” by supposing that Mr. Disraeli has determined to satirize the aristocracy which has submitted itself to him, and the country, which for some months he certainly ruled, by palming off upon it as a work of genius a book purposely filled with every fault but one of which a novel can be guilty. “I will give them,” Mr. Disraeli must have said to himself in his cynic solitude,—“I will give them a story that shall be vulgar, ill-written, passing all previous measures in the absurdity of its adulation of rank, false as it can be made in its descriptions of life, stuffed with folly; and even that they shall accept,—because it comes from me!” “Lothair” is not indecent. Had it been so, the indecency would, for some readers, have dissipated the dulness, and the satire would have been less complete. As it is, the success has been perfect. If our theory as to “Lothair” be correct, Mr. Disraeli is now sitting alone, radiant with triumph, as he looks down upon the insatiate gullibility of his dupes. But he must be lonely in his success, as were Paracelsus, Cagliostro, Barry Lyndon, and other great quacks and conjurers with whose characters we have become acquainted either from real life or from fiction. And no small portion of his triumph must consist in his own feeling of his own abasement. “These dukes and marquises, who have all danced to my piping, and have followed me whither I have chosen to lead them,—one day up to the transcendental heights of an ideal aristocracy, and the next down into the open plains of democratic rationalism, before whom I have always asserted my own superiority to them, both in race and intellect,—these porphyrogeniti who have

been my followers, these peers of Parliament whom I have created at my will as in other ages and countries an Emperor or a King has made them, to whose azure wings such a one as I have added a brighter hue or a larger feather,—now they shall be told who it is that has been their master!” We have always felt that no inconsiderable portion of the joy which a successful quack receives from his triumph must arise from his knowledge of the meanness of the trick with which he cheated his dupes,—as a chimney-sweeper rejoices in his own soot when he takes the wall of every passenger in the street. We remember a quarrel in the streets between an officer and the guard of a coach off duty. The guard was well dressed, and the officer asked for his card. The man tendered a card, on the top of which was a picture of a flying vehicle with an attendant blowing a long horn. “That’s me,” said the guard, holding the card with his left hand, and indicating the long horn with the nail of his right forefinger. “I knew you were some low fellow,” said the officer, in disgust. “No, sir; not so,” replied the guard; “I am a low fellow, no doubt; but you didn’t know it.” The guard’s triumph was certainly very sweet, and sweet must be the triumph of Mr. Disraeli as he reflects that his novel has been accepted as a work of genius, and that the great peers and country gentlemen of England have been told in the plainest language what he thinks of them.

How the dukes and squires will now carry themselves in the presence of Mr. Disraeli, and to what extent their political obedience to a recognized leader may be influenced by the feelings towards the man, we can only learn by observation. Probably no duke and no country gentleman yet knows what he will do. The management of political parties in this country is a great affair;—and a novel, even though it be written by an ex-Premier, can, after all, be but a little thing. It will probably be found impossible to depose Mr. Disraeli at once, because he has written “Lothair,” as a clerk would be dismissed from a public office were he to write letters to the newspapers about the secretaries in his department. One Premier edits the biography of a poet, a second translates Homer, a third gives to the public his speculations on religion,—

and a fourth writes a novel. In each case the work of the man, as author, is distinct from that of the politician, and need have no more reference to it than would have been the case had the name only been the same, and the personages been double, as is the work. Such will be the argument used by many, and the man's capacity for ruling,—such as it is,—will probably have been in no degree impaired by his last literary labors. But yet we cannot imagine that a second marquis would consent to accept the strawberry leaves from his hand, or that any peer would be proud of a garter that he should bestow. Mr. Disraeli's peers will no doubt sit in the House of Lords with rights as firmly established as those conferred by Pitt or Peel; but we cannot but think that ridicule will be attached to them to the end of time,—or at least to the end of the peerage,—such as that which was, we are told, the fate of certain Irish knights whose honors were laid upon them in the social hours of a jovial Lord Lieutenant.

Mr. Disraeli has, in truth, done all the injury to dukes which it was possible that he could effect; and if he have not done this wittingly, we know of no theory by which the writing of his book can be explained, compatible with our own impressions of his cleverness. That he may think them to be too stupid and thick-skinned to feel his satire may be possible. We ourselves, not knowing much of dukes personally, but perceiving the advantages which they enjoy, believe them to be, on an average, less stupid and less thick-skinned than other people; and if so, we cannot imagine that they should now endure his presence, or consent to work again under his direction. But, as regards the country, this is not the chief question which one feels called upon to answer in reference to the speculations raised by the late Prime Minister's novel. In the fulness of time Mr. Disraeli will pass away from the House of Commons and from life, and another leader of the conservative party will sit on the front bench. Our aristocrats will probably have learned a lesson, and will be careful to install in that high place some one less given to conjuring in politics, as to whom they may be fairly certain that he will not first use them, and then rub their noses

in the dust, covering them with grotesque ridicule. But in the mean time what are we to think of these highly-born legislators, of whom the country has been undoubtedly proud, although their position hardly admits of a logical defence, who have lately subjected themselves to such a leader?

As we have said at the beginning of these remarks, an hereditary house of legislators is, from its very nature, subject to criticism; and from day to day becomes more and more opposed to that rationalism which is growing in the country. It may be possible that Mr. Disraeli has been sincere enough in his democratic convictions to desire to show to Englishmen how absurd must be a legislative system in which such a one as he can achieve the power of making an hereditary legislator;—and that he has capped his proof by ridiculing his own work as soon as it has been turned out of his hand. But even though we should take this explanation of his conduct, it does not follow that we should accept his testimony. We have often thought Mr. Disraeli's views of English life and of English politics to be ingenious and clever, but we have never taken them to be correct or even true. Mr. Disraeli's dukes and marquises have, from the first days of their creation in the "Young Duke" and in "Vivian Grey," been to our thinking very unlike ordinary British noblemen. If it be the case that Mr. Disraeli has maligned the dukes, we should at any rate be careful not to be hurried on by his untrustworthy evidence to a general condemnation of them. We acknowledge the poignancy of the satire; but it is directed against us, the common English-reading people, as well as against the dukes; and in protesting against the injustice of the book, we find ourselves bound to make common cause with those who have been born in the purple, and even with the very lords who have been exalted to new purple by the right hand of Mr. Disraeli. We are for the moment in love with the House of Peers, at one with dukes and marquises, and even on terms of friendship with the whole conservative party. We are in the same boat with the country gentlemen, who have been insulted, maligned, and laughed at, only in one degree more cruelly than ourselves. They have been

described in "Lothair" in a spirit that may be supposed to have emanated from a joint committee of upholsterers, hairdressers, jewellers, and footmen; and we have been expected to accept the description as having been given in good faith and with all the graces of modern literature. Being thus in the same boat with them, we are well disposed to pull an oar on their behalf.

In simple truth, we should be very sorry even to anticipate the end of legislating dukes in England. Believing that things are made firm, and stable, and serviceable in this world,—or at any rate in this England,—rather by use, and custom, and training, than by being shaped in conformity with any theory of ideal perfection, we do not care for logical objections, and are ready to accept the good provided for us without hankering after something which might possibly be better, and which we could only attain by means of change and convulsions which would in themselves be full of danger. Taking the House of Lords as a whole, we find that we obtain from it an immense amount of unbought work, which is done with clean hands, with steadfast industry, with accurate skill, and with perfect patriotism. While we have such men to work for us as Lord Derby, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Carnarvon,—we purposely name conservative Peers, and Peers who have inherited their seats in Parliament,—we cannot bring ourselves even to wish for a Senate in lieu of our Lords, the members of which must be elected by some one, and might possibly be elected by a Mr. Disraeli. That there may be fools, and even worse than fools, in a House of Parliament filled by a system of inheritance, amounts, in the working of the thing, to no serious injury. There is a self-acting crucible in the House of Peers, by means of which the dross is made to eliminate itself and take itself off,—so that the fools and worse than fools, do not trouble us. A silly lord may now and again air his folly by a silly speech, but the inconvenience thence arising falls rather on his brother peers than upon us. Taking our peers, too, as a whole, we think that they do live in accordance with the motto of noblesse oblige, which should be the one great rule of their order. These take much from the people of this country, in the way of privileges accorded to rank, of

high bearing, and grand dignity, and general observance;—more, we think, than is given to the nobility of any other country under heaven; but they give more in return for it than other nobles give. They are easy of access, affable, and for the most part only too generous with their wealth. We were wandering but the other day in the domains of a great duke, which were free to us as was the air,—a spot blessed with all the charms of water, wood, and hill,—and we found ourselves to be under an infinite debt of gratitude to the duke. We reflected that dukes in the land were very useful, and, in the fulness of our enjoyment, reconciled our spirit with the whole conservative side of society in England.

But we think that the conservative side of society in England,—at any rate, as far as it finds itself at one with the conservative party in politics,—should look about with some common prudence, and choose its leaders better than it has done, if it wish to hold its own in the land. The writing of a novel, as we have said above, is in itself but a trivial matter;—so trivial that it can hardly be supposed that the condition of public affairs in England should be influenced by it. But the public work of a Prime Minister, or an ex-Prime Minister,—of the acknowledged leader of a great party, is not trivial; and, even though it be done after the very poor fashion just now adopted by Mr. Disraeli, it will have great effect. It cannot be for the credit of such peers as we have named above,—or indeed, for the credit of the country party generally, that they should yield their public services to the direction of the author of "Lothair." A Prime Minister in England holds a great station, and is a very great man. We quite accede to Mr. Disraeli the right to be proud of the position which,—always to our great regret,—he has won for himself. But when we find that he has dragged his honors through the mud as soon as they were worn, by descending to personalities which would have disgraced the slightest novelist of the day, and has put his name on the title-page of a book as to which, speaking of it in sober earnest, it is impossible to invent any rational theory for its absurd puerilities, we cannot but feel that the conservative party of England is in great danger while it submits itself to such a leader.

Chambers's Journal.

IS THE WORLD ROUND?

WE hope our readers will not think us demented for asking the above question ; but Mr. John Hampden (or "Parallax") has recently backed his opinion to the contrary by a sum of five hundred pounds ; and an interesting experiment has taken place. This gentleman, in 1865, published a book to prove that the earth is a *plane*, without motion, and unaccompanied by anything in the firmament analogous to itself. The whole question turns on the convexity of water, for if the earth is a globe, and twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, the surface of all standing water must have a certain degree of convexity ; every part must be an arc of a circle, rising at the rate of about eight inches per mile ; and in every succeeding mile, eight inches multiplied by the square of the distance. Mr. Hampden says he tried the following experiment. In the Old Bedford Canal, Cambridgeshire, a boat and flag was directed to sail from Welney Bridge, and remain at Welche's Dam, six miles distant. Mr. Hampden, with a telescope, placed himself in the water as a bather, with his eye not exceeding eight inches above the surface. The flag and the boat down to the water's edge were clearly visible throughout the whole distance, so that he concluded if the surface of the water had risen as above mentioned, he could not have seen the boat at all. We have neither the space nor the inclination to follow Mr. Hampden in the far-fetched theories contained in his volume. Suffice it to say that this gentleman offered to stake five hundred pounds on his theory ; and Mr. A. R. Wallace accepted the challenge, offering, in like manner, to stake five hundred pounds upon the issue, and agreeing to "prove the convexity or curvature of the surface of a canal, river, or lake." The spot chosen was that portion of the Old Bedford Canal between Old Bedford Bridge and Welney Bridge, a distance of six miles in a straight line.

The experiment came off March 5, 1870 ; and an oblong signal, six feet by three, was placed on Old Bedford Bridge, its centre being thirteen feet four inches above the water. At three miles' distance along the canal (we quote from the

report of Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Hampden's referee), a staff was erected, having a red disc of wood one foot in diameter affixed to it, the centre of which was also thirteen feet four inches above the water ; and on Welney Bridge, three miles farther, a third signal was placed, reaching the top of the bridge, thirteen feet four inches likewise above the water. The observations were made by means of a large telescope (four-inch object-glass), and also by means of a sixteen-inch Troughton level, placed in the same position and height above the water as the large achromatic. On the central signal-staff there was a red disc, which was allowed to remain nine feet four inches above the water, or four feet lower than the other.

Now the result was, that in each of these observations, one taken from Welney Bridge, and the other from Old Bedford Bridge, with the large achromatic telescope, the two discs of the central staff appeared in each case above the other bridge, showing that the signal-staff in the centre was higher, and thus proving the convexity of the water. Similar results appeared with the telescope of a sixteen-inch Troughton level, placed in the same position. The umpires, of course, could not agree, and the editor of the *Field* was called in as referee. He decided that Mr. Wallace, by means of the experiment agreed on, has proved to his satisfaction the "curvature to and fro" of the Bedford Canal to the extent of five feet more or less. He therefore paid Mr. Wallace the one thousand pounds that had been lodged at Coutts's Bank.

Mr. Wallace, in a letter to the *Field* (April 2, 1870), commenting on Mr. Carpenter's remarks in his Report, says that that gentleman objects to the value of the view in the large telescope "because it showed but two points, when a comparison had to be instituted between three ;" but he omits to state that the telescope itself was placed accurately at the third point, just as was the spirit-level telescope—to the view shown by which he makes no objection. The views from both extremities of the six miles agreeing so closely, both prove the very great ac-

curacy of the level used, and that it may be depended upon to show that the surface of water does really sink below the true level line in a continually increasing degree as the distance is greater; but the proof of convexity in no way depends on this accuracy, as it was shown still better by the large telescope without a spirit-level. The curvature shown by the large telescope is about five and a half feet at the middle signal, three miles distant; equal to eleven feet, if measured at the farther signal; and the depression below the cross hair or true level line being, according to Mr. Carpenter, an equal amount, makes twenty-two feet in all, leaving less than two feet for refraction to bring it to the full theoretical amount, which is something less than twenty-four feet. The three points deviated in a vertical direction very nearly as much as is required by the assumed dimensions of the earth, so that we may conclude that the level telescope line is a tangent to a circle, approximately the circle of the earth. Mr. Vernon says, if the telescope in this experiment had been laid exactly at right angles to a plumb-line dropped from its centre, it would have been found that the surface of the water three miles off was six feet, and at six miles, twenty-four feet, lower than the water at the spot where the observation was made.

Of course Mr. Hampden was not satisfied with the result, and still asserts that the surface of water is as flat as any billiard-table in the metropolis; and in an angry letter to the *Field*, he tells the editor that if he touches the money to hand it to Mr. Wallace, he will serve them both with a writ for conspiring to obtain money on false pretences.

Mr. J. N. Hearder of Plymouth tells us that "Parallax" some years ago visited Plymouth, and in one of his lectures asserted that the rock upon which the Eddystone Lighthouse is built, and which is about sixteen miles from the shore, could be seen as distinctly from the beach under the Hoe as it could from the top of the Hoe itself, an elevation of about eighty feet. Several gentlemen agreed to meet on the Hoe to test the experiment. The Eddystone Lighthouse is about eighty feet high, and is built on a rock which is nearly covered at high-water. The building is surmounted by a lantern, which occupies some ten or twelve feet of its upper

portion, and the remainder of the structure is painted in different colored bands; so that, as Mr. Hearder remarks, it formed an admirable object for the purpose of this experiment. A telescope was fixed on the top of the Hoe at the height of about eighty-four feet from the level of the sea below, to correspond with the height of the Eddystone, sixteen miles off. From this, the whole of the Eddystone and its rock were distinctly visible. But when the telescope was removed ten or twelve feet lower, the rocks were invisible; and in proportion as the telescope was removed lower and lower, band after band of the body of the building sank below the horizon, till at last, ten feet above the water's edge, nothing could be seen but the lantern. Five feet lower, the lantern itself disappeared. "Parallax" being asked to account for this, said it was due to the undulations of the waves; but the day was so fine, that small vessels could be seen on the horizon with the naked eye, and the breeze was very slight, and did not produce waves sufficient to prevent the observers from standing within an average distance of three feet from the edge of the water on the beach. On the same occasion, several vessels were watched, some of which, leaving the shore, could be seen gradually to descend below the horizon, until the hull, and even half the rigging, were out of sight to all the observers but "Parallax," who always protested he could see the hull as plainly as before.

Homer considered the world as flat. Mr. Gladstone, in his *Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age*, states that in Homer's estimation the form of the world was not circular, but oval, having a shorter diameter from east to west than from north to south. In the map he gives, it is in the form of a parallelogram with rounded edges, like the oblong shield then in use. The merit of the discovery of the *spherical* form of the earth is due to the Pythagoreans, who came to the conclusion from astronomical observations; but it is uncertain whether Pythagoras was himself aware of this truth. It was not received generally in Greece until the age of Plato. The Arabs speculated on the spherical form of the globe, and the calif Almamoun, in 814 A.D., ordered the measurement of a degree in the plains of Mesopotamia, which, at a much later

period, was imitated by Snellius in Holland, and Norwood in England. The length of degrees of the meridian in different latitudes gives the form and size of the earth. Eleven arcs have been measured in Europe, one in the Andes, two in the East Indies. No two of these yielded the same result, showing the slightly irregular form of the earth. Mrs. Somerville, in her *Physical Geography*, points out that the dip or depression of the horizon is, in round numbers, a fathom for every three miles of distance; that is to say, an object a fathom or six feet high would be hid by the curvature of the earth at the distance of three miles. Since the dip increases as the square, a hill one hundred fathoms high would be hid at the distance of ten miles. Another mode of

determining the form of the earth is by the oscillations of the pendulum. Its descent, and consequently its oscillations, are accelerated in proportion to the force of gravitation, which increases from the equator to the poles. Experiments have been made at various places, but no two sets give exactly the same results. The method employed for measuring arcs of the meridian, and that of deducing the form of the earth from the oscillations of the pendulum, are given in the sixth section of Mrs. Somerville's *Connection of the Physical Sciences*, eighth edition. Of course, all this will be nonsense to "Parallax;" but we may be well content to leave the matter in the hands of all thinking men.

RACINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

JEAN RACINE, who, by the general consent of critics, ranks third among the great dramatic poets of France, was born at Laferté-Milon, on the 21st of December, 1639. Like Molière, he received a classical education, remaining for three years under the direction of the recluses of Port Royal, during which time he exhibited great eagerness in the study of the classics. In 1660, when only 21 years of age, he received one hundred louis and a pension of 600 livres for an ode entitled *La Nymphe de la Seine*, which he addressed to the Spanish Infanta, Maria Theresa, on the occasion of her marriage to Louis XIV. His next publication was an ode, which appeared in 1663, called *La Renommée aux Muses*, which introduced him to the acquaintance of Boileau. A little before this he had been encouraged by Molière, who suggested the plan of his first tragedy, *La Thébaïde, ou les frères ennemis*. This play was performed in 1664, and was followed in 1665 by *Alexandre*, which was quite a success. *Andromaque*, however, produced in 1667, was the first play which showed the real scope of his genius, and it is still ranked among his finest tragedies. In 1668 appeared his three-act comedy of *Les Plaideurs*, written in imitation of the famous "Wasps" of Aristophanes; and during the next year he published his *Britanni-*

cus, a very powerful tragedy, of which the principal materials were drawn from the pages of Tacitus.

"About this time" (we quote now from the *American Cyclopaedia*) "Henrietta of England, wishing to place the veteran Corneille and his young rival in competition with each other, privately requested each to write a tragedy founded upon the illicit love of the Emperor Titus and Queen Berenice. Unfit for the stage as such a subject was, the two poets eagerly accepted it. RACINE succeeded in producing a series of touching scenes, embellished by the most exquisite poetry, so that his *Bérénice* has been properly styled a beautiful elegy in five acts; but the *Tite et Bérénice* of Corneille was a complete failure. RACINE now wrote in succession three other tragedies: *Bajazet* (1672), which, contrary to all precedents, was founded on a contemporary occurrence in the Ottoman Empire; *Mithridate* (1673); and *Iphigénie en Aulide* (1674), a remodelling of one of the plays of Euripides, which was pronounced by Voltaire the master-piece of the French stage. *Phèdre*, which was produced three years later, is considered by some critics superior to *Iphigénie*. The Duke of Nevers, the Duchess of Bouillon, Mme. Deshoulières, and several other literary characters, now put forward

as a competitor to RACINE a third-rate poet named Pradon, for whose *Phèdre et Hypolite* they secured popularity, while they managed to keep the public away from the theatre in which the true *Phèdre* was performed. This injustice inflicted a severe wound upon RACINE's sensibility; and having married a very devout wife, and possessing in his office as royal historiographer a comfortable means of support, he resolved to cease writing for the stage, and devote his time to religious exercises, the education of his children, and the preparation of a history of the reign of Louis XIV. The manuscript of this work, which was never quite completed, was lost in a fire in 1726, with the exception of a fragment including six years, from 1672 to 1678. In the mean time RACINE had acquired the favor of Mme. de Maintenon, who persuaded him to compose a drama to be acted by the pupils of the royal female seminary of St. Cyr. He therefore wrote, in 1689, his biblical drama of *Esther*, in which he introduced choruses, and the performance was a decided success. The poet, encouraged by Mme. de Maintenon, undertook another play of the same kind, but of wider scope and proportions; the subject he chose was the fall of Athaliah. This was his last dramatic composition. Mme. de Maintenon now had doubts about the propriety of dramatic performances by the young ladies under her care, and when *Athalie* was completed, in 1691, she caused it to be recited merely twice in a pri-

vate room, without costumes or scenery. When the piece was printed it was scarcely noticed by the public. Boileau consoled his friend under his disappointment. 'This is your finest work,' he said, 'and the public will acknowledge it in the end.' The prophecy was fulfilled, but not in the poet's lifetime. *Athalie* had to wait 25 years to be performed at the *Théâtre Français*, and it was not until the middle of the 18th century that full justice was done to it. By the advice of Mme. de Maintenon, RACINE now wrote a memoir, in which he vividly depicted the unhappy condition of France, and suggested some reforms at which Louis XIV. was highly offended; and his displeasure is said to have weighed so heavily upon RACINE's mind as seriously to aggravate a disease of the liver, from which he had been suffering for several years. He pined away, and at the end of a year or two breathed his last. He was buried, according to his desire, in the cemetery of Port Royal; and on the destruction of the convent in 1711, his remains were transferred to the church of St. Etienne du Mont, at Paris, where they now rest."

RACINE died on April 22d, 1699. He was a genial and amiable man in private life, at least during the larger part of it, and had a large circle of friends among the distinguished personages of his time. He was a laborious student and a careful writer, and had a polished elegance and precision of style such as had been attained by no previous writer in France.

POETRY.

VIEW FROM THE WOOD.

THIS is a woodland scene—a smooth-trunked beech
O'er-canopies my head with emerald arch;
Primroses cluster round my feet, and reach
In lightsome groups, like lambs upon a march,
Down to the river's rushy side. In speech
Of sylvan music, from yon plummy larch,
The throstle talks with her whose tawny breast
Warms into wings the sapphires of his nest.

Here let me muse, amidst the nervous air,
Laden with scent of flowers, and song of birds,
And undertones of river tuneful there
Among his pebbles. Thoughts flash forth in words,
As matches burst aflame, that scene so fair,
Of stream, and vale, and hill, and flocks, and herds,
Seen through the skyeey loops of shady leaves,
Its meed of thankful gladness receives.

There Cumledge hides amid its rook-loved pines
A master kind. Yon three-arched bridge be-
strides

The Hotspur Whitadder, whose liquid lines
Poured through the arches, blend in gentle tides;
But gentle only when the blue sky shines;
For let but Summer tempest prick his sides,
Then forthwith from the sullen hills he roars,
And troubles like a sea his rural shores.

See! yonder on the tree-besprinkled steep,
There sleeps a solemn scene. *There* sleep the dead,
Around a roofless church, itself asleep,
And buried underneath the ivy, spread
Along its crumbling walls. Who would not weep,
If they, like me, dear friends remembered
Asleep beneath yon quaint memorial stones,
Which tell no lying history o'er their bones?

Have I not sprinkled the symbolic drops
On some of those whose now untinted faces
Are withering there? Upon the sunny slopes
Of the green bridal hill, all white with daisies,
Have I not married others rich in hopes?—
But where are *they*?—In yonder darksome places,
Like flowers cut down beneath the mower's scythe,
On field whereon erewhile they grew so blithe!

Cease, rueful hill, my pensive heart to twinge,
And turn my eye where yonder prospects lure—
Vales washed with pearly showers, and bright with
tinge
Of virgin Summer's gushing garniture;
And green-haired, cuckoo-haunted woods that
fringe
The heathy skirts of breezy Lammermoor:
Ah! these are scenes forever dear to me;
Dearest when seen on Summer's nursing knee!

Lo! rising proudly from yon wild ravine,
See Cockburn Law, like watcher grim in arms;
Look north on Abbey's fairy, sainted scene,
And south on classic Cheviot's ghostly charms;
The far and fleecy vale of Tweed between,
Rich in red orchards, and in corn-clad farms,
In hoary castles, and in maiden towers,
That lift their spires aloft from fairy bowers.

But huge clouds rise and purple wide the west;
Behind them snowy sheets in volumes fly,
Like foam from rocks rolled back on ocean's breast
Again to turn, and edge the rampart by;
And lo! the bow, like Joseph's radiant vest,
Scarfs the broad shoulder of the darksome sky;
Prelude rain-mist dims the distance gray,
And bids me hasten on my homeward way.

LADY FAIR.

UNDERNEATH the beech-tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows flitting
Through your wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution losing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair?

Oh, the charm that in your face is!
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embraces
Monarch's guerdon were:
Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare:
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiled,
Lady fair!

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' form and Dian's manner
Doth my goddess wear:

Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair?

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindness lighten,
While the cheek's rich colors heighten,
What would I not dare?
To inform their scornful splendor
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the lives that thou hast broken,
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only thee since I have seen thee;
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

THE HYMN OF NIGHT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

THE day is dying on thy hills, O Earth!
And I remain to sigh and languish here.
Ah! weary eyes! when shall your glance behold
The dazzling splendors of that radiant sphere,
Where daylight never dies?
God of all day! of night! of time! arise,
And bid me greet on the sun's path of flame
Thy nameless majesties!
Lo! speeding towards the west yon vermeil cloud,
Passeth it, Lord, Thy glories to enshroud,
Veiling the threshold of that holy home,
Where the eye knoweth neither night nor sleep!
God of the gathering night! Thine altars are
Ubiquitous. We feel Thy love unfold
In every whisper of the soft night-air;
While high o'er all, yon everlasting choir,
Love-guided by Thine own creative hand,
Filleth the concave of the azure dome
With anthems tuned to an immortal lyre.
Heaven's beacon stars but herald forth Thy name,
Of good the all-ineffable! Hell, death,
Are overwhelmed by Thy stupendous power
With one vast veil of joy. Events all tend
To man's good and Thy glory. Every star,
Gemming with lustre flood and field and flower,
Is eloquent of Thee! Sublimely grand
As are Thy works, O Lord! Earth, star, and
sun
Are dust beneath Thy feet, Almighty One,
Thou of all things the Origin and End!

ULLESWATER.

STILL Evening came
Like a presiding spirit in the air,
Brooding o'er flood and fell. A windless calm
Mirrored some crimson clouds upon the lake:
While all the vale in breathless transport lay,
To catch the beauty of that sunset time:
When wood and steep were touched with heavenly
hues
On bold Stybarrow Crag, beneath whose brow
In vernal vesture leafy isles reposed,

In the calm lake reflected : while afar,
Sole monarch of the Dale, Helvellyn raised
His bare, proud forehead to the western gleam.
Entranced, we rested in our cradled boat,
Hushed to receptive silence.

II. P.

A SPRING SKETCH.

A FAIR spring morn it is, so warm and still :
The sun is up, and all is clear and bright,
Save that a steel-blue shade basks on the hill,
A steel-blue haze that is not mist nor light.

Sweet on the ear the teamster's mellow "gee,"
The click of harrows over stony knolls,
And all the home-life sounds of husbandry,
Break ever and anon. Across the wolds
A flock of geese in wedge-shaped order wing
To some far feeding-ground ; while overhead
Stray teals, late risen from their reedy bed,
Wheel round and round. The healthful airs of
spring
Go pulsing past for all ; and man and beast
Joy in the fulness of the vernal feast.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

The *Journal of Philology* has adopted Vergil in place of Virgil as the proper orthography of the great poet's name.

A Dane, named William Berysøe, has written a sort of art novel about artist life in Rome, called *From the Piazza del Popolo*.

An excellent Italian version of Charles Dickens's "The Cricket on the Hearth" has been written by Signora Grazia Mancini Pierantoni.

The Rev. George Gilfillan is engaged on a new "Life of Sir Walter Scott." It will be published by Messrs. Oliphant, of Edinburgh.

Mr. Halliwell is busy on a work calculated to make ten folio volumes, illustrative of the life of Shakespeare, and the history of the early English stage.

A Benedictine named Baschet, already known for his researches in the Archives of Venice, has published a work on the history of the Secret Tribunal of that city.

A newly discovered Chinese poem, *Li Sao*, written 300 years before Christ, is said to prove that the existence of America was known to the Chinese at that time.

A narrative memoir on Byron matters, by the late Lord Broughton, edited by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Carleton, will shortly be published by Mr. Murray. It will not refer in any way to the Byron scandal.

The first portion of the eighth edition of Tischendorf's Greek Testament is just published, containing the Acts, the Epistles of St. Peter, and Part I. of St. John. It consists of 320 pages of closely but clearly printed reading matter.

A Malay anthology has been begun by the Royal Institute for the Philology, Geography and Natural History of Netherlands India. The editor is Mr. G. K. Nieman, and the first part has already appeared in an 8vo volume of above 300 pages.

The third volume of the admirable new edition of all the plays of Beaumarchais, by Messrs. G. d'Heylli and F. de Marescot, has appeared. This edition is a reprint of the first edition of each play, with the various readings of the original manuscripts.

We are in a position to state that there is no foundation for the paragraph which is going the round of the papers to the effect that Mr. Tennyson is at work on a new poem. Mr. Tennyson's reported visit to the Rhine is also a fiction. — *The Athenæum*.

Max Moltke's *Shakespeare Museum* is to appear on anniversaries connected with the poet's life, or those of his most distinguished worshippers. The first number appeared on Shakespeare's birthday, the second on the anniversary of Schiller's death, the third on Tieck's birthday.

The London *Athenæum* is responsible for the following, which it is certainly to be hoped is well founded : It is rumored that Mr. William Cullen Bryant, encouraged, we presume, by the success of his version of the *Iliad*, is devoting himself to the task of translating the *Odyssey*.

The present Charles Dickens does not at all resemble his father, but is a quiet, reticent man, about thirty years old, with heavier features and rounder face than his father. He is an industrious worker, of excellent judgment and literary taste, and promises to equal his father in the conduct of *All the Year Round*.

Paul Botten-Hausen, librarian of the University of Christiania, has compiled a classified list of all the works of any value printed in Norway, or written by Norse authors, up to the 19th century ; with an historical introduction, a critical sketch of the progress of letters and science in Norway, and a summary of its periodical press.

Among late French books are, A. Schæffer's "Huguenots of the Sixteenth Century ;" J. Roman's "Sigillography of the Diocese of Gap ;" Paul Lacroix's "Court Ballets and Masquerades, from the time of Henry the Third to Louis the Fourteenth" (1581—1652), from the original editions, 6 vols. ; and "The Prussian Army in 1870, with its History from 1807."

Nearly all the Roman Catholic Professors of the University of Munich, who do not belong to the Theological Faculty, have signed a protest against the oecumenicity of the Vatican Council and the dogma of Infallibility. The first signature is that of the celebrated Prof. V. Pettenkofer, the Rector of the University. The Theological Faculty are expected to issue a protest of their own.

The London Bookseller gives one or two examples of the decline in value in books quite as remarkable as some of the instances of an enormous appreciation in rare copies. Bishop Gibson's *Preservation from Popery*, a few years ago, used to sell for sixty-five or seventy dollars; now it finds few purchasers at four dollars and a quarter. Hammond's works, which formerly commanded forty dollars, are now offered at five.

A very curious work is in preparation by Mr. Mitford, the Secretary of the British Legation in Japan; a collection of the best original novels of the Japanese language, with illustrations by native artists. The appetite for novels is, we should say, pretty nearly satiated among civilized readers, but here is something really new. Mr. Mitford is now publishing a series of "Tales of Old Japan" in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Parents who are perplexed for want of information which may enable them to determine intelligently what trade or profession their children shall follow, will be able to get it from a book just announced in London. It will contain "Hints to Parents on the Choice of a Profession or Trade," "Counsel to Young Men," etc., and will also contain, probably, as much humbug and impertinent nonsense as such books always do.

It is announced that Miss Helen Taylor is engaged in editing the works and posthumous remains of Henry Thomas Buckle. We do not know that Miss Taylor has ever given evidence of the possession of the ability requisite for such a work, but it is a work very well worth doing, and we hope to see it well done. The decadence of Buckle's influence has been in great part owing to a want of proper editing and revision.

Prof. Angelo De Gubernatis has just completed a companion work to his learned treatise on the "Storia Comparata degli Usi Nuziali." In the new work, "Storia Comparata degli Usi Funerari," the author compares the funeral ceremonies of different peoples with the same research and learning that he had previously bestowed on the work which illustrated the history of the marriage ceremonies of the Indo-European peoples.

Mr. Motley is very popular in Holland. Dr. Hurst, writing from the Hague, says his name is an honored one in that country. "Mynheer Moteli," as they pronounce it, has done more than Dutchman, German, or any one else to recall and perpetuate the heroic period of Dutch history. Cheap editions of Motley's great work can be found in all the book-stores of respectable size, and most likely old copies in the book-stalls among the quays.

The Grenzboten for June 24 contained a warm tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Dickens, by the editor, Herr G. Freytag, the celebrated novelist. *The Pickwick Papers*, he says, emancipated the German mind from the predominating influence of French fiction, and had a most powerful and healthy influence on German literature. Mr. Dickens' writings, he adds, have done much to awaken in Germany a kindly feeling toward England and Englishmen.

George Eliot is said to be writing a new novel. We consider George Eliot the foremost living writ-

ter of English fiction, and those who have regretted her recent attempts at "wering on the poetical" will be more than glad to welcome her back to her old work. The hand that created *Romola*, and *Tito*, and *Adam Bede*, and *Maggie Tulliver*, can find better employment than telling in unmusical verse the story of "The Spanish Gypsy," and "How Lisa Loved the King."

A new "Library for the Education of the People" is announced in Italy, of which the first volume, "Chi si aiuta Dio l'aiuta," is translated from Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help," with additions for the use of Italians by Signor Gustavo Strafforello. In the second volume the same author will explain "The Phenomena of Industrial Life;" while the third work promised is Signor Carlo Lozzi's important work on the terrible prevalence of idleness in Italy, entitled "L'Ozio in Italia."

We are advised from Valencia (Spain) that an important historical work is in the press, and will be shortly published, the subject being the "Germanias of Valencia" (the Junta which conspired against Charles the Fifth). The important documents now promised have been jealously guarded from inspection by succeeding governments; the last revelation having opened to historical students the archives of the Crown and the Cathedral, the above promised volume is the result—to be followed probably by many more of value to the historical student, anxious to verify those portions of the history of Spain "written to order, regardless of facts."

The Staff of Professors of the Berlin University, for 1870, is composed of one honorary professor of theology; six professors of theology (extraordinary); five professors of theology (titular); three private professors of theology, not remunerated by the University; fourteen titular professors of medicine; twelve extraordinary professors of medicine; twenty-nine private professors of medicine; twenty-six titular professors of literature and science; thirty-one extraordinary professors of literature and science; twenty private professors of literature and science; three professors of modern languages; one professor of music; one professor of fencing; one professor of dancing;—one hundred and fifty-three professors in all.

The most careful biography of Washington Irving yet written now appears, strange to say, not in America, whose literature he almost founded, nor in England, which he loved, nor in Spain, which he celebrated and served, but in Germany—and in German—a country and a language which Irving knew and valued less than he certainly would have done had he lived later. In two compact volumes (Washington Irving, Ein Lebens- und Charakterbild, von Adolf Laun; Berlin, R. Oppenheim) Herr Laun gives the results of an affectionate and intelligent study of his subject in all its aspects, and succeeds in presenting a remarkably interesting and correct picture of the great diplomatist, traveller, and master of English style. —*Putnam's Magazine*.

It is a singular fact that while considerably more than 50,000 copies of the American edition of *Lothair* have been disposed of, Messrs. Longman & Co., the English publishers, have sold only

9,000. It must be recollected, however, that these figures are no criterion for judging of the number of actual readers in the two countries, as in England by far the larger number of such works is taken by the numerous circulating libraries, and every copy is read over and over again for several months. In fact the popularity of a book in England is to be judged of not so much from the number of copies sold as from the demand for it at these libraries. Mudie's is in general a far better standard than the publishers' returns.

*There are nine hundred and sixty-two journals published in Paris, of which ninety are religious, forty-eight treat of jurisprudence, thirty-five are political, fifty-eight nautical, sixty-five are devoted to painting, sculpture, music, and the theatres, sixty-six to popular science, a host to various technical and special subjects, and eighty-five are literary miscellanies. With all this number, including journals devoted to almost every special subject conceivable, there is no distinctive literary journal in Paris—no one devoted to criticism and literary information, of which class there are so many in London. Figaro has the largest circulation, fifty-three thousand; *Rappel* comes next, with thirty-six thousand; then *Le Siècle*, with thirty-three thousand, and the *Gaulois*, with thirty thousand.*

Bacon and Shakespeare.—The Northumberland House MS. of "A Conference of Pleasure," four imaginary speeches written by Bacon about 1592, has been edited, and the part destroyed by fire most ingeniously restored by Mr. Spedding. It is printed, and is, we believe, to be published. The last two speeches only have been published already, from a Harleian MS. in the British Museum. On the title-page of the volume in which the MS. is included, near a mention of two plays called "Richard II." and "Richard III.," and in several other places, appears the name "William Shakespeare," written not in the poet's hand, nor as he is known to have spelt it, but as it was printed, and by the writer of the MS., the date of which is about 1597. Whatever this appearance may show as to Bacon's relation to the two plays, it shows how early Shakespeare's reputation was formed.

Mr. Trübner commemorates, with some satisfaction, in his *Literary Record*, the deposit in the Manchester Free Library of the collection of Chinese books bequeathed by the late Thomas Bellot, M.R.C.S., and of which 253 volumes have been already placed on the shelves. Mr. Bellot, the donor, was a philologist of considerable attainments, and he studied these books, recording his observations in a useful paper on the best method of studying the Chinese language. Therefore, a man may study Chinese at Manchester, and if the cotton lords so will it, one may learn Chinese there for further use than Mr. Bellot made of it. This bequest gives a good hint to our Manchester friends to set up a school of languages, so that young Manchester may learn Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, Turkish, and Hindostanee, and promote the culture of cotton and silk and the trade in them in various parts of the world. Such an establishment would cost very little, and would be the best auxiliary for the Cotton Supply Association and

for the Silk Supply Association, and young Manchester would be none the worse for some philological knowledge.

The *Athenæum* for August 13 says:—We have great pleasure in laying before our readers the following important letter from Mr. Halliwell:—

WORTHING, August 9, 1870.

A discovery I have recently made of a series of documents can hardly fail to interest many of your readers. They reveal the long-hidden mystery of the story of the establishment of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres. In the course of a long experience no papers have come to my hands which dissipate such a mass of conjecture, and throw so much new light upon the history of the Elizabethan stage. It is now certain that Shakespeare, who is more than once alluded to by name, was never a proprietor in either theatre. His sole interest in them consisted in a participation, *as an actor*, in the receipts of "what is called the house." This technical expression I do not recollect to have met with elsewhere, and it is at present a tiresome obstacle to the complete understanding of the position held by the great dramatist. Any one who can explain it would confer a real obligation. Does the phrase still linger in the theatrical vocabulary?

J. O. HALLIWELL.

The Papyri of Herculaneum.—The second and third parts of the sixth volume of Herculaneum papyri have just been published, with the title of 'Herculaneusium voluminum quæ supersunt, collectio altera,' by Detken, at Naples. The unrolling of the papyri discovered at Herculaneum has been a work of slow progress, but the publication of them when unrolled has been far slower. From 1793 to 1855 it appears that no more than eleven volumes were published; and thus it happened that in 1861 the Directors of the National Museum at Naples found large quantities of materials ready for the press. It was determined to publish these papyri at once without a commentary. This publication went on till 1866, when five volumes and part of the sixth had been issued, but unfortunately the publication ceased and has only recommenced this year. The parts of the sixth volume now before us are specially important from the number of fragments of the work of Epicurus, "De Naturâ," which they contain. In the earlier volumes some fragments of the second and eleventh books had already been published. The new fragments belong to the eleventh, the fourteenth, the fifteenth, and the twenty-eighth books. A few of those published in 1866 in the first part of the sixth volume agree with those fragments of the same book which had appeared in the earlier volumes. Prof. Gompertz, who has devoted much time and study to the most careful examination of the Herculanean papyri, states that it is evident the Epicurean of Herculaneum had two copies of the works of Epicurus in his library. The most valuable fragments are those which belong to the twenty-eighth book, of which a much larger portion has been discovered. Fragments of four other books which have come to light are also published in the last parts of the sixth volume. Now that the publication of the papyri has recommenced it is to be hoped that we shall not have long to wait for the other volumes.

The origin of Dickens's humorous characters still attracts a great deal of attention in London, and some interesting facts are occasionally brought to light. Mr. Charles Rogers, LL.D., writes as follows to *The Daily News*:—"In 1864, in the course of a tour, I arrived at the town of Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham, late on a winter evening, and put up at the principal hotel, a large, old-fashioned structure, fronting the principal street. At breakfast the following morning I chanced to notice on the opposite side of the street a large clock face, with the name of Humphrey surrounding it, most conspicuously exhibited in front of a watch and clockmaker's shop. 'How odd,' I exclaimed to a gentleman seated me; 'here is Master Humphrey's clock!' 'Of course,' said the gentleman, 'and don't you know that Dickens resided here for some weeks when he was collecting materials for his *Nicholas Nickleby*, and that he chose his title for his next work by observing that big clock face from this window?' After breakfast I stepped across to the watchmaker, and asked him whether I had been correctly informed respecting Mr. Dickens and the clock. The worthy horologist entered into particulars. 'My clock,' said he, 'suggested to Mr. Dickens the title of his book of that name. I have a letter from him stating this, and a copy of the work, inscribed with his own hand. For some years we corresponded. I got acquainted with him just by his coming across from the hotel as you have done this morning, and his asking me to inform him about the state of the neighboring boarding-schools.' Mr. Humphrey then entered into many particulars respecting the condition of these schools. Incidentally, he said, he had directed Mr. Dickens and his friend 'Phiz' to the school which the two travellers afterwards rendered infamous by their pen and pencil; but it was, he said, by no means the worst of those institutions. The schoolmaster had been very successful in obtaining pupils, and had become very tyrannical, and even insolent, to strangers. He received Mr. Dickens and his companion with extreme hauteur, and did not so much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of pen-making during their interview. But 'Phiz' sketched him on his nail, and reproduced him so exactly, that soon after the appearance of the novel the school fell off, and was ultimately deserted. Since that period the 'Do-the-Boys' description of school had altogether ceased in the district."—*Tribune*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States. By ALEX. H. STEPHENS. Vol. II. Phila.: National Publishing Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 827. Illustrated. Sold only by subscription.

The New Timothy. A Novel. By WM. M. BAKER. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 344.

The Genial Showman. Being Reminiscences of the Life of Artemus Ward. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 155.

The Broken Seal; or, Personal Reminiscences of the Morgan Abduction and Murder. By SAMUEL D. GREENE. Boston: H. H. & T. W. Carter. 16mo, cloth, pp. 304.

The Feminine Soul: Its Nature and Attributes. By ELIZABETH STRUTT. Boston: H. H. & T. W. Carter. 16mo, paper, pp. 199.

Charles Dickens. The Story of his Life. By the Author of the "Life of Thackeray." New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 101. Illustrated.

Veronica. A Novel. By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 175.

Recollections of Etton. By an Ettonian. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 126. Illustrated.

SCIENCE.

Rapidity at which Excitation is propagated along the Motor Nerves of Man.—Prof. Helmholtz has communicated to the *Monatsbericht of the Berlin Academy*, 1870, p. 184, the results of some new measurements which have been carried out by M. Baxt, which can claim a greater exactness than the earlier researches of Helmholtz, Schelske, Hirsch, Kohlrausch de Jaeger, and Von Wittich, owing to the entire elimination of the psychical activity of the experimenter. The ascertained rapidity of the excitation varies between about 30 and 90 metres per second; and the rapidity is also found to be greater in summer than in winter. This result led to a more exact observation of the influence of temperature, which is ascertained by the artificial cooling or warming of the arm. By this means the accelerating influence of a higher temperature has been clearly determined; so that the interval of time between an impulse of the voluntary power and the corresponding movement of the muscle is greater in winter than in summer.

Prehistoric Remains in Italy.—The *Cittadino Leucese* of June 20th contained a letter of Professor U. Botti, dated June 17th, giving an account of his successful researches for prehistoric relics in the *Grotto del Diavolo* in the Gulf of Leuca, near Ristola Point. He collected a large quantity of fragments of pottery, from the most elegant vases of the finest clay to the roughest objects kneaded with sand, as also a quantity of bones belonging chiefly to ruminants, and, what is more important, small layers of ashes and charcoal, some terra cotta spindles, and some bones undoubtedly worked upon by human hands, and in particular some laths and scrapers, a needle, an implement resembling a needle-case, and a wild-boar's tusk with deep indentations. Sig. Botti subsequently found five flint weapons; and finally, in another letter, dated July 1st, he announces the further discovery of a human skeleton, but so brittle that it crumbled to dust on the slightest touch, and near it some objects of lead and copper and a variety of vases of very different degrees of skilful workmanship. He considers these remains to belong to different ages, the most recent of which is the beginning of the bronze or copper age.

Ancient Glacial Periods.—M. Boué has contributed to the Academy of Sciences at Vienna, a paper on the accumulation of erratic blocks in the secondary strata, and in the sandstones and conglomerates of the tertiary period. An attempt has been made to account for these accumulations by the motor force of currents of water or by subterranean convulsions. The most ancient are found in the carboniferous sandstone (millstone grit). Unreliable statements are made of their occurrence in the jurassic and cretaceous systems; but they are most frequently met with in the eocenes and miocenes of the Alps. In the latter case they have doubtless been conveyed by the agency of glaciers and icebergs; and there is strong reason to believe in the existence of glacial periods in the course of almost every geological epoch.

The Oxy-Hydrogen Light is now largely used in Paris for illuminated advertisements; and theatrical purposes. Carts with metal reservoirs containing the compressed oxygen for the supply of customers may be seen in the streets. At the Gaicé Theatre, which is one of the largest consumers, cylinders of magnesia or zirconia take the place of the lime cylinders ordinarily used for this light.

Prevention of Rust.—Captain Ross, of the Artillery, has recently taken out a patent for a composition which, applied to the clean surface of iron, or other metals, chemically combines with it to form, in the case of iron, a coating of iron itself, but changed in character, and said not to rust or oxidize, even if steeped in water for a week. This discovery has been officially submitted by the inventor to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and the Deputy Adjutant-General Royal Artillery himself experimented on some delicate steel articles, which had been treated by the composition, by putting them in the rain and keeping them out on the wet grass all night, which ordeal they sustained without a speck of rust. The composition is so delicate that it can be applied even to the finest needles and small clock-work wheels. We are informed that watch-springs are not affected by it, and will never rust after its application: nor does it alter, but, if anything, improve, the temper of knife or sword-blades. It turns the surface of steel implements to a whitish-gray color, is capable, perhaps, of receiving almost as high a polish as steel itself.

The Dry Ravines of the Rocky Mountains and Andes.—No observant and discriminating traveller through the Rocky Mountains can fail to be struck with the singularity and apparent mystery of this, as yet, unexplained phenomenon; and when understood, there is nothing else that furnishes so conclusive proof of the submontagne drainage being explained. Through the whole Rocky Mountain chain the principal ridges, where they have a latitudinal trend, furnish, more or less often, instances of this singular feature. In following up a valley stream between the mountains, we are on an active stream, fed by living streams, and also swollen, when rain-falls get concentrated within its banks. We pass ravines bringing in their accumulating waters, and occasionally we enter one that is dry, deep-furrowed, and ploughed out, and filled with huge rocks, piled one upon another, and overshadowed by lofty trees. We trace its deserted

bed, and wonder at the strength of the torrent that has once dredged it out, piled up the moveless rocks on its sides, and uprooted the stately trees on its banks. There has been rain for several days, and the ravines on the opposite side of the stream are running fresh, and the one we are walking in is dry! We walk and clamber on, and at length, before us (and to which the ravine is approaching at right angles) we behold a huge mountain's side, and a black and yawning cave in the rocks, some forty or fifty feet above our heads. It is large enough to admit "a coach and four," or perhaps a railway train; but all around and within is dry and silent and desolate; and so for hundreds of years it has probably stood, without the least change or alteration!

We are struck with the frequency and the magnitude of these, and their evident antiquity, and the appearance that most of them present, of not having been used for thousands of years; and we are again struck (in some instances) with the marks of modern convulsions which have swept them out, and inundated the valleys below them. From the great antiquity of these, the caverns of many of them are eventually entirely obscured and filled by the falling *debris* of the overlying rocks, or covered with sand and decayed vegetation; and from their numbers we infer that they were produced at a period when volcanic influences were more active than they now are, when, by successive internal pressures and explosions, the channels of the submontagne waters were more frequently obstructed, causing overflows of the accumulating waters, which discharged through these gates into the valleys; and if similar obstructions were now presented to the egress of the submontagne waters, the valleys of the Missouri and the Columbia would soon be inundated. The extreme rarity of their discharges at the present day is evidence that they have no influence or connection with the regular flow of accumulating waters in the submontagne vaults, and their great antiquity and numbers show what the accumulations and pressure of those waters anciently were; and as rain-falls and snows have not diminished, the submontagne currents are the same now as they were at that ancient date, but confined to more regular and unchangeable beds.—*The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America.* By G. Catlin.

A New Kind of Insurance.—Mr. Victor Prou attempts, in *Cosmos*, to explain the very dry summer experienced this year in Western Europe, as the result of an unusually long and severe winter within the Arctic circle. The great ice-fields of the North Atlantic and Polar Sea do not break up early enough to supply the usual source of the rains of spring and early summer in the temperate zone. Mr. Prou is confident that a judicious use of the tremendous explosive agents produced by modern chemistry to break up the ice at the end of a severe Polar winter will restore the needed supply of rain and equalize the temperature; and so proposes an "Insurance Company against Drought."

Heralding the Approach of Storms.—It is announced from Washington that the Western Union Telegraph Company proposes to co-operate with the War Department for the rapid transmission of the telegraphic reports of "the observation and report of storms, for the benefit of commerce

on our Northern lakes and seaboard." The managers of the Company, regarding the undertaking as of national importance, propose to place their wires at the disposal of the War Department on liberal terms. The organization of the telegraphic circuit for the simultaneous transmission of the weather reports to and from the Board of Trade rooms and principal cities throughout the United States will be the most extensive that has ever been attempted.

The Solar Eclipse of December.—Astronomers have begun their preparations for observing the total eclipse of the sun in December next. The Royal Society and the Astronomical Society have each appointed a committee to make proper arrangements, and have set apart five hundred pounds for the purchase of instruments and other expenses. Special pains will be taken to insure that photography, spectroscopy, and polarization shall be employed to full advantage in observation of the several phenomena; and considering the many interesting questions that have grown up of late years with regard to the constitution of the sun, it is hoped that some of them will be answered by the observations about to be made. The totality of the eclipse falls on the Mediterranean, so that the three parties of observers who are to go out to Gibraltar, to Algiers, and to Sicily, will, while working for science, have the pleasure of passing their Christmas in a warm climate. The assistance of government will be asked, and will probably be given in the conveyance by ship of the parties of observers to their several stations. Hence it may be anticipated that the coming eclipse will be more effectually scrutinized than any preceding.

The next Transit of Venus.—Though not much talked about, the transit of Venus to take place in 1874 is kept steadily in mind by those interested in the phenomenon. The Astronomer-Royal makes known in his Annual Report that government have "answered liberally" to his appeal for pecuniary aid; that he has ordered telescopes, clocks, and other instruments sufficient to equip five observing stations, and that the question is actively discussed as to whether it will be feasible to use photography or spectroscopy in the observations. The observing stations are to be chosen in the southern hemisphere, some of them in high Antarctic latitudes, which, as we may anticipate, is a reason why government should contribute means of conveyance when the time arrives. So much preparation for an observation of the passage of Venus across the sun's disc may appear to some minds a waste of money and labor; but a transit is of high importance in astronomy. It gives a measure of the sun's distance, of the speed of light, and can be made available for the determination of important questions in natural philosophy. Instruments are now so excellent that we may hope for the perfection of accuracy in the observations.

New Method in Telegraphy.—We hear that a method of condensing telegraphic messages, and at the same time of keeping their purport secret from all persons except the sender and receiver, has been devised by Mr. J. Gall, of Kingston, Jamaica (son of a well-known Edinburgh publisher). He has drawn up a lexicon of telegraphy, and any

one wishing to send a message has but to choose from this lexicon a single word, according to the nature of the message. In this word he conveys his whole meaning to his friend or correspondent; but to the telegraph clerk, or any one else, it is an impenetrable secret. The friend or correspondent is of course aware of the principle on which the message is to be interpreted, and he alone can resolve the meaning. The combinations of the method are so numerous that, as we are informed, Mr. Gall himself would be unable to discover the key which other persons had agreed to use out of his own lexicon. Another advantage of this method is its economy. When a long message can be contained in one, two, or three words, the saving will be great as regards both money and time. The pre-arrangement of messages is described as remarkably easy; hence there seems no reason why this telegraph lexicon should not be published for general use.

An Important Discovery.—In a communication to the Lombard Institute of Sciences at Milan, Professor Montegazza states, as a result of experiment, that vegetable oils act as preservatives from malaria. He finds reason to believe that flowers exhale ozone in large quantities, and of a quality superior to that produced in other ways. The exhalation, as might be anticipated, takes place mostly during sunshine, and becomes very small in amount at night. If the professor is right in his views, the cultivation of aromatic plants and the use of vegetable scents should be particularly beneficial in marshy districts, where the air is unwholesome. He recommends that laborers who work in swamps and rice-fields should carry about them a small quantity of spirits of turpentine, or some other powerful aromatic. In Holland and the marshy regions of the South of France, it is believed that plantations of sunflower will preserve a neighborhood from intermittent fever.

Chambers's Journal says:—With characteristic enterprise, the Americans have sent exploring parties into their newly-acquired territory, Alaska, and have ascertained that the river Yukon is one of the longest on the North American continent, and is at the same time the only important stream in the new country. The river was explored by a party of twelve men in a small steamer under the command of Captain Raymond, of the army engineers. They succeeded in reaching Fort Yukon, near the head of the river, and returned in safety. The Indians of the interior are described as inferior to those of the coast, and very cowardly; and the extent of useless land is prodigious. But for complete particulars of the expedition we must wait for one of the excellent reports of surveys and explorations made from time to time by the United States Government.

Influence of Temperature on the Lungs.—Dr. Rattray of the English navy has communicated a paper to the Royal Society "On some of the more important Changes induced in the Animal Economy by Change of Climate, as from Temperate to Tropical, and the reverse." Experiment has shown that respiration is slower in warm air than in cold air; but we do not yet fully know what happens in the tropics, where great heat, rarity of air, and moisture are combined, nor whether the quantity of air there respired is greater or less

than in temperate climates. Some light has been thrown on these questions by Dr. Rattray, who made his experiments on some of the officers and crew of a vessel during a voyage to Brazil and back. In England, at starting, the average capacity of the chest for air was found to be 256 cubic inches; in the equatorial doldrums, temperature 78 degrees in the shade, the capacity increased to 280 inches; and on the return voyage in the same region, the heat being then 83 degrees in the shade, there was a further increase to 286½ cubic inches. It would be interesting to ascertain whether this increase would become permanent on prolonged residence in a tropical climate; but on returning to England, there was an average decrease of 26 inches, the temperature being the same as at starting—namely, 65 degrees. On passing from the doldrums to the cool dry air of the north-east trades, there was a sudden decrease of from eight to fifteen inches; and a negro, whose chest had a capacity of 210 cubic inches in the tropics, found himself reduced to 185 in an English winter. Here Dr. Rattray remarks that a knowledge of this law is evidently of practical application in preventing mistakes in the spirometric diagnosis of certain lung diseases. Thus, the capacity of the chest of an individual debilitated by residence in the tropics, and weak-chested, being say, 250 or 270 cubic inches, he might be supposed to have contracted incipient phthisis on reaching England in winter laboring under catarrh, and with a reduction in the capacity of his chest of from 25 to 35 inches. And, on the other hand, a consumptive patient on arriving in the tropics might be supposed restored to health because he could inhale a greater volume of air. A similar mistake might also be made in England on comparing the amount of summer and winter respiration. These results, in which the lungs were tested to their full capacity, are borne out by ordinary breathing under similar circumstances. More air is taken into the lungs in warm weather than in cold. More blood flows to the skin and the liver in the tropics than in temperate climates; consequently a less quantity of blood flows to the lungs, and they have more room for air. It is owing to this that the lungs of Europeans who die in a tropical country are lighter than those of Europeans who die at home. These facts afford an explanation of the way in which a tropical or subtropical climate checks incipient phthisis, or inflammatory action of the respiratory apparatus. Residence in a warm atmosphere is followed by a decrease in the quantity of blood in the affected lungs, by diminished activity in the vital processes carried on therein, by facilitated respiration, and, above all, by diminished lung-work, from vicarious action of the physiologically excited skin and liver. The air being less irritant, there is less tendency to inflammation, and those bronchial attacks which are so apt to break up old tubercle and deposit new. We thus see why it is that a warm climate is beneficial to consumptive patients; and why those who cannot afford to travel should live as much as possible in an atmosphere kept at the required temperature by artificial means. Let it be understood that by keeping the lungs from cold, they are kept from overwork, and have more room for air, and consumption will be mitigated, if not prevented or cured.

Foreign Trade of the United Kingdom.—The Board of Trade accounts state that the declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported to foreign countries in the first quarters of the year 1870 was £34,664,363, an increase of nearly £1,700,000 over the corresponding quarter of 1869. The exports to British possessions amounted in value to £11,014,411, an increase of nearly £1,200,000. Our total exports were of the declared value of £45,678,774, an increase of nearly £2,900,000 over the corresponding quarter of 1869, or about a million a month. The exports to France, Belgium, Turkey, Greece, and Spain, show an increase—to France a large increase; but the exports to many European countries have rather declined. The exports to Egypt show an increase from £1,676,814 to £2,258,546. The exports to the United States—£7,523,153—are rather less in value than in the same quarter of the year 1869. The exports to Brazil are returned as reaching only £832,681, a large decline; Peru, Chili, and the Argentine Confederation, show an increase. The exports to India, £4,820,046, present an increase of £863,000 over 1869; to China, £1,952,503, a slight advance; to Australia, £2,098,661, a decrease of above half a million. The West Indies, British North America, South Africa, and Mauritius, appear as better customers than in 1869. The imports of merchandise into the United Kingdom in the first quarter of 1870 have been of the computed value of £56,762,682, a rather less amount than in the corresponding quarter of 1869. The imports from foreign countries, £47,973,252, show an increase of £374,000; from British Possessions, £8,789,430, a decrease of £497,000. The imports from the United States amount in value to £11,749,081, an increase of £1,961,000. The imports from France show a slight increase; from Russia and Belgium there is a larger increase; the imports from most European countries have been less than in 1869. The imports from Egypt, £4,131,656, show some increase; those from China, £3,398,355, a larger increase; from India, £2,464,538, a large decrease of nearly a million and a half; those from Australia, £3,403,749, an increase of a million.

The Cetiosaurus, or Great Oolitic Lizard.—The *Geological Magazine* of July, 1869, announced the discovery of the thigh-bone of this monster, and since then Professor Phillips, writing to the *Athenæum* of April 2, states that further remains have been found. "The space of ground in which the bones are found (writes Prof. Phillips) is apparently quite limited. One may think the whole body of the vast old lizard, in the extremity of age, was here laid to uneasy rest; the parts separated by decay; the massive limbs disjointed, and the bones displaced. Imagine a surface of the ossiferous clay which covers the Oolite laid bare by the workmen. Look southward: before you are four bones laid rudely parallel, in a row, at intervals of 1, 2, or 3 feet. They are 64, 54, 45, and 37 inches long; 10 inches the least breadth in the narrowest part; 26 inches the greatest breadth in the widest part. These are bones of *Cetiosaurus*. Over them and in front of them, three days since, lay as many others, as large and as quietly reposing in their 'longceval' graves: behind them, possibly, are still more

bones, to be discovered at some future time. Bones of a much mightier area—probably hugest of all huge ilia—extended far and wide; vertebrae 8, 9, and 11 inches in diameter; monstrous ribs, of which the parts traceable and inferred are 59 inches long; all this within the compass of a few square yards. It seems like the burial-place of the great father of lizards, each of whose bones demanded—but only some could obtain—a separate grave."

ART.

Elvaston Castle.—Elvaston Castle, the residence of the Earl of Harrington, is the most wonderful place in England, and probably in the world, for its topiary work as well as collection of evergreens. Here are picea pinestrops 30 feet high, abies menziesii and douglasii 35 feet, hemlocks much finer than those in America. The grand entrance through the golden gates, opened only on state occasions, is bordered on one side by a variegated holly-hedge, with occasional standards of Irish yew, and on the other side (being divided by great masses of golden yew in a setting of common yew) is a line of golden and Irish yews, backed by a row of pinus nobilis; at the end of each grass avenue is a superb golden yew 20 feet high and as broad; from this you pass into three distinct and separate gardens, each more extraordinary than the other in size and the figures of the topiary work. Entire cottages cut out of yew, yew arbors 20 feet high, having a base 30 feet square with a succession of steps; the top surmounted by two peacocks, 6 feet long and 3 or more feet high, the head and figures closely cut, while the tails, in golden yew, are allowed to remain unclipped and feathery. One very extraordinary house in yew, with several gables, is surmounted by two birds, one in a nest, the other attempting to fly out, each larger than the largest eagle. There are also perfectly green cones of English yew, 40 feet high, with golden heads (caps of golden yew), these standing in a double base or platform of English yew, 25 to 30 feet square, and 12 to 15 inches high, perfectly smooth and flat, as if made of slate; there are also long alleys of smooth turf bordered by alternate Irish and golden yews, the latter tied close in by wires to keep them pyramidal and surmounted by golden crowns; other avenues of Irish junipers and golden cypress. In one of the gardens (each divided from the other by clipped yew-hedges 20 feet high, with occasional arches) are groups of Chinese barrels cut out of juniper. In this garden a fine effect is produced by a large circle, 100 feet in diameter, made of large triangles of alternating golden and green yews, dovetailing into each other, and kept down (6 inches high) so as to produce a brilliant parterre. One of the most effective things, however, is the Vandyck Walk, a covered, irregular walk through an arbor thickened at the bottom by box and close over the head, the light being admitted by occasional loop-holes. The ornamental water is also most charmingly managed; a lake of apparently endless extent, with the margin beautifully broken by occasional borders of smooth lawn, backed by artificial rock-work, and planted with golden and English yews, deodars, and araucarias; then again points of rough ragged rock to the water's edge, in one case closely re-

sembling a ruined castle covered with moss and ivy, and the effect increased by broken mullioned window-bars set against one of the openings. At one end of the lake, after passing through a dense yew-walk, you come suddenly upon a large round hole, 8 feet in diameter, in the rockery; through this you see the whole extent of the lake, with all its different points and islands; the softer parts in lawn with an occasional weeping birch or willow, the rougher with here and there a cedar of Lebanon or araucaria amidst the crags. Another beautiful effect is produced by a sudden vista through a cavern across the lake to another vista through a cape, in which stands a mossy stone cross wreathed in silver ivy, duplicated in the lake by its reflection; and beyond this the vista is continued three miles through a dark fir-wood, until it terminates in Spondon Church spire.—*From Skeleton Tours.*

The Universal Catalogue of Books on Art, compiled by order of the Committee of Council on Education, is now complete, and forms two quarto volumes of 2188 pages. The idea of it is original, based on a suggestion some twenty years back of the late Mr. Dilke. Instead of being a mere catalogue of the books actually in the Art Library of the South Kensington Museum, it consists of a general catalogue of all printed works bearing on the history, literature, and illustration of art and art industry, known to exist up to the present time, in the languages of all countries; all rare books having a reference to the libraries in which they are to be found. The advantage of this arrangement is inestimable, as furnishing the student with a list of all published works bearing upon his special branch of study. The laborious task of editing this catalogue has been assigned to Mr. J. Hungerford Pollen, who, independent of his knowledge of literature and books, carries to the work a thorough acquaintance of theoretical and practical art. It only requires to examine the catalogue in order to form an idea of his diligence and research. Under the name of Raphael we find no less than 140 citations; under Holbein's Dance of Death, 72; and the references to Cruikshank amount to 116. The names of the authors are given alphabetically, but it is proposed to complete the work by sub-classifications under subjects, dates, and countries. The value of this catalogue can only be fully estimated by the art-student.

Discoveries in Rome.—Recent excavations in the centre of Rome, more especially those underneath the churches of Anima and Pace, have resulted in the discovery of new depots of precious marbles; the most remarkable of which are three monoliths of red granite, as tall as those of the Pantheon of Agrippa. Three other columns of red granite of the same size are partly buried underneath the foundations of the surrounding houses, the extraction of which will be attended with great difficulties. According to the estimation of M. Martinori, consul of the university of marble-cutters, each of those monolith columns is worth at least two thousand dollars. Cardinal Berardi, Minister of Commerce, has sent to the Roman Exhibition specimens of all the marbles recently discovered in the Pontifical States, besides chromo-lithographic proofs of the antique marbles which have most excited the interest of archaeolo-

gists. His eminence has commissioned a Paris editor to print five hundred copies of an album of chromo-lithographs, representing a complete series of modern and antique marbles, the publication of which is looked forward to with interest.

The Original Form of S. Peter's.—Das Ausland, April 30, discourses of the original form of S. Peter's at Rome. The five old churches which seemed to have risen, as it were, from the graves of the martyrs, are S. Maria Maggiore, S. Peter, S. Paul and S. Lorenzo without the walls, and S. John Lateran—the four last, with more or less reason, attributed to Constantine, at least in idea. Later, the number seven was made up by the addition of S. Sebastian, and of the church "of the Holy Cross in Jerusalem." S. Peter's is the only one on the right bank of the Tiber, where the gardens and circus of Nero once occupied the slopes of the Vatican Hill. It was completed before the year 400, when Paulinus of Nola speaks of it, in the usual form of a building divided into five parts by four rows of pillars, the broader and higher central nave leading up to the altar, with the tribune behind it—the choir on each side of the altar being, however, an innovation on the older forms. There was a large vestibule before it, and a colonnade led to the Ælian bridge, which Hadrian had built to connect his mausoleum with the city. Such was the general character of S. Peter's till the time of Julius II.

The Tivours d'Arc.—The Rev. W. Sanday writes to point out the strong resemblance between the drawing of Arches, described in the last No. of the *Academy*, p. 249, as Michael Angelo's, and a fresco in the Borghese Palace ascribed to Raphael, and reported to have belonged originally to Raphael's villa. The fresco is exceedingly beautiful, and bears much resemblance, in its general character, to those designed by Raphael for the Farnesina. There are two other frescoes in the same room, and all three clearly belong to an erotic series. One, which represents the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, resembles, in many respects, the Aldobrandini marriage. There can be no doubt that both the drawing and the fresco must be explained, as Mr. Woolner proposes, of the Triumph of Love over Lust, which was a common type of the Platonic mythology of the Renaissance, and is reproduced from another point of view in the two last of Shakspeare's sonnets.

—*Academy.*

The Sculptor Wendler has just completed, for the old St. Mary's Church in Dantzic, an altar, the work of two busy years, which has been exhibited and highly approved in Berlin. It is said to compare favorably with the former well-known altar of this church, built by Michael Schwarz three hundred years ago, to which it bears a general resemblance. It is nearly seventy feet high, carved in massive oak, supporting figures of Christ, the principal Apostles and the evangelists, and richly gilt, yet so as to make the fine color of the wood conspicuous.

Two drawings by Raphael, one on each side of a sheet of paper, respectively representing Jupiter embracing Cupid, and a study of a naked female figure, have been bequeathed to the Louvre by M. Jules Canoge, of Nîmes. The former was prepared for one of the pendentives of the Farnesina

Palace. These works have been placed in the Hall of Italian Designs of the sixteenth century, and so disposed as to allow of both works being examined.

The First Summer Exhibition of the National Academy was opened about the middle of July, and is as conspicuous as any of its predecessors for an entire absence of visitors. The Exhibition itself is very much the same as the one of last winter, there being a dozen or so of really fine pictures, as many scores of medium ones, and a few that have no right to a place on the walls of the Academy.

An Important Artistic Discovery has just been made at Reichenbach, in Silesia. A portrait of Luther has been found, buried under a heap of rubbish, in the passage leading from the school to the Lutheran church. The canvas is in a perfect state of preservation, and has been recognized by the burgomaster, a well-informed amateur, as the work of Louis Cranach.

The richest and most beautiful synagogue in the world is in process of erection at Turin. It is a Greek temple in form, mounted upon a little elevation, in color white and soft, enchanting rose. Its ornamentation is at the same time elegant and grandiose, and it is crowned by a bizarre and massive tower, which recalls visions of Nineveh and Thebes.

Gustave Doré has just finished a large drawing, illustrating De Musset's famous Rhine song, and particularly the line: *Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant*. The phantoms of the Old Guard salute Young France, rushing by, under the old Rhenish castles, to the fight.

The portrait of Charles Dickens, painted by Ary Scheffer in 1855, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856, has been purchased by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

VARIETIES.

Variety of Minds.—Every man brings into society some partial thought and local culture. We need range and alternation of topics, and variety of minds. One likes in a companion a phlegm which it is a triumph to disturb, and, not less, to make in an old acquaintance unexpected discoveries of scope and power through the advantage of an inspiring subject. Wisdom is like electricity. There is no permanently wise man; but men capable of wisdom, who, being put into certain company, or other favorable conditions, become wise for a short time, as glasses rubbed acquire electric power for a while. But, while we look complacently at these obvious pleasures and values of good companions, I do not forget that Nature is always very much in earnest, and that her great gifts have something serious and stern. When we look for the highest benefits of conversation, the Spartan rule of one to one is usually enforced. Discourse, when it rises highest and searches deepest, when it lifts us into that mood out of which thoughts come that remain as stars in our firmament, is between two.—*Society and Solitude.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Charles Dickens.—At the time of the publication of "Vanity Fair," Thackeray's great contemporary, Charles Dickens (for in spite of all re-

monstrance it has always been the fashion to place the two writers in the same category, and often to sacrifice one at the shrine of the other, according to the particular taste of the person addressing himself to the subject), was producing, in the accustomed monthly form—the green cover in the one instance, against the yellow cover in the other—his story of “*Dombey and Son*,” and it was Thackeray’s delight to read each number with eagerness as it issued from the press. He had often been heard to speak of the work in terms of the highest praise. When it had reached its fifth number, wherein Mr. Charles Dickens described the end of little Paul with a depth of pathos which produced a vibratory emotion in the hearts of all who read it, Mr. Thackeray seemed electrified at the thought that there was one man living who could exercise so complete a control over him. Putting No. 5 of “*Dombey and Son*” in his pocket, he hastened down to Mr. Punch’s printing-office, and entering the editor’s room, where I chanced to be the only person present except Mr. Mark Lemon himself, he dashed it on the table with startling vehemence, and exclaimed, “There’s no writing against such power as this—one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul’s death: it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!” —*Memories of my Time. By George Hodder.*

I cannot understand this swift forward motion of serpents. The seizure of prey by the constrictor, though invisibly swift, is quite simple in mechanism; it is simply the return to its coil of an opened watch-spring, and is just as instantaneous. But the steady and continuous motion, without a visible fulcrum (for the whole body moves at the same instant, and I have often seen even small snakes glide as fast as I could walk), seems to involve a vibration of the scales quite too rapid to be conceived. The motion of the crest and dorsal fin of the hippocampus, which is one of the intermediate types between serpent and fish, perhaps gives some resemblance of it, dimly visible, for the quivering turns the fin into a mere mist. The entrance of the two barbs of a bee’s sting by alternative motion, “the teeth of one barb acting as a fulcrum for the other,” must be something like the serpent motion on a small scale. —*Ruskin.*

Professor Whitney evidently has a high opinion of canine psychology. He says: “A dog as surely apprehends the general idea of a tree, a man, a piece of meat, cold and heat, light and darkness, pleasure and pain, kindness, threatening, barking, running, and so on through the whole range, limited as compared with ours, of matter within his ken, as if he had a word for each. He can as clearly form the intention, ‘I mean to steal that bone, if its owner turns his back and gives me a fair chance,’ as if he had said it to himself in good English. He can draw a complex syllogism, when applying to exigencies the results of past experience, and can determine, ‘That smoking water must be hot, and I shall take good care not to put my foot in it;’ that is to say, ‘Water that smokes is hot; hot water hurts; this water is hot; *ergo*, it will hurt my foot.’”

The Potato.—The potato is a native of South America, and is found in abundance wild in the mountainous regions of Chili, Peru, and the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres. Its presence in Mex-

ico, Virginia, and the Carolinas, where it was subsequently found, is probably not very ancient. It is thought that it may have been introduced there from South America by the first Spanish settlers. The potato was first grown by Sir Walter Raleigh, at Youghal, in Ireland, in 1586. The samples planted came from the Carolinas. The gardener who planted the tubers thought that the green potato apples were the potatoes, and carried them to his master, expressing his great disgust at such produce. Sir Walter, pretending to sympathize, told him to dig up the useless weeds, and throw them away. The gardener, in rooting out the plants, found the true potatoes, more than a bushel of them, and hurried back to his master in a very different humor, to show him the samples, and make known his discovery.

The soil and climate of Ireland are very favorable to the growth of good potatoes, and the plant appears to have rapidly grown into favor in Ireland, and was cultivated there as food long before its value was acknowledged in Great Britain.

In both England and Scotland a prejudice against it existed owing to the poisonous character of the plants of the natural order to which it belongs and the resemblance of its flowers to those of the woody nightshade (*Solanum dulcamara*), an extremely common plant, well known to be poisonous. Almost everywhere the same prejudice prevailed; in France, especially, and it was not until a time of great scarcity, during the Revolution, that its culture in that country became general.

For more than a century and a half after its cultivation by Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland the potato was cultivated in flower gardens only in both England and Scotland. Even in 1725 the few potato plants in the gardens about Edinburgh were left in the same spot from year to year. No attempt was made at a more extended culture. In 1728, however, a Scotch day-laborer, named Thomas Prentice, living near Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, carefully cultivated the potato as food, and, after supplying the wants of his own family, sold the remainder of the produce to his neighbors, who very willingly paid him his own price, being convinced by his example that potatoes were wholesome and nutritious. Prentice was frugal and industrious, and soon found himself in possession of £200, no small fortune in those days. He now sank his capital in an annuity at a good interest, upon which he lived independently in his old age, dying in the year 1792, at the advanced age of 86 —(potatoes evidently agreed with him)—having been 64 years a happy witness to the effects of the blessing which he had been instrumental in conferring on his country.

The potato appears to have been taken into favor much earlier in England, as appears from a report of a meeting of the Ray Society, held March 18th, 1662, when a letter was read from Mr. Buckland, a Somersetshire gentleman, recommending the planting of potatoes. This was referred to a committee, who reported favorably, and Mr. Buckland received the thanks of the Society. From this time the field culture of the potato commenced and rapidly extended as its excellent qualities became more known. A strange objection was made by the Puritans, who denied the lawfulness of eating potatoes because the plant was not men-

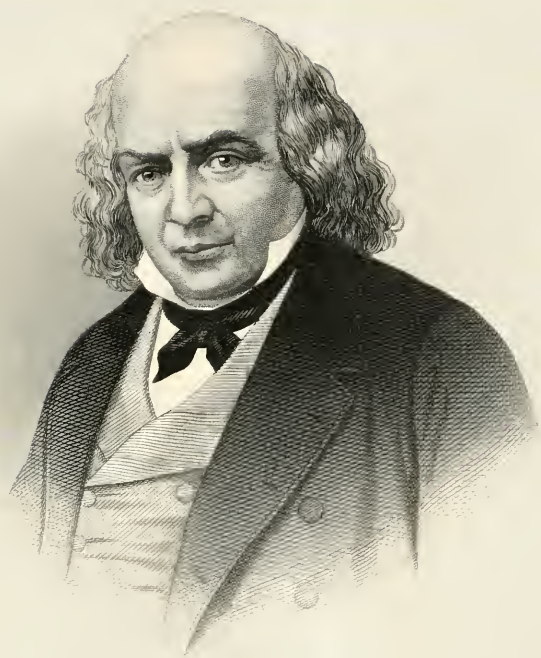
tioned in the Bible! Whether or no, a plant so nutritious, and whose culture is adapted to almost every soil and climate, must be regarded as amongst the choicest gifts of Providence. Our countrymen have since done ample justice to this plant, for now, wherever the Englishman seeks a home, he always strives to naturalize the potato plant, and, even when surrounded by the luxuries of tropical lands, remembers the simple vegetable which was so long struggling into notice in his own country.

Germination of an Acorn suspended over Water.—An experiment may be tried by those

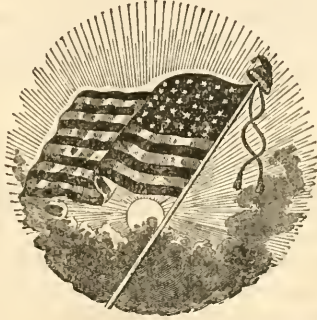
who take an interest in watching the development of a plant from the seed, by suspending an acorn over water in a common hyacinth glass, or wide-mouthed bottle. It is not exactly known with whom the idea of raising plants in this way originated, but it is quite certain that it has been practised for many years, as some ladies residing near Epsom had, in 1835, eaten nuts from hazel-bushes which they had raised in glasses and afterwards planted out into the open ground. The mode of treating acorns in hyacinth or other glasses is the following:—Let the glass be filled about a third part full of water; and a piece of card be prepared as a cover for the opening of the glass, so as to fit close. Fasten a piece of thread or of brass wire around an acorn—not iron wire, for it will rust and corrode the acorn, and frustrate the experiment. Suspend the thread or brass wire from the card, or from a small transverse bar of wood or metal beneath it, so that the acorn may be sustained at a short distance above the surface of the water, but near enough for the vapor which will be generated by the glass being kept in a warm room to be communicated to the acorn, from which it will depend in a large drop. In a few weeks the germ will be found to have burst the shell of the acorn; and in about a fortnight afterwards, the radicle, or little root, will protrude itself through the cleft, and take a downward direction into the water, where it will be continually extended and enlarged, by degrees throwing out external fibres, until, after a few days more, the plumule or stem will be seen to rise upwards, and when it reaches the card that covers the vessel, a hole must be cut to allow of its free passage. From this little stem, at its extremity, two cotyledons, or seed-leaves, will soon appear, and soon after other leaves; till in the course of a few weeks from the beginning of the experiment, the young tree will have grown to the height of several inches, and be ornamented at its top with leaves, two or three inches long, and wide in proportion, besides smaller ones breaking out at its sides, the root meanwhile having continued growing to a length exceeding that of the stem. The acorns should be gathered fresh from the oak, as they soon lose their vitality by keeping, or by lying exposed on the ground; and the largest and heaviest should be chosen. They must be suspended with the point downwards. Fresh gathered, well-ripened acorns will probably begin to germinate in a month or six weeks. Sometimes, instead of the card, as a covering to the top of the glass, a cork, fitting tightly, is used, for the purpose of preventing the evaporation of the water. If the latter is used, a hole must of course be cut in it as soon as the plumule or little stem reaches it.

Bargaining at Cairo.—About five o'clock we returned home, and the Princess and I started soon after with Abdel Kader Bey for the Turkish Bazaar, where the Princess bought a bournouse and other things. The mode of shopping here is certainly peculiar. You sit down on the edge of the counter, or step of the shop, and ask for what you want; they then invariably show you something quite different, and it is a long while before the article you ask for is produced. Then the bargaining begins; the man asks you a price, and you then offer half. The bargaining goes on, at first in good humor, then in rather cross words, but generally ends with your knocking down the sum to nearly half that he had asked at first. One is quite *sans gêne*, and puts on and tries the things in the middle of the street. Still one must have plenty of time and patience to get anything, as they insist upon first taking down everything in the shop. For instance, if you say you wish for a silk scarf, you must first look at all their beads, pipes, table-covers, and embroidered slippers; and though they must perfectly well see that you don't want anything of the sort, they seem much more eager to spread out these things than those you want to buy! We did not agree about the price of a bournouse in one shop, so we went to another, and found one just like that in the first shop, only that we thought we preferred the shape of the first. Abdel Kader Bey, who managed the bargaining for us, at once sent for the man and bournouse from the last shop. The two were compared, and, before the shopman, we tried both on, and tried again to bargain for the first, the second shopman actually helping us to bring down the price asked by his rival, and going across the street for a candle that we might see better. But he stuck to ten pounds as the lowest price, so he was sent back with his goods, and our last friend carried the day, the Princess buying his bournouse for nine pounds. It was certainly very amusing; but what would they say in England if, when trying to buy an article in one shop, one sent for a similar article from another, and employed one shopman to help you in bargaining with the other?—*Journal of a Visit to Egypt, Constantinople, the Crimea, Greece, &c.* By the Hon. Mrs. William Grey.

Social Customs in the Himalayas.—About Wangtu a curious change in social customs occurs. Below this point polygamy prevails, every man buying his wives from their parents for a given number of rupees. When he is tired of one of these, he sells her to his neighbor for something under cost price, and purchases a new inmate for the Zenana. Farther up the valley, however, where the people are very poor, and the tiny ridges of cultivation will not support large families, polyandry is common—as among the Todas in the Neighgherries. The elder brother of a family chooses one wife for himself and all his brothers—the children are common property, and seem equally beloved by all the family, so they, at least, do not suffer by the arrangement. The sisters of the wife being considered detrimental, are placed in Buddhist convents, whence they come forth to work in the fields, or as coolies. Many men, also, find homes in these convents, though this seems rather a matter of social convenience than of religious feeling.—“*In the Himalayas,*” in *Good Words*.



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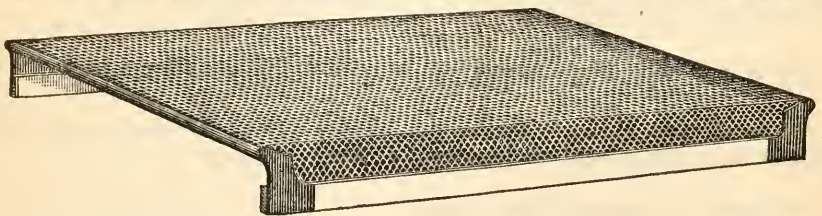
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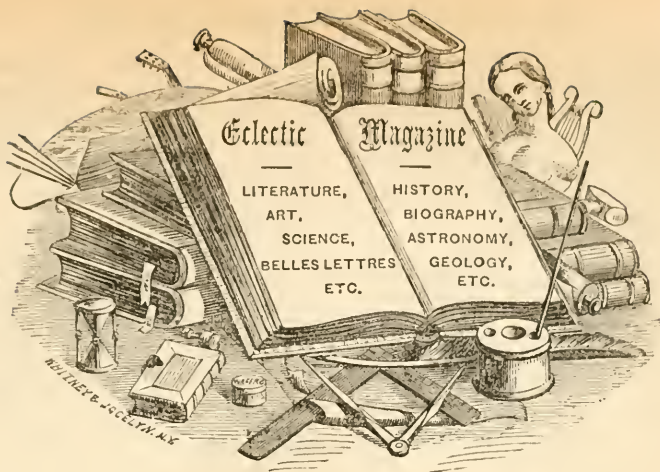
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New Series, }
Vol. XII., No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

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The Quarterly Review.

EARL STANHOPE'S REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

ART. I.—*History of England, comprising the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht.* By Earl Stanhope.

THE Age of Augustus, the Age of Louis Quatorze, the Elizabethan Age, the Age of Queen Anne! Why do these four ages or epochs emerge so prominently from the broad current of history or stand like landmarks in the intellectual progress of mankind? To penetrate to the occult causes of such social phenomena might prove as difficult as to show why good seasons alternate with bad seasons, or why one particular year in a century is marked by exceptionally good harvests or the reverse. But there is one property or circumstance common to each of them. They one and all succeeded revolutionary times; times when the minds of men had been agitated and disturbed, when the crust of old opinions had been broken, when thought had been cast in new moulds, when popular energies had been roused and stimulated, when latent forces had been called forth and put in action

by ambition, religion, cupidity, vanity, or fear. The coming of the vivifying influence was invariably marked by the troubling of the waters: in Rome, by the death-struggles of the Republic; in France, by the Fronde; in the England of the sixteenth century, by the Reformation; in the England of the beginning of the eighteenth, by the Revolution of 1688.

It may be doubted whether any of these ages owed much to the exalted personage with whose name it is imperishably linked. As regards Augustus and Louis, it is to be observed that the influence of arbitrary power is benumbing, not inspiring. A constellation of genius was never yet created by patronage; and if poets are improved by basking in royal favor (which we doubt) historians, orators, warriors, statesmen, and philosophers, are pretty sure to be deteriorated by the atmosphere of a court. Augustus, prompted by Mæcenæ, admitted Virgil and Horace to his intimacy: it was his proudest boast, not devoid of plausibility, that he found Rome

brick and left it marble : but he found it palpitating with vigor and vitality ; he left it torpid and inanimate, with nothing coming on to replace what was going off, with all the springs of future excellence poisoned or dammed up, with public and private virtue cankered in the bud. The Grand Monarque dealt like Augustus with the intellectual capital accumulated to his hand by the stir and turmoil of his nonage. It wasted away apace under the absolutism of his settled and matured authority. His great qualities—and he had many—offered no compensation for the independence of thought and action which he destroyed ; and if he condescended to make Racine and Molière contribute to his amusement, it will be remembered that one of the last acts of his reign was the exile of Voltaire.

No reader of Motley or Froude will give Elizabeth credit for the worthies and celebrities of her reign : for Drake, Raleigh, and Sydney ; for Shakespeare, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, or even for the Cecils and Walsingham. The utmost praise that can be conceded to her on their account is, that she grudgingly accepted their homage or their services, and allowed them to envelop her in a flood of light which has hitherto been accepted as personal glory. It was hopelessly beyond the range of royalty, flattery, or subserviency, to perform the same kind office for Queen Anne—to connect her otherwise than nominally or discreditably with the characters and achievements which illustrate her times. Her place in history is fixed by that single sentence of Voltaire :—"A few pairs of gloves of a singular fashion, which the Duchess (of Marlborough) refused to the Queen, a bowl (*jatte*) of water that she let fall in her presence, by an affected stumble, on Mrs. Masham's gown, changed the face of Europe."* It is difficult to imagine a duller, more commonplace couple than her Majesty and her spouse, Prince George of Denmark, with their seventeen children, not one of whom survived to maturity. She was imperfectly fitted by nature to play the humblest of feminine parts, "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer ;" and it was the severest satire on royalty to see her exerting a

volition of her own. That she generally meant well, did not much mend the matter ; indeed, rather aggravated the mischief ; for what is more to be deprecated in state policy than the obstinate, narrow-minded unreasoning desire to act rightly or do good ?

At the epoch in question a female sovereign liable at any moment to be set in motion by a prejudice or a caprice, capable of displacing a commander or upsetting a ministry to pique or please a favorite, was one element of disturbance and uncertainty : an unsettled dynasty was another. To play the grand game of war, politics, or diplomacy, it was essential to have access to the backstairs of St. James's, and to keep up a good understanding at St. Germain's. The public life of England centred in intrigue, and public men were, almost all, more or less tainted with treachery, dissimulation, or duplicity. Loyalty, as understood and practised by the principal actors on the scene, was loyalty in the abstract, a kind of loyalty unattached. The doggerel that became popular in the Georgian era would have suited them to a hair :—

"God bless the King, God bless the Faith's Defender,
God bless us all, and keep out the Pretender,
Which that Pretender is, and which that King,
God bless my soul, is quite another thing."

Discarding principle, men sought to rise by energy, audacity, capacity, and versatility. Never was the competition for place and power more keen, more exciting, or more unscrupulous ; no means or instruments were left unemployed ; and one marked result was the temporary elevation of a class which has usually occupied a far inferior place in the warfare of party. Journalism was raised, socially and politically, to a height to which it had never before approximated : wits, satirists, poets, and essayists—the classics of our tongue—were pitted against each other in the newspapers ; while fighting side by side, or living together on a recognized footing of equality, were seen the leading orators and statesmen and the ablest of their coadjutors in the press.

"In the reign of Queen Anne," says Lord Stanhope, in his Preface, "the main figure in war and politics, around which it may be said that all the others centre, is undoubtedly Marlborough." We do not

* Scribe's clever comedy "*Un Verre d'Eau*" is based upon this incident.

altogether agree in this remark. The hero of Blenheim is the main figure, but hardly the one around which all the others centre. He stands alone, in insulated, unapproachable, unassociated glory. The mention of his name evokes no other illustrious English name: *cedant arma togæ*; the group which we instinctively evoke when reverting to this reign is mostly made up of statesmen and authors—of Harley and St. John, of Godolphin, Somers and Walpole, of Swift, Pope, Prior, Arbuthnot, De Foe, Atterbury, Addison, and Steele. It was they who stamped its peculiar impress on the age, and they no more centred round Marlborough than Canning and Brougham, Byron, Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Grote, and Hallam, centred round Wellington. The warrior who partook most of the intellectual spirit of the age was not he whose achievements were sung by Addison in a poem made to order, but he whose genial companionship was eagerly commemorated by Pope:—

“There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place,
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian
lines,
Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my
vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.”

He (Peterborough) did not conquer Spain, though he would have conquered it if he had been let alone, and there was no stubborn plain to tame on the river bank at Twickenham; but the verses no less vividly illustrate the composition and occupations of the group.

What an age for Macaulay! How his rich imagination would have luxuriated over such materials! What *tableaux vivans* he would have composed! What gorgeous colors he would have laid on! What startling contrasts of light and shade he would have produced! How luminous would have been the pages which glowed and sparkled with such names! It was the epoch of all others to which he was pressing forward with eager anticipation and proud self-consciousness. It was the promised land on which he was looking down and mentally appropriating, when—*nescia mens hominum fati sortisque*

futura—the scene was overclouded; his earthly course was run; the contemplated masterpiece was left a fragment, and (such were the expectations formed of it and him) the pen he let drop bade fair to remain like the bow of Ulysses which no one else could bend, or the spear of Achilles, not to be touched but by Peleides' hand.

At length, after a long pause of respectful admiration, that pen has been grasped with a hand that shows no signs of tremulousness. “This volume” (says Lord Stanhope in the Preface to the work before us) “has been written in accordance with the wish expressed to me by several persons, as a connecting link between the close of Lord Macaulay's ‘History of England’ and the commencement of that from the peace of Utrecht, which I published whilst still bearing the title of Mahon.” These several persons, representing the “friends” by whom the reluctance of coy authors is conventionally overcome, when they desiderated a connecting-link, could have meant nothing more than a consecutive narrative which should enable them to follow the train of events, the unadorned march of history, from the Revolution of 1688, with which Lord Macaulay begins, to the peace of Versailles, with which Lord Stanhope ends. They could never have regarded the vacant space as a chasm or channel between two cliffs or banks with what Sir Roderick Murchison would call geological affinities, or as an unoccupied territory between two countries similarly situated as regards climate, scenery, and vegetation. To pass from one of these two authors to the other, is like passing from a wild variegated upland to a well-cultivated plain—from the tropics to the temperate zone—from the region of scorching suns, water-spouts, gorgeous hues, and luscious fruits, to that of refreshing rain and green herbage. They had next to nothing in common. Their best and worst qualities were essentially distinct, and the most doubtful service an admirer could do for either was to force them into juxtaposition or engage one as the supplement of the other.

Nor will the comparison be altogether to the disadvantage of the one who, at the first blush, might be expected to suffer most from it. If Lord Stanhope is less dazzling, he is most trustworthy; if less captivating as a companion, he is far safer

as a guide. If his portraits and descriptions do not equally fasten on the memory or the imagination, let it not be forgotten that they are rarely overcharged. If he does not snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, neither does he strive at effects beyond the bounds of accuracy. "He has undoubtedly some of the most valuable qualities of a historian, great diligence in examining authorities, great judgment in weighing testimonies, and great impartiality in weighing characters." This was written of him at the commencement of his literary career by the illustrious writer to whose succession he has been encouraged to aspire. We should be inclined to go further. He has lived on terms of intimacy with all the most celebrated of his contemporaries, warriors, statesmen, authors, and wits; his rank and connections have given him access to peculiar sources of information, oral and documentary; he has been admitted to French archives by imperial mandate; he has corresponded about the military genius of Marlborough with Wellington, and about the administrative ability of Walpole with Peel; he has heard from the lips of an octogenarian Grenville the curious anecdotes of Wolfe's wild bearing at Lord Temple's dinner-table and his recital of Gray's "Elegy" in the boat on the St. Lawrence. None of these or similar opportunities have been thrown away upon Lord Stanhope. His memory is stored with striking traits and incidents, which he introduces with tact and felicity, so that few works of a strictly historical character are more legitimately entertaining than his. We say legitimately; because the most obstinate stickler for the dignity of history must admit that nothing really illustrative of character, however light, can be deemed alien from it. If, therefore, the work before us should prove inferior to its predecessors from the same pen, the comparative failure must be owing to the self-imposed conditions under which it has been composed.

Lord Stanhope had gone over much of the same ground in his "History of the War of the Succession," and Lord Macaulay had followed him in a brilliant review of that History; so that he has no longer the stimulant of novelty, and, perforce, comes repeatedly into competition with both Lord Macaulay and himself. Nor is this all. One or both had already painted highly finished portraits of the princi-

pal personages who figure in the connecting link—of Marlborough, Godolphin, Somers, Harley, St. John, and Swift, amongst the rest. These could not be ignored or kept back; the sole alternative lay between reference and repetition; and the reader is quietly sent back to "another history," or suddenly looks up in the midst of a fine description or vivid narrative, exclaiming, "Pray, have I not read something like that before?" The life, character, and romantic career of Lord Peterborough occupy a prominent space in the "History of the War of the Succession." They supplied Lord Macaulay with a congenial subject, on which he has eloquently expatiated in his review of that work; and room is notwithstanding found for a pointed summary of them in this supplemental History. These defects of plan, however, will be hardly perceptible to the reader whose attention is concentrated on the individual work; and they are so far redeemed by the merits of the execution, that the author may be honestly congratulated on having decidedly improved his high position in that class of literature, to shine in which has been the praiseworthy ambition of his life.

If we were required to name the portion in which he best displays his capacity for clear, continuous, and thoughtful narrative, we should select his account of the Union with Scotland, which he has compressed within less than twenty pages (pp. 269–288), including the terms, the proceedings, and the results. But it would be spoiled by abridgment, and such space as we can afford must be devoted to more attractive subjects. The Duke of Marlborough is one which will never weary till the precise truth shall be known and declared concerning him; till, at any rate, his name shall be cleared from the cloud of obloquy by which its brightness is obscured, or till his admiring countrymen shall be one and all prepared to say with Bolingbroke, in reference to one of his alleged weaknesses, "He was so great a man, that I forgot he had that defect." Lord Stanhope approaches the topic with the best intentions, and in the best possible spirit:—"To judge him (the Duke) rightly we should avoid both that eagerness in his depreciation which Lord Macaulay shows, and that servile spirit in which certain other writers (Coxe and Alison, to wit) have striven to conceal

his faults, and to flatter his descendants. We should neither seek to dim the lustre of his glory, nor yet be dazzled by its rays." So far, so good; but Lord Stanhope is too uncompromising an admirer of Lord Macaulay to be able to shake off his authority at will, and he has either openly adopted or tacitly confirmed the most damaging charges levelled with all the force of rhetorical exaggeration against the Duke. If we knew nothing of him but what may be collected from these two noble writers, we should infer that, although never unequal to any position or situation in which he was placed, his opportunities of distinction were procured by a succession of lucky accidents, by intrigue, by treachery, or by feminine favor and caprice.

Turning to Macaulay for the earlier stages of the career of Marlborough, we are led to believe that it began in no very creditable fashion :—

"Soon after the Restoration, in the gay and dissolute times which have been celebrated by the lively pen of Hamilton, James, young and ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, had been attracted by Arabella Churchill, one of the maids of honor who waited on his first wife. The young lady was plain : but the taste of James was not nice : and she became his avowed mistress. . . . The necessities of the Churchills were pressing : their loyalty was ardent ; and their only feeling about Arabella's seduction seems to have been joyful surprise that so homely a girl should have attained such high preferment. Her interest was indeed of great use to her relations : but none of them was so fortunate as her eldest brother John, a fine youth, who carried a pair of colors in the Foot Guards. He rose fast in the Court and in the army, and was early distinguished as a man of fashion and of pleasure."

Charles II., referring to the ugliness of his brother's mistresses, was wont to say that they were assigned him by his confessor as penances ; but the story told by the lively pen of Hamilton of the manner in which the personal attractions of Arabella Churchill became known, proves that his selection in this instance did no discredit to his taste, and the date of the adventure is inconsistent with the ingenious theory that her brother was indebted to it for the pair of colors which he carried in the Foot Guards. The same interest that gained her the appointment of maid of honor to the Duchess,

had gained him that of page to the Duke ; and the usual change from page to ensign is traditionally reported to have been accelerated by the eager inclination for the military profession which he exhibited when in attendance on his royal patron at a review. He received his first commission in his sixteenth year, long before "such high preferment" was conferred on his sister ; and another depreciating story related of him is also discredited by the dates :—

"He was, during a short time, the object of the violent but fickle fondness of the Duchess of Cleveland. On one occasion he was caught with her by the King, and was forced to leap out of the window. She rewarded this hazardous feat of gallantry with a present of five thousand pounds. With this sum the prudent young hero *instantly* bought an annuity of five hundred a year, well secured on landed property."

The principal authority is Lord Chesterfield, whom Lord Macaulay pronounces an unexceptionable witness ; "for the annuity was a charge on the estate of his grandfather, Halifax ;" adding, "I believe there is no foundation for a disgraceful addition to the story which may be found in Pope :—

'The gallant, too, to whom she paid it down,
Lived to refuse his mistress half-a-crown.'

About as much foundation as for the main incident. Coxe found amongst the Blenheim papers the original agreement, dated in 1674, stating that *Colonel* Churchill had purchased from Lord Halifax an annuity of 500*l.* per annum for the sum of 4,500*l.* ; and Lord Chesterfield's version (adopted by Lord Macaulay) is that "while he (Churchill) was an *Ensign* in the Guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, struck by these very graces, gave him 5,000*l.*, with which he *immediately* bought an annuity of 500*l.* a year of my grandfather Halifax, which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune." The foundation of his fortune was laid before the purchase of the annuity by personal merits of the most unexceptionable kind. After serving with credit at the siege of Tangiers, he formed one of the detachment of British troops which, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, was sent to co-operate with the troops of Louis under Turenne and Condé in 1672, and it was under

French masters that he perfected himself in the art by which he was destined to humiliate France. At the siege of Nimeguen, in 1673, being then a Captain of Grenadiers, he was with the storming party which, led by the Duke of Monmouth in person, effected a lodgment on the ramparts. A mine was sprung, and the French, taking advantage of the confusion, had recovered the work, when the Duke and Churchill, with only twelve men, again drove them from it, and in the thick of the *mêlée* the captain, who was wounded, had the good fortune to come opportunely to the rescue of his general. For this service he received the thanks of Louis Le Grand at the head of the army, and Monmouth presented him to Charles II. saying, "to the bravery of this gallant officer I owe my life."

Lord Stanhope has printed amongst his *Miscellanies* this brief note from the Duke of Wellington :—

"Strathfieldsaye, February 19, 1837.

"MY DEAR LORD MAHON,

"Did you ever know that application was made to Louis XIV. to make Lord Marlborough a Colonel in his service? I send you a copy. I can send you a facsimile of the letter.

"Ever your most sincerely,
"W."

The letter, dated Paris, March 29, 1674, is from Lockhart to the War Minister, and runs thus :—"This will be delivered to you by Mr. Churchill, whom I yesterday presented to his Most Christian Majesty, on the part of the king of Great Britain, with a request for the grant of a commission of Colonel of Infantry in his Majesty's service." Although Lord Stanhope prints the Duke's letter and document without comment, he could hardly have forgotten Coxe's statement that, on the 3d April, 1674, three days after the date of Lockhart's letter, Churchill was appointed by Louis to the colonelcy of the English regiment vacated by the resignation of Lord Peterborough. As colonel of this regiment he served in the ensuing campaign under Turenne. When he returned to England, it was with an established name and rank; nor, considering his saving habits, do we see anything suspicious in the circumstance that he was able to invest four or five thousand pounds in an annuity in 1674.

The only palliation—*valcat quantum*—for Marlborough's secret correspondence with St. Germain's is that he was not more culpable in this respect than many of his most honored contemporaries, and we are rather surprised that Lord Stanhope should persevere in aggravating his guilt by reverting in the genuine Macaulay spirit to his disclosure of the "expedition to Brest" as "a disclosure by which, *as is well known*, the expedition was defeated, and several hundred English lives were lost." It is well known that the disclosure was so timed as to be utterly ineffective, that the expedition would have been defeated and the lives lost just the same, if his disclosure had never been made at all; and it is an abuse of words to confound a mere make-believe of good-will towards the dethroned sovereign with a fixed design to bring about the national disaster that ensued.

There is a well-authenticated tradition, recorded by Lediard and adopted by succeeding biographers, that William, shortly before his death, recommended Marlborough in the strongest terms to Anne, as "the properest person to command her armies and encounter the genius of France." Nor is this at all improbable, considering that, on the 1st of June, 1701, William had named him General of the Foot and Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces in Holland, and, on the 28th of the same month, Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague. Although, therefore, there can be no doubt that the extraordinary height of favor and influence to which he rose immediately on the accession of Anne was owing in a great measure to the influence of his wife, this circumstance ought not, in fairness, to be urged in diminution of his merits or his fame.

Lord Stanhope has done full justice in general terms to the military genius of Marlborough, but beyond indicating a few points of contrast between "our two greatest military chiefs," has shrunk from the difficult duty of assigning him his precise place amongst the captains or commanders who stand highest on the beadroll of Fame. Yet something of this sort should have been attempted, if only to neutralize the effect of M. Thiers' last and best chapter, in which he passes in review all the warriors, ancient or modern, whom he deems worthy of being named in the remotest

relation to Napoleon, including those who have introduced marked improvements in strategy or the art of war, as well as those who have fought and won the decisive battles of the world. He places Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick, and Napoleon in the first rank; Gustavus Adolphus, the princes of Nassau, Condé, Turenne, and Vauban in the second: Marlborough and Wellington are nowhere: they are not so much as named; which, as regards Marlborough, is as unaccountable as it is inexcusable, for Napoleon was one of his most ardent admirers, and actually caused to be written the clearest and most intelligible account of his campaigns.*

Some years since, Lord Stanhope published in his "Miscellanies" a curious memorandum by the Duke of Wellington, in which he honestly endeavors to cast the balance between Marlborough and himself. The essential points are that, though he himself had no Dutch deputies to control his movements, he had to co-operate with troops on whom he could not rely, had much more difficulty in procuring supplies, and generally commanded an army inferior not only in reference to the description of troops but even in numbers to the enemy; whilst Marlborough experienced no such difficulty, and generally commanded an army superior to his opponent in the field. "I quite agree (he states) that the Duke of Marlborough is the greatest man that ever appeared at the head of a British army." But it happens oddly enough that, in the campaigns by which he won his laurels, the Duke of Marlborough was never at the head of a British army at all. The English contingent formed a small proportion of the allied armies which he successively commanded. At Blenheim, they numbered less than 10,000 in an army of 56,000 (made up of seven nations), opposed to 60,000 French and Bavarians. The allied troops, it must be admitted, were all of excellent quality; whilst no reliance could be placed on more than

two-thirds of the so-called English army at Waterloo. Indeed, the Duke is reported to have said that, if it had been composed like his peninsular army, the battle would not have lasted two hours.

Assuming their equality in the field, it must be remembered that Marlborough had German princes as well as Dutch deputies to manage; and we constantly find him, before the commencement of a campaign, hurrying from court to court to ensure the required co-operation in his plans. He could not have done what he did without being a great statesman as well as a great commander, and the superiority of his military genius lay in the same direction as Napoleon's, of whom M. Thiers says:—"Constantly stretched upon his maps, he did what is too rarely done by military men, what they did still less before his time; he was continually meditating on the disposition of the ground where the war was to be carried on." This was equally the practice of Marlborough; and the plan by which (in 1704) he transferred the scene of operations from the Low Countries to the valley of the Danube, where he won Blenheim, is quite as distinguished by breadth, boldness, and originality, as that in pursuance of which Napoleon suddenly broke up his camp at Boulogne and dashed across Germany to the crowning triumph of Austerlitz.

M. Thiers gives Frederick the Great credit for one of those progressive changes in the art of war which mark the highest order of military genius. "Instead of abiding by the traditional proportions and dispositions of the three arms, he increased his infantry and artillery, and ranged his cavalry according to the ground, instead of placing it on the wings." Neither of the English captains under examination were reformers or inventors. Marlborough was obliged to do his best with the troops at his disposal, and the Iron Duke, a sworn foe to innovation, died in the belief that British glory might be upheld, as it was gained, by Brown Bess. On a cursory perusal of Marlborough's battles, it would seem as if they were gained by personal prowess, by charges of cavalry which he led in person; and that his cavalry was to him what the Guard (Old or New) was to Napoleon, the arm on which he depended for striking the decisive blow at the critical moment. But it was not dash

* "*Histoire de Jean Churchill, Duc de Marlborough, Prince du Saint Empire, &c., &c., &c. À Paris, de L'Imprimerie Impériale, 1808.*" In three volumes. According to M. de Querard (*La France Littéraire*), this work was printed by order of the government at the imperial press. It was partly composed by M. Madgett, and completed and edited by the Abbé de Dutens.

or brilliancy to which he was indebted for success; he placed no reliance on happy accidents or on his stars; and the use he made of his cool intrepidity, his absolute insensibility to danger, his unshaken presence of mind in the most startling emergencies, was to carry out his preconceived plans, to execute the movements which formed part of them, and repair on the instant the errors or misconduct of his allies or subordinates. Again and again we find him hurrying from one part of the field to another to rally a broken squadron or brigade, or bring up fresh troops to fill an unexpected gap in his line, and then calmly resuming the place which he had originally chosen as best adapted for guidance and command—

“’Twas then great Marlborough’s mighty soul was prov’d,
That in the midst of charging hosts unmov’d,
In peaceful thought the field of death survey’d,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir’d repulsed battalions to engage
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o’er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas’d the Almighty’s orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.”*

The battle of Blenheim gave occasion for the display of Marlborough’s finest qualities as a great soldier, and its main features may be easily grasped. The army of the allies, under Marlborough and Eugene, is computed at about fifty-six thousand men of various nations, English, Dutch, Danes, Prussians, Hanoverians, Wurtembergers, and Hessians, with fifty-one guns. The opposing army, under Marshal Tallard and the Elector of Bavaria, is computed at about sixty thousand, of whom forty-five thousand were French troops of the best quality, with a marked superiority in guns. Lord Stanhope says ninety against sixty-six, the French writer, ninety or a hundred against fifty-two. The two armies confronted each other in a plain or valley, about six miles long and from two to three miles broad at the broadest part, lying between

the Danube and a forest. They were separated by two or three small streams with high banks, and by morasses which were impassable without fascines. If the allies, therefore, ventured an attack, they did so at the risk of suffering severely whilst struggling with the difficulties of the ground from the superior artillery of their opponents, and of being charged in detail before they could form on reaching the firmer portion of the plain. Assuming equal generalship, the attack was next to hopeless; yet the position of the allies was such as to render an attack imperative. They must dislodge the enemy, for their supplies were failing and their communications were threatened. It was a by-word in the French army that every day which passed without a battle, might be counted as a battle gained. Although general after general painted the dangers to be incurred in the strongest colors, Marlborough held firm: “I am well aware,” was his uniform reply, “of all the difficulties, but the attack is not the less necessary.”

He and Eugene ascended a tower to take a careful survey of the field, and they speedily discovered a fatal defect in the dispositions of the French-Bavarian army, the right of which, the French, rested on the Danube; the left, the Bavarians, on the forest; whilst the connecting centre was a long weak line, mostly composed of cavalry. Marlborough saw at once that, if the wings could be occupied so as to prevent them from strengthening the centre, the centre might be broken and the army cut in two. His plan was formed accordingly; but as it required a simultaneous advance of his whole army, he was obliged to wait until Eugene, who was to encounter the Bavarians, could bring up his forces. This operation required time, and Marlborough gave orders for public prayers. The scene is graphically described by Lord Macaulay, who drew on his own fertile imagination for the details.* According to Lediard, Marlborough declared after the battle, that he

* “*The Campaign*.”—When the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Boyle) waited on Addison by desire of the Lord Treasurer (Godolphin) to engage him to write this poem, he occupied what Lord Macaulay calls a garret, up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket.

* See the essay (reprinted amongst his works) on Mr. Gladstone’s “The State in its Relations to the Church.” When he speaks of Capuchins encouraging the Austrian squadrons and praying to the Virgin for a blessing on the arms of the holy Roman empire, he forgets that the whole of the Austrians and Imperialists were struggling through the morasses with Eugene.

had prayed to God oftener on that day than all the chaplains of all the numerous and varying bodies serving under him put together.

When the prayers were over, Marlborough rode along the front to inspect the lines. The cannonade had already begun, and a ball struck the ground so close to him as to cover him with the earth, to the great alarm of his staff, until relieved by his unruffled mien. He was at breakfast on the grass, between twelve and one, with his principal officers, when an aide-camp came spurring up with tidings that Eugene was ready. "Now, gentlemen, to your posts," cried Marlborough, as he rose and mounted his horse. "*Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera.*" It does not appear whether the French marshal was equally zealous in his appeals for divine aid, but he certainly exhibited neither the same alertness nor the same knowledge of his profession on this day. When morning broke, he was so little in expectation of an attack that he had dispatched his cavalry on foraging parties. He made the worst possible disposition of his forces; for instead of strengthening his centre, or preparing to dispute the passage of the streams and morasses, he massed his best infantry in the village of Blenheim,* so closely that the advantage of numbers was thrown away. Either from not being aware of the strength of the village thus occupied, or desirous to mask his movements against the centre, Marlborough made Blenheim the first object of attack. The assailing division was commanded by Lord Cutts, surnamed the Salamander from his disregard of fire, and the leading regiment by General Rowe, who did not give the order to fire until he had struck his sword into the palisades. The men were exposed to a severe fire as they advanced, and the palisades proving too strong to be forced or broken down, they were driven back, leaving a full third of their number, including Rowe, his lieutenant-colonel and his major, killed or wounded on the ground. The assault was renewed with various alternations of fortune, until Marlborough, finding that he was sacrificing his best men

uselessly, directed Cutts to confine himself to distant platoon firing so as to prevent the troops in the village from being withdrawn, and then proceeded to get the cavalry under his own immediate command across the morass.

Eugene in the mean time had not been more successful than Cutts. His cavalry was broken and routed; he narrowly escaped being shot by a Bavarian dragoon in an attempt to rally them, and he was so exasperated by their cowardice that he shot two of the runaways dead with his own hand. Marlborough, quitting his own allotted sphere of action, assisted in rallying Eugene's troops and re-establishing their communication with his own, which at length were ranged on firm ground and about to come to blows on equal terms with the French. There was a time, therefore, when the battle was going against him at all points; when his left (under Cutts) was repulsed; his right (under Eugene) in disorder, and his centre struggling, through difficult ground in the face of a powerful artillery and a numerically superior force in set array. Lediard relates that Tallard, on being told that the allies were preparing to pass the stream, exclaimed: "If they have not bridges enough, I will send them some; let them pass by all means: the more that come, the more we shall kill." His countrymen acquit him of this absurdity, justly observing that certain *mots* are attributed to person after person similarly situated, and that this *mot* has been given to many, amongst others to Marshal de Créquy and St. Ruth. Still, the fact remains that Marlborough was permitted to draw up his cavalry in two lines in a meadow on the French side of the stream, and choose his own time for the charge which he led in person about five in the evening. The French cavalry were ten thousand against eight; they were posted on an ascent, and supported by three brigades of infantry. They had the advantage at first, and drove back the allies sixty paces, but on Marlborough's renewed advance they unaccountably lost heart, recoiled, and fled in confusion, leaving their infantry to be surrounded and cut to pieces:—

* Blenheim is a corruption of Plintheim, the name of a village on the left bank of the Danube. The battle is called the battle of Hochstett, from a neighboring town and castle, by the French and other continental writers.

"The rout begins, the Gothic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun,
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd."

Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd.*

Lord Stanhope makes Marlborough hurry to the support of Eugene before the decisive charge. The French writers say that his victory was already declared when he learnt the precarious condition of his right, which it was necessary to strengthen, if only to confirm his own success and prevent the exposure of his flank; adding that, on being pressed by Marlborough and hearing the entire defeat of Tallard, the Elector and Marsin, who were opposed to Eugene, immediately sounded a retreat, which was effected in good order and with small loss. There remained the 11,000 troops shut up in Blenheim, the best troops of France, as they were described by Tallard, who, although some of them did their *devoir* bravely, fell short of the expectations of their countrymen. When the Baron de Sirot, who commanded the French reserve at Rocroy, was told that the battle was lost, he exclaimed, "No, no; it is not lost, for Sirot and his companions have not yet fought." Unluckily, M. de Clérambault, who commanded in Blenheim, was of a different temperament. He had gone in the emergency to ask for orders, and, on finding that the Commander-in-Chief was a prisoner, he took fright, lost his head, plunged into the Danube, and was drowned. His absence did not prevent a brilliant display of French valor on the part of his subordinates, one of whom, M. de Dénonville, the colonel of a crack regiment, beat back the English and kept them at bay till he was overpowered and compelled to surrender to Lord Cutts. After the defeat of the centre, without waiting for the surrender of the troops in Blenheim, Marlborough wrote and despatched a pencil note to the Duchess:—

"I have not time to say more but to beg you will give my duty to the Queen and let know her army has had a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other Generals are in my coach; and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp Colonel Parke, will give her an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another more at large. MARLBOROUGH."

* "*The Campaign*."—The catastrophe is thus described by a contemporary and rival poet:—

"Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast,
Into the Danube they were shoved by shoals."

"This note" (adds Coxe) "is preserved in the family archives at Blenheim as one of the most curious memorials which perhaps exists. It was written on a slip of paper, which was evidently torn from a memorandum book, and contains on the back a bill of tavern expenses. The book may probably have belonged to some commissary, as there is an entry relative to bread furnished to the troops." In a subsequent letter to the Duchess, Marlborough states that he was seventeen hours on horseback,—two more than the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo; and in the course of a visit of condolence which the two victorious commanders paid to their prisoner Marshal Tallard, Eugene said, "I have not a squadron or battalion which did not charge four times at least."

The battle of Ramillies was won nearly in the same manner by adroitly taking advantage of the faulty dispositions of the enemy. The French, according to Lord Stanhope, may be reckoned at 60,000, and the allies at 62,000. The French historians state that the troops of Villeroy were disposed as Marlborough himself would have desired. The whole of the left wing, covered and inclosed by a small river and morasses, was absolutely useless: it could neither attack nor be attacked; it resembled James I. in his padded silk armor, when he congratulated himself that nobody could hurt him and he could hurt nobody. Besides this radical defect, the rest of the army was arranged in the form least adapted for co-operation and support. Seeing at a glance that he had nothing to apprehend from the French left, Marlborough, before the battle began, drew off a large portion of the forces originally opposed to it, with the view of outnumbering and overpowering their right. To describe the dispositions of the two armies (remarks M. Madgett) is to announce beforehand that no triumph was in store for Villeroy. A lieutenant-general, M. de Gassion, vehemently remonstrated with him: "All is lost if you do not change your order of battle: weaken your left to strengthen your right; close up your lines; a minute more and there will be no resource left."

Now, it is curious that none of the English writers lay stress on this faulty disposition of the French left; only one of them (Gleig) even incidentally alludes to it.

They one and all make the battle turn on the brilliant manœuvres of the Duke, including a feint against the French left, which (they say) induced Villeroy to draw off more troops from his right and centre—the real objects of attack. Lord Stanhope goes the length of saying that Villeroy was “well prepared” to receive his assailants, and that, whilst he was drawing out his army, he was joined by his colleague, the Elector of Bavaria, who “approved the selection” and acknowledged the strength of the ground. One thing is clear, the battle was won by superiority of tactics, by the concentration of a superior force on the point, or successive points, of attack; by bringing the whole of the allied army effectively into action, whilst a full third of the French stood motionless till they were required to cover the retreat. Voltaire states that, when Villeroy presented himself at Court, the great King’s first words were: “*Monsieur le Maréchal, on n’est plus heureux à notre âge.*” This was one of the occasions in which the descendant of St. Louis contrasts most favorably with the *parvenu* Emperor.

Nothing could be finer or bolder than the plan of operations which led to the battle of Oudenarde. It included the crossing of the Scheldt after a toilsome march of fifteen miles, and the immediate attack of an army superior in numbers with every advantage of ground. It consequently involved great risks, which were fortunately averted by the divided counsels of the adversaries. The Commander-in-Chief of the French-Bavarian army was the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis, a young prince unacquainted with war, who was expected to submit to the guidance of the Duc de Vendôme, one of the ablest generals of the age. Unluckily they differed in everything, and cordially disliked each other, so that whatever Vendôme proposed, was either disregarded or reluctantly and ineffectively carried out. The allies, coming up by detachments, were placed for a time in much the same condition as the English at Quatre Bras, and Vendôme proposed to attack their van-guard before the arrival of the main body. He was overruled, and when he sent an order to charge the allied left before it was joined by the rear-guard, the order was countermanded by his superior, under the pretence that there was a non-

existent morass to pass. “Your Majesty,” wrote Vendôme in his report, “will be so good as to observe that this place, which was called impassable, was passed by the enemy without hindrance, and had not upon it either a thicket or a ditch.” Again, as at Blenheim and Ramillies, a large part of the French army was not brought into action at all; and a high French authority, Feuquières, says: “This battle is of the second kind of great actions, since there was in it but a front of our army, which necessarily attacked a front stronger and more extended than ours.” Vendôme wished to renew the battle the next morning and reluctantly consented to the retreat.

Gleig prefaces an animated and detailed account of the battle of Malplaquet, by remarking, that, since the commencement of the war two such armies had never been brought into the field, adding, that all the chivalry of Europe seemed to have taken part on one side or the other.* According to Lord Stanhope, they were nearly equal in numbers, each more than 90,000 strong—Gleig thinks 100,000. The French assert that they were outnumbered by at least 10,000 and inferior in artillery, but they were strongly entrenched behind field-works and abatis of trees, so strongly that the allied troops were heard to murmur, “So we have still to make war upon moles.” Marlborough and Eugene were opposed to Villiers and Boufflers. Their plan was to turn the left and break through the centre. They succeeded, after a prolonged struggle, and remained masters of the field; but their loss very much exceeded that of their adversaries, being computed at not less than 20,000 killed and wounded against 12,000 on the side of the French. Villars, whose extravagant computation was 30,000 to 6,000, wrote to Louis: “If God vouchsafes us the grace of losing another such battle, your Majesty may reckon on your enemies being destroyed.” Boufflers wrote more modestly that never had misfortune been accompanied with more glory: “It is blood usefully shed; it should count for much to have re-established the national honor.” Bolingbroke’s remark in his “Letters on

* “Lives of the Most Eminent British Military Commanders.” By the Rev. G. R. Gleig (the Chaplain-General). In “Lardner’s Cabinet Encyclopædia.”

History" is: "A deluge of blood was spilt to dislodge them, for we did no more at Malplaquet."

We hardly know whether we ought to smile or feel sad at finding the condition of mind to which the great Commander had been reduced by his termagant wife when he fought this battle. He wrote to her the day before:—

"I can take pleasure in nothing so long as you continue uneasy and think me unkind. I do assure you, upon my honor and salvation, that the only reason why I did not write was that I am very sure it would have had no other effect than that of being shown to Mrs. Masham. . . . In the mean time I cannot hinder saying to you that though the fate of Europe, if these armies engage, may depend upon the good or bad success, yet your uneasiness gives me much greater trouble."

On the evening of the battle he added by way of postscript:—

"I am so tired that I have but strength enough to tell you that we have had this day a very bloody battle; the first part of the day we beat their foot and afterwards their horse. God Almighty be praised it is now in our power to have what peace we please, and I may be pretty well assured of never being in another battle; but that, nor nothing in the world, can make me happy if you are not kind."

The English captain of the age who came next to Marlborough was Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough. Indeed, in military genius, originality of conception, fertility of resource, and chivalrous intrepidity, this eccentric personage has been rarely equalled, never excelled. A striking parallel might be drawn between him and the late Earl of Dundonald, better known as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Roads, of whom it was said that he performed greater actions, with smaller means, than any other captain or commander recorded in history. Take, for example, the capture of a Spanish frigate (the "Gamos") of thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men, with the "Speedy" of 158 tons, fourteen 4-pounders, and a crew of forty-seven, officers and boys included. The frigate was carried by boarding, a portion of the boarders being directed to blacken their faces and board by the head. "The greater part of the Spaniards' crew (he reports) was prepared to repel board-

ers, but stood for a few moments, as it were, transfixed to the deck by the apparition of so many diabolical-looking figures emerging from the white smoke of the bow-guns; whilst our other men, who boarded from the waist, rushed on them from behind before they could recover from their surprise at the unexpected phenomenon." . . . "In this and other successes against odds, I have no hesitation in saying that success in no slight degree depended on out-of-the-way devices, which the enemy not suspecting, were in some measure thrown off their guard."

Lord Peterborough proceeded on the same principle and obtained the most surprising successes by setting overwhelming odds at defiance, by deliberately encountering apparently desperate but really well-considered and carefully-calculated risks. In dealing with Spaniards he was as ready as Cochrane to turn their national peculiarities to good account. Their superstitious credulity was such, that a few hours before the French army entered Zaragossa, in 1707, and was actually in sight, the people were persuaded by the governor that it was a mere apparition raised by magic, and the priests in procession performed the office of exorcism from the walls according to the most approved forms.

Peterborough's stunning surprises and make-believe tactics never failed. With twelve hundred men he undertook to raise the siege of a place, San Mateo, besieged by 7,000. He sent two spies, one of whom was to be captured with a letter to the commander of the garrison announcing his approach at the head of a very large army; the other to go over to the enemy and carry the same intelligence under the guise of treachery. He could rely on their obedience, "for," says Dr. Friend, "my lord never made use of any Spaniards without getting the whole family in his possession to be answerable for them he employed." The Spaniard fell into the trap, and, on seeing the English outposts advancing on the summits of the hills above his camp as he was led to expect by the spies, he at once raised the siege in confusion after spiking his guns; and thus (says Lord Stanhope) did Peterborough's twelve hundred men, driving seven thousand before them, enter in triumph the walls of San Mateo. He

followed in pursuit till he had only 200 cavalry in a condition to proceed; with these, after cutting a detachment to pieces, he appeared before Nules, a strongly walled town garrisoned by a thousand armed citizens. He rode up to the gate, after running the gauntlet of a fire of musketry, and demanded to speak with the chief magistrate or a priest. On some priests appearing, he told them that he would allow only six minutes, and that unless he was admitted within that time he would bring up his artillery (having none), batter down the gate, and put the whole population to the sword. The town was instantly surrendered without a blow.

The capture of Barcelona was his masterpiece. His army consisted of 7,000 men; and ten times that number was required to invest so large a place in form.

The hopelessness of the undertaking was almost self-evident, when it struck him that the strong fort or citadel of Montjuich, which commands the city, might prove accessible to a surprise; the more so that it was deemed impregnable if assailed at first. He accordingly re-embarked all his heavy guns, and both publicly and privately announced his intention of raising the siege. One night when the inhabitants of Barcelona were celebrating their expected release with festivities, he suddenly presented himself at the quarters of his colleague, the prince of Darmstadt (with whom he was not on speaking terms), at the head of 1,200 foot and 200 horse, and told his Serene Highness that he was on his way to make an attempt upon the enemy. "You may now, if you please, be a judge of our behavior, and see whether my officers and soldiers really deserve the bad character which you of late have so readily imputed to them." The Prince immediately called for his horse and joined the party, which arrived by a circuitous route unperceived before the fort. As it was still two hours before daylight, a night attack was taken for granted by both officers and men, when Peterborough explained to them that his plan required daylight, as its only chance of success depended on the Spaniards being tempted into the outward ditch, when his soldiers might leap in upon them, drive them back, and enter the works along with them. All fell out as he anticipated;

the first attack made him master of the bastion; and following up his success by a marvellous exertion of coolness, readiness, and personal ascendancy, he speedily became master of the fort. Barcelona held out till intelligence reached him that he would be supported by an insurrectionary party within the walls. He instantly mounted his horse, rode up to one of the gates attended by some officers, and demanded admittance. The guard, frightened or surprised, admitted him, and he came just in time to rescue a beautiful lady, the Duchess of Popoli, whom he met flying with dishevelled hair from the populace. The formal surrender of the city followed.

Instance upon instance might be accumulated of this extraordinary man's genius, energy, versatility, and magnanimity; but he marred all by an insatiable vanity and an ungovernable temper. He offended and repelled all whom he should have conciliated and attracted; the intensity of his own self-love made him utterly careless about wounding the self-love of others; and he was so little a respecter of persons that the very king he came to serve, and did serve so effectually, could hardly endure the sight of him, and thwarted instead of forwarding his plans. He had no greater difficulties in the shape of jealousy, or dilatory and divided counsels, to encounter than Marlborough; and with a tithe of Marlborough's temper and tact he might have performed really great, as well as startling and brilliant, actions in Spain; but he persevered in being impracticable till he abandoned the field of his exploits in a pet; writing on his way home: "I have overcome all my enemies but lies, and these I have papers enough with me to defeat." To return with a grievance, instead of the clustering honours of a conqueror confirmed by royal gratitude, was a lame and impotent conclusion at the best. If he and General Stanhope had co-operated like Marlborough and Eugene—and it was not Stanhope's fault that they did not—the war of the Succession might have proved as unfavorable to France as the campaigns in Germany and the low countries.*

* The exploits of Lord Peterborough are attested by Captain George Carlton and Dr. Friend, personally present.

St. Paul's.

AN EPISODE OF CONVENT LIFE AT ST. CYR.

THERE is no reader to whom the name of St. Cyr is not familiar. The anecdote of the luckless aristocrat who, when before a revolutionary tribunal, gave his name as Monsieur de St. Cyr, may have fixed it in the minds of many. "We know nothing of any 'monsieur' here," said the democrat president gruffly. "De St. Cyr," replied the poor ci-devant humbly. "We admit no particles of distinction," returned the sans-culotte yet more angrily. "St. Cyr, then," said the prisoner, amending his answer yet further. "We don't want to hear anything of saints," growled the man of the new order of things. "Well, then, Cyr," said the poor aristocrat, pushed to his last retrenchments. "All titles are abolished, and sire as well as the rest of them," rejoined the democrat; and, it is to be hoped, was sufficiently amused by his joke to allow the poor wretch, whom he had so conclusively proved to be nobody, to escape the guillotine.

But readers of French history or memoirs of a little earlier date must have other reminiscences of St. Cyr, indissolubly connecting it with one of the most remarkable and most quintessentially French figures in all French history,—Madame de Maintenon.

St. Cyr de Berchères, as it was called in the days before the name St. Cyr became so famous through all the length and breadth of France as to need no further distinction, may be found so designated in the map of the Département of Eure-et-Loir, about ten miles to the north of the city of Chartres, in the midst of the great undulating plain of La Beauce, or Pays Chartrain, which is one of the great granaries of France. A convent for Benedictine nuns was founded there in 1156, by Robert, the sixty-sixth Bishop of Chartres. But the bishop was far from being able to do for his protégées what Madame de Maintenon accomplished for those which she subsequently established there.

Before that most extraordinary of all marriages which made the widow of the buffoon Scarron the wife of Louis XIV., Madame Scarron had bought the estate of Maintenon, which was afterwards erected into a marquise. The purchase was made in 1674; the marriage took place

at some date which cannot be accurately fixed, but which was certainly between the 30th of July, 1683, and January, 1686; and the marquise was created in 1688. The little town of Maintenon is the last stage on the great highroad from Paris to Chartres, as Versailles is the first out of Paris; so that St. Cyr de Berchères was conveniently situated for the purpose of the lady whose interests were divided, though very unequally, between her husband's residence and the place which feudally ought to have been hers.

That purpose was one which was, under the circumstances of Madame de Maintenon's past life, a very natural, and at the same time a very laudable one.

Françoise d'Aubigné was born* in a prison, and the first thirty years of her life were altogether in keeping with such an entrance on the world's stage. The story of those thirty years of one of the most extraordinary careers ever known would be well worth telling in a more satisfactory manner than it has ever yet been told to English readers. But it is sufficient for our present purpose to say, briefly and generally, that they were years of difficulty, distress, struggle, and exposure to all sorts of perils, pitfalls, and temptations,—met, conquered, and left behind with courage, constancy, and undeviating fidelity of allegiance to the highest code of rectitude and honor known to the young, beautiful, and destitute Mademoiselle d'Aubigné. During the long years that elapsed between 1666, when, pensioned by the king, she saw her troubles of this sort at an end, to 1685, the most probable date of her wonderful marriage with the king in her fiftieth year, she steered her course among difficulties of another nature with equal circumspection and skilful rectitude. Mary Mitford, in one of her recently published letters, speaks of her as that odious woman, Madame de Maintenon; and though it is extremely probable,—it may, indeed, be said that it is certain,†—that the clever

* At Niort, 27th Nov., 1635.

† Inasmuch as some of the most important materials for forming an estimate of Madame de Maintenon's character have been disclosed since the letter in question was written.

letter-writer knew very imperfectly what she was talking about, it may, perhaps, be admitted that a more complete knowledge would not avail to induce a healthy minded Englishwoman to alter her verdict. It is in most cases both unfair and injudicious to make detraction from the praise due to worthy conduct by the suggestion of lower motives than are apparent on the surface of the case. But Madame de Maintenon, under the influence of the self-accusing piety of her later years, tells us, not in any hyperbolic tone of self-depreciation, but very soberly, that in these matters, as in all else throughout her extraordinary career, she was wholly governed by feelings and aims . . . not such as tend to render virtue amiable.

Nevertheless, it is right that "the odious woman" should have her due. She walked upright when others,—better, probably, than she,—stumbled and fell; and though as eagerly desirous of all that excited the ambition of the lowest minded of the women around her as they were, she was willing to attain the aim only by sacrificing that which she conceived could be sacrificed consistently with honor, and was not willing to reach it otherwise.

Perhaps one of the most pleasing and amiable acts of her life was the foundation of St. Cyr. The object of the institution was to save others situated as she herself had been from the troubles and dangers which she herself had successfully escaped from without any such aid. It was destined exclusively for noble women and girls, and was to be a harbor, a refuge, a place of education for such of the class as were left to such destitution as the foundress had herself known. It was the first work to which she applied the almost boundless power that the king's fully declared favor invested her with. In 1685 the house of St. Cyr was founded for two hundred and fifty "poor and noble" girls; and thenceforward, to the end of her days, the superintendence, administration, and government of this institution was the most favorite occupation and object of her life. When the death of Louis XIV. suddenly reduced her from being the most powerful person in all France to the condition of an insignificant and forgotten old woman, she retired to her beloved St. Cyr, to pass the remainder of her days within its walls, and was at last buried in its chapel.

Madame de Maintenon governed France . . . in a great measure;—indirectly, and by means of incessant thousand-fold webs and wires, ever spun and pulled in secret and in silence. But she governed St. Cyr wholly and entirely, and undisguisedly,—and very greatly delighted in doing so. And the method of her government, and the results of such government, being in the hands of a person in the position of Madame de Maintenon, gave rise to a little episode, the story of which singularly illustrates the condition of both Church and State in France at that day, and at the same time places in a very singular light before us one whom posterity has been wont to consider as among the greatest and the best of the men of that epoch.

About the year 1666,—the same year which put an end to the destitute position of the widow Scarron by a pension from the king,—a young student in theology came up from obscure, far-distant Périgord, to finish his studies, and push his fortune in Paris. Though not above fifteen years of age, he was already in appearance one of those persons,—it would be absurd to say men, and they who knew the young student in theology could hardly have regarded him as a mere boy,—one of those persons who are sure to attract a second glance either from man or woman, and who are recognized even before that second glance as one of the vessels of nature's finest porcelain. He was remarkably tall, and very slenderly made, with a pale oval face and very delicately cut features. His nose was long and slender, his mouth expressive of infinite sweetness, and specially endowed with that mobility of the curving lines of the lips, which has often been noted as indicative of the faculty of persuasive eloquence. But the main charm and distinctive peculiarity of the face lay in the wonderful beauty of the eyes. They were eyes from which, as one who knew them well has recorded, "the fire of wit streamed in constant torrents," which at the same time spoke of an inner moral nature of such gentle sweetness, that it irresistibly won affection and confidence. This so richly gifted youth was of noble race, but wholly without the gifts of fortune, . . . and he came to Paris as a student in theology. His name was François de Salignac de Lamotte Fénelon; born in the château of Fénelon,

in Périgord, on the 6th of August, 1651.

It was a very singularly constituted social world, that Louis-Quatorze Parisian world into which the young seminarist was thus ushered ;—a world so very dissimilar from aught that nineteenth-century men, and specially nineteenth-century Englishmen, have any experience of, that it needs not only a considerable amount of reading, but a considerable effort of imagination to realize for ourselves any tolerably satisfactory picture of it.

In the first place, that coming to Paris was to the young provincial like a second birth,—a second coming into the world ! It is commonly said nowadays that Paris is France ; but such was the case to a far greater degree in the middle of the seventeenth century. Paris was alive in those days with an intense, if not with a healthy vitality. It was an active, restless, fevered, hot-house life, in which every kind of candle was continually burned at both ends in every kind of way,—not a life that promised any beneficial or wholesome development, or even durability, but still intensely living life while it lasted. The rest of France was dead. There was not a Frenchman in those days who did not feel that fifty, ay, or fifteen years of Paris, was better than a cycle of the existence of the provinces.

Grievous offences were punished by “exile” from Paris and Versailles* to the offender’s native province ! For a “governor” to be sent to the province he governed,—for a bishop to be ordered to betake himself to his diocese,—this was a crushing blow and disgrace indeed !

A second specialty of that Parisian society, and one which it is perhaps more difficult for one of our time and clime to understand and realize, was the place and space occupied in that social world by matters theological and ecclesiastical. We are generally apt to consider the Parisian world of the Louis-Quatorze age as rather a godless world. And, although it unquestionably was very much less so than the Louis-Quinze age, which followed it, it may be stated at once that the more a reader familiarizes himself with the records

of that life, the more he will think that it was such. And yet it is an undoubted fact that ecclesiastical and spiritual matters occupied a much larger and more prominent place in the thoughts and talk and doings of “society” than they do in our day and in our world. And, when we speak of “spiritual” matters, it must not be supposed that we use the phrase merely in the cant and technical acceptance of the term. The Parisian world of the time of Louis XIV. busied itself largely with questions of a wholly and eminently spiritual nature. And yet it was after a strange and perplexing fashion peculiarly its own. We understand that matters ecclesiastical and spiritual are largely in the ascendant in the society at Rome. We comprehend perfectly why it should be so, in what sort of way it is so, and what are the sort of consequences arising from the fact. But the specialty we are speaking of as characteristic of French society at the time spoken of, had little or nothing in common with this. We understand, too, and can readily picture to ourselves that phase of English life, when contemporaneously with the French life spoken of,—about the middle of that same seventeenth century, that is to say,—religious questions, religious life, and all pertaining thereto, occupied a far larger share of the national mind than they have ever done since. But still less was there any similarity between that phase of English life and that peculiarity of the *Siecle Louis-Quatorze* of which we are speaking. It was an ecclesiasticism and a religionism quite *sui generis*. The finest of fine ladies took an absorbing interest in the disposal of vacant benefices and bishoprics. The discussion of a new system of arranging the patches on a fair face was mingled with the plotting of intrigues for securing the promotion of this, or ruining the credit of that pillar of the Church ; while the Church reciprocated in the person of many a “galant abbé,” who was recognized as an authority on the abstrusest of such points of female adornment. No doubt Ninon herself co-operated largely and enthusiastically to the giving of many an abbaye and the consecration of more than one mitred head ! And it would be a mistake to imagine, as might very naturally be imagined, that this meddling in ecclesiastical affairs was of a merely worldly, or, at least, of a merely loaves and fishes kind. Most of

* Of course it is to be understood that in the remarks in the text Versailles is to be included as a part, and not only so, but taken to be the very core and apogee of Parisian life.

the women of the grand monde, and many of the men, paid considerable attention to the "making of their salvation," as the phrase went. And, although this was done mainly after the fashion and in the spirit in which a man devotes a portion of his income to insure his house against fire, yet that practice did not account for all the phenomena of the case. Noble women, many of whom were no better, and noble men, many of whom were very much worse than they should have been, did nevertheless take, oddly enough, a strange interest in questions of religious doctrine and teaching. Perhaps the explanation of the phenomenon may be found in the general awakening of mind that was going on in the midst of a very profoundly corrupt society. It was felt that there was something very portentously rotten in the state of all existing social things; and that some remedy, some refuge, some deliverance from the wrath which conscience inarticulately whispered must needs be to come, was sorely needed. Certain it is that this, that, and the other doctrine,—some of them strange enough,—did seem to possess a curious sort of fascination for many men and women, whose general lives, one would have thought, lay far enough out of the road of such matters in general. More than one brilliant sinner's day might have been found to be divided between thoughts how to appear so killingly before "ce cher vicomte," as not to fail in coaxing him out of the pistoles lost at play last night; and "mem., to see Madame de —, to induce her to use her influence with the Cardinal to get l'Abbaye de some place, in some far-off, obscure province, for the M. l'Abbé de Bellejambe; item, to look at that new system d'oraison mystique, which is said to be so unfailing a way pour faire son salut!" How large a portion of English nineteenth century might be traversed, either in its living existence or in its literature, without meeting with any reference or allusion to religious matters or Church affairs. What with the reticence of the religious and the carelessness of the irreligious, whole phases of our society and the biographical presentation of it may be travelled over without coming upon any trace of such subjects. But it may safely be affirmed that no five pages of any one of the most frivolous and mundane of the innumerable memoirs of the

"grand siècle" can be turned over with out stumbling upon some reference to Church men or Church matters!

Thus if a young man of mark and promise came up to London now-a-days to keep his terms at the Temple, he would be far more likely to attract the observation of the leaders of the social world into which he had come, and to become a subject of interest to them, than if he had come there to be ordained by the Bishop of London. But in the Parisian world of the middle of the seventeenth century the case was very much the reverse.

And young François de Fénelon accordingly very speedily attracted no small attention among the Parisians. We are told of his preaching, boy as he was, to a distinguished audience, and winning, as Bossuet had done shortly before by a similar juvenile performance, golden opinions. The audience was perhaps not quite so distinguished a one as that which had listened to Bossuet, and given him his first certificate of a merit which was so soon to be recognized as facile princeps not only in that age, but in all the ages of the French Church; for that audience was the celebrated coterie of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. But those who praised young Fénelon's first appearance were such that the danger of his having his head turned by such homage seemed to an old Parisian uncle sufficiently imminent to induce him to take steps for the placing of his gifted nephew in the comparative obscurity of the seminary of the Sulpiciens.

The body of divines so called had then recently acquired a considerable amount of distinction and influence. St. Sulpice, as most visitors to Paris will remember, is the name of one of the most prominent parishes of that city. And the "Sulpiciens" were at first merely the body of priests and seminarists who served, and were being prepared to serve, in that parish. But the ecclesiastical circumstances of the time had gradually raised them to a more widely extended renown.

Here is St. Simon's account of the position they held:—

"Their ignorance, the narrowness of their views, their deficiency in powerful protectors, and the absence of any man of distinction of any sort among them, led them to profess a blind obedience for Rome and all Rome's maxims, an utter abhorrence for anything that at all looked

like Jansenism, and a submission to episcopal authority, which caused them to be desired in many dioceses. They seemed to be a sort of *tertium quid*, very useful to prelates who equally dreaded to fall under the suspicions of the Court, on the score of doctrine, and to subject themselves to the Jesuits, who rarely failed to make themselves absolute masters wherever they had once obtained a footing; or if they did not succeed in doing so, found the means of utterly ruining the bishop who resisted them. For these reasons the Sulpiciens in a very short time spread themselves very widely.

"There was not a man among them who could in any respect be compared to Fénelon for an instant. So that he found among them the means of taking a position of easy superiority, and at the same time of securing a body of partisans whose interest it would be to push his fortunes, for the sake of being in their time dragged up after him. His piety, which made itself everything to all men, and his doctrine, which he formed on their doctrine, while quietly abjuring all soil of impurity that he might be supposed to have contracted among those whom he had left, the charm and grace of his manner, his gentleness, and the engaging quality of his mind, rendered him dear to this new congregation; while he on his part found among them what he had been long seeking,—a connection and body of friends, who were able and willing to push him forward.

"While waiting his opportunity, he cultivated them with assiduity, yet without being tempted to do anything so narrowing for his own views as to make himself one of them. He continually sought to make acquaintances and friends; for his was a coquet sort of mind, which was always anxious to be liked and to please everybody, from people in power down to lackeys and laborers. And his talents admirably seconded his wishes in this respect."

The allusion to "those whom he had left," in the above passage, refers to both the Jesuits and the Jansenists, to both of which church parties, according to St. Simon, he had previously sought to attach himself. He had, as that writer phrases it, "knocked at all the doors." The Jesuits, we are given to understand, would have none of him. And he soon perceiv-

ed that with the Jansenists he could only hope to share, according to a vulgar but very expressive phrase, far more kicks than halfpence. This is perhaps hardly such an account of the first steps in the career of a man, whom posterity has been accustomed to consider almost a saint upon earth, as we should have expected. And accordingly St. Simon has been accused of hating Fénelon. But not only can no cause for any such hatred be found in their various relations towards each other, but towards the close of the careers of both of them, when the death of Louis XIV. opened new prospects to both, it is pretty certain that they would have been close allies in the new order of things, had not the death of Fénelon put an end to all such prospects. Again, let any one who suspects St. Simon of unkindly feeling to Fénelon read the detailed, full-length, and admirably drawn character of the archbishop, which the memoir writer gives, when chronicling Fénelon's death. If anybody wants a picture of a perfect prelate, it may be found in St. Simon's description of Fénelon's life at Cambrai. It is impossible to imagine that the writer of that glowing panegyric should have been animated by undue prejudice against the man of whom he was writing. It must be concluded, then, that St. Simon had no intention other than to speak the truth when he recorded the foregoing anecdotes of the opening of the ambitious young ecclesiastic's career. And it may probably also be inferred that the old courtier of the courts of Louis XIV. and the Regent Philip, religious man as he was, was not conscious that he was writing anything that could tend to lower the great archbishop in the eyes of after-generations, when representing him as perfectly ready to subordinate the tone of his theology to the exigencies of his ambition.

"His piety made itself all things to all men," and "he continually sought to make acquaintances and friends." And assuredly the catholicity of his capabilities, tastes, and desires in that kind are singularly and singularly evidenced by a friendship which he formed some years later than the time we have been speaking of.

In 1686 a very pretty young widow, named Jeanne Bouvier de la Motte Guyon, arrived in Paris from Switzerland. Madame Guyon was then in her thirty-eighth year. Born at Montargis in 1648, she

was married at sixteen, by her father, Claude Bouvier de la Motte, a member of the magistracy, to M. Jacques Guyon, the son of a man who had made a fortune by the construction of the Canal de Briare. Mademoiselle de la Motte had all her life been of feeble health. She had been twice, in consequence of it, taken home from convents, to which she had been sent for her education. She came home, however, with a strong inclination for an ascetic life. She took to reading the works of St. Francis de Sales, and the life of Madame de Chantal, and was very anxious to become a nun at the Convent of the Visitation. Her parents, however, would not permit this, and married her instead, as has been said. After twelve years of married life, she became a widow at the age of twenty-eight; and, after continuing with her mother-in-law in provincial obscurity for four years more, she came in 1680, the thirty-second year of her age, to Paris, with her head filled with the notion that God destined her to some special great work for his service. Being thus persuaded, she separated herself from her three children,—the survivors of five,—and, falling in with the Bishop of Geneva, who chanced then to be in Paris, was persuaded by him that Geneva was the place to which she, and the fortune that had been made by the Canal de Briare, were called for the special service of God! She went, and spent six years in wandering about the districts around Geneva; and then returned to Paris, from what she called her mission, in 1686. She had, during these three years, composed several works of mystical and transcendental devotion; and, soon after her return to Paris, began to attract some attention, and especially was taken up by some three or four great ladies of the Court.

About this time Fénelon and Madame Guyon fell in with each other; she very pretty, full of talent, eloquent, enthusiastic, and with her head filled with all sorts of mystic transcendentalisms in the way of religion of a kind likely to be found very far from orthodox, and not a tall unlikely in that age,—when, if people needs must be religious at all, it behooved them to see that their religion was of exactly the approved pattern,—to bring their owner into trouble; and he, three years younger, eminently calculated to charm both the eye and the ear of any woman on the look

out for “friends,” and specially bound to cut his theologies after some fashion not objectionable to the dispensers of ecclesiastical advancement.

A very strangely assorted pair they must have been! But a strong intimacy sprang up between them which proved a life-long one, and which, it must be admitted, would seem little in accordance with the views of a young ecclesiastic who was on the look out for friendship that might be useful to him. It is true that Madame Guyon was at that time less obscure than the young Périgord priest, and had already made herself acceptable to certain powerful protectors; but the day came when it would have been eminently expedient for Fénelon to throw over Madame Guyon and his friendship for her in the most absolute and conspicuous manner. But he never did so. It may be, perhaps, as well, however, to observe that those who fancy that there is always one clear way, and but one, in which an intimacy between a young man and a young woman can be explained, that according to all the testimony remaining upon the subject, they would err in applying their theory to the case in question. There seems to have existed no idea in the minds of the contemporaries of Madame Guyon and Fénelon that the very remarkable friendship which united them was in any way discreditable to the moral character of either of them.

Fénelon then accepted all Madame Guyon's claims to special sanctity, special illumination, and quite special gifts of heavenly grace; and accepted, too, those mystical theories which, if they did not reproduce all the extremely objectionable extravagances of the Spaniard Molinos, yet borrowed from them quite enough to fairly impress upon her doctrine the character of a modification of the highly dangerous system of quietism. And together with all this he accepted also introductions to those enthusiasts of high rank and courtly influence of whom Madame Guyon had already made disciples.

The principal among these were the Duchess de Béthune, the three sisters, the Duchesses de Montemort, de Chevreuse, and de Beauvillier, and Madame de Morstein, the daughter of the first of them. This little flock lived a very retired and very united life, mainly in Paris, coming to Versailles as rarely as they could,

whence the Comtesse de Guiche, the eldest daughter of the Duc de Noailles, who lived at the Court, would escape as often as she could "to share this manna," as St. Simon, with quiet ridicule, terms the teaching of Madame Guyon. Two of the gentlemen of the chamber of Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne were also admitted to these heavenly banquets; "and all this passed," says St. Simon, "with a secrecy and a mystery which imparted an additional zest to these meetings."

Gradually Fénélon made the minds and hearts of all these persons his own. He became the "spiritual director" of all of them, but under the guidance and chieftainship of Madame Guyon; and to the end of his life, in ill-fortune as in good fortune, in disgrace as in favor, all these persons remained absolutely devoted to him.

Very shortly after the time of Madame Guyon's return to Paris in 1686,—in 1689, that is to say,—the Duc de Beauvillier was appointed governor of the princes. The appointment, which the duke had never sought nor even thought of, was due wholly to the king's own high esteem for him. And the choice of all the preceptors and the whole household of Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne was left to him. The duke, much at a loss where to find a proper person for the appointment of preceptor to the prince, applied to the Sulpiciens, where he had always been in the habit of choosing a confessor, and they strongly recommended Fénélon. The duke had an interview with the young priest, was charmed with him, and at once appointed him.

The appointment, as it will readily be understood, was one which threw open wide the doorway to the most brilliant career that ambition could wish for. Fénélon felt all the importance of the position, and forthwith set himself so to gain to himself the persons with whom it brought him in contact, as to make his footing and future progress sure.

The two sisters, who were married to the Dukes de Chevreuse and Beauvillier, were not more closely or affectionately allied than their two husbands. The little family party of four lived in the greatest and closest intimacy, and held themselves very much aloof from the rest of the courtier-world around them. And this little coterie Fénélon very soon succeeded in

making wholly devoted to him. We hear of his becoming acquainted with the duchess through Madame Guyon; and of his being recommended to the Duc de Beauvillier in search of a tutor for the Duc de Bourgogne by the Sulpiciens. Whether either of these introductions led to or contributed to the other, or which of them preceded the other in point of time, is not very clear. But it is rather singular that whereas Fénélon is represented to have become known to the duchesses through Madame Guyon, he is stated to have brought her to the knowledge of the two dukes. The two duchesses and their husbands seem to have lived very united and conjugal lives. But it must be supposed apparently, nevertheless, that these mystical pietistic meetings with Madame Guyon were kept so close and secret, that the two dukes, though probably not absolutely ignorant of what was going on, had not become personally acquainted with the prophetess.

This apparently was the situation of affairs when Fénélon's intimacy with the little *partie carrée* of the two ducal households led to his acquisition of a far more valuable acquaintance,—that of the most powerful and most important personage in all France, Madame de Maintenon, now the wife of Louis XIV.

"Madame de Maintenon used to dine regularly once or twice a week," says St. Simon, "either at the Hôtel de Chevreuse or at the Hôtel de Beauvillier, en cinquième with the two dukes and their two wives. They used to have the hand-bell on the table, so as not to have the servants in the room, and to be able to talk unreservedly. It was a sort of little sanctuary, the inmates of which had all the Court at their feet; and to this sanctuary Fénélon was after a while admitted. And with Madame de Maintenon his success was almost as great as it had been with the two dukes. His wit enchanted her. Very soon the Court perceived the giant steps the fortunate abbé was making, and began to pay court to him. But the wish to be free and unimpeded in his pursuit of the aim he had proposed to himself led him to receive such advances coldly. He was influenced, too, in adopting such a line of conduct by the fear of displeasing the two dukes and Madame de Maintenon, whose taste led them to prefer a retired and very isolated life. These motives

induced him to make a buckler of his modesty, and his duties as preceptor, against the advances of the courtiers; and he thus rendered himself dearer to the personages he had captivated, and whose affection it was so important to him to retain."

To any artist in quest of a subject for a cabinet picture we beg to commend the above. The handsome and insinuating young abbé is assiduously and successfully making himself agreeable. The noble hosts and hostesses are hanging on his words; and Scarron's widow, Louis XIV.'s wife, cold and cautious as she was, and intensely conscious of her power, and of the interest each member of the party had in their different lines and spheres to pay court to her, is nevertheless giving way to the irresistible charm of his eloquence. Though the repast is over, the dinner service remains on the table; for the little party, wholly absorbed in the interest of their conversation, have forgotten to tingle the hand-bell, which stands on the table; and safely circled by the rich hangings of the small but cosy room, which makes the "sanctuary," are enjoying to the utmost the quiet hour stolen from the blatant, hollow, weary ceremonial of the grandly-caparisoned mill-horse life which Louis XIV. imposed on all who came near him.

But the great lady,—she, the greatest of all, whom it is most necessary to propitiate,—is not so easily "made his own" as those amiable duchesses. She is no gentle enthusiast, as they are. She is wary, cool, and cautious, with no scintillation of poetry or enthusiasm in her, but an uncommonly large gift of judgment and practical good sense. And yet, if anything is to be done,—anything really to the purpose,—the exact length of this lady's foot must be very accurately ascertained. That is the sure, indeed well-nigh the only, road that leads in the direction our fortunate abbé would fain travel.

Nor was it long before he did begin to move in the direction at least which he wished. The Archbishop of Cambrai died, and Fénelon received his mitre.

But as St. Simon tells us, "for all the little flock which the new archbishop had gathered round him and made devoted to him, Cambrai was a thunder-bolt. They saw that the Archbishop of Paris was not long for this world; and it was Paris they

all wanted, and not Cambrai. Paris would have placed him at the head of the clergy, and in a position of close and immediate confidence with the Court, which would have made it impossible for anybody to count without him, and would have put him in a condition to venture everything with success for Madame Guyon and her doctrine, which was still kept as a secret among them. Their grief, therefore, was profound at that which all the rest of the world took for a brilliant piece of good fortune; and the Comtesse de Guiche was so vexed at it that she could not hide her tears."

Here for once, at all events, there was a sincere *nolo episcopari*. But of course the *nolo* could not abbreviate itself into No. And Cambrai had to be accepted *en attendant*. So far, however, was the new archbishop from considering himself as having reached the goal of his ambition, that he felt it to be more than ever necessary to find the means of ruling her who ruled everything else in France.

And there are special difficulties in the way; for the great lady has already got a pet bishop of her own. And as long as that was the case, somehow or other our infinitely amiable and very particularly clever young abbé feels that it would be hopeless to make the king's wife "his own"—absolutely and wholly his own, as was necessary to his views, and as he had so entirely succeeded in making others.

Now this rival near the throne was Godet, Bishop of Chartres; and his intimacy with Madame de Maintenon had arisen solely and naturally from the circumstance that St. Cyr was in the diocese of Chartres. He was therefore called on by his office to exercise superintendence over Madame de Maintenon's pet foundation; and this had led to a very close intimacy between them. Godet does not seem, however, to have attempted, or wished to obtain, any influence of any sort from this intimacy. Though the conferences between him and Madame de Maintenon were close, and very long, and very frequent, they seem to have been occupied solely with affairs connected with the government and well-being of the establishment of St. Cyr.

Here is St. Simon's account of this worthy bishop:—

"Godet, Bishop of Chartres, was diocesan of St. Cyr. He was sole 'director'

of the institution. He was, moreover, Madame de Maintenon's own 'director.' His life, his doctrine, his piety, his discharge of his episcopal duties were all irreprouchable. He very rarely came to Paris; and showed himself still more rarely at the Court, and never for more than an instant. He used to see Madame de Maintenon often, and in very long interviews, at St. Cyr; and, besides, continually wrote to her. This, then, was a formidable rival to contend with. But solidly established as he was, Fénelon was encouraged by the clown-like exterior of the man. His long, thin, grimy-looking face, his mien for all the world that of a Sulpician curate, his simple air, led Fénelon to think him what he seemed to be. Judging from his frequenting no society, and having no connection but with mere priests, he took him to be a man with no knowledge of the world, without talent, and with little sense. He thought that his position with relation to Madame de Maintenon was due solely to the chance that St. Cyr was in his diocese, and that it would be no difficult matter to oust him altogether from her good graces."

And for this purpose it appeared to him that his friend Madame Guyon was a very fitting instrument. Madame de Maintenon had clearly shown a liking for the spiritualistic talk, which had made the main part of the conversation at those delightful little dinners at the hôtels Chevreuse and Beauvillier. If Madame Guyon could but have an opportunity of seeing her and captivating her mind, all would be gained! He had already spoken of her advantageously to the dukes and to Madame de Maintenon. He now introduced her to them; "but," says St. Simon, "as if with much difficulty, for moments at a time, as a woman living wholly in another world, whom humility and the love of contemplation and solitude kept so much retired, that she was very unwilling to be known."

The idea seemed a good one. Madame de Maintenon was much pleased with her. "Her reserve, mingled with adroit flattery, won her. Madame de Maintenon would have talked to her on pietistic subjects, and could scarcely induce her to do so. She seemed to yield only to the virtue and charm of Madame de Maintenon; and the latter was fairly caught in the net so well prepared."

The next point was to obtain admission for Madame Guyon to St. Cyr. This was not very easy; but Fénelon accomplished it. He persuaded Madame de Maintenon to invite her there. The foundress of the house got to like her more and more. The visits were repeated. She was asked to sleep there; her stays there became longer and longer. At last she was an established inmate; then she began to make converts to her new doctrine. "And presently there came to be a little flock in the establishment, quite apart from the rest of the inmates. And the maxims and the spiritualistic talk of these neophytes began to appear very strange to the rest of the household; and before long, very strange to Monseigneur the Bishop of Chartres."

Now this prelate was very far from being the sort of person whom Fénelon had imagined him to be. "He was," says St. Simon, "very learned, and especially a profound theologian, and joined thereto a considerable degree of wit."

As soon as he became aware of the nature of the new doctrine which had been introduced into the institution, he instructed a couple of the ladies of the house, on whom he could entirely depend, and who were calculated to make an impression on Madame de Maintenon, to pretend to be converted to the new doctrine. The two false disciples played their part to perfection. They simulated, first delight, and then profound conviction. Madame Guyon knew very well that they were in all respects two of the most important inmates of the house, and most calculated, not only to influence the members generally, but especially to have weight with Madame de Maintenon. The prophetess was in ecstasies. The Archbishop of Cambrai and his little knot of firm friends and disciples were delighted, and already began to think the victory gained. Godet, meanwhile, held his peace, received from day to day the secret report of his two spies, made himself master of the whole of the new system,—and then the storm broke. Madame de Maintenon was terribly shocked, as well as astonished, to find what sort of doctrine had quietly taken possession of her cherished school. The two spies were carefully questioned. They submitted to her notes in writing which they had taken from day to day, as the new doctrines were expounded to them. She also questioned at length many of the girls; and

she gathered clearly enough, both from those who had been fully admitted to the new mysteries, and from those who had been only partially initiated, "that all tended to the same end, and that both that end and the path that led to it were very extraordinary."

It would require far more space than we can now command to explain with accuracy what the doctrines of quietism were. Pushed to their extreme, they led to results of which it may be shortly said, that had we all the space and time in the world it would be quite impossible to give an account of those results in these pages. Those who are anxious for information on this subject may find more than enough to satisfy their curiosity in *De Potter's Life*,—French,—of Bishop Ricci, of Pistoia, whose episcopacy was mainly passed in striving to root out from the nunneries of his diocese the horrible practices and belief to which the quietistic theories had led. It is not to be for an instant imagined that either Fénélon or Madame Guyon preached or contemplated any such horrors as these ;—or, indeed, any practical conduct whatever of an objectionable kind. But Rome's priesthood has had experience, and sees far and sees clearly in these matters. And not only Madame de Maintenon, and worthy Bishop Godet, but the "Eagle of Meaux," Bossuet himself, vigorously exerted themselves to crush the first seeds of the "new piety."

Madame Guyon was ignominiously ex-

pelled from St. Cyr; and, on failing to obey strict injunctions to hold her peace and keep quiet, was shortly afterwards sent to the Bastille.

Madame de Maintenon asked explanations from Fénélon. He hesitated, shuffled, and eventually endeavored to hide everything and blind Madame de Maintenon by a cloud of metaphysical mysticism. But the lady was very angry;—"felt," says St. Simon, "that she had been led to the brink of a precipice;"—looked very coldly on the new archbishop; . . . and all hope of future court favor was at an end!

Fénélon, however, would not yield an inch. He supported the new doctrine; wrote a book, the celebrated "*Maximes des Saints*," in its defence; and was thenceforward a ruined man! Bossuet and he, who had been friends, were thenceforward enemies. The "*Maximes des Saints*" were condemned at Rome; and Fénélon had to read, and did with exemplary humility read, the condemnation of the book in his own cathedral!

A RUINED MAN! For thenceforth he had to live the rest of his days in his own diocese of Cambrai, in the cold shade far away from the sunshine of Versailles, in the enjoyment of a princely revenue, and a princely position, and in the practice of every virtue that could best become an archbishop, a grand seigneur, and a Christian; but a blighted and ruined man, because he might no more look upon the splendor of the Versailles sun!

Blackwood's Magazine.

ABOUT HOW THE OLD EGYPTIANS LIVED AND DIED.

It may be said concerning most of the races of men which have passed away, that our knowledge of them does not extend to their ordinary lives and customs. Some few strongly-scored facts there may be, as that our Briton ancestors wore moustaches, and were so devoted to art that they never moved about except in company with some representation of heavenly or earthly bodies: but such facts give us only isolated points; the Briton as he really existed can never be revived to our apprehension. A conventional idea of a Briton may be published and accepted, but it can be only a fiction. Let us try to form a correct notion of the Jews,

the Greeks, the Romans, the Carthaginians, as they were in their best days, or in any age, and we shall soon find ourselves without a true image and without a guide. Gifted men, by joining together traces of outline more or less marked, and by furnishing the connecting lines from their shrewd guesses or their vivid dreams, have sometimes amused us by revivals of scenes in the Acropolis or in the Coliseum, or by the Sea of Galilee, but they have not been able to show that their witness is true. Nay, to come nearer home and nearer our own age, is it not admitted that we have lost beyond recovery the impression of what life in England was under the Nor-

man kings? We have lively perceptions, it is true, of Cedric and the Templar and the Friar, but we perceive the phantasms of the enchanter, not the real impress of the men of old. Neither is it possible, the learned say, to produce now a true presentment of those times; they have left little more than a rack behind.

If, then, the generations who left the scene two or three centuries ago have become so indistinct that we fail to recognize what manner of men they were in their lives, habits, and appearance, what chance have we of recovering and becoming intimately acquainted with the beings from whom we are separated by tens of centuries? By the foregoing theorems there is no chance at all,—the attempt would be mere vanity and presumption. If we solve the question mathematically or logically, this is the inevitable answer. But it is not by reasoning that we will arrive at our truth; it is not proportion that shall convict this paper's superscription of folly. An irrepressible, wayward fact, defying speculation, inverting axioms, shows itself; and philosophers are confounded, a new book is opened, the extremes of time are brought together. For, as if in very derision of mundane belief, the oldest race of which history can speak is an exception to the rule of oblivion. Crusaders may have perished for ever—the sons of Romulus and of Cecrops may have become dreams and fables; but some of them who saw Babel, and of the first generations who thence inherited the Coptic tongue, are living yet on the tableaux of Egypt!

Was, then, the prescience of those primitive men as wonderful as their workmanship and their invention? Did their vision pierce through barbarous misty centuries, and anticipate the time when far posterity should yearn to them with awakening reverence, and seek for their remains as for hid treasures? It would seem that it did. But whatever their intention may have been, they have certainly left clear elaborate records of themselves as they were once to be seen in their worship, processions, ceremonies, in battles and sieges, and in all the situations of domestic life. We may see for ourselves how they sacrificed, with what weapons they fought—how they sowed, reaped, bought and sold, slaughtered, cooked, wrought at trades, feasted, danced, gamed, rejoiced, mourned, died, were embalmed

and buried; nay, more,—we know exactly in what manner they fancied that their souls were disposed of after death. We can study their features, dresses, implements; and so mightily has nature wrought with them to preserve the memorials, that “their domestic habits, their social institutions, their very modes of thought, are disclosed to us,—and so minutely, that we know more of the men among whom Abram dwelt and conversed in Egypt than of our own British and Saxon ancestors.”*

Carving and inscribing seem to have been the besetting infirmity of the ancient Egyptians. The desire of the diminutive, bandy-legged, noseless Plantagenet Montmorency Smith, to be photographed, front and profile, and in all conceivable ungraceful attitudes, in every city of Europe, is not stronger than was the inclination of an old Memphite or Theban to carve out in detail, to paint, or to describe in writing his form and semblance, as on different occasions he went through the employments of his life. His processes did not admit of seizing sudden expressions or effects; but if he did not catch Cynthias of the minute, he gave typical Cynthias and types of every class of human beings—of the animals or things with which they occupied themselves, and examples of the manner in which they operated. If they consecrated a temple or stuck a pig—if they held a symposium or pickled a mummy—if they danced or hunted, ate or fought—the style in which the thing was done was stamped imperishably. When the time comes for speaking of their burials and tombs, reasons will be given for much of this zeal in chiselling and limning. But there is much to say, and space is not *à discretion*, therefore order must be observed, or we have no chance of fulfilling our design. So we will assign a place to each division of the subject, and the first place is due to the great Pharaoh; let us therefore contemplate THE KING.

Absolute power as executive—entire personal submission to the laws—this was the strange combination which characterized the office of a Pharaoh. All the vigor of despotism in the governor, all possible safeguards for the governed; the monarch irresponsible to any, and yet so thoroughly restrained and advised that no

* Osburn's “Monumental History,” end of the first volume.

man doubted his piety, justice, and discretion. And how was this brought about? Not by finely-spun theories inoperative in practice; not by intricate constitutional checks which in one age might enable the ruler to set at naught the rights and wishes of his people, and in another might transfer the whole power of the state to the lowest stratum of the populace, and so reduce the sovereign to a mere puppet; not by the institution of an antagonism, according to which it was the instinct of either side, governor or governed, to encroach on the liberties or prerogatives of the other; but by a far more refined and yet simple method—simpler in itself, but possible for only a refined, highly-civilized people. The nation, in times beyond our ken, had made up its mind about the qualities of its ruler, and took its measures for securing such a one as should realize its ideal. The leaders knew the fallibility of checks and constitutions—perhaps they knew it by experience—and went nearer to the root of the matter, and looked for their security in the mind and disposition and life of the king. Their requirements call up the words of Cowper—

“I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose words are pure, whose doctrine and
whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.”

Let not any ardent purist, however, suppose that this hints in the darkest manner at competitive examinations: let us keep in mind that the aim of the Egyptians was far higher than simply to counter-check evil; they aspired to, and labored for, positive good. They specially educated their ruler for his great career—from early youth if they could; but, young or old, they would have him submit himself to a training and a routine of life such as were prescribed for no other. They made him comprehend the dignity which attached to his position; the (literally in his case) *divinity* which does hedge a king. He could not be as other men were, but in all the acts of his daily life he conducted himself after a royal pattern, never forgetting that he belonged to the State. His toilette, exercise, meals were settled by law; his amusements, both as to times and kinds, might be only such as became so distinguished a person, the very quan-

tity of his wine being regulated to guard against the possibility of excess. His associates and attendants were all of the first families, and of high education. These were blamed and punished if their august master should ever allow his passions to influence him in the exercise of his office. As was said in a former paper,* the king could do no wrong, but his ministers were held strictly responsible if any wrong was done, it being held that impropriety or injustice could scarcely be a solitary failing, but a sign of general circumspection having been relaxed. From the very birth of an heir-apparent to the throne, his future companions, nurslings of the same age as himself, were set apart and trained.

The king must have been bred a priest or a soldier. If he happened to be the latter, he was forced to become a priest on ascending the throne; and his priesthood was not a nominal or *ex officio* headship, but he had to study all the mysteries of religion, the services of the temples, the laws and the moral code of the country, and to be in all respects a capable and officiating pontiff. On days of high ceremonial the king himself publicly made offerings to the gods; but in ordinary routine he was only present at religious services during certain hours.

The viands of the royal table were limited to certain kinds of food. The king might not exceed a certain quantity of wine; he might not consort with whomsoever he would; neither could he pass his time according to his own fancy. Hard conditions these, one is apt to think; but yet if any nonsense had been talked about the monarch being denied the freedom that was permitted to the meanest of his subjects—if it had been said that, provided his public duty was accurately performed, he might surely turn his hours of relaxation to whatever account he might choose—it would have been answered that what might be very good for a humble Egyptian was not at all suitable for Pharaoh; that the man they wanted must exist for the State, not the State for him; and that if he could not bear restraints himself, he was manifestly incompetent to restrain and guide a whole nation! We do not find that political trouble ever arose from attempts of his Majesty to kick over the traces;

* Eclectic Magazine for Oct. 1870.

indeed opinion was so strong and so invincible on the point, that the wise and well-trained monarch must have seen the ruin involved in such a course, supposing that he wished to pursue it, which probably he did not.

The secret of how this was accomplished—of how a mighty and absolute sovereign could be induced, without any apparent control, to walk within the very straitest limits, and to merge his personality in his glorious office—is one that cannot be thoroughly penetrated until some modern nation, as perspicacious as the Egyptian was, shall comprehend the general good as they understood it, and exhibit again the perfection of government. We do, however, sometimes get glimpses of such finished organization when highly-cultivated dispositions, by happy chance, come together in a family or other association. We are charmed by the devotion with which each member postpones his selfish inclinations for the general benefit, by the noiseless accuracy with which the machinery turns, by the absence of all visible moving or regulating power, and yet by the consummate working of the whole. We know, nevertheless, that there must be a power somewhere, and that it is outwardly invisible, because it is applied to the highest perceptions of our nature. So, also, there was a power, and an admirable one, cementing and guiding the powers of the State in Egypt—very subtle, applicable only to the most generous spirits, but in them more potent than the sternest tyranny. The horse that may be guided with a silken thread is alone perfectly broken; the one moving straight under thongs and iron, and evermore looking askance at the whip, does little credit to his trainer. The government of the Pharaohs was doubtless invented by the priests; the power which, like the force of gravity in nature, kept every member in his place, was in the national religion, into whose mysteries the monarch, as we have seen, was invariably initiated, and whose dictates were unquestioned by a surpassingly devout people. When we come to discuss their religion, we shall see how hard it is to recognize this inward and spiritual power in it, and how much more we have to learn before we discover the mainspring of their wonderful system.

In times of war the king generally took the field, and commanded the army. He

often took the heir with him (thus Sesostri, while very young, made his first campaign with his father, and had his *baptême-de-feu*); but he could appoint a general to the chief command when reasons of State should show that course to be advisable. All triumphs, decrees, and national works were ascribed to him, and the relations between sovereign and people appear to have been so good that his fame and theirs were identical; they were satisfied that he was really and truly the impersonation of the State.

Greek writers used to speak of the crown as elective; but the monuments—which now supersede all other chronicles—show that the succession was hereditary, except in case of the country being conquered, or the very rare occurrence of a successful rebellion. An election took place only when there was no heir, male or female—for a princess could inherit the sceptre. Although frequently the same sovereign ruled both Upper and Lower Egypt, these were always regarded as two distinct kingdoms. Sometimes each kingdom had its own separate king, and the two were at variance. The head-dress of the Upper country was white, a high conical cap terminating in a knob at the top: that of the Lower country was red; it encircled the head to the height of the poll, and the back was prolonged to double the height of the cap. The king who might govern both countries wore both crowns together, that of Lower Egypt outside the other, and the composite head-dress of the two crowns was named the *pschent*. There were other royal head-dresses according to the particular office which the king might be discharging; but what will probably be most astonishing to an inexperienced reader is, that he often wore a wig. Modern speakers, chancellors, judges, and State coachmen may find comfort for their souls by a study of some of the monuments—nay, of the relics; for specimens of the wigs are, it is believed, preserved.

There would seem to be a popular belief that the Pharaohs were unfeeling and tyrannical, a belief derived probably from the circumstances of the exodus; but it should be remembered that the disposition of the Pharaoh who would not let Israel go was supernaturally vitiated. Some infatuation made him treacherous and cruel; but the fact that his heart was

hardened specially to make him act unworthily, goes to prove that in his normal condition he would have been incapable of such conduct. The Pharaohs who knew not Joseph pursued an illiberal policy towards the children of Jacob, and the book of Moses shows them in no very favorable light; yet they do not appear to have been personally odious, neither is there a hint of their government having been oppressive or hateful to the Egyptians. And then, when we come to regard the kings who did know and respect Joseph and his memory, their characters should form a counterpoise, and help us to an even judgment of these celebrated rulers. Joseph's personal patron, who is more graphically presented in the sacred book than any obnoxious Pharaoh, was certainly wise and amiable, and his successors for some generations regarded Israel with favor. That Egypt throve as it did under their sway is a sufficient proof of the ability and integrity of the kings in general; and the mourning which the people made for Pharaoh when he died, and which the historians carefully distinguish from a formal prescribed manifestation, attests the esteem and veneration in which he was generally held.

If we pass now from the monarch, who is a very intelligible figure, to that which doubtless contains the key to all the character, wisdom, and exploits of the country—namely, the national religion—we are at once in a very thick atmosphere, where, though objects innumerable present themselves, their connection and significance are difficult to trace. Judged by its outward and visible signs, this religion can be described as only gross idolatry and polytheism. The high reputation of the race has saved them from much reproach on this head; writers hardly ever mention the worship without deprecating the reader's injurious opinion of it, or without explaining its hidden spirituality. But the religion itself, as we see it, is so loosely jointed and so indefinite, that an ingenious commentator, starting with a plausible idea or two, may speedily on this material foundation erect a structure of types and metaphysics reaching up to a pure theology. To make good these words, let us for a while put aside the fancied or imputed meaning, and say what the worship was.

The gods were so numerous that we

cannot reckon them, neither can we say that we have now got, or that we shall ever get, to the limits of the pantheon. Gods crop up in all directions. Some have human figures and heads; some have the forms of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles; some are compounded of heads of some of the above animals joined to the bodies of men or women, being monsters of that class the idea of which made Horace exclaim, "*Risum teneatis, amici?*"—some are grotesque, deformed, and shocking. A pair (male and female) or a trio (parents and child) of gods were adored in the same temple; and of these, as of the Greek consonants, it is said, "*Inter se cognati sunt;*" but unfortunately, after one relationship has been noted, the same deities, or others suspiciously like them, are found in other places with an entirely new set of kinsfolk. Prince Hal* had an illustration that would have suited their affinities, but he was innocent of Egyptology. It was not only the images of animals, however, which the Egyptians venerated: live bulls, crocodiles, jackals, beetles, and one knows not what besides, were had in reverence. The worship of what were called the great gods, and especially of one pair, was wellnigh general on the Nile; but the smaller powers were worshipped in certain districts only, while in other districts they were abominations, and the setting up or putting down of one of them was as serious a matter as the exaltation of a German prince is in these days—it led sometimes to furious wars for ideas.

There were several orders of gods, but it is not clear to us how the orders were divided—which is not astonishing when the frequent interchange above mentioned of attributes, symbols, and affinities is taken into account. It is, however, generally received that the gods, creators and sustainers, and the sun and moon and elements, occupied the highest places under various names. Inferior gods all partook of the nature and functions of these, but were inferior in scope and degree. One god named Typho or Typhoon was regarded as the spirit of evil. But of all these gods, two—and they not of the first order—are more celebrated than all the

* "*Page.*—A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince Henry.—Even such kin."—*King Henry IV.*

rest, and were of unquestioned sanctity from one end of Egypt to the other. The reader is already prepared for the famous names Osiris and Isis. The popular legend concerning them is that there was jealousy between Typho and Osiris; that Typho, by a manœuvre which recalls the ballad of the "Old Oak Chest," or the story of "The Fisherman and the Genie" in the "Thousand and One Nights," entrapped Osiris into a box, and, god as he was, confined him in the heart of a tree, whence Isis got him out and carried him to Buto in the month Tybi (27th of December to 26th of January), and there concealed him; but Typho, whose delight it appears to have been of a shiny night at that season of the year to hunt in the marshes, put him up by moonlight, and cut him up too, to make sure of him, into fourteen pieces.* Isis with great pains found thirteen of the pieces in different places, and buried each where she found it; the fourteenth piece had been unfortunately devoured by fishes. Afterwards, before the visit of the patriarch Abram, the whole country was convulsed for years by the act of King Mencheres or Mycerinus, who got the scattered limbs together at Abydos. The wars so occasioned ended in the reign of Acthoes of the XIth dynasty, which, according to Mr. Osburn, is the true account concealed under the myth that Isis joined the body together once more. The alarms which the Pans and Satyrs felt while these dreadful adventures were proceeding became proverbial, and gave the wild terrors the name of *Panics* for all time. This high derivation, from the immortal gods, of this nervous condition, may be comfortable to gentlemen who were about the Stock Exchange and Capel Court last July. For their sakes it is recorded.

Now, after all the pains—and they have been very great—which learned men have taken to discover some consistent theology of Egypt, it must be confessed that the whole subject remains a "muddle," as one of the characters in Mr Dickens' "Hard Times" is fond of saying; and that muddle (for, as we see it, it is not entitled to the name of *system*) cannot be defended against the charge of being the grossest and silliest idolatry. Then, as if the religion were not of itself difficult enough to

be understood, it was further complicated by the vanity of the old Greek writers, who set to work to show that the gods of Greece were, under other names, the same as the gods of Egypt. Thus the great Amun of the Egyptians was identified with Zeus or Jupiter, and in later days became Jupiter Ammon, whose great temple was in the Oasis; Phthah, a god whom the Egyptians represented as a mummy, was Vulcan or Hephæstus; Osiris was Bacchus; Anouke was Vesta; and so on. But these comparisons were fanciful, and do not in the least assist us to a comprehension of the nature of the Egyptian gods as Egyptians regarded it.

There can be no doubt that, viewed in certain of their phases, some of the gods may be seen to personify the powers or works of nature. Amun may be the sun, or, in another view, the atmosphere. Osiris and Isis may be, and in one acceptance probably are, the Nile and the land of Egypt; but attempt to follow up these "allegories on the banks of the Nile" (which are not the same that Mrs. Malaprop spoke of), and they will not half satisfy as to the character, power, or nature of any deity. For instance, assume Osiris to be the Nile, and a great deal of what is said of him seems to become clear, the allegory corresponding for some distance with known natural facts; but in a while we find Osiris presiding as the judge of the dead, the great power of Amenthe or the shades below, and we are violently jerked out of the pleasant little groove in which our imaginations have begun to run at ease. There is nothing consistent or definite about any of these gods; the character of each is like a series of dissolving views, continually, as we regard it, fading to indistinctness, and then reappearing in new colors and proportions.

The boldest thing that has been said regarding the whole tangled mythology is, that the Egyptians never really lost, after the death of Noah, the knowledge of one supreme intelligence, almighty, inexhaustibly good, whom no man had seen at any time, who could not be represented by anything made with hands; but that the priests attempted to show to the people, under the form of gods, His attributes, His creation, His ways of dealing with men, His glory, His will. Each god, then, being a part or emanation of the Deity, which might manifest itself in various

* Osburn says twenty-six pieces.

ways, had many figures and descriptions contradictory and often incompatible when ascribed to a distinct being, but consistent and intelligible when applied to a quality or power. Thus divine love might be exhibited as cherishing, chastising, shining ever like the sun, outraged, averted, returning, delivering, animating, restraining. And this method of looking at the subject would in a sort explain the notion of Typho, who was thought to be in some things not unkind, he being the violent power which convulses or destroys; but, inasmuch as these convulsions and destructions are very awful, and often connected with much apparent evil, his terrible aspect wellnigh eclipsed all other idea of him, and he came to be regarded as an adverse power.

Now this daring theory cannot be proved any more than the tamer allegorical explanation. Both are followed because our minds refuse to accept the outward and visible as the true religion of the Egyptians. The high character of the people, our involuntary conviction of the superiority of their wisdom and knowledge, forbid the acceptance of the evidence as complete. We labor to clear the reputation of a people whom we cannot but honor, and in so doing possibly add to the difficulties of a true understanding. When speculation has exhausted itself, and the mind is giddy with effort, we are no nearer than at first to our goal. Time may yet help us; let us trust to time.

One strong argument to support the opinion that the Religion was not what it appears, is the certainty that the people, far from being blinded or debased, were enlightened, as we have shown, and civilized to an incredible degree. Let us remember what Wilkinson has said of their having relinquished the habit of wearing arms when not on service. *Something* was elevating and improving them, and if this was not the religion, what was it? The rites were not savage and cruel, the moral doctrine was excellent. Old traditions existed, as they exist in most nations of any antiquity, concerning human sacrifices in early days. A king named Amosis has the credit of having abolished the sanguinary practice, and of having substituted a waxen image for the victim. But the religion, as we know it, was mild and liberal—somewhat too liberal, if we believe some writers; advancing knowledge,

however, although it wholly confirms the benevolent character, quite contradicts the imputation of licentiousness.

Animals undoubtedly were sacrificed on the altars of the gods, but even the pure religion of the Jews prescribed this; and besides living things, almost all the characteristic productions of the country appear before the shrines,—the papyrus, water-melon, lotus, onion, fig, an interminable series. Incense was frequently used, but it differed according to the hour of the day: that used at sunset in the temple of the sun was named *Kuphi*, and was compounded of sixteen fragrant substances.

The celebrated magicians of Egypt were, no doubt, priests of the higher orders, who retained in their own hands the chief knowledge of the sciences. Either they wrought their wonders and practised divination by the aid of chemistry, metallurgy, and optics; or else they really did enjoy, in their partially enlightened state, a degree of genuine inspiration. The latter thought supposes no more than we know to have been true in the case of Balaam the son of Beor, who, though, like many another sanctimonious rascal both of ancient and modern times, he wanted to combine the service of religion with the rewards of place and power for himself, yet did undoubtedly receive communications from on high. And, while we think of these matters, let it be remarked that the books of Moses, intolerant as they are of idolatry, and little reason as their writer had for being tender with Egypt, do not anywhere denounce the religion of the country as grossly pagan. On the contrary, much of the guilt attaching to Pharaoh and his people seems to spring from the implied belief that they were sufficiently instructed to know that their conduct was indefensible.

A loose linen robe with full sleeves, secured round the waist, or else a robe extending from the waist only to the feet, and suspended by straps from the shoulders, was the ordinary dress of an officiating priest. He wore sandals or slippers on his feet. The chief priest, and the king when he appeared as a high priest, wore a garment made of a whole leopard's skin. The habits of the priests were calculated to secure extreme purity; and though they were very strict, they did not tend to impoverishing the blood or de-

pressing the system, but were judged to be highly salutary. Shaving, ablution, and great simplicity of living and dress, were most strictly attended to: the priests ate neither pork nor fish, but geese were plentiful and apparently not prohibited, and yet the unhappy clergyman (for *clerks* the Egyptian priests may very properly be called) might not for his life eat goose with onions: beans were an abomination—the priest would not look at one if he could avoid it. The restraints which the priests prescribed for the people they imposed in a tenfold harsher degree on themselves. They obtained and kept the respect of the people, we are told, by their highly benevolent morals, and by their religious lives and conversation.

We must not omit to state, although there is not space to go at any length into the subject, that innumerable sacred animals were maintained in great state in various temples. Of these the bull Apis was probably the most remarkable; but different places had different fancies in this line, some taking to crocodiles, some to birds, and almost all to the scarab or beetle of the Nile. The real belief concerning these animals is as much a matter of controversy as the intention in worshipping the gods. It is impossible to say whether Apis himself was considered divine, or whether he was but a visible emblem of some divine being, power, or quality.

The belief and practice which sprang from the religion of whose form the above is a very feeble outline, will be best learned from what has to be said of Egyptians' lives, and of Egyptians' deaths and judgments. Let us therefore get out of the temple for the present, and look at some scenes in the lives of the laity. Suppose we take a country gentleman of the period (*temp. Joseph to Moses*), a tolerably well-to-do squire. We find this person had a good idea of making himself comfortable among his "lands and beeves." His house, gardens, vineyards, artificial ponds, and cornlands were laid out very cleverly, and in a style more or less costly, the larger mansions having propyla and obelisks, like the temples. To give a general idea of one of the houses, a quotation from Wilkinson is advisable.

"About the centre of the wall of circuit," he says, "was the main entrance, and two

side gates, leading to an open walk shaded by rows of trees. Here were spacious tanks of water, which faced the door of the right and left wing of the house, and between them an avenue led from the main entrance to the stables, and to what might be called the centre of the mansion. After passing the outer door of the right wing, you entered an open court with trees, extending quite round a nucleus of inner apartments, and having a back entrance communicating with the garden. On the right and left of this court were six or more store-rooms, a small receiving or waiting room at two of the corners, and at the other end the staircases which led to the upper story. Both of the inner façades were furnished with a corridor, supported on columns, with similar towers and gateways. The interior of this wing consisted of twelve rooms, two outer and one centre court, communicating by folding gates; and on either side of this last was the main entrance to the rooms on the ground-floor, and to the staircases leading to the upper story. At the back were three long rooms, and a gateway opening to the garden, which contained a variety of fruit-trees, a small summer-house, and a tank of water.

"The arrangement of the left wing was different. The front gate led to an open court, extending the whole breadth of the façade of the building, and backed by the wall of the inner part. Central and lateral doors thence communicated with another court, surrounded on three sides by a set of rooms, and behind it was a corridor, upon which several other chambers opened.

"This wing had no back entrance, and, standing isolated, the outer court extended entirely round it; and a succession of doorways communicated from the court with different sections of the centre of the house, where the rooms, disposed like those already described, around passages and corridors, served partly as sitting apartments and partly as store-rooms."

The proprietor of such a seat as the above would have had his house-steward and his land-steward, and with the latter it may be supposed that the principal business of his life would be transacted. We see him on the sculptures as he appeared when he took account of his stock, as he watched his servants at seed-time, as he managed the irrigation, as they put in the sickle and gathered the ripe corn; as the oxen on the threshing-floor trod out the grain, and as the farm-servants stored it in the granary. Then he had his orchard and vineyard wherewith to amuse himself when the humor took him. There were palms, sycamores, and vines to be tended,

or their fruit to be gathered ; and one way of gathering the fruits rapidly was to employ monkeys to help the servants. Jacko did help, it is true, but also with an unconcealed eye to the gratification of number one. There he is, well up the trees, and in the very coolest manner gorging himself, while the attendants wait below and he leers at them. The grapes once off, the kids were turned in to browse on the vines. The juice of the grapes was expressed by putting them in a bag, the opposite ends of which being twisted in contrary ways by means of poles, the liquor streamed through into a vase. The extended arms of one man did not, however, give sufficient length of lever for a pole, and hence we see a man at each end of each pole, putting his whole strength into the squeeze, the bag being by this means wrung to a most exhausting degree ; while a fifth fellow, with his feet against one pole and his hands against the other, prevents the bag from shortening, and throws all his energy into a most complicated wrench, like that kick with which old Tony Weller finished off the shepherd. The wringing of the bag was sometimes done a little more scientifically by means of a frame, and by having strong eyes attached to the ends of the bag, one eye being then fixed to the post of the frame while the other moved freely,—being passed through a hole in the opposite post ; the whole squeezing party bent their strength on a lever which passed through the last-mentioned eye, and so brought down in a shower the precious liquor.

There was also a foot-press (more used in Upper Egypt), where, the grapes being duly arranged on their proper floor, a lot of tramps seized each a rope radiating from a knot in the centre of the ceiling, and, starting off centrifugally round and round, soon mashed the fruit, and let the juice stream through a sieve or colander into a receptacle beneath, from which it ran away into vats. We are obliged to pass over the different kinds of wines for fear of overrunning our space.

The beer, of which mention has been before made, was the genuine extract of barley ; but as the Egyptians had not the hop, they gave a flavor with lupin, the skirret, or the root of a certain Assyrian plant not identified. This beverage was in general use throughout Egypt ; and though

there may have been a smaller consumption in the wine-growing than in the corn districts, there is reason to think that brewing was done very regularly on all the estates. Nevertheless, as in our day, the beer of every district was not considered equally good, and the favorite brand was that of Pelusium on the Levant—their Burton-on-Trent. When we remember the great facilities for water-carriage which existed during the inundation, it seems probable that Pelusium (now Port Said) may have driven a considerable business in this commodity, as the wealthy would take care to have that of highest reputation ; and the reputation of Pelusiatic beer was not confined to Egypt, but was notorious in Greece. It may be an addition to our useful knowledge to learn that any unfortunate person who may happen to be what Mr. Weller called “overtook,” will, if he be drunken with wine, lie on his face ; whereas, if beer has been his seducer, he will lie on his back. No apology is offered for advancing this dogma in a somewhat positive manner, as it proceeds from no satirist or profane person, neither rests on the doubtful evidence of a toper who had made trial of both kinds, but is the grave assertion of Aristotle the philosopher : we have only, therefore, to bow the head and believe ; and we English are more strictly bound to this humility, as we have no practical knowledge of the subject.

But to return to our Coptic squire. It is not certain that he would be a thrifty man, always conferring with his stewards and inspecting his fields ; and it is hardly likely that, however notable he might be, he would not sometimes amuse himself with field-sports. Whenever it might be his pleasure to hunt, shoot, or fish, there were glorious opportunities of having an exciting day or series of days. The game was not, of course, exactly the same as that which a British sportsman, in the year of grace 1870, is at pains to destroy ; but, except in regard to one or two circumstances, the modern reader is likely to marvel more at the extreme similarity of the Egyptian sporting expeditions and adventures to our own than at any striking peculiarity in the sports. And one may well marvel, when the immense distance of time is considered, at the strong similarities which are brought home to us, not by verbal descriptions alone, but by the most spirited sculptures, the *chefs-d'œuvre*,

probably, of Egyptian art, where some conventional restraint which hampered the artist in portraying gods and men seems to have been removed, so that he could give a loose to his genius. The situations of the chase are generally such as are familiar to us—the setting out of the hunting party, the beat, the find, the setting on of the dogs and other animals, the sportsmen assisting with their bows and javelins, the animals turning to bay, the death, and the return with the game. There were Landseers on the earth in those days.

Foxes, wolves, jackals, hyenas, and leopards were destroyed for sport or for their skins; but gazelles, ibexes, oryxes, wild oxen, deer, wild sheep, hares, and porcupines, were hunted for their flesh as well as for amusement. The ostrich also was chased for his feathers, ornaments which were highly prized. Hounds and other dogs were the principal animals used in pursuit; but mention must not be omitted of two species of the genus *felis* which, in such a connection, may rather astonish—one is the lion, which was tamed for a sporting beast; the other the domestic cat, which was educated to be a retriever in fowling.

Birds, besides being taken in snares, were liable to be lulled by a decoy, and then knocked down with sticks, or more sportingly slain with darts. It is very clear how it was all done, and the zest with which the sportsmen labored. Fishing with nets and baits and prongs went on in the days of Joseph much as it does now. The kinds of fish which were then caught may be seen in representations to this day, as may also the kind of knives with which they were opened, and the modes of curing them. Of fly-fishing there is no record, only of netting, spearing, and angling with ground-bait.

There were two sports to which we cannot pretend to find parallels in our land and day,—viz., hippopotamus-hunting, in which a harpoon and reel were used, making it, to that extent, like whaling—and crocodile-hunting. The Tentyrites are said to have been so bold in this latter pursuit, that one of them would not hesitate to swim singly after a crocodile, jump on its back, and thrust a bar into its mouth, which being used as a bit, the gallant rider made the crocodile carry him to shore! Herodotus, however, tells us that the way to catch a crocodile in his time

was to bait a hook with a piece of pork, then to set a pig screaming on the bank. The crocodile, running to look after the pig, would observe the pork, and swallow it *en passant*, whereupon he was hauled ashore and blinded with mud, so that he could offer but little resistance to his fate.

When our bucolic Egyptian got home after being afield, he took his bath, and was ready then for some refreshment, which was brought him in separate dishes, and served upon a small round table with one leg, at which he sat on a high or low stool, but did not recline. His meal, the history of which may be read on the sculptures, from the slaughter of the animal or the gathering of the vegetable or fruit up to the moment of serving, was tolerably luxurious; and probably a bill of fare might here be furnished, only that meals will be better treated of when we come to Entertainments,—and before they are mentioned something ought to be said of the thriving citizen of an Egyptian city.

Town-houses, when small, touched each other, and formed the sides of a narrow street. Large houses were detached and stood each in its own area, with entrance-doors on two or three of its sides. The plan of these detached houses was rectangular, and either the apartments ran round three sides of an inner quadrangle, or a spacious court was reserved on one side of the buildings joining them to the boundary wall. Low houses appear to have been the fashion, except in splendid Thebes, where Diodorus says the houses were four or five stories in height. "They had a portico or porch before the front-door (Janua), supported on two columns, below whose capitals were attached ribbons or banners, the name of the person who lived there being occasionally painted within, on the lintel or imposts of the door; and sometimes the portico consisted of a double row of columns, between which stood colossal statues of the king.

"A line of trees ran parallel with the front of the house; and, to prevent injuries from cattle or from any accident, the stems were surrounded by a low wall, pierced with square holes to admit the air. . . . The height of the portico was about twelve or fifteen feet, just exceeding that of the cornice of the door, which was only raised by its threshold above the level

of the ground."* The walls of the reception-rooms were raised to only a moderate height, and carried no roof, but an awning was stretched over them while the sun shone, and a stream of cool air was by architectural arrangement carried through the rooms. These rooms were rich with columns, and decorated with banners. The distribution of the rooms of the family was various, according to taste or need, as we are informed by many examples. The doors had locks and keys—keys, that is, which could be taken out of the lock—how early we know not, but certainly as early as thirteen and a half centuries B.C. There was a terrace on the top of each house covered by a roof on columns. The ceilings were beautifully painted as to both color and design; and on Egyptian ceilings at least 800 years older than Homer or Romulus, Wilkinson found splendid examples of what we have been accustomed to call Greek and Etruscan patterns,—the lotus, the square, the diamond, the circle, and above all, he says, the succession of scrolls and square within square, usually called the Tuscan border. The basement rooms were appropriated as offices and stores, and these were generally covered by regular keyed arches—*Roman* arches, as it is the fashion to call them.

Now these citizens seem to have been a remarkably sociable class, not "fat chuffs, gorbellied knaves," that hated the long-ago-mummied men about town, who might in that day have described themselves as "us youth," but liberal, open-handed fellows, giving of their abundance, and unwilling to eat their morsel alone. To "see a few friends" was clearly a great delight to them, and how they entertained their guests we may learn as accurately and minutely as if we had been present. We see the soberer magnates borne to the door in their palanquins, surrounded by a crowd of attendants; each of whom carried something which his master might possibly require during the visit, such as a stool to alight by, his tablets, and so on; we see the footman knocking at the door, and the servants within getting ready water for the guests' feet; and then we see the young swells, evidently after time, dashing up in their

carriages, and making sensation among the company already assembled, while grooms run to the horses' heads. And the water for the feet and hands was offered in the houses of people of distinction in a style becoming citizens of no mean cities; none of your delf, none of your porcelain even, none of your figured glass, none of your alabaster or such common wares to wash in, but golden ewers and basins beautifully fashioned. After he had washed, each guest was anointed by a servant with perfumed unguents out of porcelain or alabaster boxes, then he was crowned and garlanded with flowers, and so made fit to enter the reception-room, where he found ladies and gentlemen seated on ottomans, chairs, stools, and sofas.

The entertainment began by an offer of wine being made to all the guests, female and male, and then, while dinner was being prepared, the said guests conversed or listened to favorite airs played on the harp, pipe, flute, and tambourine by professional musicians. Anon came the repast; and we are not asked to sit satisfied with seeing that there *are* dishes, and plenty of them—we are taken through the slaughter-house and through the kitchen, and by the most minute description thoroughly informed as to the preparation. There is to be seen the ox, gazelle, oryx, or kid bound for slaughter, and the butcher applying his fatal knife; and let it be remarked that these ancient butchers wore in their belts and tied to their aprons *steels* for sharpening the knives. The whole process of preparing the animals for the table is then laid bare, and we are introduced to the head cook and his assistants, who are seen to be spitting, mincing, pounding, garnishing, poking the fires, and blowing the bellows *with their feet*. Joints, *hors d'œuvres*, savory meats, were thus prepared, and not a few tasty messes made with geese and other poultry, while the most delicious vegetables entered largely into the composition of almost every dish. Who does not call to mind the murmurs of the Israelites at Taberah? "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." The baking (including unmistakable macaroni) and confectionery were intrusted to another set of artists, of whom Pharaoh's ill-fated chief baker was probably a director. Everything

* Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians."

is shown us, down to the minutest circumstance; and we even know what parts, when that which was thought worthy to be cooked for the guests had been selected, were given to the poor. But we must not loiter, though the temptation to do so is strong.

We find the guests (to return to the party) entertained sometimes by sexes separately, though in the same room, and sometimes with the ladies and gentlemen intermixed at the same table. The table was generally, though not invariably, round; and the dishes with loaves of bread were placed on it, the table itself being removed with every course, and another substituted with the next course. But at other times the table remained all through the meal, and the viands were brought in baskets. Wine was freely handed about to ladies as well as gentlemen; and there is reason to believe that the former even liked it, and sometimes went so far as to take a thimbleful too much, as the unmerciful sculptor has not scrupled to record. They not only could get merry and frisky, but one young lady (and we feel certain that not a practice of the girl of the period, but a particular accident, must have suggested the sculpture) is very unwell indeed, as if she was at sea, and you see all her distress, and the assistance rendered to her—oh my! Of course, where such a thing could be imagined of a lady, gentlemen were not unfrequently elevated—*ça va sans dire*.

But while we contemplate their hilarity and indiscretion, mention must be made of a most remarkable custom at feasts: *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*; while they are at the height of their enjoyment, servants enter bearing in a mummy, or the semblance of one, and this hideous object is handed round to every guest. The application of this incident rested, of course, with each guest according to his disposition; some regarded it as Falstaff said he did old Bardolph's face—saw in it a *memento mori* to recall them to serious reflection; while others looked at it much more as Falstaff really would, and drew the moral, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The intention was, no doubt, to restrain intemperance and levity.

After dinner, music and singing were resumed. These were followed by dancing and feats of agility and tumbling. Almost

all the achievements in this line which amuse us to-day are to be seen executed to the life on the sculptures, the effects of which on the mind, when the lapse of time occurs to it for a moment, are absolutely startling. Something that you saw last week, after it had been trumpeted as the most astonishing novelty, you may see to-day facing you in a museum on an Egyptian tableau of incalculable antiquity. Magicians, professors of gymnastics, and sleight-of-hand men were all occasionally introduced, the conjuring being, of course, a favorite amusement. Mr. Kenrick, being for a moment a little simple or a little pompous, writes thus of one of the tricks: "We see two men seated with four inverted cups placed between them, and it is evident that the game consists in guessing beneath which of the cups some object was concealed." In homelier phrase, the noble science of *thimblerie* was understood and practised; and it is satisfactory to find, by subsequent reference to Wilkinson, who speaks less fastidiously, that this interpretation is true. Draughts and dice were much played at, and wrestling and single-stick gave delight to some. Buffoonery seems to have been appreciated by all.

Occasion was taken in a former paper* to speak of the art of making musical instruments, and incidentally to mention the later opinions concerning the musical taste of the Egyptians. But we did not say then—neither can we say now—one tithe of what it is desirable to say on this subject. The introduction on the tableaux of music on every possible occasion, shows how generally the science was appreciated; and the beautiful stringed instruments which even yet survive, tell us of themselves how devoted the people were to the hearing of sweet sounds. Specimens of the instruments—as of most other things of general use or estimation—were laid up in the tombs, where, unseen and undisturbed, they were left to gratify the eyes of the spirit whose mummy, with its countless bandages, lay embalmed in the same sepulchre. In one of these tombs, the date of closing which was ascertained to be more than a thousand years before Christ, a harp of many strings was discovered in 1823. One of the exploring party laid his hand upon the instrument, and—let him

* Eclectic Magazine for Oct. 1870.

who may read it without emotion—the chords which had been motionless and silent for upwards of three thousand years vibrated to his touch, and woke the echoes of the tomb with musical sounds !—

“ O wake once more ! how rude soe’er the hand
That ventures o’er thy magic muse to stray.
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill com-
mand

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay ;
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain ;
Yet if one heart throbs higher at its sway,
The wizard-note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake
again ! ”

From the few particulars, meagre though they be, which have been given, it may be understood that a tolerable degree of luxury and a somewhat ostentatious taste existed in Egypt. Just as wealthy moderns develop or invent all manner of fancies, and spare no expense to gratify their caprices, so did opulent Egyptians deny themselves nothing in the way of wines, equipages, works of art, pleasure-boats, slaves, animals, trees, &c. “ But while the funds arising from extensive farms and the abundant produce of a fertile soil enabled the rich to indulge extravagant habits, many of the less wealthy envied the enjoyment of those luxuries which fortune had denied to them ; and, prompted by vanity and a desire of imitation, so common in civilized communities, and so generally followed by fatal results, they pursued a career which speedily led to an accumulation of debt, and demanded the interference of the Legislature.”* Now the interference of the Legislature was remarkable, inasmuch as it was ordained that when a man had been so silly as to get deeply into debt, he should give his father’s (or, as Wilkinson supposes, his nearest relation’s, since his father may not yet have been mummified) mummy in pledge for payment. Not to have redeemed the mummy would have rendered the debtor infamous. He was therefore put under the strongest obligation to acquit himself of the debt, and generally did acquit himself. The liberal creditor, not altogether caring to domesticate the mummy, was commonly satisfied with possession of the tomb. This was quite enough to brand the debtor and his family too if the account remained long unpaid ; and the penalty being so awful, it is suggested

that some relation—say an uncle—would come forward and receive the precious deposit, to keep the affair within the bounds of the family. Being too much occupied to follow up this suggestion, pregnant as it is, we hereby unreservedly present it to the etymologists, by whose labors we hope to see a remarkable but perplexing modern form of speech clearly connected with the earlier Coptic.

The design of this paper being but to present some striking points of Egyptian life, with a view of inducing a comprehensive study of it, we pass now from the lives (most meagrely glanced at) of that ancient people to their deaths, or the circumstances connected therewith, premising that everything belonging to death and funerals was of immense importance, and thoughts of, and preparations (both material and moral) for death, appear to have occupied individuals as much as the requirements of their lives. Although they had a consciousness of the soul’s separate existence in a spiritual world called Amenthe, there was nevertheless some strong idea, not yet clearly evolved, of communication maintained between the soul and the mummy, as long as the latter should not be wholly dissolved. Hence they came to look upon the tomb in which a man was to lie for thousands of years as his real home, in contradistinction to his house, which, as a stranger and a pilgrim, he would occupy for some fraction of a century. Accordingly, a man of any means, from the king downwards, set about the provision of a tomb for himself as soon as he attained to independence, and he lavished his wealth in making his long home worthy of him. He furnished and he decorated it ; architecture, sculpture, painting, all the arts contributed to its magnificence ; furniture, instruments, utensils, jewels, records, were stored there in profusion ; indeed it is in these tombs that we find our most interesting relics, as the harp above spoken of, or the sculptures placed around the mummy to recall familiar scenes and pleasures.

Now, mummification having been, as we showed before,* an art so important and so well understood, people while in health would naturally declare their wishes, and make their provision in that regard. But although every man hoped to become some sort or other of mummy—an Egyp-

* Wilkinson’s “ Manners and Customs,” &c.

* Eclectic Magazine, for Oct. 1870.

tian being always considered worth his salt—yet it depended upon his means in what style he should be packed for eternity. Herodotus gives three principal methods, but it is probable that these admitted of modifications according to price. One can hardly realize the satisfaction of going into an embalmer's establishment, and cruising about to choose after what pattern one would "be a body," as Mr. Mantilini put it. But the quest must have had its fascinations. "Genteel, well-cured mummy—very sound, only 7 minæ (£20)," would meet the eye on one side, and seem very eligible; but then the price! Well, then, look at this—"22 minæ (£60) and a perfect gem at the money." "Extra natron—warranted to last 10,000 years—equal to first-class in duration—difference in external materials only." Or, if that does not satisfy, then—"In this style, finest that can be made, with latest improvements, one talent (£250)." So, after a great deal of hesitation and balancing of expense against quality, a decision would be arrived at. Quack embalmers, of course, there were, heading their advertisements with—"Why give more?" "To persons about to perish." "When you die send your body to us." "A perfect cure; you last forty centuries or your money returned,"—and such *ad captandum* snares; but it was too serious a matter altogether for any discreet person to chaffer with charlatans in respect of it. For the confounded risk was this: the spirit would not be provided with another body for 3,000 years; and if in the mean time its old temple should be dissolved, what was to become of it, the spirit aforesaid?

Now we quite remember that the spirit was understood to have gone to Osiris in Amenhe; we have just said that it still maintained its place in the old firm of which the body had declined into a sleeping partner, and that it hovered about the tomb, and didn't forget its old tastes and habits; and we have now to add that, in the interval between the decease of the old human body and its entering a new one, it passed 3,000 years in bodies of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles! How to reconcile these destinies? Well, it can't be done at present, but the fault, no doubt, is with us, who don't half understand as yet the things which have been transmitted to us. The Egyptians were

certainly most earnest about the life hereafter, and they were too shrewd and too logical to be satisfied with any *hocus-pocus* doctrine on a subject so important. We must wait for more light, remembering that a great deal of what is ascribed to the Egyptians, and what has been accepted by the moderns, is only the account of the Greeks, who may have wholly misunderstood the theology of the superior people whom they professed to portray. Greek speculation must go down before the monuments.

No sooner had a member of a family died than the females of the house plastered their heads and faces with mud, and rushed into the streets, striking their bare bosoms and uttering mournful cries. They were there joined by relations and friends, who all added their lamentations. This was the beginning of a woe which was continued with variations throughout a period of seventy-two days*—*i.e.*, while the corpse was taken to the embalmers, made a mummy of in due process, and returned impregnably corned to the waiting relations. After this last event, a new set of ceremonies was proceeded with. The mummy had assigned to it a closet in the house, where it stood upright against a wall, when entirely unoccupied. But the leisure of a young mummy was but scanty, there being innumerable ceremonies and domestic meetings at which it was required to attend. A small sledge was used for moving it about from chamber to chamber. It was taken out of its closet and anointed with oil or ointment; it was embraced and mourned over; libations, incense, and offerings of vegetables were presented to the gods on its behalf; liturgies were recited by priests. It sometimes even happened that the mummy was placed at table, as if friends desired to enjoy its society.

For an indefinite period, ranging from a few weeks to a year, the mummy was an inmate of the house; but sooner or later arrived the time when it had to be deposited in the tomb, and then there was something like a stir. Not only are the funeral processions described, but several have been depicted in all their

* See the account of the mourning for Jacob: "And forty days were fulfilled for him; for so are fulfilled the days of those which are embalmed: and the Egyptians mourned for him *threescore and ten days.*"—Gen. l. 3.

details. The magnificence with which people of rank were borne to the grave could not be exceeded.

"First came several servants carrying tables laden with fruit, cakes, flowers, vases of ointment, wine and other liquids, with three young geese and a calf for sacrifice, chairs and wooden tablets, napkins, and other things. Then others bringing the small closets in which the mummy of the deceased and of his ancestors had been kept, while receiving the funeral liturgies previous to burial, and which sometimes contained the images of the gods. They also carried daggers, bows, sandals, and fans, each man having a kerchief or napkin on his shoulder. Next came a table of offerings, fauteuils, boxes, and a chariot; and then the charioteer with a pair of horses yoked in another car, which he drove as he followed on foot, in token of respect to his late master. After these were men carrying gold vases on a table, with other offerings, boxes, and a large case upon a sledge borne on poles by four men, superintended by two functionaries of the priestly order; then others bearing small images of his ancestors, arms, fans, the sceptres, signets, collars, necklaces, and other things appertaining to the king, in whose service he held an important office. To these succeeded the bearers of a sacred boat, and the mysterious eye of Osiris as God of Stability, so common on funereal monuments—the same which was placed over the incision in the side of the body when embalmed, was the emblem of Egypt, and was frequently used as a sort of amulet, and deposited in the tombs. Others carried the well-known small images of blue pottery, representing the deceased under the form of Osiris, and the bird emblematic of the soul. Following these were seven or more men bearing upon staves or wooden yokes cases filled with flowers, and bottles for libation; and then seven or eight women, having their heads bound with fillets, beating their breasts, throwing dust upon their heads, and uttering doleful lamentations for the deceased, intermixed with praises of his virtues. . . . Next came the hearse, placed in the consecrated boat upon a sledge, drawn by four oxen and by seven men, under the direction of a superintendent, who regulated the march of the procession. A high functionary of the priestly order walked close to the boat, in which the chief mourners, the nearest female relations of the deceased, stood or sat at either end of the sarcophagus; and sometimes his widow, holding a child in her arms, united her lamentations with prayers for her tender offspring, who added its tribute of sorrow to that of its afflicted mother."*

The rich sarcophagus was decked with flowers. Sometimes the mummy rested on the outside exposed to view, but more frequently it was enclosed in the case—a panel of which was, however, taken out on some occasions to show the head of the mummy. The procession wound up with the male relations and friends, leaning on long sticks, and either beating their breasts or walking in solemn silence.

It was, no doubt, such a procession as the above which went up to Abel-Mizraim with the remains of Jacob; and Canaan probably never before and never since saw a funeral conducted with such pomp and splendor. None can doubt that the funeral of Joseph himself, when he was consigned to the tomb wherein he lay until the exodus, was of unparalleled grandeur. And here let us note, in passing, that there is some reason to think that this tomb has been found.*

It may be imagined that, having described the funeral procession, we have completed the "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," but such is not the case; there remains behind a custom more remarkable than any other part of the obsequies. Between the road over which the mummy travelled as above and the tomb which had been prepared for it, there intervened an obstacle. Every nome (or Egyptian province) had its sacred lake barring the passage to the tomb until he whose mummy sought to be at rest had established his character as one deserving to lie among the worthies of Egypt who had gone before him. There was a sacred boat and a boatman (the Egyptian for which word is *Charon*†), but before the mummy could be embarked, or the boatman would pull a stroke, the *permit* of forty-two assessors, who had been expressly summoned, and who stood in a grave semicircle on the bank, had to be obtained. There might or might not be an accuser or accusers present. If there were, he or they were bound to prove that the deceased had led an evil life, on pain of the severest punishment in case of failure. If there were no accuser, still the character of the dead had to be examined on every point *seriatim* of Egyptian morality. His acts, his omis-

* Osburn's "Monumental History."

† Of course the original of our Stygian acquaintance.

* Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs," &c.

sions, his example, were rigidly passed in review, and it was not until the assessors had decided that he was altogether worthy that his mummy could be lowered into the sacred ark. Should the sentence be against the dead, or should he be proved to be heavily in debt, the body had to be returned by the way it came, amid the confusion and grief of all the family, and kept concealed, until the production of further evidence, the expiation of any offences that admitted of being cancelled, or, in the worst case, the lapse of time, enabled the afflicted family to obtain for it the shelter of the tomb. Pharaoh himself was not exempt from this ordeal, and there were certainly instances where the royal mummy was refused a passage. By such cases we get a little insight into the moral forces by which a Pharaoh was kept *in equilibrio*. But, supposing all to go well, no sooner was the *testamur* issued, and the candidate pronounced to have passed this his "great go," than the assembled crowd, abandoning the mournings and lamentations and woe which they had so long indulged, broke out into acclamations, extolled the glory of the deceased, and rejoiced that he was to remain forever in Amenthe with the virtuous and approved. In the entrance passage, usually, of the tomb, but certainly in some part of the tomb, was registered the whole acquittal of the dead: how he had been able, by his representatives, and to the satisfaction of his judges, to assert his innocence of all the sins known to the Egyptian law as they were called over one by one.

The real import of the ceremony was of far more concern than could attach to any purely earthly verdict. The trial which was seen and heard was only the shadow or reflection of the unseen awful challenge at the bar of Osiris: the result was believed to represent the more terrible result which was recorded *there*. The fate of the soul has been depicted for us as much in detail as that of the body. We see it conducted to the gates of Amenthe where Cerberus is warder; we see it weighed in the balance; we see it, if accepted, taken into the blessed presence of Osiris, Isis, and Nephtys, where from the throne in the midst of the waters rises the undying Lotus, bearing on the margin of its blossom the four Genii; we see it, if rejected, quailing before the sceptre of Osiris, inclined towards it in token

of condemnation, and doomed to return to earth under the form of a pig, or some other unclean animal. "Placed in a boat, it is removed, under the charge of two monkeys, from the precincts of Amenthe, all communication with which is figuratively cut off by a man who hews away the earth with an axe after its passage; and the commencement of a new term of life is indicated by those monkeys."

One of the sacred books, the Book of the Dead, often found in the wrappings of the mummy or about the tomb, is a most extraordinary document, having reference to the passage of the soul. It is certainly not yet understood—perhaps it is not accurately read—but it may contain valuable information on the subject of Egyptian belief. The wonderful pains which this people took to do battle with the worm and the elements, and the motives which incited them thereto, were probably known to the learned St. Paul, whose answers to the question, "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" may have been addressed not only to contemptible pagans, but also to this erudite people, whose desires were admirable, but whose knowledge was warped and erring. How applicable to them the sentence, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened *except it die!*"

And now, all unsatisfied, first, that we may say no more, and, secondly, that we have so feebly and imperfectly presented a few glimpses of a most interesting subject, we take our leave of these mighty men of old of whom we have read and thought till they seem as well known to us as the characters in King Henry IV., or the actors in "Ivanhoe." The pleasure of this acquaintance we recommend to all who may have taken the trouble to wander with us through these pages, assuring them that it is no *ignis fatuus*, no lame and impotent conclusion in pursuit of which we would engage them, but that the wonders inside the caravan immeasurably surpass the promise of the wretched canvas which we have displayed; in support of which assertion let us close with these words of Mr. Kenrick: "We possess means for ascertaining the form, physiognomy, and color of the ancient Egyptians, such as no other people has bequeathed to us. We find in Greek, Roman, or British sepulchres only the

ashes, or at most the skeleton, of the occupant; but the Egyptian reappears from his grotto, after the lapse of 3,000 years, with every circumstance of life, except life itself."

Several learned and interesting works have been repeatedly referred to in this and preceding articles concerning Egypt. It would be painful to take leave of the subject without an acknowledgment of the information and pleasure which have been thence derived by the writer; and a reader who may have been attracted by the subject would hardly forgive the omission, if, after exciting a desire for Egyptian lore, we should fail to show how it may be gratified.

As giving most graphic pictures of the times of old, in a free and lucid style, with incidents more startling than the most daring romancer has imagined, and of an interest which never declines, "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," by Sir G. Wilkinson, stands alone. This fascinating work is in two series; the first containing an Egyptian history, with the manners and customs of the people generally; and the second being an account of the gods and of religious ceremonies, including funerals. It is profusely illustrated.

Mr. Kenrick, in his work on "Ancient Egypt," goes over much the same ground as Wilkinson, but in a somewhat severer style. His division of the subject is most convenient, and he has condensed into moderate space a large amount of information and inferences.

The "Monumental History of Egypt,"

by Mr. Osburn, traces the early history from the monuments alone or chiefly, and shows that there is a concord between the Scriptural accounts and chronology, and the order of events as they have been recorded in the sculptures and papyri. It contains a full and interesting account of the hieroglyphics, and a detailed explanation of the inscription of Rosetta. Its narratives and inquiries are enlivened with most interesting inferences and suggestions, all bold and independent.

The volume of the Family Library on "Ancient and Modern Egypt," by the Rev. M. Russell, is a short critical *résumé* of the discoveries as they stood some thirty years ago, and of Egypt under Mehemet Ali.

The second volume of Rawlinson's "Herodotus" is in itself a repertory of Egyptological facts. The notes and appendices by the learned translator, by his brother Sir H. Rawlinson, and by Sir G. Wilkinson, not only illustrate the text, but supplement the old historian so thoroughly as to make the reading of the "Euterpe" a full study of the subject.

Lastly, we name with reverence the exhaustive work of Bünsen, "Egypt's Place in History," in which the subjects of Egyptian history, chronology, theology, and writing are discussed. This profound work is in five volumes, and must be read by veritable students of Egyptology.

The work of the Prussian Dr. Lepsius is known to the writer of this paper only at second-hand, but in pointing a fingerpost toward old Egypt his name must be prominently written.

St. Paul's.

WHAT WE HOPE TO LEARN FROM THE APPROACHING SOLAR ECLIPSE.

Two years ago, astronomers were looking anxiously forward to an event which they justly thought likely to prove an epoch in the history of solar research. The great eclipse of August, 1868, was not only remarkable on account of the great extent of the black shadow cast upon the earth by the moon, but also as the first total eclipse during which the powers of the most wonderful instrument of research ever invented by man were to be applied to the phenomena visible at such a time. The colored prominences which had so

long perplexed astronomers could hardly fail, it was considered, to reveal their secret under the searching scrutiny of the spectroscope. What the light-gathering powers of the telescope had failed to explain, the light-sifting qualities of the spectroscope might be expected to interpret,—and that almost at a glance,—precisely as they had resolved so many other questions of interest.

Every one knows how abundantly these expectations were fulfilled. Not at one station only in India were the observers

successful in mastering the secret of the colored prominences, but, by a wonderful piece of good fortune, every single observer who had made arrangements to direct the spectroscope to the solar prominences succeeded in answering the question which had so long perplexed astronomers. From Lieutenant-Colonel Tennant at one Indian station, and from Lieutenant Herschel at another, from Rayet and Jannsen, and from the Prussian astronomers who observed the eclipse at Aden, came the same answer,—the prominences are masses of glowing vapor. A few bright-colored lines had in an instant taught the great lesson astronomers had been so long waiting for. Had the colored prominences been mountains, as some had supposed, the spectroscope would have shown the rainbow-tinted streak which speaks of the solid nature of a source of light. Had they been clouds suspended in the solar atmosphere, there would have been seen the rainbow streak crossed by dark lines corresponding to that structure. But, because they consist of glowing gas, the rainbow-tinted background was wanting; and only a few bright-colored lines, corresponding to the particular gases present in these mighty flames, were seen along the spectral range.

Then followed one of those strange coincidences which the history of science has so often presented. Jannsen, one of the observers of the eclipse, was struck by the thought that since the light from the prominences is thus gathered up,—concentrated, so to speak,—into a few bright lines, it might be possible to see those lines even when the sun is not eclipsed. It is easy to see why this might be possible. The prominences shine faintly when compared with the solar disc; and so, if we use darkening glasses in observing the latter, we obliterate their light altogether. Nay, even if we absolutely get rid of the direct sunlight, yet we cannot see the prominences. The Astronomer-Royal tried the experiment long since. He placed a card, out of which a circular aperture had been cut, in such a way that the image of the sun, formed by a powerful telescope, would have been visible in the place whence the card-circle had been removed,—the image just filling that space. Under the actual arrangement, however, the light passed through the aperture, and was received into a black bag, where it

was quenched. Now, it might have been supposed that by this ingenious method the image of the prominences would have been rendered visible all round the circular aperture. But the glare from the illuminated air was much more than sufficient to obliterate all traces of them. And so it might seem that no means we could adopt would render the prominences visible. But it occurred to Jannsen that since the spectroscope turns the solar light into a long streak,—which can be made as dim as we please by increasing its length,—while the same instrument turns the prominence-light into a few bright lines,—which are unchangeable in brightness,—it might be possible to see these lines after sufficiently reducing the light of the rainbow-tinted solar streak. He tried this the day after the eclipse, and found that it was so; he could distinctly see the prominence lines even when the sun was shining with full splendor.

Jannsen sent news of this discovery to Europe, and on a certain day, nearly two months after the eclipse, the letter announcing the discovery was placed in the hands of the President of the Imperial Academy at Paris. Five minutes before, however, the President had read a communication from Mr. Warren De La Rue, announcing that an English observer had lighted independently upon the same discovery.

Let us briefly indicate how this had come about, premising that what we have yet to learn from future eclipses is so intimately associated with the history of what we have already learned, that it would be impossible rightly to present the hopes of astronomers respecting the eclipse of next December without considering the progress of past research.

Mr. Huggins, the eminent spectroscopist, had in 1866 examined the light of a star which blazed out suddenly in the constellation of the Northern Crown. He had found that this star owed its great increase of lustre to an outburst of hydrogen flames; for he could distinctly see the bright lines belonging to the spectrum of glowing hydrogen, superposed on the rainbow-tinted streak crossed by dark lines, forming the ordinary spectrum of a star.

It occurred to Mr. Lockyer that if the spectrum of a glowing gas can thus be recognized in the case of a distant star, we might be able to detect masses of glowing

gas on our sun, which is relatively so near to us ; so that, if the prominences are of this nature,—as many astronomers even at that time thought probable,—we might be able to see their spectral lines even when the sun is not eclipsed. He confidently directed the attention of the Royal Society to this method of observation, and urged them to grant a sum for the construction of a suitable spectroscope. With the usual generosity of the Royal Society, such a sum was placed at Mr. Lockyer's disposal. The problem of making a spectroscope which would adequately lengthen out the solar spectrum was successfully solved by Mr. Browning, the eminent scientific optician ; and, finally, some two months after the eclipse of 1868, Mr. Lockyer tried the powers of the new instrument thus placed in his possession. As already mentioned, the bright-colored lines of the prominences were distinctly seen with the new spectroscope ; and although Janssen's similar observations had been made nearly two months earlier, no question rests on the independent nature of Mr. Lockyer's observation. Indeed, so successfully had Mr. Browning mastered the optical difficulties of the problem, that no doubt whatever can exist that Mr. Lockyer would have been successful, altogether independently of the information afforded him, in the actual case, by the eclipse observations of August, 1868.

But now let us see the position in which spectroscopists stood. The new mode of observing the prominences presented no special difficulties,—at least, what difficulties there were referred to the optician rather than the astronomer. Given a telescope of adequate power, armed with a spectroscope spreading out sufficiently the rainbow-tinted streak which forms the solar spectrum, and it became at once possible for any tolerably well-trained observer to make a series of such researches as, twenty years ago, no man of science would probably have believed to be possible. The visibility of a certain set of bright lines would demonstrate not only the existence of a prominence of a particular height at one part of the solar disc, but the nature of the gases of which that prominence was constituted. Nay, so far as the existence of a prominence was concerned, one line alone would suffice for the observer's purpose.

But now new results of extreme importance began to be obtained.

One of the first of these was the confirmation of a theory which had been put forward by Father Secchi several years ago. This eminent observer, making use of a particular mode of viewing the sun, had detected signs of the existence all over the sun's surface of a layer of the same colored matter which forms the prominences. Combining these indications with the observations he had made during the total eclipse of 1860, he asserted with great, but not unjustified confidence, his belief in the actual existence of this envelope. "The observation of eclipses," he remarks, "furnishes indisputable evidence that the sun is really surrounded by a layer of this red matter, of which we commonly see no more than the elevated points."

Now the new mode of research was admirably suited to test the views of Father Secchi. In searching around the solar disc, Mr. Lockyer could only here and there find traces of the existence of prominences ; but all around the disc he found short bright lines close to the disc's edge, indicating beyond all question that Father Secchi had been right, and that there really exists all over the bright surface of the sun a gaseous envelope, corresponding, though not absolutely identical in structure, with the prominences. Mr. Lockyer gave this envelope the title of the *chromosphere*, and it would seem no undeserved compliment to the acuteness of one of the most indefatigable of modern astronomers, that this envelope should be known in future by the name of Secchi's *chromosphere*.*

We have said that this envelope is not actually identical in structure with the prominences. It is, in fact, more complicated. Only certain gaseous elements of the chromosphere seem capable of rising to the enormous height attained by the prominences. In these great masses the principal element is hydrogen, but in the chromosphere many elements are commonly recognized,—such as sodium, magnesium, barium, iron, &c.,—while under favorable circumstances, the bright lines in the chromosphere are so numerous as

* We write thus with perfect knowledge that other astronomers had yet earlier suspected the existence of the chromosphere.

to indicate the presence of quite a large proportion of the elements which exist in the sun's substance.

But then other modes of research with the spectroscope came into operation. Mr. Lockyer entered into an alliance with Dr. Frankland, one of the most eminent physicists of the day, and very quickly the wisdom and advantage of this course were manifested. It is one of the most promising characteristics of spectroscopic research, that work done in the laboratory becomes available to tell us of the structure of orbs many millions of miles away from us. Dr. Frankland soon obtained results which supplied most important information respecting the solar constitution. It had been shown long since by Plücker and Hittorf, that the bright lines which form the spectrum of hydrogen and other gases vary in appearance according to the circumstances of pressure, temperature, and so on, under which the gases give out their light. Here was at once a powerful means of inquiring into the condition of the gases forming the solar envelope. Dr. Frankland was able to confirm the researches of Plücker and Hittorf, and further—he went far towards proving that pressure is the chief circumstance affecting the appearance of the bright lines of hydrogen and other gases. He showed, too, that with a great diminution of pressure some of the bright lines disappear.

Now, turning to the sun, Mr. Lockyer was able through these researches to form at least a probable opinion respecting the pressure at which the hydrogen forming the solar prominences in reality exists. He found that the bright lines are so narrow as to indicate a singularly low pressure,—considering the enormous force with which the sun attracts his atmospheric envelope,—a pressure actually less, indeed, than that of our own atmosphere. He could trace also the elevations at which some of the lines of the various elements forming the solar atmosphere vanish,—the others remaining,—and so by comparison with Dr. Frankland's elaborate researches could tell at least with some probability what is the actual pressure at different heights in the solar atmosphere. It was, in fact, much as though an observer on the sun could see our barometric columns standing at a height of thirty inches at the sea-level, and at lesser and lesser heights at greater and greater

elevations. Precisely as such an observer, supposing him to be acquainted with the nature of the barometric column, could tell the circumstances of pressure at different heights in our atmosphere, so Mr. Lockyer, knowing the gases which form the chromosphere, and informed by Frankland's researches of the interpretation of the vanishing of bright lines, could tell the variations of pressure at different heights in the solar atmosphere.

We have said, however, that the result was not absolutely certain. It is easy to see why this is. Temperature has an undoubted effect upon the bright lines belonging to the gaseous spectra, and it is obvious that the heat throughout the solar atmosphere must far surpass any which our chemists can artificially produce in their laboratory experiments. So that it must still remain open to some question whether we can reason quite so confidently respecting the condition of things in the sun's neighborhood, as we might if such peculiar relations did not necessarily exist there.

But at present it seems at least a probable inference that the gases forming the prominences are not subjected to very great pressure. And this brings us to the consideration of the phenomena which will undoubtedly occupy the chief attention of observers during the approaching total eclipse of the sun. When the sun is quite concealed from view by the interposing moon, there springs suddenly into view a crown of glory all round the moon's black disc, which has for centuries perplexed astronomers. This appearance,—the solar corona, as it is called,—had been supposed until quite recently to be a solar atmosphere, other interpretations having one by one been abandoned. But then, the corona extends in appearance to a distance at least half as great as the moon's apparent diameter from the lunar disc. So that if in reality it is due to a solar atmosphere, that atmosphere must be at least half the sun's diameter in altitude,—that is, upwards of four hundred thousand miles high. Now our own atmosphere is probably not more than one hundred miles high, so that the solar atmosphere,—assuming the view we are considering to be correct,—would be no less than four thousand times as high as ours; and on this account alone the pressure at its base would enormously exceed the

pressure of the air we breathe. But this is not all. The pressure of our air is due wholly to the earth's attraction, and would be increased or diminished if the earth's attractive force were increased or diminished. Now the sun exerts an attractive force so vastly exceeding that exerted by the earth, that if a man could be placed at the sun's surface,—remaining uninjured by all other circumstances,—he would be crushed flat by his own weight. We can see, therefore, that the atmosphere of the sun would have its pressure enormously increased through this cause also. Combining the two causes, it is not too much to say that the pressure at the sun's surface, under such an atmosphere as we have been supposing, would suffice to liquefy if not to solidify the most subtle gases we are acquainted with.

There cannot be any question therefore that the spectroscopic observation of the sun has sufficed to throw very great doubt indeed upon the theory that the corona is due to a solar atmosphere. Or rather we may fairly say that the theory has been distinctly shown by Dr. Frankland's laboratory researches to be untenable.

But then there remains the difficulty of explaining what the corona really is. We know that it cannot be a lunar atmosphere, because a number of very exact observations have shown, beyond all possibility of question, that the moon has no atmosphere of appreciable extent, far less such an atmosphere as would account for the corona. Again, the theory which was put forward by De Lisle in the seventeenth century, that the corona is caused by the diffraction of the sun's rays as they pass by the moon, has been disproved by the inquiries of Sir David Brewster.

There is indeed another theory, which has,—strangely enough,—been exhumed quite recently. According to this theory the solar corona is simply a phenomenon belonging to our own atmosphere. The theory was first mentioned,—though only to be summarily rejected,—by Halley, and touched on somewhat contemptuously by other astronomers. It explains the corona as due to the illumination of the upper regions of the air by the sun's rays. We know that if we hide the sun with a globe or disc of any sort, a strong light is seen all round the interposed object. And it might seem that since the moon is

but a globe somewhat larger than our experimental one, and somewhat farther off, we ought to see a similar light all round the black disc of the eclipsing moon.

But a little consideration will show the fallacy of this reasoning.

When we hold a globe so as just to hide the sun, we do not throw into shadow those upper regions of air from which the atmospheric glare really comes. But when the moon conceals the sun during total eclipse, she causes an enormous shadow to fall right through the whole depth of the air. This shadow, even at its narrowest, that is, where it reaches the earth, has been in many total eclipses fully one hundred miles wide; and as the part of the air capable of reflecting solar light to an appreciable extent is shown by the twilight-arch to be but forty or fifty miles high at the outside, we see that in the case of such eclipses, the moon's shadow in the air is of a vast drum-shaped figure, at least twice as wide as it is high. It is most obvious, then, that to an eye placed at the centre of the vast base of this drum-shaped shadow, no light can possibly come from the air for a wide range all round the place of the eclipsed sun. Imagine a shadow hiding nearly all England and fifty miles high; then to an eye placed, say at Hereford, the upper surface of the shadow would cover an enormous extent of sky, while the eclipsed sun, at the apparent centre of that surface, would be but as a relatively minute circle.

It need hardly be said that considerations so obvious have not escaped the attention of astronomers. We have said that Halley rejected the atmospheric glare theory, and that other astronomers have spoken of it with but little respect. In quite recent times, competent astronomers, who have had occasion to examine it, have in like manner rejected it. Dr. Harkness, who witnessed the American eclipse, and was led by the study of the corona,—as actually seen,—to inquire into the physical nature of the phenomenon, remarks respecting the theory, that “the moon's shadow, at the point where it enters the earth's atmosphere, usually has a diameter of one hundred miles or more, and if it were possible for an observer placed within that shadow to see the illumination of the atmosphere outside of it, the appearance presented would be that of a halo having an interior diameter

much greater than the size of the moon." Dr. Curtis, also,—a skilful mathematician,—after exhibiting precisely the same line of reasoning, remarks that "it is geometrically impossible for an observer near the centre of the shadow to see any portions of our atmosphere which lie beyond the cone of darkness,—which portions alone could, of course, under any circumstances be illuminated,—in apparent contiguity with the moon's disc."

Thus we are brought back to the theory that the corona really is a solar phenomenon, while yet we are precluded from supposing that it is a solar atmosphere. What, then, can it be?

Now astronomers hope for much, and for very useful information respecting the corona, during the progress of the eclipse of next December; and the question may suggest itself, how far it is wise to discuss the subject of the corona now, when in a few months we may be in so much more advantageous a position for theorizing respecting it.

This is a consideration well worth dwelling upon; yet the arguments by which we are to deal with it are sufficiently simple. If we have already exhausted all means of inquiry applicable to what we already know respecting the corona, then our proper course is to wait. It would undoubtedly be absurd in that case to attempt to evolve from the depths of our moral consciousness a theory respecting this wonderful and mysterious phenomenon.

But in truth there is little fear of our thus over-riding observation. In these days observation progresses with such amazing rapidity that reasoning is left far in the rear. It is not too much to assert that if all observation were from this moment to cease, the students of science would find abundant employment for a decade of years, at least, to come, in examining and utilizing the observations which have been already made.

Let us, then, look round our storehouse, and say if we may not at once, and almost at random as it were, light upon a few observations which may serve to help us in interpreting the wonders of the corona.

A few months ago Captain Noble was looking at the planet Venus when almost directly between us and the sun. She was so placed with respect to the sun that, had

his globe been eclipsed, she would have been seen near the edge of the coronal light. Of course her unilluminated side was turned towards us. It appeared darker than the background on which it was projected. Whence came that light which illumined the background? Or rather, what light was it which the globe of Venus concealed? Something beyond Venus undoubtedly,—else how could she conceal it? Obviously, then, there is some light where we see the corona when the sun is eclipsed, and that light comes from a region farther off than Venus is when nearest to us. Here is another evidence to strengthen our conviction that the corona is an extra-terrestrial phenomenon, supposing any faint doubts to remain after the evidence already adduced.

We have gone to Venus, seemingly so little associated with the corona, for evidence respecting that phenomenon. Turn we now to other objects which seem at first sight even less likely to give us any information.

Consider thoughtfully the meteor which flashes across the dark background of the sky at night. We know now quite certainly that every falling star has travelled before reaching our atmosphere along an orbit of enormous dimensions. It has been proved further, respecting all the meteors whose real path has been determined, that their orbits are very eccentric, inasmuch that though they cross the earth's path,—otherwise, of course, we should never see them,—they pass out to distances exceeding in some cases those at which Uranus and Neptune pursue their wide career. We may conclude, then, of far the greater number of the meteors the earth encounters, that their paths, having their most distant portions so much farther from the sun than our earth, must have their nearest part,—to the sun,—much closer to the sun than the earth is. So that if meteors were as large as planets, it would necessarily happen that many meteors belonging to systems which the earth encounters would be seen, at certain seasons, shining close by the sun.

But, as a matter of fact, meteors are individually far too minute to be thus seen; nor could all the meteor systems traversed by the earth become visible by the combined lustre of their components.

It is clear, however, that the meteor systems traversed by the earth can be but

a few among the meteor systems actually existing, and having paths carrying their components nearer to the sun than the earth is. Taking at random any such path, the chance that the earth's path would cross it is indefinitely small; so that clearly an indefinite number of such systems must exist in order that the earth might have a fair chance of encountering a single one. And since she actually encounters more than a hundred, it will be seen how enormous must be the real number of systems actually existing.

This mode of reasoning, though in strict accordance with recognized and certain principles, may not seem convincing at first sight. But, in reality, it will be found that we quite commonly, and as it were unconsciously, follow the guidance of the principle in ordinary life. We are out walking, suppose, and a drop of rain falls upon us; now, there is no absolute reason why a single drop falling from the sky should not light upon us; yet so certain are we that the odds against such an event are enormous, that we conclude at once that rain is falling over a wide space all around us. Or, again, suppose we meet some day five or six persons dressed in a peculiar costume, and not forming one party,—we conclude at once that there is to be some gathering of such persons on the day in question. And so in a thousand instances which will occur to every one.

We conclude, then, with the utmost confidence, that for every meteor system encountered by the earth there must be thousands which she does not encounter.

And these multitudinous systems, illuminated as they must be by the sun's rays, might very reasonably be expected to become visible under favorable circumstances,—as, for example, when the sun is eclipsed. Nay, knowing that the meteors travel in paths resembling those of comets, and in some cases associated in the most intimate manner with the paths of known comets,—we may conclude that large numbers of meteors pass as close to the sun as some comets have been observed to do, or even nearer, for observed comets form but a small proportion of the total number of such objects. Now, Sir John Herschel has shown that the comet of 1843 passed so close to the sun that it must have been subjected to a heat ex-

ceeding three and a half times that obtained by means of Parker's great lens, which melted such refractory substances as cornelian, agate, and rock-crystal. Meteors so close as this to the sun would be so intensely heated that their inherent light would be even more brilliant than that which they would be capable of reflecting. Many would even be vaporized as they rushed past the point of their nearest approach to the solar orb. We see then that, quite apart from the information which a solar eclipse affords us, we really have just reason for pronouncing with considerable confidence that something very like what the corona appears to be must exist in the sun's neighborhood.

Now it is well worth noticing that if we suppose the corona really to be caused by the illuminated meteoric systems, we get rid at once of that difficulty which spectroscopic analysis opposed to the theory that the corona is a solar atmosphere. These swiftly rushing meteors would no more tend to increase the pressure at the base of the solar atmosphere than the moon, circling as she does round the earth, tends to increase our own atmospheric pressure.

It happens, too, that such evidence as has hitherto been given by the spectro-scope respecting the actual constitution of the corona corresponds very satisfactorily with the conclusions above deduced. We do not enter here into a very particular account of that evidence,—first, because the observations made by different astronomers have not yet been brought into complete accordance; and secondly, because it is confidently hoped that the approaching eclipse observations will make abundantly clear that which is at present somewhat confused. But the very diversity of results corresponds with the diverse character of the light which comes,—according to the above results,—from the meteoric systems near the sun. Meteors simply reflecting solar light would exhibit the rainbow-tinted streak crossed by multitudinous dark lines, which forms the solar spectrum; meteors incandescent through intensity of heat would exhibit a rainbow-tinted spectrum without dark lines; and lastly, meteors vaporized by heat would exhibit a spectrum of bright lines. The combination of such spectra in varying proportions would quite

satisfactorily account for the results hitherto observed by spectroscopists. It is, however, worth noticing that electrical discharges exerted by the sun's action, and taking place between the meteors, would even more completely account for observed results; and perhaps it is only because electricity has come to be regarded as a sort of refuge for the scientific destitute, that men of science have been hitherto unwilling to resort to such an explanation of what has been observed.

But astronomers hope that during the eclipse of next December the spectroscope will be applied much more effectually than has yet been done to the scrutiny of the solar corona. Photography, too, it is hoped, will be so applied as to exhibit the corona, and not merely, as hitherto, the pink prominences and the more brilliant part of the glare around the sun. Then the polariscope is to be applied, though, for our own part, we have very little faith in the possibility that this instrument can give intelligible and reliable results respecting such a phenomenon as the corona would appear to be. If its light really is of the mixed nature we have described, it can scarcely be but that the polariscopic teachings will be discordant and practically unmeaning.

Last, but not least, a large array of observers have devoted themselves to the scrutiny of the general features of the eclipse. We wish very strongly to indicate the opinion that much remains to be done in this way. It seems to us that in all the eclipses hitherto observed, attention has been somewhat too exclusively directed to the eclipsed sun and its immediate neighborhood. We write this in the full knowledge of the meteorological and other observations which have been made during eclipses. The class of observation which, as it seems to us, has

been insufficiently attended to, includes the special study of the varying illumination of the sky, not near the sun, but at all orders of distance from him. Remembering that we know the actual figure, dimensions, and position, from second to second, of that vast shadow-cone which the moon projects upon our atmosphere, we can interpret in a very satisfactory manner the apparent changes of illumination in different regions of the sky. From such observations, properly made and studied, more could be learned, we do not hesitate to say, respecting the height of the air, the quality of its upper and unattainable regions, and other like subjects, than from all the methods by which as yet men of science have attempted to master these stubborn problems.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the eclipse will last,—as far as totality is concerned,—for a very brief time. For about two minutes,—the exact time cannot be known until the observing stations are decided upon,—the sun will be totally hidden from view; and whatever new information is to be obtained respecting the constitution of the corona, and about other subjects which will occupy the attention of observers, must be gleaned in that short interval of time. Those at home must not be surprised or disappointed, therefore, if the results actually obtained should seem at first sight disproportioned to the expense and trouble involved by the expeditions, or to the number of persons who will take part in the work of observation. Science must be content in such cases to expend a large amount of time and trouble where yet the prospect of remuneration will be but small. All the more credit, we say, to those who are ready to join in an enterprise so arduous, and presenting so many chances of failure.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE DUEL OF THE NATIONS.

TEN summers have passed since that half-forgotten time of fierce expectation, when the legions of Prussia, side by side with Southern Germans, were, for the first time since the great year of Waterloo, hurrying to the Rhine to meet the French. The railroads were in 1859, as a few weeks since, given up to the transport of armed

men and armies poured down by Germany to her western frontier. The enthusiasm which the King had found wanting against Austria in 1850, had now forced the Berlin Cabinet to take the lead in the national movement against the French. Unprepared as the Prussian army was at that time for the field, the national institution

which could double the strength of the rolls by adding to each brigade of the Line another brigade of Landwehr, enabled the kingdom and its allies without difficulty to put 150,000 men upon the front from which France was to be attacked, and to take up so threatening an attitude as to make the victor of Solferino pause in his career of triumph. Napoleon III. was found prompt to accept the terms which that battle won from the Kaiser, and thus to close the war without accomplishing the pledge that the Orsini conspirators boasted that they had wrung from him for Italy. True that his eastern fortresses were in the Allies' front, that their armies were cumbrous, unused to the tented field, led by men strange to the science of arms; that Pelissier, victor of the Malakoff, of "bloody, bold, and resolute reputation," barred their way with 70,000 men; still the risk was too great even for a Napoleon who lived by risks. All his great uncle's finest powers as a man of war had been vain to close the approach to Paris down the wide valleys of the Seine and Marne, with a like inferiority of force. The mightiest efforts general ever made had been thrown away in the hopeless struggle to guard the treacherous slope that leads from the Vosges to the great city where beats the heart of France. So, even in the midst of Austrian defeats and Italian exultation, the conqueror of Lombardy shrank from exposing his capital to a repetition of the insults of 1814, and turned back in his prosperous course at the sound of the Prussian arms. Germany united against him was a vision he dared not make a reality; and to build up a peace with Vienna, which should leave her grateful rather to his moderation than to Prussian aid, was the natural way to avoid the mighty coalition which he dreaded.

The treaty of Villafranca was signed. Austria retained enough of her Italian possessions to make her sigh constantly for those that had slipped from her, and to encourage her to maintain a force in the Quadrilateral that should form a standing menace to the newly-born freedom of the peninsula and to the peace of Europe. The Italians learned to despise the liberator who had failed to redeem his pledge to their country, and to hate him when, not long after, he claimed Nice and Savoy as the price of his intervention. Meanwhile the struggle between France

and united Germany seemed postponed indefinitely, and Englishmen dreamed of an enduring peace, as they had dreamed before in the halcyon days that ended in the French Revolution of 1848.

Yet the gathering of Frenchmen and Germans on the Rhine in the popular cause had given promise of bitter fruit for after years. Side by side the peasant soldiers of Prussia, Bavaria, and Württemberg had glared at their ancient foe across the beloved river. The watchmen on the French posts in the Vosges had looked greedily down on the rich Palatinate which their forefathers were wont to spoil. Aged men had recalled the glorious days when the rude Republican levies had thrust the *Kaiserlich* troops back across the stream, and made the fair Mayence plain a French prefecture. And a younger generation, hearing of Magenta and Solferino won by a new Napoleon, wondered why he chose not to revive the days when their fathers went proudly across the Rhine to conquer Europe and parcel out its thrones. With the memories of half a century before, there woke the hope of the Gaul two thousand years old, that he should yet drive the Teuton back to his forests on the eastern side of the great stream, and restore the national sovereignty which the Roman first overthrew. And whilst the Frenchman nourished the unquenched desire for the national boundaries of his country, the Teuton not less in thought saw the divisions which Emperor and Pope had made in the realm of Charlemagne vanish before the growth of a national will, and hailed the vision of the time when, from the *débris* of the shattered *Reich*, there should arise a glorious State, German in custom, manner, and law, whose boundaries should extend wherever the German had planted his colony and the German tongue was the language of the people.

Such was the influence of the great Rhenish gathering of 1859. Monarchs, like their subjects, felt the national impulse, and William, Regent of Prussia, was found next summer at Töplitz, the guest of Francis Joseph of Austria, concerting the common defence of Germany against any fresh aggression of the victorious French. But such aggression came not, and the impulse might have died away, and Prussian and Saxon and Swabian have contented themselves for

generations to come with asserting their common patriotism by fraternizing in their cups; their common country might have been recognized only when civic gatherings chorused Arndt's heart-stirring melody, "*Was ist des * Deutschen Vaterland!*" but that with the occasion there arose the man who was capable of using it to the full for the aggrandizement of his country.

Few tasks are more difficult, even for the most disinterested writer, than to estimate beforehand the place which history will assign to the foremost men of one's own time. Yet we are bold to assert that as certainly as the world holds Napoleon the greatest of generals and conquerors, so surely will Count Bismarck be reckoned hereafter as the ablest Minister any country or age has produced. Look back on the story of the last decade. View the many elements which his genius has tamed. Mark how royal obstinacy, constitutional liberalism, the very growth of the democratic spirit, have been forced to subserve the one object of the growth of Prussia; how Papal errors, Italian longings for freedom, Garibaldian insurrections, and Hapsburg pride have been played off the one against the other to prepare fresh humiliation for Austria, fresh exaltation for her German rival. Contrast the old peaceful burgher-spirit which a few years since mourned over the royal father's taste, depraved by Russian example, that caused the heir of Berlin's throne to live clad in useless uniform, with the shout of the same citizens raising the "*Heil dir im Siegerkranz*," in loyal cheers beneath the same King's windows, to cheer him on his way to meet the French. And remembering that this conversion of national sentiment, this strengthening of patriotic ideas, this subduing of froward elements, have been the work of one master spirit, whom King and Parliament, administrator and strategist, press and people, have combined to help on in the steep path from which his ambition never swerved, judge whether the world's history will not in after time allot a place to Bismarck such as rarely is assigned to mortal man. But we anticipate the

thread of our story, and must go back some years to take it up again.

In 1860 the Töplitz Conference was held, which, as before remarked, had for its special object to bind Prussia and Austria together with friendly promises to check the ambition of France. Possibly the already eminent Minister of Prussia may have then believed that these two Powers might for a time coexist for Germany's protection; but the fear of Solferino once past, the division of interests broke openly forth which had made two camps of the old empire since the great Frederick first began the aggression against his neighbor that was never to close until Austria should be thrust out of her rival's path. Even before his days who so well "knew what he wanted," and so unscrupulously "resolved to have it," Frederick's ancestors had labored to prepare the kingdom for the great part it should hereafter play. And the process of aggrandizement had gone on steadily—sometimes by war, sometimes by well-timed peace which left Austria alone to face the enmity of France—until the day came when neither arms nor politic forbearance could longer avail to save Prussia from sharing the humiliation of the rest of Germany. Whilst she had withdrawn from her share of the national duty, a mightier and more unscrupulous warrior than Frederick had entered in and parcelled out the ancient empire at will. Nay, from Napoleon's hand the King of Prussia had stooped to receive the gift of Hanover as payment for his shameful neutrality and compensation for his violated frontiers. But even this degradation, openly betraying the inherited lust of territory, was not long to save his kingdom from the spoiler, whose hand had pressed so heavily on other German States. Napoleon's gift, more fatal than any Greek's, was but the precursor of such insults as neither Court nor people could endure, and the war which Prussia had evaded when Russia and Austria would have stood by her side, surprised her far from any aid, and already humiliated by her own policy in the eyes of all Europe.

No need is there for us to repeat that fatal story of Jena. The bitter lesson taught the nation then, has stamped itself ever since upon the national armament, and Prussian administrators strive now as earnestly to be in advance of all Europe

* "*The German's Fatherland*," not *das deutsche Vaterland* (the German Fatherland), which makes no sense when followed by the refrain "*His Fatherland must greater be*."

in warlike knowledge as they then clung warmly to the traditions of obsolete tactics which all Europe but themselves had abandoned. But the penalty of truckling policy and pedantic manœuvring was undergone; and for the next six years the kingdom suffered such humiliation as no other civilized country in modern years has endured. French soldiers swaggered on the pavements of the garrisons. French officers forbade the concert-room its national airs. French generals lived at free quarters in the pleasant squires' houses, which even the all-pervading rapacity of Tilly's and Wallenstein's hordes had not always reached. French battalions lay scattered in the secluded villages, and roused a jealous demon in the dullest Hans whose sweetheart was exposed to the audacious attentions of wandering chasseurs. French *douaniers* checked and controlled and took bribes for the little trade which the long maritime war had spared. And all these intruders were to be maintained at the expense of the quiet orderly land of which they seemed to have taken permanent possession. The Prussian army seemed to have disappeared, so diminished were its numbers. The enslaved monarchy was guarded by the ablest and the most feared of the rough soldiers whom the long course of French victories had brought to eminence; and Davoust headed a garrison so large and highly organized, that even warm patriots shrank from a hopeless contest with its strength. The history of that sad time, with all the irritating details of the French occupation, is written in the municipal records of every Prussian town, in village legend, in popular romance. The burden is always the same; French insults endured in the hope of revenge to come; ardent longing for the day of freedom; tears for the fate of brave Major Schill, warrior of the true heroic type, who, unable to bear longer his country's shame, rode forth one morning at the head of such of his men as would follow him, to declare war single-handed with oppression, and give his life freely in a conflict without hope. Multiply the story of one village by a thousand, the indignation of one citizen by millions, and it will be seen that each day of the French occupation served to give strength and depth to the growing hatred which henceforth must burn in every Prussian breast, and in due time burst forth in furious action.

Englishmen spoke and wrote with contempt of the suddenness with which Frederick's monarchy had fallen, and the ease with which its conqueror held it down. Prussian officers especially were subjects for our jeers, and Sir R. Wilson, British Commissioner with the Russians, was not ashamed to write in 1807 of a petty skirmish, "Another action and no officers killed," or to suggest that the Prussian soldiers might be made into good stuff if only led by foreign commanders! But whilst thus despised by foe and by ally, Prussia had within her the elements of self-purification. The hard school of humiliation did not break her spirit, nor turn her statesmen aside from the deliberate endeavor to retrieve the past. Frederick William was happy in his counsellors. Stein the Administrator, and Schärnhorst the Soldier, worked unceasingly at their several tasks of maintaining patriotic feeling by giving the peasants more interest in their soil, and of creating reserves for their army by the well-known expedient which dismissed the soldier when trained, to remain as a Landwehrman ready to rejoin the ranks. And when the opportunity came for which they had waited, their patience was splendidly justified by the results. Prussia rose to vengeance as one man, and with the ready help of England found the arms for which her children cried. The heaviest blows which fell upon Napoleon in his downward course through the desperate contests of 1813-14 came from her hand; and when, after Elba, the Imperial Eagle struck once more for victory, the fierce ardor which made of the streets of Ligny and St. Amand a human shambles, and the unwearied pursuit that closed the night of Waterloo, showed how unslaked was the thirst for revenge in each Prussian heart. Napoleon's tactics were turned against himself; Napoleon's strategy was unable to deal with foes so united, powerful, and ardent as those the European coalition had raised up. In his fall and exile he paid the just penalty of his own harsh and overreaching ambition, and Prussia saw Frederick's glories once more revived in her regenerated army.

Forty-five years of peace had not quenched the military spirit of her sons, nor worn out her memory of the wrongs endured at French hands, when next they took up arms for the Fatherland. We have no-

ticed the stirring effect which the general armament of their country in 1859 against a Napoleon produced among the Germans. Beyond dispute it gave a powerful impetus to the desire for that real unity of Germany which should make her voice weighty in European councils, and her army resistless in European fields. Henceforth the defenders of the existing divisions of the Fatherland found their policy of *particularismus* everywhere in the minority, and learnt to hear it denounced as unpatriotic. Some of the higher orders looked to a re-establishment of the old tutelage of the Empire under Austria in a modernized form. A third and more popular party recalled the brief political triumph of 1849, and saw no hope in the Fatherland but in reviving a general Parliament which the democracy of all Germany should sway at will. But in Prussia and in not a few of the minor States, the feeling was gradually growing up that the real path of German progress was in Prussianizing the ancient Empire by extending gradually the influence, the armaments, and the ideas of the great northern kingdom, until the little principedoms round her were brought in by a process of natural attraction. This done, they might easily be welded into a powerful nation, a New Germany stretching her cultured rule from Holland to Russia, and wielding a power that neither Cossack nor Frank could disturb. At many points and in many ways these various parties came into collision, sometimes apparently with doubtful issue: but the last was guided on in the end to success hardly dreamed of by its most sanguine members, under the unswerving policy of the great Minister to whom it looked. Count Bismarck knew his obstacles, but he marked the signs of the times. Against the scruples of his royal master, and the ultra-liberal tendencies of the Berlin House of Deputies, he could balance such tokens as the utter failure of Austria to get her Frankfort Convention of Princes recognized by Germany, and the resolve of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, a leader in all national movements, to amalgamate his little army with that of Prussia of his own free will.

Bismarck was well served by those who worked with him in his Cabinet. Prussia, he felt, could never be truly great or safe until she held her own by commanding the forces of a united Germany to

meet the shock of forty million Frenchmen who still longed for the lost Rhine. Divided, Germans must ever dread the aggression of the ancient foe who for centuries past had thriven on their division, and even now had just added nearly another million to her population as the price of the victory of Solferino, gained over a German monarch. Yet this division plainly must last as long as Austria held her place in the Confederation; and Austria was armed, watchful, and more jealous of her northern neighbor's aggrandizement than even of the renewal of French insult. The first task, therefore, to be performed before Bismarck could near the desired end, was to cast Austria altogether out of the Confederation; and this could, he foresaw, only be done at the last by cutting the tangled knot of German politics with the sword. The army of 1859—the Prussian part of it—had been evidently unfitted for such a task. It had proved in the Minister's eyes to have double faults; for its organization was defective, and the spirit of the Landwehr brigades, which formed nearly half its field strength, was such that no purely ambitious leadership could depend upon their support. Arbitrarily, therefore, and despite of the recusant House of Deputies, the armed force was recast into its present mould, the Landwehr being excluded from the ranks of the regular Corps d'Armée, and the latter filled up with Reserved Men (*Reservisten*) who are but Line soldiers on furlough. To get money for the necessary change, even with the free use of the price of Crown domains, was not easy; but to make the large extension of military service popular seemed at first wholly impossible, and a successful war became necessary as the only possible means of reconciling Prussia to the burden.

We have not space, nor, were the space given, inclination to recount the sad story of the Danish quarrel. Honest Germans there are by the million who really believe that their kinsmen in Schleswig were oppressed by the Danes. But this belief only serves to show the monstrous delusions which nations indulge in when their passions are interested in a dispute. The matter can need no argument to any calm looker-on, since the very nation that then complained of its kinsfolk's treatment, has been that which its own writers have justly charged with *Borussomania* (their

own word), that could not be content with the acquisition of the Duchy of Posen without turning its inhabitants perforce into Prussians. If it were not sinful to make German the official language of a Polish district, much less was it wrong of the Danes to insist on the use of Danish in the schools of their border provinces, where the population is so mixed that it is impossible to pronounce the Germans or Danes to preponderate: unless, indeed (and this argument is near akin to that of brute force), it is unpardonable that a weak kingdom should impose upon subjects of doubtful nationality what it is just and patriotic for a great one to enforce in the like case. The anti-Danish movement of Germany in 1864 gave hard proof to the rest of the world, that in politics might still too often stands for right, and sentiment for truth.

In the mighty feeling stirred by the Schleswig-Holstein question Bismarck saw his opportunity. Here was a means of at once diverting attention from the arbitrary change made in the national armed force, and of putting Prussia at the head of a German national movement as the defender of German honor. In vain did Austria, marking with dismay the spread of the feeling she could not stay, step forward to take her place in the van of the forces of the Confederation. Her distance and natural unreadiness combined with the real distaste which she had for the affair put her in a secondary position from the very first. The glory, such as it was, fell on Prussian arms and Prussian leadership. Denmark, after the gallant resistance which all Europe admired, succumbed to the decree of the sword, and the disputed provinces were occupied for Germany by the two allies, each more jealous of the other than watchful of the beaten enemy—the proximity of their forces, and the opposing spirit of the administrations they set up, giving promise of early collision upon slight occasion. Europe watched with indignation the overbearing conduct of the Prussians in Schleswig, contrasting strangely with the tender management of Holstein under Austrian rule. The Minister of the liberal kingdom put down constitutional protests and public meetings in his duchy as dire offences against the sovereignty which Germany had claimed, whilst the mild *régime* used purposely in Holstein by the

Austrian threw into dark shade that of his brother Commissioner, and strove in vain to win to the Emperor's side that public opinion which had long learnt to denounce the Hapsburg monarchs as a line born to oppress those committed to their charge.

Germany was gratified by her easy victory, the more so as it had been won in the teeth of the objections from England and France. It was known that only the coldness or timidity of the former had kept the jealous country of Napoleon from direct intervention in a German quarrel. The curious mixture of dread and ridicule with which the Emperor of the French had been regarded since the Solferino campaign, displayed itself more than ever in the public journals. The Berlin comic paper *Kladderadatsch*, hardly second in importance to our own *Punch*, seemed to live but to utter satires upon the great *Er* (for "He" was the simple name in which all recognized the public foe) and his scarcely less detested Empress. Publicists attacked his policy; philosophers made light of his history; patriotic writers recalled again and again the days of his uncle's oppression of their land. That he should dare to threaten them for rescuing their oppressed countrymen from the Dane; that he should play with Poland; that he should stir up English statesmen to write insolent condemnations of the national policy: all these were offences more deadly because more real than his inheritance of a hated name, or his defeat of Austria in the field. The overwhelming *prestige* which Solferino and the Malakoff had conferred on French arms began to fade when Germans saw that their union paralyzed the councils of Paris, and that their own forces—those forces they had but lately murmured at sustaining—were as efficient in the field as formidable on paper. "The sharp German axe that can cut the hardest knot" became the favorite appeal looked forward to for Prussia's next dispute. Never was political stroke more successful than the Danish war, which called to its support the national democrat equally with the aristocratic upholder of the Crown, the burgher and peasant no less than the courtier and *Junker*. Condemn its morality if you will, those to whom the consolidation of an empire condones political crime may well admire the daring

statesman who gave this safe direction to the smouldering energy of his nation.

And France : her conduct, it must be confessed, was ill calculated to allay German sentiment. Her late greed for Italian soil made her profession of pity for the Danes transparent. "Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike," she looked on at Prussian triumph with open irritation as a blow to her own predominance, yet as not daring to assert the latter in the face of united Germany. England's part in the Danish question was indeed little honorable. It has made our cold and feeble policy a by-word throughout Europe. But French friendship for the Danes, with much frothy utterance, got no further than the threats which made the aggressors more determined to consummate their wrong. Germany, as a nation, learnt that at choice she could disregard French opinion whenever her two great sections had a common object in view.

The dual leadership which took the Duchies from Denmark in defiance of France and England might have seemed to a less far-seeing statesman than Bismarck a triumph on which his nation could rest. To him, however, it was but the stepping-stone to greater adventures. The day must come when Germany should be able to hold her own without consulting two Cabinets and pleasing the whims of two monarchs. The task bequeathed by Frederick the Great to his family was incomplete whilst Austria had any voice in German councils, any weight in German war. France would forever have the advantage in the Duel of the Nations, if she, compact, rounded, with her forty millions following one will, were opposed to an empire of fragments whose chief parts had never, except after bitter experience of French rule, stood honestly side by side in policy or war. Not against Denmark had that great weapon of a national regular army, illimitably expansive at the ruler's will, been framed with elaborate care. Nor was it to be trusted against France whilst Germany's divisions still made it possible to revive a French party among her princes. The day might not be far off when it would be necessary to face the army which had lately triumphed in the blood-bought plains of Italy : and it was the more necessary to hasten that German Unity which the Parliament of Frankfort had decreed in vain, but the Rhine gather-

ing of 1859, and the Danish question of four years later, had brought sensibly more near.

This German unity, long lost under old Reich, missed altogether in the Bund which the Holy Alliance framed, had chief of all the many obstacles in its path, the former predominance of Austria still owned in her Presidency at the Diet. And Austria had for her supporters all the princes and parties who dreaded the fusion of their little States in the growing greatness of Prussia. Not that she rested her strength upon these, but rather leaned upon that old Imperial army of many tongues, bequest of the dreadful wars when Wallenstein faced and checked Gustavus, and cowed the enemies of the Kaiser. Often defeated, this yet had glorious memories and a *cameraderie* which the severest reverses spared ; and if it were ever possible to mould into harmony the diverse races that composed the Austrian Empire, this noble service, in which the proudest of the land sought place, and which yet did not (as the Prussian) exclude the humbly-born from honor, might well assist the fusion. Strong in this protection, Austria had boldly menaced Prussia in 1850 ; when the latter's army had yielded Hesse Cassel without a blow, shrinking from the encounter for which it was felt to be unprepared. It needed a complete reorganization of the half-civic forces which had proved unmanageable then and upon the Rhine nine years later, to put them on equal terms with Imperial troops nurtured in the hard practical school of Hungarian and Italian campaigns : and this reorganization had now been given them. It needed some special advantages of strategy and tactics to make their victory sure ; and these, the ready co-operation of Italy in a double attack on the Kaiser, and the happy adoption of the needle-gun, now proved in the Danish fields, abundantly supplied. It needed a good occasion for quarrel, and this the joint occupation could at any moment supply. It needed finally to secure the neutrality of France, the most important of all conditions, before Austria could be fairly crushed ; and this the diplomatic acuteness and foresight which were part of Bismarck's nature obtained almost against the expectation of his master and the hopes of those who labored with him for Prussia.

What were the exact means by which

Napoleon was won to the passive security from which he, too late, started into action, we do not profess to know. It is of little practical importance to search out the particular finesse by which one unscrupulous man is outwitted by another as little scrupulous as he. Nor does it greatly concern us to know. Without doubt, in the strange neutrality of France during the war of 1866, there lay at bottom the general notion that any contest between the two great Powers of Germany would assuredly weaken both so far as to make her the arbitress thereafter. The error, as matter of calculation, was great, and it has assuredly been paid for dearly. For Bismarck's purpose it was sufficient to gain time. He had confidence enough in the newly developed warlike power of his country, aided by the diversion Italy promised to make on the enemy's rear, to believe that Austria would be vanquished before the ruler of France could discover his mistake and take a decisive part in her favor.

All things were at length prepared for the great adventure on which Prussia's future was to turn. It is impossible at this near distance of time to do full justice to the genius of the Minister who, having made ready for the rupture long beforehand, brought it on exactly at the time it suited his own purpose. Austria's predominance in the Diet at Frankfort was so dexterously used against her as to give her party the semblance of aggression, and to cause them to all appearance to force on Prussia the war the great mass of her citizens would have shrunk from. And whilst the Frankfort discussions on the new phase of the Schleswig-Holstein question were dragged on from day to day towards the final decision against herself which Prussia through her representative sought, the real negotiations carried on between Berlin and Vienna up to the declaration of war were conducted with such unvarying skill that Prussia could protest she was forced on, against her will, from step to step towards hostilities, whilst at every fresh step she was able to keep before her rival in readiness for action. It is almost touching to read the story of these transactions as conveyed in the Austrian Official Narrative of the War, which admits with honest simplicity of detail, how childlike were the statesmen of Vienna in their first hopes of peace,

how vainly anxious to gain time when war became sure, how unequal at every point to contend against the supreme skill of the master of diplomacy at Berlin. Not that Bismarck's difficulties were confined to the intricacies of negotiation, or to intrigues in the distracted Diet. His bitterest opponents were nearer home, in the Liberal party who instinctively would have revolted against their master, and the free press which condemned the dangerous path of policy he pursued. The secret alliance with Italy, revolutionary Italy, was odious to the extreme Conservatives: the dangers of an Austrian war were terrible to the money-making *bourgeoisie*: the threatened call to arms weighed heavily on a hundred thousand peaceful homes. "*How like you this?*" below a rude sketch of Garibaldi, linked arm-in-arm with a Prussian General in full uniform, regarding a city wrapt in revolutionary flames, was the expression of popular hostility to the war policy, which the favorite humorist of Berlin sent all over Germany but a few days before war was declared. Nor were there wanting declarations in the journals that to be plundered by Croats and Slaves was the fitting retribution to come upon North Germany for the toleration of the schemes of "the man of blood and iron." No Peace Society could have condemned the wanton ambition of a Louis Quatorze or a Napoleon more severely than the citizens did their Premier's, when they found themselves forced to the risk of personal service in this "War of Brothers," felt by all to be the work of a single man. Well was it for the great Minister that he had not to depend for the actual campaign on the exertions of the once-trusted Landwehr; for even through the more plastic and disciplined ranks of the Line there were deep murmurs at the call to arms, presaging the ruin of the Government which had caused this sacrifice, should defeat loose the bonds of order. None but those who looked on at the gathering of 1866, and marked the unpopularity of the war among the men who were to bear its burdens, can believe that these were the same North Germans whom we have just seen rush to arms as one man, with the fevered joy of those who exult that they are allowed to share the sacred rapture of a new crusade.

Can it be that mere success so gilds the

schemes of ambition? Can it be that the policy forced upon an unwilling nation in 1866 is hailed by that nation as pure patriotism in 1870? Are we to think so lightly of a great people as to believe that the glare of Sadowa's triumph has blinded their eyes to ambition's evils, and made darkness seem light? Not so indeed. It is not merely the difference of a victory which has wrought this magic change. There is another cause in it, deep-rooted, constant, powerful to stir the German blood. No doubt the confidence which Bohemian victories gave the nation in its arms has much to do with the readiness for a struggle on the Rhine which Prussia has since displayed. No doubt the vague desire for German unity has been strengthened into passionate longing since Austria has ceased to bar the way. But the ancient loathing of French rule, the ancient detestation of French interference, the deep memory of the time when a Napoleon was indeed "the Scourge of the Fatherland," was needed to touch the heart of the nation with that fire which we have watched this summer so fiercely blaze forth into action.

If the attitude of the Prussian people and the tone of the Prussian press up to the time of the rupture with Austria, might well have caused the most daring Ministry and the most bellicose monarch to pause in the path of aggression, it must be admitted that when the declaration of war came, and the evil so much dreaded was upon the nation, Prussia's conduct, sacrificed, as she herself plainly thought, to the demands of ambition, was as grand and heroic as her protest had been sincere. Once seen to be inevitable, army and nation went to meet fate in resolute silence, not hopeful, indeed, of the issue, but steelled to bear the worst. "The prologue is over, take your places for action," sang the popular poet who had bitterly opposed the war; and strong sense of duty combined with patriotism and discipline to send forth the legions, framed on the novel system which the citizens abhorred, so complete as never paper army mustered in camp before.

The collision of the rival monarchies came, and for a few hours Germany's future seemed dependent on the sword. Theory encountered practice in open field, new tactics met ancient discipline, closet strategy was matched against a military putation which Europe could not sur-

pass. No need is there for us to recount the oft-told tale of Benedek's defeat. Jomini paused before laying down his well-worn pen to explain how Austria was beaten, and no younger critic has added much to the clearness with which that veteran writer, then in his ninetieth year, showed that in strategy and organization, no less than in weapons, she was fairly outmatched. The telegraph flashed its fatal news day after day to the brooding monarch, who dared not again lead the soldiers who had seen him fail at Solferino. The messages—"Do not, your Majesty, come down," "General Gablenz is despatched to ask an armistice at the Prussian headquarters"—were the fitting sequels to that vain answer to the same Gablenz's recent entreaty not to weigh the rifle against the breech-loader—"His Majesty administers the Imperial army for himself." In vain did "Our Cousin" Albert, fit successor to the noble old Radetski, worthy son of the grand Archduke-General whom the Emperor of his day hated for his greatness, hurl back the legions of Italy from the Quadrilateral, and then hasten to defend the threatened capital of the Empire. Too late he came to retrieve the errors and misfortunes in which he had had no share. The Prussian army was before the gates; the troops of Benedek broken and despondent; his own, though confident in their general, distrusted their effete weapons. All that his victory of Custoza now availed was to win him the respect of those who had elsewhere seen Austrian soldiers only in retreat, and to gain from the enemy, as his father had twice done in his time, better terms than Austria could have asked had no such leader been left to her.

Europe witnessed with wonder and expectation, not unmixed with derision, the sudden intervention of France at this crisis of the German war; her vain attempt to save the Quadrilateral from eager Italian arms; her coming and going in the negotiations of Nicolsburg and Prague; her loud appeals in favor of Saxony and Denmark. Prussians there were many who, confident in the lately fledged powers of their army, would have bade instant defiance to this wanton interference with German affairs, and turned towards the Rhine the victorious legions that lay ready for new action in the plains of Moravia and Bavaria. But to quarrel with France

whilst the Archduke Albert headed 200,000 Austrians ; whilst the South Germans, though beaten, were not prostrate ; whilst the Quadrilateral fortresses still flaunted the Imperial banner—was an adventure which even Bismarck's undaunted spirit, supported by the terror of the needle-gun, would not needlessly dare. To defeat French policy without open hostility to France seemed a more easy and certain road to the coming unification of Germany. On the single point of Saxony the victor so far yielded as to leave the King a nominal independence, while absorbing his brave army into the great military machine it had lately been arrayed against. The three unpopular ruling houses that had divided the northern half of Germany against Prussia were swept away into the dust-bin of history, and Hanover, Cassel, and Nassau made part of the enlarged kingdom of Hohenzollern. Private treaties with the South German States, bitter draughts for outwitted France to swallow hereafter, laid on them the obligation to support their late enemy against all non-German opponents, and amongst others against their Austrian ally, now German no more, thrust out of the empire she once had misruled. A touch of moderation seemed to be breathed into the spirit of the Treaty of Prague in the recognition, slight though it was, of the claims of Denmark to the more purely Danish parts of Schleswig. Alas that the foundations of the colossal State that now stretched eastward of the Vistula and westward of the Rhine, should have seemed incomplete if a few parishes on her border choose to declare for the Dane against the Teuton ! The promise to consult the people of the Schleswig frontier on their own future fate either meant nothing when signed, or has since been repented of as over-generous. No doubt the arrogance of France, which claimed this promise as yielded to fear of her arms rather than to justice, has been a ready excuse for not fulfilling it ; but so mighty a Power as Prussia has shown herself, need not have shown the weakness of fearing lest she should be thought to fear.

The private treaties had not long been made known which added 100,000 soldiers to those of Prussia ; Europe had hardly yet become accustomed to her new settlement ; France was murmuring over South German bondage ; when a question

arose which threatened to make the year 1867 more full of bloodshed than its predecessor. The fortress of Luxemburg, an appanage nominally of the Crown of Holland, had been a Federal property under the old Bund. Prussia, which had been charged with its custody before the war, held it with her Landwehr during the campaign, and still continued to occupy it by virtue of possession. "Could Holland," she asked, "now that the Federation was broken up, carry with her a great Federal fortress, to be seized, whenever convenient, by France, to which it lay adjacent ?" "Shall we," replied the French, "permit these rude Germans to hold, without a title of legal claim, the most formidable stronghold on our border ?"—"Will Europe see me plundered of my Duchy because it contains a fortress ?" asked the nominal sovereign, crushed between the mutual frowns of his great neighbors. Never had France a better opportunity of showing herself on the side of justice : never was Germany, in her jealous watching of her French frontier, so completely in the wrong. But the restless desire which drives French rulers to stretch out again and again hands greedy to win back the plunder of Louis Quatorze and the First Empire, was still at work ; Europe learnt with disgust that Napoleon had taken advantage of the Luxemburg question to bring forward claims for compensation against the unity of the Northern Confederation which had been urged but not listened to when Germany owned the mastery of Prussia the year before. France asked for the rectification of her frontiers by a return to the conditions of 1814, when the Allies weakly left her Sarrelouis and Landau, the two gates of the Palatinate, with Philippeville and Marienburg, behind which next spring Napoleon crouched for his spring into Belgium before Waterloo. "Yield these to France, or give up Luxemburg, or face our displeasure," were the three alternatives held up before Count Bismarck. For a moment that firm spirit seemed to waver at the issue, till behind him he felt the mighty impulse he had done so much to create, and heard the deep voice of a great nation saying, "Yield not to our old enemy one foot of German soil." Then went the answer back to the Emperor, which bade him plainly do his worst. Once more for a moment the Berlin councillors turned from politics to stra-

tegy, and found that the man of the sword was this time more ready to face the great issue than the colleague he had hitherto followed. "Let him but dare to threaten us. Give me our own nine Prussian corps without waiting for allies or annexations ; I will engage to mass them in two columns on the Rhine, and to march straight to Paris, trusting to the needle-gun alone. We want no strategy to beat these half-armed blusterers."

The firm countenance assumed by Prussia, and the natural fear of bringing on a collision between troops armed and raised on an unimproved system and those before which Austrian valor and experience had so miserably gone down, stayed the French Emperor's demands. He soon reduced them to the proposal of receiving from Belgium only the portions of territory given to her in 1815, which (as before said) had been made use of by his uncle in the last rash adventure of his career. But here England warmly interposed ; and notwithstanding that support which Austria (willing possibly to show gratitude for French action the year before, or to maintain the preponderance against Prussia) gave to the modified demand, it was rejected by the consent of Europe. The demolition of the fortress over which the issue had been raised, and the transfer of the territory to Belgium under European guarantee, closed the famous Luxemburg dispute.

But the check which the greed of France had openly received before the world, and her manifest inability to maintain her own pretensions, made thenceforth a rankling sore which time could not heal. To arm, to organize her once invincible legions until they should be invincible once more, became the main object of the Imperial Government, while Orleanist and Republican writers, no less than the imperialist, fanned the flame of national vanity, and made Prussia's humiliation the sole object of French patriots. In vain did the world outside demand an armed peace ; in vain did dreaming journalists declare that each month, each year, brought fresh assurance that Europe's quiet would be disturbed no more. The two ancient foes had no thought of the mutual disarmament which their candid friends urged on them. Fixed was the purpose on the one side to regain the ancient predominance of which her writers taught her she was robbed.

Fixed, upon the other, the resolve to go steadily forward in the newly cleared path towards German unity, and to place the new nation, under Prussian guidance, far beyond the power of the stranger's interference. The history of the past three years is but the history of preparation for the coming mortal struggle for which both peoples longed at heart. To name the ostensible cause of the war we now witness is simply to name the date when the old passions that had smouldered on unceasingly beneath the garb of civilization broke forth in open flame. To assign the exact blame to persons, great or small, would be to ransack the history of the past three centuries (of which we have but reviewed the closing chapter), and to weigh each Frenchman and German in the scales. Englishmen who are proud of England's greatness should feel for Germans who would consolidate the fragments of an empire. Englishmen who are proud of England's past history should sympathize with Frenchmen who cannot forget their own. Let optimists frame new Utopias, and economists preach the extravagance of war, the politician and the philosopher can no more disregard the passions of great nations than their material condition. Whether the new struggle be the mere starting-point of fresh chapters of hostility, we do not pretend to foretell. Unless German moderation be as remarkable as German strength, the future peace of Europe is indeed ill-assured ; for the restoration of Alsace to Germany, if made a condition of peace, will add fuel to the fierce enmity already burning in the hearts of Frenchmen against their prosperous neighbor. This is so obvious, that to mention it is but to repeat a truism which strikes the most careless observers. But there is another source of disquietude for Europe's future more sure than this, in the certainty that Germany, having made of late such rapid steps towards her unity as defied anticipation, will not rest satisfied on her Austrian side with the consequences of Sadowa. The Treaty of Prague cut off from her nine millions of her race, whose sympathies in her cause have been so plainly manifested in the late crisis, that it would be vain to expect so powerful a nation in the height of its prosperity to ignore them. Austria is already cut in twain by her own political necessities. The opposing sentiments of her two

great races, which have forced upon her a dual administration, cannot but be strengthened by the effect of late events upon the Teuton element in the empire. The desire to complete the German nation by bringing back those sons she has for a time thrust out, is a force that must act in this direction when the fear of France ceases to influence the policy of Berlin. The work of the great Minister stands unfinished

until it be crowned by a fresh humiliation of Austria. Years since, he pointed out that Pesth, and not Vienna, was the proper capital of the Hapsburg, and in due time he will (who can doubt it that has watched his past career?) find means and opportunity to accomplish his prediction, or bequeath the task to others as their duty to the Fatherland.

Fraser's Magazine.

FASHIONS IN HAIR AND HEAD-DRESSES.*

THERE are three facts which the advocates of the Rights of Women, so far as these are based upon an alleged equality of the sexes, will find it extremely difficult to get over: 1. The peculiar functions of the fair sex touching the continuation of the species: 2. That no woman has ever manifested the highest order of genius in any walk of literature or art: 3. That women have never been able to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of fashion, however absurd, ridiculous, destructive to beauty, or ruinous to health. Without entering on the main question, or seeking to break a lance with Mr. Mill, we wish to call attention to the third of these social phenomena and point the concomitant or resulting moral.

The history of masculine costume is undoubtedly a stinging satire on the male sex. It comprises every variety of vestment or device by which the human form could be disguised, disfigured, or distorted. But if not more becoming, it has gradually become more rational; ease and comfort are pursued with even an undue disregard of appearances; and the movements of the most consummate exquisite are free and unfettered, except when he occasionally indulges in tight boots.

The greatest improvement is in the head; i.e. the outside; especially in the general abandonment of the peruke. Wigs, meant to pass for the natural hair of the wearer, are still to be detected by a critical observer, though daily getting rarer; but the formal and avowed peruke, a costly and inconvenient article, has been permanently laid aside except by the

judicial body and the bar. Even the bishops have succeeded in discarding it after a prolonged struggle; in the course of which one of them (Pelham, Bishop of Chichester) is reported to have knelt in vain to George III. for permission to begin the innovation.

Immediately prior to the French Revolution, which introduced crops *à la Brutus*, the wigs commonly worn by gentlemen in the streets of London cost from thirty to forty guineas; "and (adds a distinguished contemporary) Rogers, appealing to Luttrell in our hearing, thus described a mode of theft as practised in London within their common memory. The operator was a small dog in a butcher's tray on the shoulders of a tall man; and when the wig was adroitly twitched off, the bewildered owner looked round for it in vain; an accomplice confused and impeded under the pretence of assisting him, and the tray-bearer made off."†

Whilst this custom lasted, the being wigged was as marked a step in the adolescent's approach to manhood as being breeched, and was postponed as long as possible by prudent parents with a view to economy. The second wife of Racine wrote thus to Jean-Baptiste, his son by his first; who, on becoming secretary of embassy in Holland, was obliged to conform to the fashion: "Your father deeply regrets the necessity which you say you are under of wearing a wig. He leaves the decision to the ambassador. When your father is in better health he will order M. Marguery to make you such a one as you require. Madame la Comtesse de Gramont is very sorry for you that you should lose the attraction which your hair gave you."

* *Les Femmes blondes selon les peintres de Pécole de Venise.* Par deux Vénitiens [M. Feullet de Conches.] Paris, 1865.

† *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1866.

Two curious facts are recorded by M. Feuillet de Conches, showing the value and importance of the wig. The one, that Kant's wig, immediately on his death, was sold for thirty thousand florins, equivalent to nearly three thousand pounds sterling, and on being put up to auction some years afterwards fetched twelve thousand thalers, or rather more than half. The other, for which no authority is given, that when, after the battle of Ramillies, Marshal Villeroy's *perruque à nœud espagnol*, found amongst his baggage, was brought to Marlborough, the Duke put it on exultingly as the crowning triumph of the day. Lord Macaulay, who insists that avarice was the master passion of Marlborough's life, would probably have contended that he thus appropriated Villeroy's wig from motives of economy.

A curious instance of the utility of a wig is related in a modern book of travels. An emigrant on his way to the back settlements of North America was pursued by a savage bent on scalping him. He was overtaken, and the pursuer's grasp was on his head, preparatory to the operation. But he wore a wig, which came off; and the savage was so startled by the incident that he abandoned the meditated victim and ran away.

The best part of a century has elapsed since we, of the masculine gender, have emancipated ourselves from this tyrant custom, whilst women were never more completely subjected to it than now. They are not content with one phase of the folly: they insist not merely on making themselves top-heavy by chignons or masses of false tresses, but on changing the natural color of their hair, however suited to their complexion, for any artificial tint which may happen to have been brought into temporary vogue by an Anonyma or notorious member of the *demi-monde*. It is an undoubted fact that the fashion for golden, yellow, and light-auburn hair was imported into this country from Paris, where it was set by ladies of a class whose very existence would have been ignored not only by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, but by the bevy of beauties who attended the first drawing-room of Queen Victoria. And yet it might be traced far back to a classic, romantic, pictorial, or poetic source: it was equally irresistible in Rome when Rome was the mistress of the world, and in Venice when Venice

was the recognized Queen of the Adriatic: we find it illustrated or recorded by the pens of Ovid and Catullus and the pencils of Titian and Giorgione. The Chloes, Pyrrhas, and Cynthias, as well as the Lauras, Lucretias, and Leonoras, were *blondes*; and the manner in which they acquired or increased their indispensable attractiveness in this respect has supplied materials for many a curious chapter in the history of morals and manners.

When the Abbé de Bernis arrived at Venice to fulfil his functions as ambassador, he immediately set about looking and inquiring for the famous *blondes*, so warmly and variously tinted, of the Venetian school of painters, from Carpaccio downwards, a type differing widely from what passes under the designation of "fair" in this country. Judging from the portraits and historical masterpieces of this school, he expected to find Venice a vast paradise of *blondes*, from the lightest shades of gold or flaxen to those little removed from auburn, chestnut, or red. To his ineffable disappointment and surprise, he found living *blondes* as rare as gardens and flowers at Venice; and instead of them he was everywhere encountered by *brunettes* with glossy ebon tresses and complexions embrowned and enriched by their sun.

"These" (continues M. Feuillet de Conches) "no doubt had their price: no one knew this better than the Abbé. But after all he was in search of those splendid and voluptuous creatures crowned with gold by the illustrious painters; and perhaps in such a disposition the beautiful Corbeau Noir* of the Regent would only have excited his disdain. He knew by heart his Voiture and his Sarrasin; but he longed for something better than Paulet la Lionne; and all his poetry was out of joint. He required at least the Lavinia of the Louvre Titian, or the original of the female figure in Giorgione's Astrologer of the Manfrini Gallery, or that fine personification of Venice, with eyes of limpid blue, on the ceiling of the Doge's Palace, by Paul Veronese—Venice crowned and triumphant, displaying a superb form where nothing is out of harmony:—

Et qui laisse à demi, sur son front orgueilleux,
En longues tresses d'or, tomber ses blondes che-
veux.

* This name (Black Crow) was given by the Regent to one of his favorites, the Marquise de Parabère.

But all bloomed around him in the usual order of nature, scattering as at all times the divers shades of beauty, regardless of the caprices of art and the exclusive vanities of the world. In a word, the *brunette* predominated—the decided, pronounced *brunette*, with her prompt, rapid glance of sovereignty or sensibility, imperious or subdued. In vain did he frequent the popular fairs of the parishes; in vain did he attend with the discriminating glance of a connoisseur those exciting religious solemnities, those fêtes, which roused the whole population, and brought forth from the old quarters of Castello and Canaregio these types, preserved as it were under glass, of antique Venice—no Lavinia, neither in the churches, nor in the circles, nor under the mysteries of the gondola, nor in the Place St.-Marc, where beauty manifested itself in the good old time as a traditional product of the sun. Hardly anywhere a living sample of those ancient masses of yellow hair (*flavescentes*) with which every one of the women of the Supper of Paul Veronese (now in the Louvre) was adorned, as well as the other feminine creations of the master."

The same lively writer, whom we have rather paraphrased than translated, goes on to ask whether this seeming change or transformation was owing to an exceptional caprice of nature? "No, assuredly: the cause must be sought in the variations of fashion in which women delight, in their levity and mutability—'Varium et mutabile semper.' In the sixteenth century, those who were not naturally *blondes* became so artificially. The Venetian painters of the period did no more than reproduce what they had constantly before their eyes." The general agreement amongst them to paint only *blondes* is a sufficient proof that in this country of *brunettes* there were no longer *brunettes*. To be blonde had become an art; and what at first, under Carpaccio, at the end of the fifteenth century, was still but a caprice of coquetry, had become later, under Titian and Paul Veronese, the dream and the necessity of the generality of Venetian women. "Every traveller learned in art, arriving for the first time at Venice, must have felt the same surprise as the Abbé de Bernis. We ourselves, Venetians, in order to explain for you the past in comparison with the present, were naturally led to the study of the

origin, the means, and the results of this episode in our manners; and the documents, the evidences of all sorts that we then collected on this subject, are calculated, we think, especially at this time, to interest public curiosity in France"—and he might well add in England, where the fashion has been revived in its most extravagant and mischievous form, to the terror of husbands and fathers, whose purses are laid under heavy contribution to pay for what offends their notions of propriety and their taste.

A single extract from the many curious books cited to throw light on this topic will suffice to show how the dames of Venice set to work to acquire the coveted attraction, and what dangers they incurred, what privations they endured, in the attainment of it. The Strasburg goose, fastened to the floor before a fire to enlarge its liver, affords the closest parallel to the fair, or would-be fair Venetian, with her dripping head exposed to the sun, as Cesare Vecellio, writing in 1589, pictures her:—

"The houses of Venice are commonly crowned with little constructions in wood, resembling a turret without a roof. On the ground these lodges or boxes are formed of masonry, floored like what are called terrazzi at Florence and Naples, and covered with a cement of sand and lime to protect them from the rain. It is in these that the Venetian women may be seen as often and indeed oftener than in their chambers; it is there that, with their heads exposed to the full ardor of the sun during whole days, they strain every nerve to augment their charms, as if they needed it, as if the constant use of so many methods known to all did not expose their natural beauty to pass for no better than artificial. During the hours when the sun darts its most vertical and scorching rays they repair to these boxes and condemn themselves to broil in them unattended. Seated there, they keep on wetting their hair with a sponge dipped in some elixir of youth prepared with their own hands or purchased. They moisten their hair afresh as fast as it is dried by the sun, and it is by the unceasing renewal of this operation that they become what you see them, *blondes*. When engaged in it they throw over their ordinary dress a *peignoir* or dressing-gown, of the finest white silk, which they call *schiaro-*

netto. They wear on their heads a straw hat without a crown, so that the hair drawn through the opening may be spread upon the borders. This hat, doing double duty as a drying-line for the hair, and a parasol to protect the neck and face, was called *solana*." In winter, or when the sun failed, they wetted and dried their hair before a fire.

The precise duration of this practice is left in doubt. The fashion that led to it certainly lasted long enough to exercise a marked influence on art, and we learn from the same authority that it spread rapidly, "invading all Italy, if not all Europe." He traces it at Rome, Naples, and Paris, and shows how the provinces were inoculated with it by the provincial great ladies, the wives of the governors and presidents, who uniformly appeared with *coiffures blondes*, natural or artificial, interwoven with pearls and jewels. Pearls were especially in request, although we nowhere read of the ropes of pearls on which Mr. Disraeli expatiates in *Lothair*. "Look here," exclaimed the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI., opening a casket full of pearls, and displaying them to the envoy of Hercules of Ferrara, whose son was a suitor for the hand of Lucretia—"Look here. All this is for my Lucretia! I wish her to be the princess of all Italy who has the finest and the greatest number of pearls."

There still flourishes at Paris, unaffected by politics or war, a man milliner, who exercises an almost unlimited authority over the female world of fashion. If we are not misinformed, he is by birth an Irishman, and began life as an artist. He takes measure at a glance of the figure, form, age, height, complexion, and expression of a customer, and dictates the resulting decision without appeal. Such or such a costume is best suited to her as regards cut, color, and materials, and such only will he condescend to make. It is not her fancy or vanity, but a thing of infinitely more importance to himself and society, his own reputation, that is at stake. It is this confidence or insolence that has made his fortune. He is as difficult of approach as a lord chamberlain or a prime minister. On the eve of a grand reception at the Tuileries or a fancy ball, a long line of coroneted carriages fills his street, and his ante-chamber is crowded with clients in full attire, each of whom

undergoes the most careful inspection in her turn, lest the effect anticipated by the master should be marred by the *maladroitness* of the maid.

We learn from Vecellio that the Venice of his day could boast of more than one artist in costume who was held in equal honor and authority. Speaking of the rich stuffs and brocades for which Venice was famous, he says that the inventor was a certain Bartolomeo da Calice, a Venetian of wonderful ingenuity, a perfect gentleman in manner and behavior, greatly cherished by the nobility. "Princes sought to be personally acquainted with him, and to be supplied with his commodities. He was held in singular honor by the most serene and magnificent Duke of Mantua, and he supplied even the establishment of the Grand Turk. Along with this excellent man there were other tyrants of fashion, illustrious composers, patriars of the needle and scissors. There was, for example, one Messer Giovanni, who kept an establishment near the church of San Lio, and scattered precious stones and pearls and robes and tunics. Language had not expressions sublime enough to exalt to the clouds this miracle of creation, this artist of such richness of ideas, of such profundity in the art of embellishing, of so much *science*, as the phrase went. He was the *rarissimo*, the incomparable, to enrich fashion with his inventions. The finest gondolas swarmed about his temple, to such an extent that the Council of Ten took alarm, forbade the usage of pearls, and scattered consternation through the camp of female worshippers."

It stands to reason that the charlatans and the quacks of the period vied with one another in specifics and recipes for bestowing beauty or restoring youth. So long as medical knowledge was almost exclusively empirical and rarely attained to the dignity of science, the most celebrated physicians did not disdain to minister to female vanity, and grow rich on female credulity. Dr. Marinello, of Modena, after establishing his reputation by his *Luminare Majus* or "Light of Apothecaries and Treasure of Herborists," published in 1562 a treatise on the adornment of women, *Gli Ornamenti delle Donne*, which became their gospel. He thus concludes his chapter on Recipes:—

Permit me to remind you, honored and

honorable ladies, that the application of so many colors to your hair may strike a chill into the head like the shock of a shower-bath; that it affects and penetrates, and, what is worse, may entail divers grave maladies and infirmities. Therefore I should advise you to take all possible precautions. For example, mix cloves, musk, amber, and other heating or stimulating ingredients with your unguents and elixirs. What may not otherwise happen even as regards the color? Your hair may turn out rough, coarse, and altogether changed for the worse, a disaster which you will avoid if you take care to add to your compositions things fit to soften them—things which I have enumerated in another place. We frequently see the hair, affected in its essentials or at its roots, grow weak and fall off, and the complexion destroyed, through the use of so many injurious liquids and decoctions. Recur, for the first case, to oil of violet, and for the second to olive oil warm; your complexion will immediately recover its most becoming tints. In all and each of these little things and ways, sweet and honorable ladies, have infinite prudence, so as to avoid the self-reproach of the terrible evils that may ensue.

There is one penalty which no amount of prudence can avert or mitigate :—

The first step in error none e'er could recall,
And the woman once fallen forever must fall.

The woman who has once taken to painting and coloring must go on painting and coloring; rarely, if ever, does the complexion regain its bloom, the skin its smoothness, or the hair its gloss. In most cases the operator must go on deepening the hue, and in no case can he or she be sure of the shade or tint which successive applications will produce. A lady who wishes to continue golden or flaxen may come out red or brown in her own despite. One popular novelist (Mr. Warren, in *Ten Thousand a Year*) has recorded what befell an ambitious youth who, having made an abundant and confiding use of a celebrated tincture, awoke one fine morning in a condition that elicited from his housekeeper the by no means flattering comparison to a monkey, his hair having turned purple, his whiskers green, and his eyebrows white. Another (Theodore Hook) tells the true story of a majar who, finding his hair getting thin and gray, was advised to rub his head with an infallible specific, and not take off his nightcap for twenty-four hours. On taking his nightcap off at the end of the time specified, he was

struck by its close resemblance to a crow's nest, the whole of his hair having come off with it.

The *Compendio di Secreti Razionali*, by the Cavaliere Fioravanti, is described as less rich in recipes than its predecessor, inasmuch as it contains *only* twenty-seven; yet they are marked by refinements and delicate distinctions of their own, as indicated by the headings: "How to turn the hair *blonde à la napolitaine*," "How *à la vénitienne*." The manner in which the recipe *à la napolitaine* became known to the author is related in his book :—

Signora Giovannella, wife of Don Philip della Rocca, Treasurer of the Kingdom of Sicily, used this recipe, and her example was followed by all the ladies who were smitten by the love of display. When I went to the kingdom (1548-1549) and attended this lady in the cruel malady with which she was afflicted, her first words after her recovery were, "What sort of *eau blonde*, what mixtures, do the Venetian ladies use?" I told her I did not know; for young as I was at that time I had hardly turned my mind to such sorts of things. It was then that she gave me her own recipe in writing, as well as those of several other divine beauties—precious secrets which I shall transcribe in their fitting places, and certainly I will not fail to give them as her personal secrets, considering that in my letters I stand formally pledged to give her the credit of them, thus keeping faith towards so generous, so amiable, so distinguished a lady.

Some thirty years since a celebrated English beauty excited the envy and admiration of many a fair rival, by the art with which her ringlets were made to undulate in a compressed shape down the cheek and expand into rich clustering curls upon the neck and shoulders. Vowing that no human consideration should induce her to reveal the secret in her lifetime, she held out a faltering expectation of bequeathing it to a friend; but she could not endure the thought of even a posthumous eclipse or equality: self-love prevailed over friendship: she died and made no sign; and the secret is lost forever to the world.

The grains of irony and mockery scattered amongst Fioravanti's recipes may justify an occasional doubt whether he seriously believed in their efficacy. Thus *Del modo di far parere una donna bellissima, per brutta che ella sia* (How to make a woman beautiful, however ugly): the

prescription is simple and intelligible enough; only, unluckily, the drugs are not to be found in the *Materia Medica*, and the patient would search in vain for an apothecary to make it up. It is "to be rich, to be gay, to be happy, to have neither anxious thoughts nor causes for giving way to them."

Considering the multiform risks and inconveniences involved in the use of coloring preparations or expedients, perhaps the wisest course was to shave the head and wear a wig, like our own Queen Elizabeth, of whom a German traveller, Paul Hentzner, states, "She wore false hair, and that red;" or like la Reine Margot, the first wife of Henry IV., who had her fairhaired pages shaved to supply materials for her wigs. That Mary Queen of Scots had a complete collection of wigs and wore one at her execution, is recorded on the most unimpeachable evidence.

The wonder is where all the false hair comes from at times like the present, when the demand is seemingly out of all proportion to the supply. Speaking of the seventeenth century, M. Feuillet de Conches says: "The young women of the lower class then bartered their hair as they do still in some provinces of France. At Nérès, for example, there is an annual fair where the country girls come to barter their hair for trifling articles of dress, and thereby enrich the traders who encourage them to this base trade." But the comparatively small number of cropped heads which are to be found in any class or country do not bear out the theory that this system of barter is widely extended, and we suspect that the market is mainly supplied by contributions surreptitiously levied on the dead. If anything could check the fashion, it would be the impossibility of dissociating it from thoughts of disease, putrefaction, and decay.

The late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in reference to the geese which saved the Capitol, made a collection of all the passages in Latin and Greek authors, in prose and verse, alluding to the watchfulness of geese; and the result may be read in two learned communications addressed by him to *Notes and Queries* whilst he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. How exultingly, had the thought occurred to him, would he have anticipated or co-operated with M. Feuillet de Conches in bringing together the passages in the same authors

which prove, or are supposed to prove, the preference awarded by classical antiquity to the blondes! As it is, the number cited by the accomplished Frenchman do high credit to his learning and research. The most striking are the most familiar, as in the famous Ode to Pyrrha:—

Cui *flavam* religas comam,
Simplex munditiis?

Or in the metrical quarrel and reconciliation with Lydia:—

Si *flava* excutitur Chloe,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ.

Or in this reference to Phyllis:—

Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis *flavæ* decorant parentes.

So the Cynthia of Propertius, to whom *Fulva coma est*: and the Delia of Tibullus, *flavis nostra puella comis*; and the favorites of Ovid of whom

Forma placet, niveusque color *flavique* capilli.

Then there are the Dido and Lavinia of Virgil tearing their yellow hair; and the Cassandra of Euripides; and Phryne who corrupted her judges by standing before them with no covering but her golden or yellow hair; and Minerva, and Venus, and Aurora, and Flora, and Pomona. The list might be indefinitely extended; but so, on the other hand, might the list of brown or dark-haired and dark-eyed beauties and objects of worship, historical, fanciful, or mythological. If the Graces were fair, the Muses were dark; and so were Juno, Andromeda, Sappho, and Cleopatra—

A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes
Brow-bound with burning gold.*

Descending to modern times we find the dark-haired competing very nearly if not quite on equal terms with the light or fair; and that, excluding a brief exceptional period, the rival tints or complexions were equally popular, is proved by

* Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*. He uses *fair* in the sense of beautiful or handsome, and we have unluckily no English words corresponding with *blond*, *brun*, and *brunette*. The term *black*, as formerly used to describe a dark-complexioned man, has become obsolete.

the fashion of wearing differently-colored hair by turns :—

Est-elle brune ? est-elle blonde ?
Rien ne l'égalé dans ce monde,
Rien n'égalé aussi mon amour,
Et sans être inconstant, j'ai la bonne fortune
D'être amant en un même jour
Et d'une belle Blonde et d'une belle Brune.

Agnes Sorel, Diane de Poitiers, Gabrielle d'Estrées, almost all the female celebrities of the Fronde (including the Duchess of Longueville), Ninon de l'Enclos, and La Vallière, were *blondes*. So was Paule de Toulouse, who was followed by so tumultuous a crowd of admirers whenever she went abroad as to compel the interference of the magistrates to keep them off. "But these sagacious magistrates knew the human heart too well not to solicit and obtain by way of compensation from the complacency of the idol that she should submit to the soft compulsion of appearing in public twice a week." Marie Mancini, the first serious love of Louis XIV., and Madame de Maintenon, the last, were dark. Modern poets and romance writers have made their heroines light and dark, according to the exigencies of fiction as requiring either gay or grave characters, or have aimed at effect by contrasts, like Minna and Brenda in *The Pirate*, Flora M'Ivor and Rose Bradwardine in *Waverley*, or Corinne and Lucile in Madame de Staël's masterpiece.

"Some one, I forget who," remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, "was foolish enough to say that a brown woman is but a softened or effeminate boy. He must have been in a bad humor when he gave utterance to so gratuitous an affront." The practice of tinting statues, as revived by Mr. Gibson, if it really prevailed among the ancients, may be cited as a strong proof of their preference for fair, yellow, or *blonde*.

Fashion has run riot in form still more mischievously than in color. One of Addison's best papers in the *Spectator* (No. 98) is directed against the head-dress of his day :—

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature that men appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the

whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind that shall be entirely new, or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizable, is still a secret, though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself. I admire the sex more in their present humiliation which has reduced them to their natural dimensions than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. . . . One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads, and indeed I very much admire that these female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew up by several orders and stories, as he has humorously described it :—

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput : Andromachen a fronte videbis ;
Post minor est : aliam credas.

He then goes on to commemorate the strenuous efforts made by a monk in the fourteenth century to abate a similar nuisance. "This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode, and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit." But the ladies put more faith in their head-dresses as sources of power and influence than the magicians in their books. "Notwithstanding this prodigy vanished whilst the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure ;" or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "The women that, like

snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again so soon as the danger was over."

In the course of the eighteenth century it successively became the fashion in France for women of rank to wear mimic frigates (*à la Belle Poule*) and bunches of artificial fruit or vegetables, by way of head-dress.

The manner in which this mental and moral disease (for it is such), inherited from the remotest ages, is periodically breaking out anew, justifies a strong presumption of its incurability. The utmost we venture to hope is some slight mitigation of the symptoms; that, for example,

the fair sex would be satisfied with either coloring or enlarging their heads, and would not insist on both tinting their natural hair and wearing a mass of artificial hair into the bargain. If the present fashion should not abate, it will be for the grave consideration of artists, both sculptors and painters, whether they will hand down such misshapen subjects to posterity, and perhaps the most effective remedy would be their refusal by common agreement to draw or chisel a head which is artificially out of keeping with the modesty of nature or disfigured by a head-dress glaringly disproportioned to the form.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

II.

I HAVE endeavored to describe the last great movement in English politics by bringing out those great characteristics of it which are easily overlooked by those who are concerned in the movement itself, because their attention is pre-occupied by details, but which immediately come into conspicuous prominence when the movement is over and has passed into history. I have endeavored to look at contemporary history as the next generation will look at it, at least in one respect; that is, in giving attention rather to the results produced, and to the changes actually wrought in the institutions of the country, than to the striking incidents or characters that may mark the period. I have delineated a revolution, transacted not without great excitement at times, yet without anarchy or bloodshed, limited in its range, leaving entirely untouched the foundations and framework of the Constitution, and very slightly affecting those great institutes of civilization which modern governments have learned the wise modesty of leaving to themselves, yet still a revolution deserving to be so called. I have endeavored to analyze the character of this revolution; I have found that it has had a uniform tendency throughout, and may be described in one word as a movement to abolish monopolies.

It is impossible to consider such a movement without raising the question of

the causes which have produced it. When a nation makes a persevering effort to snap some chain, some cramping restriction under which it suffers, we may be sure that one of two things has taken place,—either the chain has been drawn tighter, and the suffering of the nation has goaded it to resistance; or, oppression remaining the same, or even growing lighter, the spirit of the nation has risen so as to burst through the restraint. We are apt hastily to attribute revolutions to the former cause, whereas history shows that they are generally due to the latter. Revolutions are not generally convulsions of despair, nor are they caused by an increasing severity of oppression. Outbreaks of despair are to be met with in history, but they are commonly unsuccessful. When oppression increases, it is generally because it knows itself strong, and in such cases if it provokes rebellion it usually proves able to crush it, so that actual revolution is averted. There have been outbreaks of despair in Poland, but they have been unsuccessful; in America the unsuccessful rebellion of the Southern States was an outbreak of despair. On the other hand, the French Revolution was no outbreak of despair; it followed not an increase of despotism, but a relaxation of it. It happened not when the sufferings of the people were at the greatest, but when they had been very greatly relieved, and when oppression,

comparatively speaking, had ceased to exist. It was caused by a feeling of strength and hope on the part of the people, not by a feeling of despair. It was the painful awakening from a swoon. "Life's joy, reviving, roused a throng of pains." In the far less violent English movement of our age the same thing may be remarked. It was not because monopolies had become more oppressive and invidious forty years ago that the rebellion against them began: they had, in fact, become milder. In the preceding age a great many minor disabilities of the Catholics had been removed, and Cobden had his precursor in Huskisson. The excluded classes were not roused by new provocation, but by a new feeling of strength and hope. The first taste of freedom had made them wish for the full enjoyment of it. They saw before them a new chance, which lay in the growth of a new power in the State—the power of public opinion.

Few principles are better settled in the politics of the present day than the absolute sovereignty of public opinion. If the nation demands a thing, there is no politician or party of politicians that will now undertake to refuse it. Discussion may be raised on the question, What constitutes a demand on the part of the nation? It may be argued, and those who are averse to change will argue, that what pretends to be a national demand is not really so, but merely the demand of a section arrogating to itself the name of the nation; or that it is not a deliberate and serious demand, but a fancy or whim on the part of the public that will not hold. This the opposite party will make a point of denying, and they will spend rather more rhetoric upon proving that the people desire the change in question than they will bestow upon proving it to be beneficial. To prove it beneficial, if the change proposed were of any magnitude, would advance it a very little way. The important question is, Is it wanted? Laws now are like commodities; the supply of them is regulated by the demand. Politicians hold it almost as disrespectful to the nation to outrun its wishes as to thwart them. In former times they had the same feeling towards Parliament. To catch the spirit of Parliament, to jump with its humors, not to be behind it nor too much before it, was the study of many

politicians of the last century. Now it is public opinion that has to be watched and studied, and it is wonderful how large a part of our parliamentary debates is now devoted to the question, What do the people want, and how much do they want it, and do they want it now, or will they wait? Aristotle told us, long ago, that the question in deliberative oratory is not of right and wrong, but of expediency. With us even expediency has begun to seem too abstract a consideration; the question now is rather of opportuneness. It is not, Will the measure be useful, and will it work? but, Do people want it, and are they calling out for it?

The House of Commons, which we are accustomed to call supreme in the State, has in fact always been under one master or another. In the last century it never talked of the influence that ruled it. The debates are silent of that which was almost uppermost in the minds of the Members. Parliament was devoured by a secret passion: it never told its love. But as soon as it escaped from this spell, from the dominion of the great pension-giver or place-giver of the day (the Minister in the first half of the century, the King himself in the last), it fell under the influence of public opinion—an influence which it was not so much ashamed to acknowledge. The last Resolution directed against the overpowering influence of the Crown was moved by Brougham in 1822; and ten years later the new Monarch Public Opinion was installed with the passing of the Reform Bill. Now where was public opinion in the last century? Had it no power, no existence? From the time that it was aroused by Wilkes and Junius, *i.e.* from about 1770, it had certainly a power, though a power indefinite and seldom exercised. That was the beginning of the new time, though the dial was afterwards but back many degrees in the panic of the French Revolution. But, before that, what traces do we find of the influence of public opinion? There are one or two. Walpole's Excise was defeated by a popular clamor in 1733. The indignation gradually excited in the public mind by the pertinacious invective of the Patriots principally contributed to the fall of Walpole in 1741. But these isolated efforts rather served to make the general insignificance of public opinion more

striking. They were irresistible movements, but blind and irrational ones. They were dreaded by Ministers, and turned to account by the Opposition, as Shaftesbury turned to account the hurricane raised by Oates; but they could impress neither party with any respect for the opinion out of doors. How strongly contrasted the wild clamor, to which Walpole, with secret contempt, yielded his Excise, and the popular agitation to which another great Minister, a hundred years later, convinced and candidly confessing his economical error, yielded up the Corn Law!

England has never been absolutely without a public opinion. There never perhaps was a time when an obnoxious tax threatening men's pockets, or some keen sense of public disgrace would not excite a formidable clamor. As much public opinion as this, but scarcely more, there was in the first half of the eighteenth century. The most striking proof of its general powerlessness is to be found in the fact that, whereas legislation now in all great matters invariably takes the direction indicated by public opinion, in the eighteenth century it took, on the whole, the opposite direction. The constitutional development of that age was accomplished, for the most part, in defiance of the wishes of the majority. The Toleration Act and the Act of Settlement were passed, the Brunswick family introduced and supported, at a time when, as Lord Macaulay acknowledges, the effect of a Reform Bill would certainly have been a persecution of the Dissenters, and probably a restoration of the Stuarts. The Whig party of that age won their cause. They wished to limit the influence of the Crown and of the Church. These objects they attained. The Crown and the Church have been controlled not less, and probably more, than they wished. And yet throughout that century the nation was Tory. Public opinion, such as it was—if we may give that name to a mere sum of individual opinions—was uniformly on the losing side. The present sovereignty of public opinion is evidenced, as I have said, by the tone of parliamentary debate. Its insignificance in the last century may be shown by the same test. Instead of deference, the House of Commons in that age adopted a peremptory and despotic style in their dealings with the people. If now

their temptation is to sink into delegates, then they rather assumed the airs of fathers of the people. There was indeed a time when it seemed possible that there might be a revolutionary collision between the nation and its representative assembly. Parliament seemed entering upon the career of the Stuarts, and might have suffered a fate like theirs, had it been possible for the perversity of an assembly to be as desperate as that of a wrong-headed individual.

Now, what is the change which has passed over the country to raise public opinion from insignificance to actual omnipotence? To speak of the spread of democratic sentiments is not to solve the problem, but merely to state it again in other words. Nor will it do to say that public opinion, having been invoked by the Whigs in the first Reform Bill against their enemies, the Tories, has refused to give up the position it was allowed momentarily to assume. Public opinion must have changed very much since the last century to be able to hold so high a tone. The popular opinion to which Shaftesbury appealed, or that which Pulteney inflamed against Walpole, was not capable of being dangerous to the statesmen that had taken it into their alliance. Had it tried to govern, it must have failed. We may think, if we will, that public opinion now does not rule wisely, and that there might be a much better ruler; but the populace that ran after Sacheverell, and clamored against excise, were evidently incapable of ruling at all. It is manifest that a great change must have passed over the character of public opinion. Such a change it is not difficult to discover, and it may be expressed in one word, by saying that in the interval between 1770 and 1829 the public opinion of the country gained *organization*.

Public opinion, as I have said, is not merely the sum of the opinions of the individuals composing the public. The individuals must be brought into relation with each other, and be formed into some sort of organic whole, before anything worthy to be called a public opinion can spring up among them. It is by discussion and communication that men arrive at a common understanding. But supposing such a common understanding created, it could not become a commanding force in politics except in cer-

tain conditions. It would require, first, some means of obtaining a constant supply of information upon public affairs, and, secondly, some means of making its conclusions known. Public opinion is organized when it has three things—sources of information, means of discussion, organs of expression. These three things are enough for organization. Wanting them, public opinion is powerless: possessing them, it becomes a power, and is in a condition to govern. Perhaps something more is required to make it wise as well as powerful—to make it govern well, as well as govern.

All these three conditions of power public opinion in the eighteenth century may be said practically to have wanted, though it did not want any of them absolutely. It acquired them in the period between 1770 and 1829, through the extension of the newspaper system, through the rise of the practice of association and public meeting for political purposes, and through the extension of the old practice of petitioning. That period may be called the period of the organization of public opinion.

The newspaper supplies to public opinion all the three requisites at once, though in very unequal degrees. It furnishes the people with the means of discussion. Controversies are carried on in it; facts are marshalled on one side and the other; eloquence is displayed in the examination and application of the facts. Every paper by itself is equivalent to a parliament; all the newspapers of a country taken together constitute a parliament, which, for the mere purpose of discussion, is far more efficient than any Parliament that ever sat at Westminster. It is far more efficient, because the newspaper discussion is always going on; at every minute of every day it is occupying some minds; whereas the parliamentary discussion ceases during half the year, and half the day. The parliamentary discussion is localized, but the newspaper discussion is ubiquitous—no corner of the kingdom that it does not penetrate; and every man may take as much or as little of it as he pleases, and at the time when he finds it most convenient. This Parliament, in fact, is always sitting, and its strangers' gallery seats conveniently the whole nation. Much more of the same kind might be added, if it were necessary to show at length,

what in fact is obvious, that considered merely as a machinery for the investigation and discussion of political questions, the press far surpasses the Parliament. Parliamentary debates have, in fact, become little more than brief abstracts or recapitulations of the debates of the press. Parliament has a province of its own, and does for us much that the press could not do; but its special province is no longer that of discussion.

Besides being a machinery for that discussion out of which public opinion springs, the press is also a machinery for giving public opinion, when it is formed, that expression which makes it a power. Administrators directing special departments with special knowledge may despise the Press even while they fear it, and may count its interference merely mischievous and unreasonable; but where no special knowledge is required, and the question is not of detail, but of the general scope and tendency of measures, the Press speaks the word which, under the present *régime*, is authoritative. I am afraid of wearying my readers by repeating what is so well known. What is more to the point here is to remark how recently public opinion has gained the use of this speaking-trumpet, and how helpless it was in the last century, with its dumb Toryism in the presence of its Whig rulers.

But as a machinery for discussion, and as an organ of expression, the Press is not the only nor always the most efficient instrument of public opinion. The characteristic function of the Press is to furnish it with information. Without constant and good information about what is going on, we cannot conceive a ruler. In past times public opinion was only in any sense a ruler in communities that were collected in single towns, like Athens or Florence—communities, that is, that were always within reach of the latest information, and that were actual eye-witnesses of the most public proceedings. In the first French Revolution public opinion could not have exerted the power it did, had it not been concentrated in Paris—gained its information in Paris, formed its determinations in Paris, and from Paris dictated to France. As accessibility of information is the common characteristic of all popular governments, so in despotisms there is always a profound general ignorance of public affairs. “*Inscitia reipub-*

licæ tanquam alienæ” is the token by which a despotically ruled community may be known. Now, this mark was to be found upon England in the last century, and the consequence was that in the midst of free institutions public opinion was powerless. It was powerless from its ignorance, and that arose from the mere want of the machinery necessary for conveying knowledge to it. Except in London, there could be no prompt intelligence of public affairs. News—except it were such news as the Pretender’s march to Derby—travelled so slowly, that had public opinion been then accustomed to express itself, it would have been constantly too late. And what is more important, the kind of news which for this purpose is most necessary was not accessible at all. It is by the habit of reading the parliamentary debates that the English public acquire a control over Parliament. If the publicity of these debates were taken away, the newspapers remaining in all other respects the same, it is probable that the empire of public opinion would be at an end. In the times, then, when the debates were not yet regularly reported, or were imperfectly reported, so that you did not know whether you were reading the words of Pulteney or those of the reporter, Samuel Johnson, or so that they were kept back till the end of the session in order that the editor or printer might escape the vengeance of the House,—in such times what control could public opinion exercise over statesmen? Now, the leading politicians are to every one among us like intimate acquaintances; we know the course they have taken in a multitude of cases; we can quote what they said on this occasion and on that; and therefore, in speaking, they too learn to consider the nation as listening, and cannot help acquiring that deference for the whole nation that a speaker who hopes to be successful must always feel for his audience. We know our statesmen now as well as the Athenian theatre knew the face of Cleon, as familiarly as the Roman forum knew the features of old Cato; but the Pelhams and Butes of the last century must have been personages as unknown to the mass of the nation as a Kaunitz or a Metternich to the Austrian peasantry.

So much has been done by the spread

of journalism alone. But all this might leave public opinion still a somewhat passive thing, however enlightened. To read the newspaper makes no demand upon the will and the active energies. Men might read of public affairs and become well acquainted with them, and yet from the habit of inaction might not be induced to interfere energetically in them, or their discontent might evaporate in unregarded newspaper complaints. Free and abundant newspapers have perhaps never yet existed where public opinion was not sovereign; but then they have hitherto always been accompanied by certain other things, from which if they could be separated, it seems conceivable that they might be reconciled with despotism or with class government. In England, at the same time that the Press began to make a business of reporting the parliamentary debates, and began to acquire courage to comment freely on public affairs, public opinion possessed itself of another great organ. This new organ is complex; its potency is derived from the union of two things, which, separately, would have been feeble; just as the steam locomotive and the railroad could have done little separately, but combined have changed the face of the globe. What answer in this case to the locomotive and the railroad are political leagues and public meetings. It was about 1770, the date I have already had to refer to, that societies were for the first time organized for the purpose of promulgating particular views on public questions; in other words, for influencing and modifying public opinion. Had such societies confined themselves to the old methods, they would perhaps never have found out how much they were capable of achieving. But about the same date the political meeting, that institution so native to England, that the French have adopted the word “meeting” into their language, began to be common. This, too, by itself, was no great political invention. The speeches delivered at such meetings are commonly not half so good as the leading articles of those newspapers that are in the hands of every one, while to hear them it is necessary to struggle with a hot and disagreeable crowd. But it was gradually discovered that there was a particular crisis in the discussion of political questions; the moment when literary discussion is over,

when in argument nothing more remains to be done, when every one is convinced that is open to conviction, and when the question is of transferring the matter from the ground of speculation to that of action; at this moment it was found that there was something more potent than the Press, and that it consisted in a combination of the principles of the league and the meeting. So long as facts and arguments have to be collected, so long as able, sincere, and thoroughly disinterested opposition has to be overcome, so long there is work for the Press; but when this time has passed away, when there is nothing to be said but what has been said over and over again, and when the opposition has become hollow, or obstinate, or ignorant, or merely interested, then the Press gives place to an engine suited to the particular case. A league appears which works by public meetings. All over the country these meetings are called. Addresses are delivered which are not like essays, nor like leaders, nor like parliamentary speeches, but like general orders in a camp or the military cohortations of a Roman imperator. These addresses presume immediate action; and to heighten the impression, they are not published, but spoken by the living voice, and men are called upon to be present on a given spot at a given time to hear them. There men assemble, and there they hoot and stamp. It is disagreeable, but so is all making and forging of things that are to endure wear and tear; and in the midst of that heat, and by means of all that hooting and stamping, shapeless opinions are hammered into definite measures, and thoughts are forged into substantial facts.

If the characteristic political *acts* of this period are, as I pointed out, acts abolishing monopolies, this is the *mode of action* which most remarkably characterizes it. The great meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League in Covent Garden Theatre, or those meetings of the Reform League, which are still fresh in all our memories, may have seemed to many, even of those who sympathized with the promoters of them, not edifying, not delightful. Perhaps they were not, but they were more characteristic of the time than most gatherings we have witnessed. An Englishman of the seventeenth century, could he return, would be interested and

astonished by few things so much; and a future poet who may live in a different age, when—shall we say?—the reign of public opinion is over, and some other power—can we fancy it?—is enthroned,—a future poet, writing a poem about this age, would seize instinctively upon such incidents. He would feel instinctively that in these public meetings he had the truest image of government, such as it was, in the period he was describing; that in painting them he could paint the age itself; and doubtless he will paint them with such an exquisite choice of words, and in such delightful numbers, that everything about them that was vulgar and unpleasant shall disappear, so that the youths and maidens of that future time shall learn the passage by heart, shall repeat it to themselves in solitary walks, and shall say, “Oh, to have lived in those times! Oh, to have been present at the breaking of those Park railings!”

These leagues may be considered as a kind of occasional system of government set up for a particular purpose beside the permanent government of the country. Not satisfied with its assembly at Westminster, public opinion creates new deliberative assemblies all over the country to debate a particular question. The public meetings are like a rival parliament, and the leaders of the league are like a rival ministry. Cobden was Peel's rival in the government of the country, but his authority extended only to one measure; he was dictator for the purpose of repealing the Corn Laws. Equipped, then, with this wonderful apparatus of occasional parliaments communicating with the Parliament proper, not only by the published reports of their proceedings, but also by the mechanism of petitions (which also received a great extension during the same period), and at the same time possessing a free press of unrivalled activity and variety, what a power has public opinion now become! How changed must needs be the condition of the country in which such a power had grown up! Politics must indeed be different now from what they were when they were the secret of a few hundred gentlemen who debated without reporters at St. Stephen's, and when a placid agricultural population never concerned themselves with them, but when they were afraid of a new tax, and then had

no means of expressing their discontent, but riot.

When, then, the question presents itself of the causes which have given to the present age its peculiar character, which have made it so much more revolutionary and agitated than the last, we might be contented to remember this new power, and that at the moment when the pressure of the war-time was removed it began for the first time to play freely upon public affairs. The coincidence of dates is evidently pretty exact. But it is easy to bring the two things into much closer connection, and to show in detail how the power of organized public opinion actually intervened and decided the course of things. I fixed the beginning of the present period in the year '29. What was it that made that year so memorable? It was the capitulation of the Government of the country to a popular clamor. Now such a capitulation was nothing new in itself. Walpole had yielded to a popular clamor a century before. But there was all the difference in the world in the manner and occasion of the surrender. What he yielded was nothing fundamental; he simply withdrew an unpopular financial scheme. What he yielded to was a confused and senseless outcry. The concession of 1829 surrendered the fundamental principle of the Tory *régime*. It was a concession that evidently carried with it a whole series of other concessions, a concession that was felt everywhere to be equivalent to a revolution in government. Walpole conceded one point that he might retain the substance of his power; the Wellington Ministry surrendered the substance of its power and retained only the shadow. This it did while still in secure possession of a parliamentary majority. What could make it attach so much importance to a popular feeling, a feeling, moreover, which was strictly confined to one part of the empire? The answer is, that the public opinion against which they struggled was organized. Being organized, it had a respectable and reasonable character, which had been wanting to the popular movements of the last century. Without being less vehement and impassioned, it was rational in argument and prudent in behavior. It was no mob, but a disciplined popular army, not to be intimidated, and not likely

to abandon its purpose. And how was it organized? This was a case in which the Press could not do much, for controversy on the Catholic claims was pretty well exhausted. A league was wanted. The Catholic Association came into existence; O'Connell was its prime minister; its parliaments were held all over Ireland. Opposed to the constitution of the empire stood now the extemporized constitution of Irish public opinion. The new power, which had been growing up ever since 1770, stood confronting the old powers of Government. A duel between them began. Those old powers had every inducement to fight well; they had a great party at their back, and, if there was danger of war, a great general at their head; the principles of their party were at stake, nay, the dignity of Government itself, which, it might be considered, was lost if Parliament so openly acknowledged a master.

In these circumstances, the surrender of government, made not in panic or haste, but with deliberation and under a sense of duty, becomes one of the most pregnant and memorable acts of modern times. It was an act of abdication, and an irrevocable one. It was the reluctant but still decided recognition of a power in the State superior to all the powers recognized by law. This power of public opinion had been treated, by the immemorial custom of statesmen and philosophers, as a thing to be controlled and chastised. Nor did the ministry that now crowned it for a moment think that it deserved to reign in right of any competence or wisdom that it possessed. But they found it necessary to treat it as sovereign, however capricious, and as not to be disobeyed even when least to be respected. The results of the great surrender I do not undertake here to reckon up or measure. I am concerned only with one result of it, which was inevitable. It was inevitable that public opinion, thus installed as sovereign, and possessed of such a powerful organization, should for a time at least have everything its own way. It was easy to foresee that a time was opening of government by public opinion, a time when Parliament would in a measure fall into the background, and the outside organization—that is, the Press in quiet seasons, and at every crisis the machinery of leagues and public meetings

—would have an exceptional and almost tyrannous power.

I need not stop to demonstrate at any length that all this has taken place. We know well that in the present age the newspaper has had a far greater power than it ever had before. Journalism attracted far more ability than in former times. The higher style of journalism became now easy to a multitude of pens. As the smoothness of versification, that was once the secret of Pope, has passed long since within the reach of every schoolboy, so every clever journalist has now mustered the terseness and point that made the celebrity of Junius. Historians will have to recognize the ascendancy of the *Times* newspaper, during the greater part of this period, as one of the most important phenomena of the age. They will also have to note that in the later part of the period journalism made a further progress, and added to the trenchant vigor and polish of its higher style a richness of knowledge and thought that would have seemed recklessly wasted had it been spent upon forming the influential public opinion of earlier times. Still less necessary can it be to detain you by describing the vigor and authority with which leagues have acted at every critical moment since their first victory in Catholic Emancipation. The Anti-Corn Law League had the same success as the Catholic Association, and it exhibited all the same features. Its achievement was in one respect greater. O'Connell had appealed almost entirely to the feelings. It was no new thing for a great orator to rouse and stir the hearts of multitudes, though the prodigious extent of O'Connell's influence was a new thing. But it could hardly have been guessed beforehand that the machinery of popular agitation could have been adapted to the purpose of teaching political economy, and that the Government could have been brought to confess itself not intimidated, not merely induced to change its course, but actually convinced and converted by the arguments addressed to excited mobs. Since the success of that movement, agitation has been less energetic only because its power is less resisted. Parliament has become so obsequious that agitation need no longer be violent. Public opinion is now so confident of its power that it contents itself with silently point-

ing a finger, or with dropping a few tranquil words, where before it declaimed and denounced with vehement excitement.

Nothing can be more evident than the cause of the great changes that characterize the present age. We see a power growing up that was unknown to the last century, and we can distinctly see this power at its work. The great monopolies that have fallen in the last forty years have fallen by the visible stroke of organized public opinion. It remains to show why this particular power should occupy itself with this particular kind of work. No one, perhaps, could have foreseen that the result of elevating public opinion to supreme power would have been precisely this. We should not have predicted that the new *régime* would leave many evils untouched, would be singularly inert and negligent in many departments of reform, but would work with persistent relish and enjoyment in the abolition of monopolies.

I shall endeavor to give some explanation of this in my next lecture. I will close the present by considering the great change in the character of political parties that has been produced by the introduction of the *régime* of public opinion.

Deliberation of whatever kind, and conducted under whatever conditions, has for its first results the formation of parties. When a multitude of individuals for the first time compare their opinions, it will be discovered that though, perhaps, no two precisely agree, yet the types of opinion are not more than two or three. Like instinctively aggregates itself to like, and in doing so becomes more like. Minor differences disappear, and general agreement becomes complete agreement. As the passing of chaos into cosmos is described by the words, "God divided the light from the darkness," so in the political world mere confusion and isolation begin to pass into order through a great sundering or division. Now that organization of public opinion, which I have described, was equivalent to the creation of a new and universal Deliberative Assembly. It was as if the people of England, who before had lived apart from one another, each man with his own political views, which he compared but very seldom and imperfectly with those of his neighbors, had been called to a great

National Parliament, which was always sitting, and of which he became a life member. Instantly there would begin a great sorting and comparing of opinions, and it would have been strange if a great party division had not been the result. But then there existed already a great party division. Long before public opinion had begun to organize itself in the way I have described, the nation was divided, and every man called himself Whig or Tory. Was it, then, to be expected that any new parties would now form themselves? Would not rather the old party contest still continue, though perhaps with increased animation?

Yes, if the old division was a genuine and real one, and if it accurately expressed the two leading types of opinion that existed in the nation. But I believe that it was no real division in the nation, but merely a faint reflection in the nation of a division which belonged properly to Parliament. I believe there is this great difference between the old *régime* and the new one—that in the latter parties spring up in the nation, and gradually make their way into Parliament; whereas in the former they formed themselves in Parliament itself, and had a kind of faint reflection out of doors. This, indeed, is only natural, if we consider party division as arising out of discussion and debate; for, in the old time, the only arena of political debate, and therefore the natural place for party divisions to show themselves in, was Parliament; whereas now discussion, as I have said before, is much more abundant and more thorough outside the walls of Parliament than inside. At any rate, what we observe is, that under the new *régime* there springs up a party division which is not identical with the old one, though at the same time it has a certain analogy with it.

Whigs and Tories were both alike, properly speaking, Conservative. Both alike stood upon the Constitution; both alike sought to support their cause by precedents. The Whigs searched in our history for precedents limiting authority; the Tories, for precedents of a contrary kind. The notion of changing or improving the Constitution was repugnant to both parties alike, and to resist such a notion as soon as it was broached the Whig Burke instantly forgot his quarrel with the Tories.

It may seem strange that constitutional change should have had no partisans, no advocates at all; that politicians, who agreed in nothing else, should have been unanimous in wishing to maintain the Constitution. But this is not unnatural if the Whigs and Tories were rather parliamentary than national parties. If we hold that public opinion was a mere languid acquiescence in one or other parliamentary doctrine, and then remember how Parliament was composed, we shall not be surprised to find that Conservatism was universal. For, by religious exclusions and by the system of nomination-boroughs, Parliament was confined to a class which must necessarily be Conservative. Whatever discontent there might be in the country could not find its way into a Parliament returned by the very class against which discontent was most likely to be directed.

Again, Whiggism was, no more than Toryism, a popular scheme of politics. I speak of Whiggism proper, not of Whiggism as it became in the hands of Charles Fox. And I do not mean to affirm with some writers that Whiggism was an anti-popular system—a system of oligarchical narrowness. Some Whigs were oligarchically disposed, as Sunderland; and some popularly, as Chatham. The rational deduction from this is that their system was one in which the relation of the Government to the people was left an open question. And this is the truth. Whiggism is a doctrine about the relation of the nation to the Crown. It limits the royal prerogative, and because, in England, the Crown had found its main support in the the Church, it is jealous of the Church. But about the people it has no doctrine at all, and every shade of opinion, from the oligarchy of Sunderland to the democracy of Charles Fox, is consistent with it, though in the hands of the latter the accidental appendage to the doctrine began to obscure the doctrine itself.

Such was our old party arrangement. The political world was dominated by two parliamentary factions, both essentially aristocratical and essentially conservative, both entirely alien from the people, but the one under the dominion of Church traditions of loyalty and obedience to the Crown, the other possessed with classical maxims of liberty. The nation outside

ranged itself with one or the other parliamentary party, having as yet no political consciousness, properly speaking, but swayed towards Toryism by the clergy, and towards Whiggism by the great towns and the Dissenting interest. Such an arrangement of things could not but be entirely altered when a political life was first created and then developed and educated in this hitherto torpid nation. When it, in its turn, felt the impulse to divide into parties, they were not Whigs and Tories. There were two good reasons for this. The first was that the old controversy of Whig and Tory was over and settled. The power of the Crown, which was the real bone of contention, had now been limited as the Whigs wished; and public opinion, when its reign began, was occupied with quite different questions. The other reason was, that the nation, when it took up politics, had not the same inducement that a privileged class sitting in an ancient hall and debating according to the precedents of centuries had to accept the Constitution as unalterable and sacred. The question of altering the Constitution, which under the old *régime* had been carefully suppressed, or, if sometimes actually debated, yet always debated under a disguise, was now pushed into the foreground by one large party, and not rejected from consideration by a still larger one. The general result is, first, that whereas the name "Conservative" was before equally applicable to both sides, it has now become the name of one side; and, secondly, the old quarrel with the Crown being at an end, and the notion of altering the Constitution to suit some ideal of national well-being having been admitted into politics, there has sprung into existence a great party of Reform.

Such a change seems simple and natural, and I believe it can be traced in history. But it has been somewhat obscured by the fact that the old parties were not content to pass out of date without a struggle. In particular the Whig party, which, though not a popular party, had more affinity for the popular movement than the Tories, could not watch in idleness that vast process of the organization of public opinion that I have described. To meet the new *régime* that it instinctively foresees, it modifies itself. There appears what we may call a Whiggism of

transition, the founder of which is Charles Fox. It is Whiggism inoculated with democracy and inspired by the French Revolution. It so happened that this new Whiggism, at the very beginning of its career, was met by that violent tide of reaction which put off for thirty years the era of Reform. Involved in this misfortune, it made matters worse by conceiving an admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte, and making common cause with that incarnation of evil. But as soon as the war-time was fairly left behind, the transformed Whigs emerged from their unpopularity. If we used these political epithets with any exactness, we should not call them Whigs any longer. Some of them had been Whigs, and most of them were the sons of Whigs, but their doctrine was different from Whiggism. It was a doctrine no longer about the Crown, but about that other power with which their forefathers had had little to do, viz. the people. It was the doctrine of the new national party of Liberals or Reformers that was forming, adopted by one of the old parliamentary parties in the moment of disappearing. Between the old Parliament at Westminster and the new universal parliament of public opinion, that had acquired by this time its vast organization, and was in the act of creating new parties and beginning a new conflict of opinion, the transformed Whigs built a bridge. They prevented the two organizations from becoming permanently hostile; they introduced the new party division into Parliament; they found a place and function for Parliament in the new *régime*; and they fixed the deliberative power of the nation in the form which it has retained throughout the present period. They became a sort of Upper House in the new National Parliament. A voice in Parliament we all have now, if we consider it; for there must be few of us who cannot command occasionally the space of six lines in the corner of some newspaper, and how many of us have a right to greater prominence than that in the national debate? We have all been admitted to the National Parliament, but there in an inner chamber in which the old House of Commons still sits, revising, resuming, arbitrating, and deciding with responsibility. It is like nothing so much as Milton's Pandemonium. There, you remember, there was a spacious hall, freely open to the multitude.

It was so immensely spacious that it is compared to

"A covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Paynim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance."

This is the image of our free and swarming
Press. It is "brusht with the hiss of rus-
tling wings." It is so crowded that the in-
comers have to be miraculously diminished.
They are squeezed into small print and
mercilessly abridged by the magic wand of an

editor, and thus reduced they are "at large,
though without number still, amidst the
hall of that infernal court." But this is
not all. There is also an inner chamber
of deliberation, where there is more dig-
nity and more ceremony. The old histo-
ric Parliament still meets, and still pre-
serves its superiority:—

"Far within
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full."

St. Paul's.

A BALLAD OF ZUTPHEN FIGHT.

OCTOBER 2D, 1586.

(*Vide* Motley's "United Netherlands," ii., 44-57.)

I.

THE years were nine and twenty
Of our great Lady's reign,
When she bade us follow Leicester,
God knows we followed fain—
To help the Dutchmen break the yoke
Of the curséd Philip of Spain.

We numbered scarce six thousand—
Save Dutchmen—horse and foot;
But each had a heart to dare and a hand
Withal to strike or shoot;
And was well worth a brace of Spaniards,
And a Frenchman or two to boot.

No leader for us but Leicester,
Maugre the Jesuits' spite!
Little their babbling moved us
On whom the heartening sight
Of his hawk's face and his foamy beard
Gleamed i' the thick o' the fight.

No comrades dearer than Norris,
Gentle tho' grim as a pall;
Stern Willoughby, fiery Essex,
Will Russell brawny and tall,
And gallant Sir Philip Sidney,
The noblest knight o' them all.

We reaped good store of buffets
Skirmishing up and down:
By Axel's moat, at Doesberg's gates,
We won our laurel crown;
But we prize no victory like defeat,
By the walls of Zutphen town.

A pleasant place in peace-time
Is Zutphen town, I trow,
As it sleeps with its quaint red gables
Beside the Yssel's flow,
Where market-boats with broad white sails
Glide slowly to and fro.

But alack! what tumult and ruin
We wrought in the quiet land!
We planted a bridge o'er the river,
And a camp on either strand:
The ruddy orchards and golden ricks
We ravaged with axe and brand!

So making allies with Famine,
Our cannon blared at the wall;
And tidings came to Parma
That shrewdly stirred his gall,
How, stormed without and starved within,
Zutphen must surely fall.

Then thro' the land for victual
He foraged far and wide;
Loaded his wains, and summoned
His motley army's pride,
Spaniards, Epirotes, Lombards,
To march as a guard beside.

There came into our trenches
Two spies at close of day,
With tidings that the convoy
Ere then was on its way;
A thousand horse and foot, they swore,
Ill harnessed for a fray.

Then Leicester called black Norris—
"To-morrow, say the spies,
"The convoy halts at Warnesfeld:
Set on it at sunrise:
An ambush of five hundred strong
Will lightly snatch the prize."

Now God on the knaves take vengeance
Whose treachery made us mourn!
Had we deemed the odds twice trebled
They bade us laugh to scorn,
We had scarce let Sidney stake his life
For waggons of beef and corn!

* II.

In the chill October morning
The mists hung dense and gray,
As 'neath the red-leaved coverts
In ambuscade we lay,
Silent to catch the distant sound
Of the convoy on its way.

Three hundred marched with Stanley,
Their pikes with onset drest ;
Two hundred rode with Norris,
Swords drawn, and spears in rest :
Never a bolder company
Death to its bosom prest !

The convoy-sounds grow nearer,
Hoof-tramp and grinding wheel ;
When hark ! thro' the mists behind us
The clanging of friendly steel !
'Tis a score of our noblest gallants
Harnessed from head to heel !

Willoughby, Sidney, Essex ;
North, who with wounds unhealed,
Upleaping from his pallet
When our last trumpet pealed,
Now, "one boot on and one boot off,"
Rides gaily to the field.

Will Russell, Pelham, Audley,
With heroes of their kind,
Scenting the distant perfume
Of battle on the wind,
Jealous that Death should seek us first,
Disdain to stay behind !

Scarce have we given them greeting
When the mists clear away :
Full morning breaks on the convoy-lines
Marshalled in battle-array ;
And lo ! three thousand fighting men
Stand in our path to-day !

Nigh twenty deep in the vanguard
The Spanish bowmen stride ;
Behind with brandished lances
The wild Epirotes ride ;
And Lombard pikes and muskets gleam
The rolling wains beside.

Swart Bentivoglio's stature,
Del Vasto's haughty mien,
Crescia's begemmed tiara,
Gonzaga's broidered sheen ;
Power and splendour, steel and gold,
Flash in our marvelling eyne !

Marvelling, ay ! and fearing :
Down all our ranks in turn,
Each reads his neighbor's eye in fear
A faint heart to discern ;
Then, reassured, upon the foe
Settles content and stern.

Black Norris cries to Stanley,
"Henceforth let us forego
Our ancient feud and make one cause
Against our Sovereign's foe !"
Then Stanley, "If I fail thee now,
May God requite me so !"

"Strike for the Queen !" shouts Essex ;
"Forward for England's sake !"
A cry, a clatter of reins, a charge
That makes the stout earth quake ;
Then, all their dense lines rent in gaps,
The Spanish bowmen break.

Death in each drop, a torrent
The Lombard muskets rain,
But aye our stalwart pikemen
Their onward march sustain,
That we recoiling for bare breath
May lead the charge again.

Again we charge right forward,
Bearing down man and horse ;
Essex ahead with axe in grip,
Swayed by so dire a force,
You may trace his wake at every stroke
Marked by a Spanish corse.

Low in the fosse rolls Crescia,
Unhorsed by Willoughby's spear,
But rising to upyield his sword
Owneth nor shame nor fear,
Knowing that honor and life are safe
With an English cavalier.

Trailed in the dust to gleam no more
Is the broidery Gonzaga wears ;
Del Vasto's pride from a trooper's pike
A single sword-cut spares ;
No memory grimmer than to-day's
Grim Bentivoglio bears.

The might of English thews till now
Never a Spaniard wist ;
How Russell's arm like a millstone grinds
With steel and bone for grist ;
How deadly is the dexterous fence
Of Sidney's matchless wrist.

But banded onsets have no strength,
And single arms no weight,
To hold the convoy in its course
Forward to Zutphen's gate,
Whereat a fearful-famished crew
Its coming doth await.

Vainly in one last charge we try
To stem the battle's tide :
The surge of numbers still sweeps on . . .
Ah ! that we had not tried !
For England lost in that last charge
The marvel of her pride.

Sidney, as ever, first o' the van,
Latest to quit the field,
Struck by a gunshot on the limb
He had disclaimed to shield,
Lest one dear friend risk more than he,*
There from the saddle reeled.

Borne tentwards, he with lips aflame
For water, craved a draught ;
But halting where a trooper lay
Pierced with a Lombard shaft,
Bethought the wistful dying eyes
Reproached him ere he quaffed.

* Sir William Pelham : Vide Greville's *Me moir* of Sidney

"Thy need than mine is greater :
 "Drink, friend !" the hero said :
 Then having pledged his fellow in death,
 Passed onward where the bed
 Of pain awhile detained him. God
 Released him and he fled.

Thus did we lose at Zutphen
 Our bravest and our best ;
 But if against Spain and the Devil
 God on us lay his hest
 To spare a hundred Sidneys more,
 England will stand the test.

Macmillan's Magazine.

PORTRAITS AND MEMOIRS.

BY R. H. HORNE.

THE wanderer in far distant lands who looks out of his window upon strange people and strange scenes ; or, seated with his back to the trunk of a tree in the lonely wilderness, contemplates the thronging maze of trees and stems, till, dazed with the apparent sameness, his emotions and thoughts are driven back upon himself, ceases, in process of time, to compare these things with scenes in his native country, and gazes upon them for what they are in themselves, and with reference to his own isolated existence. Sometimes, when looking up at the stars, seen furtively through the ragged waving tops of lofty forest-trees, and also at times when standing in the shadow of some rock or other darkness, watching or waiting on a special duty, with his horse silently feeding round him at the length of an unbuckled bridle, the wanderer may say to himself, "What is the difference to me—what does the reality amount to—between this place and my far-off native land? Here, where I am standing in darkness, or amidst the imperfect light of midnight woods, might be some part of England ; and to-morrow morning I shall see my dearest friends." Yet how purely imaginary this is, for many of those friends have passed away. He will see them no more. The sense of personal identity misleads him ; "the mind is its own place," and yet the difference between an exile's dwelling and his native home may be that of the distance of half the world ! land or water—and, in many cases, it may be the yet greater difference and distance of a little narrow grave. Still, the vague idea of sameness, or of proximity, will occasionally present itself, and is in general a consoling influence.

But an equally remarkable phenome-

non becomes habitual with most of those who have been very long absent from their native land, viz. the loss of a true sense of the progress of time, and with it the loss of the anticipation or prevision of those changes, by age or by death, which must inevitably have occurred at home, no news of which, in so many instances, will have reached him. He has watched the sun and moon rise again and ever again, and recognized them as the same he delighted in at home ; but he has not foreseen the whitening of the hair of those he left in their youth, nor speculated with solemn inward tears upon the painful sunbeams across the grave-stone, and the cold moonlight and black shadows of the old village churchyard. He has never realized the effect of a dear familiar old room utterly metamorphosed by new furniture and strange pictures on the walls ; or, far more stinging to the nerves, the same furniture and general appearance without those with whom they were associated—the melancholy table, the vacant seat. Every time the door of the room is opened by somebody outside, what a disappointment to the instincts of the heart ! But he had not thought of that beforehand. Old walking-sticks, hats, umbrellas, old arm-chairs, how suggestive they are, how rife with the keenest emotions of personal associations and tender memories ; yet how little had they been anticipated. No wonder at this and other mental purlindness, when probably he was almost unconscious of the deep-trenched lines in his own face, and the iron-gray, or solemn snow-fall of his own hair.

How clearly and vividly, how minutely in all their circumstances and details do some persons we had formerly known, present themselves to the ima-

gination, as though not years and months, but scarcely weeks or days, had intervened. A fragile form is now before my mind's eye as distinctly as it was in reality more than twenty years ago! The slender figure is seated by a fire in the drawing-room of Mr. G. S., the publisher of a novel which had brought the authoress at one bound to the top of popular admiration. There has been a dinner-party, and all the literary men whom the lady had expressed a wish to meet, had been requested to respect the publisher's desire, and the lady's desire, that she should remain "unknown" as to her public position. Nobody was to know that this was the authoress of "Jane Eyre." She was simply Miss Brontë, on a visit to the family of her host. The dinner-party went off as gaily as could be expected where several people are afraid of each other without quite knowing why; and Miss Brontë sat very modestly and rather on her guard, but quietly taking the measure of *les monstres de talent*, who were talking and taking wine, and sometimes bantering each other. Once only she issued from her shell, with brightening looks, when somebody made a slightly disparaging remark concerning the Duke of Wellington, for whom Miss Brontë declared she had the highest admiration; and she appeared quite ready to do battle with one gentleman who smilingly suggested that perhaps it was "because the Duke was an Irishman."

Now it should be premised, that the writer of these papers had sent a presentation copy of a certain poem, addressed in complimentary, but very earnest terms, to the "Author of Jane Eyre,"—the lady whose *nom de plume* was "Currer Bell," and whose real name we were not to know. To this she had replied in a note, which concluded with these words:—

"How far the applause of critics has rewarded the author of 'Orion' I do not know; but I think the pleasure he enjoyed in its composition must have been a bounteous meed in itself. You could not, I imagine, have written that poem without at times deriving deep happiness from your work.

"With sincere thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me,

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"C. BELL."

On joining the ladies in the drawing-room, our host requested the writer to take a seat beside Miss Brontë. The moment he did so, she turned towards him with the most charming artlessness, exclaiming, "I was so much obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me your——" she checked herself with an inward start, having thus at once exploded her Currer-Bell secret, by identifying herself with the "Author of Jane Eyre." She looked embarrassed. "Ah, Miss Brontë," whispered the innocent cause of the not very serious misfortune; "you would never do for treasons and stratagems." She nodded acquiescently, but with a degree of vexation and self-reproach. Shortly after this, Mr. S., overhearing some conversation between us, which showed that the secret was "out," took an early opportunity of calling me aside, when he extended both hands, with an *et tu Brute* look, and began to complain of my breach of the general understanding. I of course explained what the lady had said, at the *naïveté* of which he was not a little astonished and amused.

A very gentle, brave, and noble-spirited woman was Charlotte Brontë. Fragile of form, and tremulous as an aspen leaf, she had an energy of mind and a heroism of character capable of real things in private life, as admirable as any of the fine delineations in her works of fiction. Nothing she has ever done seems to me more truthful, more magnanimous, and more touching than the brief preface she wrote to a new edition of her sister's novel of "Wuthering Heights." Emily was dead; her novel had not been appreciated; not well spoken of by the critics: not well received by the public; and mainly in consequence of frequent violations, in no instance of the reality of the characters she had so wonderfully portrayed in their time and place, but violations of the so-called "taste of the day," which does not permit country squires and others to swear in oaths with proper spelling, but only by a first and last letter—and a hushing-up dash, to mark the prudent author's disapproval of a profane tongue. There were also some other startling excrescences, but only as the excess of force in the reality of the pictures, all very pardonable in the first

work of a young author. "Wuthering Heights" is one of the most powerful novels ever written in the English language, or any other language. It did indeed deserve a better fate. Emily Brontë died without receiving any public recognition of her genius, and although the inward fangs of a fatal disease were doing their certain work, the world might perhaps have had another creation from that so potent spirit; and in any case the feeling of some public acknowledgment that she had not lived, and felt, and thought, and labored in vain, would have helped to smooth her death-pillow, and to have made the brief remaining period of her generous sister's own life more happy. With what earnest emotion does Charlotte Brontë strive in that preface to place her sister's fame beside, or above her own; with what noble yet almost tearful energy she seems to keep down her reproaches of the shallow judgment, the prudery, and want of perception; which had refused to admit Emily to her rightful place among writers of fiction! The ancient Romans used to set up a statue to "Success," and worshipped it as a god. What could the figure have been like, one wonders? Such a deity could not well be set up, admissibly and substantially as such, in modern times; but, O Discretion! how often do we notice that for want of thee, the best things may fail utterly, while, with thine aid, mediocrity in all shapes may become most prosperous.

But let us change the scene from London squares to the green lanes of Berkshire—its cottages, its gardens; and, above all, let us contemplate the abode of one who, not many years ago, was the presiding spirit of the scene.

There used to be, and there no doubt still is, if I had but the courage to go and look at it, a small, old-fashioned cottage at Three-mile Cross, near Reading, which stood in a garden close to the road. A strip of garden was on one side, a little bit of a pony-stable on the other, and the larger part of the garden at the back. It was a comfortable-looking, but still a real village cottage, with no town or suburb look whatever about it. Small lattice windows, below and above, with roses and jasmine creeping round them all, established its rural character; and there was a great buttress of a chimney rising from the

ground at the garden-strip side, which was completely covered with a very ancient and very fine apricot tree. There the birds delighted to sit and sing among the leaves, and build too, in several snug nooks, and there in early autumn the wasps used to bite and bore into the rich-ripe brown cracks of the largest apricots, and would issue forth in rage when any one of the sweetest of their property was brought down to the earth by the aid of a clothes prop, guided under the superintending instructions of a venerable little gentlewoman in a garden-bonnet and shawl, with silver hair, very bright hazel eyes, and a rose-red smiling countenance. Altogether, it was one of the brightest faces any one ever saw.

"Now, my dear friend," would she say, "if you will only attend to my advice, you will get that apricot up there, which is quite in perfection. I have had my eye upon it these last three weeks, wondering nobody stole it. The boys often get over into the garden before any of us are up. There now, collect all those leaves, if you will be so good—and those too—and lay them all in a heap just underneath, so that the apricot may fall upon them. If you don't do that, it will burst open with a thump. There! now push the prop up slowly, so as to break the apricot from the stalk, and when it is down, do not be in too great a hurry to take it up, as it's sure to have a good large wasp or two inside. Wasps are capital judges of ripe wall-fruit, as my dear father used to say. A little lower with the prop!—more to the left—now just push the prong upwards, and gently lift—again—down it comes! Mind the wasps!—three, four—mind!—perhaps that's not all—five!—I told you so!"

"How angry they are!"

"Not more, my dear friend, than you and I would have been under similar circumstances."

I had not known Miss Mitford very long at this time; but it was her habit to address all those with whom she was on intimate terms, by some affectionate expression. For several years, however, I used to pay a visit of a week or ten days to Miss Mitford's cottage during the strawberry season, and again during the middle of summer, when her show of geraniums (she resisted all new nomenclatures) was at its height, and sometimes later, when the wonderful old fruit-trees just retained some

half-dozen of their choicest treasures. It would be impossible for any engraving or photograph, however excellent as to features, to convey a true likeness of Mary Russell Mitford. During one of these visits, Miss Charlotte Cushman was also staying at the cottage, and exclaimed, the first time Miss Mitford left the room, "What a bright face it is!" This effect of summer brightness all over the countenance was quite remarkable. A floral flush overspread the whole face, which seemed to carry its own light with it, for it was the same indoors as out. The silver hair shone, the forehead shone, the cheeks shone, and, above all, the eyes shone. The expression was entirely genial, cognoscitive, beneficent. The outline of the face was an oblate round, of no very marked significance beyond that of an apple, or other rural "characters;" in fact, it was very like a rosy apple in the sun. Always excepting the forehead and chin. The forehead was not only massive, but built in a way that sculpture only could adequately delineate. Mrs. Browning (at that time Miss Elizabeth Barrett), in a note to a friend concerning Miss Mitford, described her forehead as of the ancient Greek type, and compared it to her idea of *Akinetos*, or the Great Unmoved,* although we may doubt whether the amiable authoress of "Our Village" would have felt very much pleased or complimented by the unexpected comparison. Howbeit, this brain-structure accounted to me for the fact that Miss Mitford's conversation was often very superior to anything in her books. Having on one occasion suggested this, she said, smiling: "Well, you see, my dear friend, we must take the world as we find it, and it doesn't do to say to everybody, all that you would say to one, here and there." And presently afterwards, when alluding to several persons, without mentioning any names, for she was a very politic lady of the old school, Miss Mitford added: "One has to think twice before speaking once, in order to come down to them; like talking to children."

This build of head, and strong oblate outline of head and face, will go far to explain the strength of character displayed by Miss Mitford during the early and most trying periods of her life with her extravagant and selfish father. It may also equally

account for her general composure and presence of mind, both on great occasions and others, trifling enough to talk and write about, but of a kind to test the nerves of most ladies. For instance, in driving Miss Mitford one day in her little pony-chaise on a morning visit, she so rivetted my attention on the special point of a story, that I allowed one wheel to run in a little dry ditch at the roadside, and the pony-chaise must have course have turned over, but that we were "brought up" by the hedge. "Hillo! my dear friend!" said Miss Mitford; "we must get out." We did so; the little trap was at once put on its proper course, and without one word of comment, the bright-faced old lady took up the thread of her story.

Her favorite seat in the cottage, in the garden, and in the large greenhouse where she received visitors during the "strawberry season" (her usual definition of certain months), I have not revisited, and had better never do so. What people fondly call "a melancholy pleasure," is very intelligible, very expressive, and certainly very English. Without being addicted to deep sentiment like our cousin Germans, we certainly are very fond of courting gloom and sadness, not only in the performance of funerals, but in seeking sights and associations which are anything but a pleasure. Surely it is the best philosophy to avoid them. But no doubt I shall go there some day.

My first acquaintance with the authoress of "Our Village" was by a note from Miss Barrett (whom I only knew by literary correspondence, and had never seen), both so much regarded in private and in public, and now so lamented. This note enclosed one from Miss Mitford, expressing a wish to have a dramatic sketch for some annual, or other ornamental thing, she found it her interest, but no particular pleasure, to edit. That occasion was my first introduction to Miss Mitford; and my first to the learned and accomplished poetess—the greatest lyric poetess the world has ever known—was by a note from Mrs. O., enclosing one from the young lady, containing a short poem, with the modest request to be frankly told whether it might be ranked as poetry, or merely verses. As there could be no doubt in the recipient's mind on that point, the poem was forwarded to *Colburn's New Monthly*, edited at that time by Mr. Bulwer (now Lord Lyt-

* In Mr. Horne's poem of "Orion."—ED.

ton), where it duly appeared in the current number. The next manuscript sent to me, was "The Dead Pan," and the poetess at once started on her bright and noble career.

It may be generally understood that this equally gifted and accomplished lady, having been for years confined to her rooms, like an exotic plant in a greenhouse, being considered in constant danger of rapid decline, occupied her time, not only in the arduous study of poetry, but in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She was also well acquainted with all the greatest authors of France and Italy, in the original, and, ostensibly, with the poetry of the Portuguese. But it is not so generally known, and perhaps very little known, that she was a most assiduous reader of English literature and conversant equally with the earliest authors, and the best of those of our own day. Her criticisms in the *Athenæum*, and in her private letters, are exquisite; discriminating and applauding all the power and beauty; lenient to errors and shortcomings, and rich with imaginative illustrations. She had a subtle instinct as to character, the more remarkable considering her years of seclusion from the world. But these things can only be known to the very few who enjoyed the privilege of being in her society, or ranking among her correspondents. In the opinion of some of them nobody ever wrote such letters and notes, not even the most celebrated of the lady letter-writers handed down for the world's admiration. The general knowledge, the varied learning and reading, the fine taste, and the noble heart and mind, were only to be surpassed, if that could be, by her utter simplicity and charming colloquial carelessness. Of course no single letter would display all these qualities, but it would be difficult to produce half-a-dozen which did not.

Having only occasionally had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Jameson, the writer would have felt diffident in venturing to bring her upon the scene. Fortunately this can be referred to a better hand, Mrs. Jameson having visited Miss Barrett during her period of seclusion. The date of the following letter appears to be December 3, 1844:—

for I do long to hear what is called now-a-days the 'real mesmeric truth.' 'Οτοτοτοί—in English we have nothing complaining enough, though we are said, here in England, to have the spirit of grumbling. . . .

"Since I wrote last I have seen Miss Mitford again, and I have lately received her promise of an early visit. That is, she will come as she did before, for what poor L. E. L. used to call the 'super-felicity of talking,' and stay with me from noon-tide to seven o'clock P.M. Also I have seen Mrs. Jameson, . . . and she overcame at last by sending a note to me from the next house—51, W—St. Do you know her? She did not exactly reflect my idea of Mrs. Jameson. And yet it would be both untrue and ungrateful to tell you that she disappointed me. In fact she agreeably surprised me in one respect—for I had been told that she was *pedantic*, and I found her as unassuming as a woman need be—both unassuming and natural. The tone of her conversation, however, is rather analytical and critical than spontaneous and impulsive—and for this reason she appears to me a less charming companion than our friend of Three-mile Cross, who 'wears her heart upon her sleeve,' and shakes out its perfumes at every moment. She—Mrs. Jameson—is keen and calm, and reflective. She has a very light complexion—pale, lucid eyes—thin colorless lips, fit for incisive meanings—a nose and chin projective without breadth. She was here nearly an hour, and though on a first visit, I could perceive that a vague thought, or expression, she would not permit to pass either from my lips or her own. Yet nothing could be greater than her kindness to me, and I already think of her as of a friend.

"Miss Martineau is astounding the world with mesmeric statements through the *medium* of the *Athenæum*—and yet, it happens so, that I believe few converts will be made by her. The medical men have taken up her glove brutally—as dogs might do—dogs, exclusive of my Flush, who is a gentleman.

"Well, have you received my poems? In the 'Pan' you will observe that I accepted certain of your suggestions, and neglected others—neglected some, because I did not agree with you, and some because I could not follow my own wishes. In fact, or rather by fantasy, that poem seemed to me to belong to Mr. Kenyon. In various manners, past describing, he has lavished so much interest and kindness on it, and on me through it, that he seemed to me to have all the rights of adoption. He wanted various things altered, which I altered for the most part. Here and there, however, I was obliged to resist—though not without pain. And when I proposed having the Greek names (on which point I do altogether in my inward soul agree with you), he spurned the idea of turn-

"Not a sound—not a sign! . . . Tell me,

ing Jove into Zeus, and I had not the courage to stand by my arms.

"... The volumes are succeeding past any expectation or hope of mine. *Blackwood's* high help was much, and *Tait's* not unavailing. Then I continue to have letters of the kindest, from unknown readers. I had a letter yesterday from the remote region of Gutter-lane, beginning, "I thank thee!"... The American publisher has printed fifteen hundred copies. If I am a means of ultimate loss to him, I shall sit in sackcloth. . . ."

Here follows a bit of admirable criticism on Leigh Hunt (and incidentally on Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Milton), which Leigh Hunt himself, had he read it, would have been generous enough to forgive; and he would also have been wise enough to turn again to the pages of the great writers in question, in order to reconsider some of his previous objections. What is remarked, however, of the dead silence observed by modern poets concerning each other, as though no others even existed, would be almost as inapplicable to Leigh Hunt as to Ben Jonson.

"I have not heard a word from Leigh Hunt. . . . I am grateful enough to him as it is, having, in addition to all former causes of gratitude, the present delight of reading his new critical work upon poetry. The most delightful and genial of poetical critics he is assuredly. Not that I always agree with him. I have it in my head, for instance, that he knows Ben Jonson somewhat superficially,—and underrates his lyrics immensely* and accepts the popular prejudice about his "jealousy," etc., even blindly. Is there a poet of England, new or old, who has written so much praise of his contemporaries as Ben Jonson? I know not. Does that fact prove jealousy in him? I infer not. Then, Beaumont and Fletcher he is niggardly in selections from, and for a reason I do not admit, for he says that it is impossible to quote a passage longer than a very short one, without falling upon matter of offence. Respectfully I abjure the reasonableness of such a reason. Then, again, I seriously am of opinion that even if he rejects, . . . he might, out of the broad sympathy of a poet's heart, have had patience with Milton's divinity, as another form of mythology. There may be sectarianism in the very cutting off of sectarianism. I am sorry (very) for some things said, and some things left unsaid, in the paper on Milton—for instance, the omis-

sion of one of the very noblest odes in the English language (that on the Nativity), because—it is not on the birth of Bacchus! Objections like these apart, the book is, however, a beautiful book, and will be a companion to me for the rest of my life. My brother George gave it to me as the most acceptable gift in the world. Talking of books of poetry, tell me the name of the poem you are writing. My American friends ask about your "Gregory," "Cosmo," "Marlow," and want to naturalize them a little more.

"Mr. Tennyson is quite well again, I understand. Wordsworth is in a fever about the railroad which people are going to drive through the middle of the Lake School. So excited was he, that his wife persuaded him to go from home for a time, and *compose* his mind. He went, like an obedient husband—but he has come back again with ten fevers instead of one—and the time of his absence hespent in canvassing for Members of Parliament who would not say "aye" to it. Fifty have promised, he says, to protect him—although Monckton Milnes, having caught corruption from the Utilitarians, dares to oppose the master-poet front to front, and sonnet to sonnet. Mr. Browning has not returned to England yet.

"And then I hear that Carlyle won't believe in Mesmerism, and calls Harriet Martineau *mad*. "The madness showed itself first in the refusal of the pension—next, in the resolution that, the universe being desirous of reading her letters, the universe should be disappointed—and thirdly, in this creed of Mesmerism." I wish (if he ever did use such words) somebody would tell him that the first manifestation, at least, was of a noble phrenzy, which in these latter days is not too likely to prove contagious. For my own part, I am not afraid to say that I almost believe in Mesmerism, and quite believe in Harriet Martineau.

"May God bless you, my dear friend. Take care of yourself, and be very happy.
"E. B. BARRETT."

The foregoing—with the exception of some passages of literary sympathy, which the present writer frankly expresses his regret at omitting—was the substance of a single letter, sent to Germany, addressed to one whom the poetess had never seen; who was unlikely ever to see, and whom the lady never did see till after her return from Florence as the wife of his early friend. So far as one isolated letter can serve in illustration of the opinion expressed of the scope and style of epistolary composition (which, indeed, was no conscious composition at all, but obviously no more than easy intellectual

* The above was written before Leigh Hunt had published all his remarks on Ben Jonson.

impulse, natural grace, and richness of mind), the above, it is submitted, may be accepted by the highest class of readers.

With the delightful essayist and poetical critic, Leigh Hunt, my first acquaintance commenced when W. J. Fox, the late M.P. for Oldham, having become actively engaged in political life, wished to make over the proprietorship of his *Monthly Repository* to somebody of position, who would carry forward those principles of mental freedom, of reform, and of science, literature, and art, of which, with the assistance of Mr. John Mill, Miss Martineau, Dr. Southwood Smith, &c. &c., it had for years been one of the very foremost champions. More especially Mr. Fox was anxious to disentangle it entirely from the Unitarian connection, of which it had originally been the leading organ. With this view, the editorship had been undertaken by the present writer, and the magazine had been carried on during six months, when it was found that the odor of unsanctified sectarianism was still supposed to cling to it, because it had once been the chief organ of that class of Dissenters. Sitting in oecumenical council, so far as our friend W. J. Fox and his four or five literary bishops could represent the world in question, it was determined to offer the magazine as a free gift to Leigh Hunt. It was eventually accepted jointly, at his wish, by Mr. Reynell, the printer of the *Examiner*, and himself, in the following little note, dated from Chelsea :—

“DEAR HORNE,

“Though your letter seems intended for Mr. Reynell, yet, as the envelope is addressed to myself, I choose to pretend I have a right to answer it, in order that I may express my thanks as quickly as possible for the frank and liberal manner in which you and your friends have met our wishes ; and to say how happy we shall be, for our sakes as well as yours and theirs, to show all the sense that becomes us, of your own.

Your obliged and faithful Servant,

“LEIGH HUNT,”

Under such auspices there surely was every reason to anticipate that the *Monthly Repository* would be, at last, cut clean away from all imaginary remains of sectarianism. Leigh Hunt started it with all his usual vivacity and pleasure on commencing anything of a novel kind. He quite disported himself as in “fresh woods

and pastures new.” Excepting Mr. Fox, whose absence was deemed politic, most of the principal contributors on the staff of the previous editorship joined Leigh Hunt. Landor sent him contributions, Carlyle did something ; Robert Bell, Thomas Wade, Egerton Webbe, and, if I recollect rightly, Mrs. Jameson, Robert Browning, Miss Martineau, and others. It flourished for a season ; but so absorbent and reticent is public opinion, that this always valiant, intellectual, and energetic pioneer of most of the leading ideas and principles of progression in our present day, having once been—in the memory of “the oldest inhabitant”—the chief organ of a dissenting sect—that early fact still hovered and vapored round it with a smothering atmosphere, and finally poor Leigh Hunt discovered that it was “labor in vain,” and so the brave little *Repository* died in his editorial arms : about as happy and honorable an end as it could have had.

It is remarkable that so many literary men and women, more perhaps than any other class, give no dates to their letters and notes, or only imperfect dates, such as the month, or the day of the week. Hundreds are in my possession, to which the probable date can only be given from circumstances mentioned in them, because the post-marks on the envelopes are generally illegible. Here is one from Leigh Hunt, which, of course, refers to the production of his beautiful and stage-neglected play of “The Legend of Florence.” What a delightful state of excitement he is in !—

“Friday, October 18.

“MY DEAR HORNE,

“The deed is done ! and the play accepted ! I received your letter the evening before last, and should have written yesterday morning, but was whirled off in an unusual hurry to read my play at 12 o'clock, having had notice to that effect on Monday last, from Mrs. Orger, who at the same time said so many things about the difficulty of ever *herself* being present at the reading, of its being contrary to ‘etiquette,’ &c., and of her doubting whether she should be able to muster up courage enough to ask permission, that I was beaten off my intention to speak about your own kind offer. I was sorry for this when too late, as I thought I perceived I could have managed it easily enough.—The reading, I must say (‘burning blushes’ apart), was received with ac-

clamation, and all sorts of the kindest expressions, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mrs. Orger, Mr. Robertson (treasurer, an old friend), Bartley, stage manager, and Planché (I believe, reader), and the performance is to follow Knowles's, in the thick of the season. So I hope us other dramatizing men will be 'looking up.'—I will take my chance of finding you in a few days.

"Mrs. Hunt's very best remembrances. Love of both to Miss P——, 'Mary,' I mean; also to Margaret, if you see her before I do. Receive again the thanks of yours ever most truly,
"L. H."

Something very much to Leigh Hunt's honor is not, I think, generally known; perhaps very few ever heard of it. "Now, Hunt," said Madame Vestris, with a smiling but earnest look, "if you will change the movement and close of the last act, it will be far more popular and profitable."

"But how, madam?"

"Thus: Agolante has been one of the very worst husbands, no doubt; but after his wife's supposed death, there would be good reason for him to reform; in fact, to become quite an altered man. If then, after he finds she is not dead, you let him present himself to her—in short, if you will give him back his wife, your play will run for a hundred nights." Leigh Hunt at once answered: "Impossible! So cruel, exacting, and utterly selfish a domestic tyrant as Agolante, could never become an altered man. In a very short time he would be as bad again as before, and drive her really into her grave. I can't give him back Ginevra. Besides, as he is killed in the end, the great probability is that she will be happy with one who truly loves her, and is worthy of her. The end, as it stands, suggests that." And so the play had only a moderate success of some thirty nights. 'Too bad—too good.'

With the sudden discovery of so rare and rich a vein, and in a veteran author, it may naturally excite wonder at the present day, how it happened that only one other production of Leigh Hunt's ever appeared on the stage. And the more may this be wondered at, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews had such high expectations of his next play, that the treasurer was directed to pay him 100*l.* in advance, by way of securing whatever piece he might write for the stage. Of his fruitless labors and vexations how

little has he narrated! Things explicable in any other art and profession, seem often quite inexplicable with regard to the stage. A very similar result attended the production of the two fine plays by Mr. Browning, then a very young dramatist. If not highly successful, they at least succeeded, and undoubtedly were of high promise. But we saw no more of him on the stage. This is not the place for any discussion of the question; but one remark may be made, to the effect that the blame only lies with the public at second hand. The success of Mr. Robertson's comedies, and more recently of Mr. Tom Taylor's historical play, is strong evidence that if there really be a fixed depravity of taste in large classes of the public, there are other classes eager to hail a superior order of drama, and the absolute reform of the stage. This is steadily advancing.

Some of Leigh Hunt's notes on literary business are amusingly adroit in dealing with oversights, delays, or other difficulties. Here is one:—

"Chelsea, Feb. 6.

[No year; but postmark on envelope legibly giving 1838.]

"MY DEAR HORNE,

"Many thanks for Blanchard's kind notice, for which I will thank him also. I shall be very glad to see you when you can break away. A due and huge fire shall welcome you during this (indeed) terribly cold weather, which has half petrified my half-tropical faculties, and attacked me with rheumatism, liver-complaint, and other gentilities; but I endeavor to make the most of the present sunshine, and am taking a holiday or two of verse-writing. Did you miss some verses you were good enough to send me, in the current number? *So did I*, much more; for I had determined on seeing them there, and am ashamed to say that I have mislaid them. I must have been so occupied with something else at the time as to dispose of them hastily in some unusual corner. I have no doubt they will be forthcoming at their own good time; but may I ask if you can forestall them with *another copy*?"

"Ever truly yours,

"LEIGH HUNT."

"P. S.—Of volume of *Repository* (for which very many thanks), when I see you. I have given divers articles no sort of *just* perusal yet."

Here is another, so elegant and courteous as to be really courtly. It might have been written in a full "suit" of the

time of Lord Chesterfield, and the person addressed might almost feel that he ought to be in similar attire to read it with due bows, acknowledgments, and protestations. And all about a small matter of literary revision :—

“Chelsea, August 2.

[Probably about the same year as the last.]

“MY DEAR MR. OPIFEX,

“Pray favor me with an early *Tuesday* evening (not inconvenient to you, I think you said), in order that I may enter into a more detailed explanation of my reasons for venturing to omit a few lines towards the beginning of your beautiful tragedy. It was a great liberty, and I hope you do not fancy, for a moment, that I took it without great doubt and reluctance; but I finally warranted myself for three reasons: first, . . . and third, that in your interior you seemed to me to be so truly possessed of the good-nature properly belonging to genius, that I reckoned upon your forgiveness under the circumstances. The truth is, I took it for the *only* passage in which the malice of a critic might find anything to turn to discordant account; and I hope I am not growing impertinent in my excuses when I add, that for *your* sake it was I was chiefly moved to venture upon the officiousness, having conceived for you. . . . Come then soon, if you can, and tell me you are not angry with

“LEIGH HUNT.”

“The following, for its joyous vein of romantic flattery, surpasses most ebullitions of the kind on record, when the inadequacy of the cause is considered. It is merely to excuse himself for neglecting or procrastinating the return of some printer's proofs, which there was no great need for me to receive in haste :—

“Chelsea, Feb. 18.

[No year given, and no means of tracing it.]

“MY DEAR OPIFEX,

“A word from you is worth a thousand others from almost all other men, let it have been ten times later; and I trust this acknowledgment need as little apologize for delay, knowing how much you and I constantly think of one other, with an intercommunication of spirit that can well let the post wait a bit. Your letter is as great a gem to me, as if the Jew of Malta himself had given me one out of his list; and I fancy I can appreciate it too, without its making the bestower a jot the less rich, but the reverse—more rich from his power to bestow and to

wait. God bless you. I will do all you wish with the proofs, and send them at the right time.

“Your affectionate Friend,
“LEIGH HUNT.”

In 1841 a project was set on foot for giving the world, for the first time, a true yet polished modernization of the *Father of English Poetry*. All previous so-called modernization of Chaucer (with the single exception of Lord Thurlow's rendering of the “Knight's Tale”) had been, at best, paraphrases, *ad libitum* translations, or gross parodies, and desecrations of the homely power, beauty, graphic richness, and quaint humor of the original. As to the fact that Chaucer was not only a versifier of wonderful variety, but that (so far as we can discover and imagine the actual quantities he used and intended us to read) he was a master of versification, and this in himself, and without considering the age in which he wrote,—not the remotest recognition had ever been shown of it. Nor had such a fact even been dreamed to be likely. It was agreed upon to carry out this project by Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Miss Elizabeth Barrett, Robert Bell, Monckton Milnes, and the writer of these papers, who was nominated as editor. Other contributors were also on the list. The following note by Leigh Hunt, commencing in a state of great hilarity, about something else, refers with a very acute observation to one of the difficulties of the undertaking :—

“Kensington, Nov.

[Book published in 1841.]

“MY DEAR HORNE,

“Glory be to the glorification you have given me. It happened too to come upon me at a moment when I was in great want of an agreeable sensation; and verily it supplied it, and did me a world of good, taking me into a region remote from my cares, and making a king of me, and a sort of *Cambus*.” [Carnegie Kahn.] “Many thanks to the kind heart which impelled you.

“But your letter, Signor mio, makes me think of the perplexity you speak of; and behold! I fancy I have found out the critical reason and reconciliation thereof; to wit, that it is far easier to do something of a bit of literal justice to Chaucer's serious poems than his merry; because the language of mirth is apt to be the language of manners, and therefore comparatively figurative; while people remain in *earnest* pretty much in the same fashion for centuries. Take a com-

mon colloquial oath, and see how it has changed from his time to ours. When a man says 'Benedicite,' we *feel* nothing in it—or very little. It is an old Latin or Popish form of speech: we think 'God bless me' is quite another matter. This is a very small and slight illustration, but it will easily suggest to you all the rest.

"I send you a copy of the first part of the 'Seer' (from *London Journal*, &c.), because you will find some characters in it which you might like to use.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"L. H."

With the genial, hospitable, and ever-kindly Robert Bell (author of "A History of Russia," editor of the "Annotated Edition of the English Poets," and for many years editor of the *Home News*), the first acquaintance of the editor of "Chaucer Modernized" was made through Leigh Hunt, with a view to his co-operation in that work. All the contributors, previously named, were highly qualified for the undertaking, and all labored at it with minute care and thoughtful skill—more especially Wordsworth, who, besides his modernization of "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," revised, almost throughout, the somewhat lengthy poem of "The Flower and the Leaf," which had been done by another hand. Yet, in consequence of the principle proposed by the editor, and accepted by all, viz. that *the work should be considered as best done by those who could retain, gracefully, the most of the original*, the contest, no less than the labor of love entailed upon the editor by the philological enthusiasts, and sincere as well as learned admirers of the Father of English Poetry, far exceeded, in the converse sense, his most sanguine expectations. Whatever alterations were courteously suggested, queries made, or comparison of the text of different editions proposed, the majority of them were fought out by letters, or marginal and foot-notes, all over the proofs. Some of these proofs have been preserved as curiosities of literature. Even when a proposed, or suggested alteration, if only of a single word, was finally accepted, it was seldom without a preliminary contest—all in the best possible feeling—all showing the admirable earnestness of the great Poet's translators—but nevertheless a trying contest for the unfortunate one who felt it his duty to tempt

his fate on all due, or doubtful occasions. As a slight illustration, which is not unlikely to amuse the reader, here are a few scraps taken from a single note, by Robert Bell, who had modernized Chaucer's poem of "The Complaint of Mars and Venus."

"MY DEAR HORNE,

"I send you both proofs. My reason for asking for a clean proof was to avoid the danger of confusing the printers by the numerous marks and references. . . . I have adopted the greater part of your alterations. Wherever I have differed from you, it is upon mature consideration and after a due balancing of arguments on both sides. Your 'sun-rise, in v. 1, although close to the 'sun uprist,' is not (I think), on the whole, so close a reflection of his meaning as my own line, in which the word 'upland' gives us the picture complete. Besides, 'sun' comes immediately after. In verse 7, I stand up for 'voluptuous joys.' Pray let it remain. In verse 8, 'loving compact' is not so close to the original 'steven,' which literally means an appointment, or 'assignation;' besides, assignation is familiar. But if, on consideration, you prefer the *compact*, you have my assent to its adoption. . . . Verse 17: 'Corse' means, in one sense, body—but in another, 'course,' which is, in my opinion, obviously the meaning here. *Avoiding* the light by baffling turns, creeping and running in the shade, is in all respects better, in my opinion. I should be sorry to lose this. . . .

"Verse 22: *Make* is not intended for 'being.' By examining the other passages in which the singing bird uses it, you will find it means *male*. I am tolerably certain that my translation is correct, and I think it more poetical.

"This is no feigned matter that I tell,
My lady is the very spring and well
Of beauty, gentleness and liberty:
Her rich array, a costly *miracle*, &c.

Mars, v. 3.

"Oh! leave the 'miracle,' v. 5. I must plead also for the restoration of the original line, v. 9. I have brought in the morn in Chaucer's own words. Thanks for calling my attention to this. *L'Envoye*: You are right about 'Granson' [not grandson]. I am sorry you do not print the stanzas with the indented lines. I have restored a full spelling in those cases where the final syllable is not pronounced. I am afraid I have given you a world of trouble, but I have saved you as much as I could in my proof, which is now completely ready to be printed. Mrs. B. read your 'Reve's Tale,' and is decidedly of opinion that there is no objection to it. . . .

I must see you soon to settle about the next column.

"Ever yours,
"R. B."

And all this, with much more omitted, after Bell had set out with the pleasing but too delusive amenity, that he "had adopted" the greater part of the proposed alterations. But this is a trifle to what occurred with the proofs, as well as manuscripts, of more than one of the other loving translators of the great old Poet.

At this period Robert Bell was living in a fine old-fashioned house, with a large garden, some six miles out of London, and gave a cordial standing invitation to his friends to dine there on Sundays. The most frequent guests, that is, once every month or two, were W. M. Thackeray, Samuel Lover, Laman Blanchard, Douglas Jerrold, Dr. Mayo, Felix Mendelssohn (when in London), Frank Stone, "Father Prout," several artists and authors whose names do not occur to the memory at this moment, and the present writer; occasionally also, William and Mary Howitt, Dion Boucicault, Dr. Southwood Smith, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Jameson.

The first time I met Mr. Thackeray (it will be seen that there are some reasons for definitely marking the individuals in this case) was at the office of the *Court Journal*, then edited by my admired and lamented friend Laman Blanchard. Thackeray was seated at the editor's desk. "Oh! thank you!" exclaimed Blanchard, who was always glad to have to write as little himself as possible: "what are you writing there?" "I don't call it writing," said Thackeray, without looking up, "so much as squirting a little warm water down a page of your journal." This compliment to his courtly readers delighted Blanchard more than it would have done most editors of a fashionable journal. An amusingly characteristic anecdote claims a few words at this moment. Blanchard told me that he once asked Colburn if he liked his last article in the *New Monthly*? "Like it! well, of course, I should have liked it." Not quite understanding this equivocal compliment, Blanchard again made the inquiry. "You see," said Colburn, with a grave business-look, "when a new contributor sends us anything, I examine every page and part of it—to find if it's *weight*, you know; and I do this, less and less, till I can trust him; and then I

never read him again. Now, in your case, I assure you I never read a word you write, and never intend to do so."

Some time after this—the length of the interval is forgotten—a certain biographical and critical work was published, in which several hands of eminent writers were engaged, the editor agreeing to "stand fire" for the anonymous brigade. This work was reviewed at some length in the *Morning Chronicle* by Mr. Thackeray, then only known to the public under the incongruous pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. In his critique, obviously written in a half-cynical, half-rollicking, Royster-Doyster mood, he indulged in a variety of self-contradictory observations, and not a few intended personalities, though really wide of the mark, as they happened to be in no one respect applicable. He selected several sentences of profound or graphic criticism (little suspecting that they chanced to be written by most admired authors), and gibbeted them as unintelligible follies; made a broad sign-board caricature of the editor, as a denizen of the city who had got out of his depth; dressed him in an imaginary suit of the vulgarest taste, including a "waistcoat, splendid in the way of decoration," purchased in the vicinity of Bow Bells, &c.; and concluded, in the most astonishing manner, with the easy inconsistency of declaring that the editor, on the whole, was "never ungenerous or unmanly," that "his sympathies were honorable and well placed," and that "he told the truth as far as he knew it." In the second edition of the work, an introduction was written in which thanks were duly rendered to some reviewers, and unfair attacks answered. Now, a gentleman of six feet two, and bulky form, with a large camus nose, and great round-glassed spectacles, should have been one of the last to venture upon fanciful personalities. In reply, his inconsistencies were simply displayed; he was informed that the editor had known much more of the broiling sun of Mexico and the thunders of the Gulf of Florida, than of London mud, or the chimes of Bow Bell, and that if Mr. Titmarsh really were engaged to play the part of Adonis in the *Morning Chronicle*, it would be nothing but a pleasure to witness such a performance. But with regard to his final remark as to honorable sympathies and love of truth, if Mr. Titmarsh sincerely meant that,

the editor would be happy to shake hands with him in public or private. A few weeks after this appeared, the editor happened to meet Thackeray at the Royal Society. He immediately came forward, and in the most courteous and kindly manner extended his hand, saying, "Mr. Horne, will you allow me to take your hand?" This was the feeling and act of a true gentleman, and it is a great pleasure to record it. Of course we were friends from that day. But all such personalities have since been very properly banished from the superior organs of literature, and seem to be not readily tolerated in the humbler walks.

"Are you a writer of 'moods'?" said Bell one day to Thackeray. "Yes, assuredly," was the answer; "and often not in the best moods." "Then sometimes you can't write at all?" "Of course not; or not fit to be read." "That's strange," said Bell. "Now, I can take out my watch—lay it down upon the table—and write, within a line or two, the same quantity in the same given time."

Thackeray was a frequent visitor at the old garden-mansion when Bell lived there, and would go on pleasantly for hours, talking and making sketches in an album. Some of these were richly humorous, and accompanied by scraps of prose or verse. This was before Thackeray had published the work which at once raised him to his well-deserved eminence, viz. "Vanity Fair." He himself has related how this masterpiece of modern novel-writing was refused, in the first instance, both by magazines and as a substantive work; but it was reserved for Mr. Kent's "Footprints on the Road" to make it more recently known that he had also offered himself as an artist, to furnish sketches as illustrations for a popular author's stories, which had been very promptly declined. Bell used to take the utmost delight in seeing him make these fanciful sketches. The drawing-room was very large, and in winter there was a great log-fire. It chanced on a certain evening that the lamp suddenly went out, so that the back part of the room was thrown into shadow; and there stood those huge figures—one upwards of six feet two, and bulky in proportion,—the other (Bell) being at least six feet four, stalwart and gaunt—with the large log-fire at steady red heat in front of them, and their great shoulders and backs in dark shade. It suggested to the ima-

gination a scene of giants in a forest, holding high conference, or of the meeting between the Chancellor, "tower-heavy Turketull" and "Gorm" the Scandinavian sea-king, in the fine chronicle play of "Athelstan." What a pity that Bell's amiable, and not unfrequently "inspired" visitor, Mendelssohn, did not chance to be at the pianoforte that evening! He would certainly have improvised some wonderful symphony on the occasion.

The last touch has just been given to the foregoing picture, when the sudden news of the departure of an early friend on his final journey, confuses the eye-sight with a doubt as to whether it reads the words aright. No portrait shall, at present, be attempted, and all memoirs must be postponed to a time when one can more steadily approach the subject, and more clearly recall the many genial and admirable characteristics of the private life of Charles Dickens. One brief anecdote is all that shall now be offered.

When *Household Words* first started, and for a long time afterwards, the present writer had a room appropriated to him, in conjunction with the late Mr. Hogarth, in the house where *Household Words*, and some chronicle or record connected with that periodical, were published. There we read newspapers, wrote private notes, gossiped about Corelli and Sebastian Bach, and *de omnibus rebus*, &c., and should have done special work, but somehow, excepting the correction of proofs, this generally happened to be done elsewhere. At that early date of the periodical, the only regular staff-contributors of original articles were Mr. Dickens, the acting editor, and myself; and, now and then, an article was jointly written. One day Mr. Dickens proposed to me a paper on "Chatham Dockyard." Being much taken with the subject, a day was at once fixed upon, and we went down early to have the day before us—dinner being ordered for the hour by which it was considered that our observations and notes could be completed. "Now," said Mr. Dickens, "this article will naturally divide itself into two parts, which we can afterwards dovetail together, viz. the works of the dockyard, and the fortifications and country scenery round about. Which will you take?" I at once replied, that the works of the dockyard seemed to me the most promising. He smiled, and said,

"Then we'll meet here again at a quarter to five. I'm glad you make that choice, for this is a sort of native place of mine. I was a school-boy here, and have juvenile memories and associations all round the country outskirts." The kindness and good-nature, even more than the readiness for any kind of work, need no comment. How few literary men—how very few—would have suppressed a strong personal

feeling on such an occasion, before the choice was made. But while the long life of continuous literary work will show so very few objectionable things, there will remain a large store of kindly acts, to be, from time to time, recorded. To the joint article in question, Mr. Dickens gave the title of "One Man in a Dockyard,"—thus again sinking his own personality in the matter.

St. Paul's.

THE FISHERMAN OF AUGE.

PROLOGUE.

A FLAT sandy shore, stretching away on the left as you look seaward till it blends with that indefinite gray tint of sea and sky that bounds all distant seascapes with the poetic indistinctness of the future,—ending abruptly on the right in a narrow point, which, swelling as it retreats inland, gradually rises in a lofty green hill, and effectually shuts out from sight the coast beyond. When this coast is seen,—and this is practicable at low tide, for you can then make your way over the end of the point without so much as a wetting,—it reveals a succession of slightly curved bays, terminating in a chain of soft gray mud hills, for ever accumulating, and disappearing again by the action of the waves.

There is nothing to distinguish the first strip of coast-land from the rest, except its lonely aspect and the curious circuitous channel, almost in the shape of the figure 8,—the channel by which a small river finds its way through some lesser gray hills to the sea. This river's stony bed is always dry in summer-time, but the strangely-shaped mouth generally holds back some supply from the retreating waves; and the belief among the villagers is, that before the turn of the tide, the water so retained becomes purified from its briny flavor.

Villagers is a too populous word for the inhabitants of Auge. A dozen fishermen's cottages, at most, scattered widely apart, some on the sands, some nestling under the shelter of the mud hills, a few built on the green hill-side, and almost smothered with an over-growth of the sea-buckthorn, yellow just now with its sticky berries.

But our chief interest is with one

cottage in Auge, and that stood at the very mouth of the river, near to the little cove where all the boats lay snugly together, on the sand-dike to the left of the figure 8, which sand-dike had yet so firm a hold over the invasions of the waves that it was almost covered with coarse grass and sea-holly; behind the cottage a fair show of lettuce, soup-herbs, and potatoes grew in the sandy soil.

A tall, handsome young fisherman, in a blue jersey and scarlet cap, stood in front of the cottage.

He was talking vehemently, but it was easy to see that he was not angry with the quiet woman seated on one of the benches beneath the little porch.

"There, my mother, I have told thee all," and the young fisherman threw himself on the ground, and buried his head in Madame Lelièvre's lap to hide his agitation.

His mother bent her face over him,—such a gentle face! with the small straight nose, the timid regular mouth, and large soft brown eyes one sees among the women of Caen.

Her son had been talking of love, and there seemed to be something in the word that made her sigh deeply before she spoke. "I have seen that thou hadst trouble in thy heart this long time, my child, and often I wished to ask the cause,—but then I said to myself, 'My Désiré loves his mother, and he is good; when he sees fit he will come to her to get this thorn removed.' But I cannot remove it, my son. Victorine Triquet is a good woman, and she loves me; but I cannot ask her to give thee her little Marie till thou hast a home to bring her to."

"My mother!" Désiré started up,

angry and excited, but her sweet, resigned face checked an imprecation half uttered.

"If my father will settle nothing, how can I make a home? He says neither 'yes' nor 'no'; he will not admit me to be partner in his gains, and when I ask to leave him and join Jacques Fayel, he makes no answer. Mother, mother! thou oughtest to help me now,—but for thee, I had quarrelled out and out long ago, and had a cabin of my own, for Jacques gains more than any of us."

The color sprang over his mother's pale face. It was plain that some unusual emotion had mastered her patience, for she clasped her son's arm closely with both hands, and her words came hurriedly, almost with vehemence.

"No, Désiré! never quarrel with thy father—never! I shall not grow old; and when I am gone there will be room for Marie. You will both want a woman to make your soup, and wash and mend your clothes. Only I ask myself if Marie Triquet will do this, or if she will not want a richer husband than my Désiré."

"Hush, mother! you say this too often; and as for Marie, she is not rich. You know when her father died, his affairs took a long time to settle, and this has made La Veuve Triquet a much poorer woman than she expected to be. Unless Marie marries some one, she must mind the shop all her life; and I should think it is a happier lot to sit in one's own cottage mending the clothes of the man one loves, than to stand all day behind a counter selling cakes and tarts to imbeciles of children."

Madame Lelièvre was not convinced,—but what loving mother ever had the best of an argument against her only son?—and she ended by promising to sound Madame Triquet, the next time she went to Caen, about Marie's future, and, if possible, to hint at Désiré's attachment.

Her son kissed her forehead with the mixture of tenderness and reverence he always showed her, and then strolled away over the sands in front of the cottage. They were deserted just now: all the inhabitants of the little fishing village, except a few of the old and infirm, had gone out some distance along the coast to a point where a Spanish vessel had been wrecked two days before. The young fisherman had stayed at

home on purpose to open his heart to his mother. She never left Augé, except for mass on high festivals and for market days, when he always accompanied her to Caen.

He turned and looked back at her now, as she sat knitting a blue worsted stocking, in front of the one-storied cottage, and as some of her words recurred to him, he trembled to think what his home would be to him without his mother.

It was only a two-roomed cabin, with a tiled roof covered with thatch, many colored with house-leek and other parasites nestling in its crevices; in summer-time, green with vine-leaves, which were already bursting from their brown wrappings, apparently in a hurry to greet the warm sunshine in which the far-stretching sands and glittering sea lay basking.

Céline Lelièvre sat knitting on till her son was out of sight,—sheltered from the sun's blaze by a little wooden porch he had made for her years before. But his words still troubled her. She soon let her pins droop lower and lower, and finally laying them aside, she rested her face in the palm of one hand, holding her elbow steady with the other, while she pondered the best way of dealing with her quondam friend Victorine Triquet.

Years ago they had been schoolfellows; every day had they gone to school, and come home again with their arms lovingly twined round one another's necks; every day at lesson-time they had sat on the same bench, learned the same task, and at each prize distribution also, La Veuve Triquet, or rather Victorine Coulard, had been followed by the loving eyes of her friend as she went up for her couronne and her books, while Céline felt but too thankful for her friend's triumph, and her own escape from such publicity, only coming in herself for an "honorable mention" in the shape of an "accessite." But the friendship had chilled as the characters of the two girls developed. The fair-haired, blue-eyed, thoroughly Norman-faced Victorine, with her hearty greeting and ready sympathy, was cold-hearted and worldly, and told Céline she was throwing herself away when she learned that her friend was promised to Martin Lelièvre, the fisherman of Augé.

Other people, who knew a little about

Martin,—no one knew much,—thought, too, that such a charming girl as Céline was lost on the silent, cunning-looking, though handsome, fisherman. But Victorine did not care about his temper or his principles, she only thought of his poverty and of the immense sacrifice Céline would make in giving up Caen for a village on the sea-shore. One thing was certain, she would not be so foolish,—the richest claimant would be the preferred one ;—so when portly, middle-aged M. Triquet, the well-to-do pastry-cook, asked her of her mother, she was quite ready to say “yes,” and to be married in a fortnight. She was a widow four years later, with one little girl ;—and Marie Triquet, a pretty likeness of her mother, had been ever since he left school the adored of Désiré Lelièvre.

Although Augé was twelve miles distant from Caen, Madame Lelièvre, as has been said, always went in for fête days and for any extra marketing, and as she took Désiré with her, and generally contrived to see her old friend, the two children were frequent playmates, and shared each other's bon-bons and secrets in true child's fashion.

But after Marie had made her first Communion—that epoch in the life of a French girl—Madame Triquet would embrace her dear friend tenderly in the street, and ask eagerly for the health of monsieur her husband, but she would no longer invite the mother and son in to rest, and spend the time they had to spare with her before their return to Augé. And when at fifteen the little timid Marie suddenly developed into a very pretty, plump damsel, La Veuve discouraged any intimacy between the young people.

At the grand Easter fair, where she paraded Marie in great state, also her own superb cap of point de Bruxelles,—La Veuve's mother had worn a real Caennais cap, but her daughter would have disdained anything so pagan and countrified,—when they met Désiré Lelièvre, she became stone-blind to the youth's respectful greeting ; he just managed to present his fairing to Marie, but she was hurried away with her thanks unspoken.

A few chance words had been since then occasionally interchanged between the young people, and Marie had smiled so sweetly and blushed so timidly, that Désiré had felt happy again, convinced

that as yet he had no rival in the field. All this he had confessed to his mother, but he ended by saying that she must not delay in asking Marie as a wife for him, or he felt sure he should lose her.

Madame Lelièvre was quiet and timid, but she was quick-witted, and seldom took long to find her way out of a difficulty. Now, the longer she thought, the more perplexed she grew.

“If it only had been Marie,” she said, and she went on thinking. Presently, with the confusion of her ideas, came a strange sharp pain in her head, which almost made her cry out in agony. She rose abruptly, and turned into the cottage.

Désiré came in at the usual hour for his mid-day meal ; the last piece of wood he had thrown in the open fire-place was smouldering—all but extinguished ; there had been no attempt made to re-ignite a flame. He looked at the table ; it was just as it had been when he left the cottage ; the soup pot stood on the cold part of the hearth.

What had happened? He hastened into the inner room ; his mother lay on her bed, pale, but not insensible, although she took no notice of his entrance ; her hands were catching at her dress, at the bed-coverings, as if for refuge from her sufferings ; and, to his horror, Désiré found that she was speechless.

He went to summon aid, but there was no one left in Augé who could be sent to Caen for a doctor, and he did not dare to leave her himself. The pain soon became an agony too terrible to witness, and he could do nothing to relieve it. After a while it seemed suddenly to cease, she lay quite still, and Désiré thought she slept ; but long before his father's return in the evening he knew that his mother would never wake again.

His visions of love and Marie seemed for ever blotted out. He loved his mother with that filial passion only found in men ; he would scarcely yield her up for the last rites to be performed, and when Jacques Fayel came to look for him, the day after the funeral, he found Désiré lying on the floor beside the bed where she had lain, in dumb, tearless despair.

Désiré roused from this state by degrees, but his father's apparent indifference stirred his discontented feelings towards him to active rebellion ; it became impos-

sible to him to lead the quiet, uneventful life of that little fishing village without her who had made home so happy.

The Italian war was just then public talk. A section of the 75th regiment of the line was quartered in Caen, and one evening Désiré presented himself before the captain, Monsieur de Gragnac, to be enrolled.

The matter was soon settled, for broad-shouldered young fellows like Désiré were welcome, and as it was war-time he took service for two years only. Perhaps a longer period would not have suited Désiré; for though he missed his mother more and more, and shrank from the strange sneering callousness with which his father treated her loss, he had not forgotten Marie Triquet, and he still cherished hopes about her, much as he shrank from present happiness.

Four months before, on the ever memorable 1st of January, 1859, words had been spoken at the Tuileries which had made war a possible and prominent idea in the minds of all men.

The French army had been daily adding to its numbers; the opening of the campaign was now eagerly looked for; glory, honors, riches, were prophesied to those who swelled the ranks; but to Désiré Lelièvre the stirring change of life and scene offered sufficient temptation as a refuge from the bitterness of his first great sorrow.

In a week's time the regiment was in Paris, and before long it was on its way to Italy.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN HOME.

In less than two months Montebello, Magenta, Melegnano, Solferino, had all been fought. Europe was astounded by the news of an armistice; the Italian campaign was over; and on the 14th of August, the eve of the Fête de l'Empereur, the victorious troops re-entered Paris in triumph.

Désiré accompanied his regiment to the camp at Chalons, and thence to other quarters; but in the summer of the following year the bataillon to which he belonged was ordered to Normandy, and one bright day in July he found himself again in Caen.

He had asked for a few weeks' leave, and quitting the troops at the caserne on the outskirts of the town, he took his way

through the well-known streets towards St. Pierre, the tapering spire of which greeted him already.

The streets were quieter than usual, for all the population had betaken itself to the suburb of Vaucelles to see the entry of the troops.

The cool shadow cast by the tall gray stone houses refreshed Désiré after the march along the hot, dusty high road. How delicious to the eye was the fresh verdure of the vine-leaves clinging to the quaintly-sculptured dormers, or framing in an open window, its sill gay with scarlet flowers. Still more exquisite to the tired traveller were the vistas of luxuriant gardens, rich in flowering shrubs and trellised creeping plants, forming bowers of verdure, which suddenly and unexpectedly disclosed themselves through small iron gratings or low-browed stone doorways, in what might have seemed the busiest and most work-a-day part of the thorough-fare.

Every well-known object made the young soldier's heart beat, and as he approached the Place Saint-Pierre the exquisite proportions of the lofty spire rising in its midst became blurred by the mist that rose in his eyes when he remembered how often he and his mother had gazed up at it together, and had decided that it must have been sent from heaven just as it now appeared, for no human architect could have planned so wondrous a work; but Désiré had travelled since then, and had seen greater marvels than even the perfect flèche of St. Pierre.

He was roused from the past to the present. A comely well-dressed woman, with a pretty blushing girl beside her, both of them evidently returning from Vaucelles, were standing close to him, and before he could speak Madame Triquet had exclaimed—

"Ma foi, Désiré! and is it really you?"

In the excitement of the day and the sudden emotion called up by his resemblance to his dead mother, La Veuve Triquet had forgotten all prudence, had received him with open arms, and he had embraced her affectionately on both cheeks.

Then he turned to look at the little figure that he felt rather than saw close beside her mother, and somehow it seemed necessary to take Marie's hand and kiss it. How lovely she had grown in his absence!—the rosebud had expanded!

Perhaps La Veuve was struck too with the change that time had made in Désiré; his face was closely shaven, except a pair of severe moustaches, almost matching in color the rich bronze of his skin. He looked more thoughtful, and certainly far sterner, than La Veuve had thought possible; his eyes were brown, like his mother's, but their expression had changed; perhaps his uniform and his medals,—for he had three of the decorations the French love so dearly,—impressed her; the result was, that instead of dismissing him in her usual patronizing good-humored manner, she was still listening with breathless interest to his account of the last great battle, Solferino, when they reached the Rue Notre-Dame.

The flood of remembrance that had filled Désiré's eyes as he entered the Place St. Pierre had been dried up by the sunshine of Marie's presence. He had tried several times to get a peep at her after the first greeting; but he felt that she was there on the other side of her mother. Ah! if that walk could have continued; and surely it must do so,—it seemed to him that it could never cease. His heart was drawn out of him; it was with Marie!

He had forgotten all else. He took no notice of many friendly greetings; he did not cast one backward look at his favorite spire, framed by the carved wood-work of the projecting gables on either side, which seemed to keep up an everlasting nodding to each other, possibly of congratulation at being spared, in their half-timbered age and quaintness, amid the universal creation of new, unpicturesque stone buildings. Nor did Désiré so much as glance onward at the two landmarks of the town,—the famous spires of St. Etienne,—which filled the farther end of the street. Soldier though he was, he had still enough of sentiment to have fancied a welcome in every well-known object; but all sense was mastered by passion, and the ardent longing to discover whether it was in any degree returned.

"And for how long are you settled here, my friend?" said La Veuve, as they neared the shop windows, full of tempting pastries, above which "La Veuve Triquet," in large golden raised letters, told that she had reached her home.

"For three or four months, and I have a leave of some weeks. But, Madame

Triquet, now that war is over, I am tempted to leave the army, and settle here for good. I don't like an idle life; and to be a soldier in garrison,—*ma foi!* it is as dull as ditch-water."

"Well, well, well; you will talk to your father." La Veuve's volubility increased, for she suddenly remarked the direction Désiré's eyes had taken,—as they now stood still the young people were face to face,—and a side glance showed her Marie's crimson blushes. "And, my friend, I say to you *à tantôt*; I am forgetting your father's anxiety in my selfish pleasure at seeing you. Hasten to him at once. There! I will not listen while you say another word." She pushed Marie into the shop, and then stood in the doorway herself, and, although she wore no crinoline, almost filled the space as she planted a hand on each broad hip. "Run to Auge, like a good boy, and don't keep your father waiting. Remember, you are all he has left, *ce pauvre homme*."

The words touched Désiré. Marie's image was succeeded rapidly by the last conscious look on his dying mother's face,—a look that had haunted him often. Now, on the sudden impulse, he turned away, after a hastily-taken farewell, and full of the strong resolve of youth, wearied of the distance that still lay between him and his last remaining parent.

Ah, children! ah, friends! how perfect are all our future "castles!" How ruined and incomplete those we have tried to build! Will no warnings teach us? Will nothing but repeated failure satisfy us that it is only in romances that sudden conversions are effected, and dispositions, which have been hardening against each other for years like blocks of granite, will not in a day mingle like the sands of the sea? Only our own experience can teach us the bitter truth, that impulse and will are not all that we require; there must be patience and perseverance to aid the work. As the silkworm has surrounded itself, by little and little, with its warm nest, so must we unwind the golden thread of habit patiently and slowly, if we would not lose the clue to its entire unravelment. But Désiré was young, ardent, and ignorant; he only thought that he would and could be for the future such a model son as the world had never seen, and that his father would love him dearly.

Martin embraced him on his first arri-

val, and then pushed him back and looked in his face. He clasped his hands over his eyes and turned away, shuddering. Désiré guessed that the likeness which he knew still existed between himself and his mother was the cause of this, and he tried to soothe his father by affectionate words, and an assurance that now he had come home he hoped to make him less desolate. But Martin started up, looked wildly about him, as if seeking for some one, and then, bursting into a hard sneering laugh, left the cottage.

There had never been thorough confidence between Désiré and his father. His mother's frequent secret unhappiness, and the cold indifference with which her husband treated her, had roused a determined spirit of opposition in the boy, sometimes shown in open acts of rebellion. Martin had rarely tyrannized over him. Now he seemed quite changed. When they met again in the evening, he looked at his son with distrust, and was evidently greatly disturbed when the young soldier announced the length of his leave.

Désiré thought he was much aged; his little active figure was bent, the wrinkles on his face had deepened, and he was thin to emaciation. His son remembered that he had often been accused of miserly ways by his fellow-fishermen, and he began to see that his solitary life had increased these, and that he probably shrank from the burden of an inmate for so long a period.

But next day brought no softening in his father's manner,—rather increased hardness in the sneering comments he pronounced on all Désiré related; and the young man began to feel that Martin had taken his wife's death more to heart than any one had supposed possible, and that the loss of her influence had made his own filial task a hard one.

On the third day his father remained at home, and Désiré seized the opportunity of speaking openly to him of Marie, and of his hopes and wishes. Martin listened in profound silence, and then he shook his head. "And I tell thee no, my boy. Thou art like the little birds which peep over the edge of the nest, and then think they have seen the world. If thou beginnest life with a bag of debts tied round thy neck, it will grow weightier and weightier, till either it will strangle and make an end of thee, or

thou mayst be tempted to fling it and thy conscience away together."

"When my father is the creditor? *foi de ma vie!* Dost thou then think that military honor is all we soldiers learn to care for?"

Désiré knit his bushy eyebrows together, but the look he gave his father was more sorrowful than angry.

"Honor!" Martin Lelièvre's smile had a mocking quality in it, which made his smooth, brown, wrinkled face, with its lipless mouth and small, gray, watery eyes realize one's ideal of "Redcapsly." "Honor is very well, my son, under a glass case. The rich never take the case off. As to us poor, *dame!* hunger and thirst and every want of nature crush the glass early for us; but debt, *mon ami*, it must be strong glass indeed which resists that pressure!"

Désiré turned away. He longed, too, to preserve peace in his home, the home he had not seen for more than a year, and which had seemed to him on his first arrival a paradise, full of fresh memories of childhood, of his mother, whose death had driven him from it. He came out of the cottage. There was no use in self-deceit. His father was in earnest; his marriage with Marie was hopeless for the present; and, what pressed heavier still, the truth he had so long suspected without knowing what he feared had been uttered. His father had no belief in honor or honesty,—not even in his. The terrible doubt that followed stupefied him,—was Martin himself honest? But he thrust it away. He might find himself unable to continue to love his father, but he would try to respect him. But now he must act. He had asked Martin to admit him as partner in his fishery, to demand Marie Triquet in marriage, and to lend him the sum of three hundred and seventy-five francs necessary to pay his discharge for the remaining nine months of his military service; and the old man, as we have seen, had refused decidedly to be a party to any scheme which would begin his son's new life with debt, although he had confessed to Désiré that his inheritance would some day be larger than he expected.

There was energy beneath young Lelièvre's ardor,—energy that not only raised his drooping hopes, but kept them sustained. In some ways it was a relief not

to be associated with his father. Two days had taught him the difference between intentions and actions,—nothing less than a miracle could make life easy when passed with such a man as Martin Lelièvre; surely his wife's death must have changed him strangely. It seemed to Désiré, as he walked slowly up and down on the sands, that, although his father had been always hard, and sneering, and impracticable, he had never spoken the reckless words or avowed the lawless opinions that escaped him now unchecked.

The fishermen came in with their nets, the girls and women with their spades and knives, and full baskets. Désiré seemed to be searching the sands for some undiscoverable object, so slowly did he walk along, his head bent down, his hands clasped behind him, while his eyes never left the ground.

Suddenly he stood still, and then hastily retraced his steps to the cottage.

Martin was stooping over the open fireplace, stirring his soup-pot. His supple figure looked still slighter in his fisherman's garb of dark blue, the knitted jersey fitted him closely, and the sleeves, rolled back to the elbow, showed the knotted intricacies of his muscular arms; the firelight gleamed on his dark face, with its regular features, compressed mouth, and smoothly wrinkled skin; his scarlet nightcap was pulled down nearly to his restless gray eyes, which seemed to be always seeking something never found.

He started quickly as his son's step sounded on the cottage floor.

"Eh bien! Where art thou going now?"

Martin spoke in a surprised tone, for Désiré went straight to the armoire,—which, with three chairs, a bench, and a round table, made all the furniture,—took out his uniform, and began rapidly to exchange his working clothes for it.

"I am going to Caen, my father."

"To Caen! And for what? Thou art not such a fool, Désiré, as to thrust thyself into the jaws of that she-wolf, La Triquet, that she may crunch thee at her pleasure. No; thou art my son! Thou couldst not be such a dunce as to make thy own proposal. But listen." He raised both hands, and then with a quick gesture extended them towards his son. "I am not so indifferent as thou mayst think, Désiré mio, aha! hai capito. I have not been in thine Italy, yet thou seest I know

something. There is no room here for another fisherman. I tell thee besides, Marie Triquet is too friande for a fishwife, and besides, I like to be alone. Find employment somewhere else. Then we will see. We promise nothing, however; absolutely nothing."

An eager hope sprang into his son's eyes at the beginning of his speech; but, at the closing words, it faded away into the same dull sad expression that had filled them while he paced up and down the sands.

He just nodded, muttered "*à tantôt*," and then, stepping over the threshold, as soon as he had settled his cap firmly on his head he strode rapidly towards Caen.

At the great Calvary nearest the city he saw a young girl kneeling, but he scarcely noticed her as he hurried on.

The girl was rising from her knees as he passed; she stood looking after him.

She was not pretty, rather above middle height, and slenderly made. It was easy to see by her costume that she belonged to a fishing village, though she wore one of the invariable close-fitting caps with cockscomb frill of lace a-top that characterize the women of Caen nowadays.

She was not pretty. She had nothing in the way of complexion or features to attract notice; but there was a stamp of candor and intelligence on her face, and a soft light in her dark gray eyes as she looked after Désiré Lelièvre.

She turned again to the Calvary, and offered up a prayer for her old playmate, and then came down the steps and set out briskly on the way to Auge. This was Mimi or Emilie Fayel, the sister of Désiré's friend Jacques. Though Désiré had been the hero of his own village, he had had in his boyhood no eyes or words for any girl except Marie Triquet.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNSEL OF CAPTAIN DE GRAGNAC.

MONSIEUR DE GRAGNAC, the captain of Désiré's company, was sitting smoking in his lodging when there came a rapping at the door.

He said "*Entrez*" not quite as cheerfully as usual, for on the table before him lay an uncut yellow volume, just sent by the author, and he was longing to read it, with the mixture of interest, curiosity, and unbelief with which we

generally peruse the books of our dear friends and relatives; but his cheerful look came back when he saw who his visitor was. He added a smiling "bon jour" to Désiré Lelièvre's military salute.

"Well, Lelièvre, what is it? I thought you had got a month's leave."

"Yes, yes, monsieur," Désiré said these words quickly enough, but there he stopped.

"You have got into some scrape then, and you think that I can help you. Very well, mon ami, tell me at once what it is."

"Pardon, Monsieur le Capitaine, it is a scrape, and it is not. Ma foi! it is,—that,—that I want to get my discharge."

"Comment! your discharge!" The Captain sat bolt upright; he had till now leaned back in his chair, smoking his cigar as leisurely as before Désiré entered.

"Why, you have scarcely seen more than a year's service!"

"It is true, Monsieur le Capitaine; but the war is over, and I cannot lead an idle life, and,—and,—I have another reason besides."

And then, little by little, the Captain drew from Désiré the story of his love for Marie, which he told, too, like a man, without any sheepish false shame. He said that since he had seen Marie again he felt quite sure that his head would always be filled with her, and that he should never do any good at anything till he was married. And when this was all said, Désiré drew a long breath, like one who has laid down a burden, and feels all the better for it.

The Captain leaned back in his chair. He had taken the cigar from his lips, and held it between the fingers of one hand while he twisted and retwisted his moustaches with the other. Captain de Gragnac was a brave and distinguished soldier, and he was not particularly selfish, but to him evidently the infatuation of such a love as Désiré's was an enigma.

"What a horrible waste of life," he thought, "for this fine handsome young fellow, with a world full of women before him, at one-and-twenty to give up all freedom and tie himself to a pretty-faced doll,—for what else can she be at seventeen?—and a life of hard labor to support perhaps a large family!"

"Well," he said at last; for Désiré moved restlessly, as if impatient for his

answer. "I've no doubt you think you are right, mon brave, but there seem to me two or three points still to be considered. You say you feel sure, if you can find yourself an employment, your father will find the three hundred and seventy-five francs to pay off your coming time of service. Bon! But, now, first, employment which will keep a wife and children is not found directly one looks for it, as you find crabs in the rocks, Lelièvre, and next, is your father also willing to furnish the necessary funds for your mobilier?—for your savings out of a year's service can't be much,—we all know how little profit there was in our Italian campaign. And, also, I think there are more idle employments than that of a soldier in garrison."

Lelièvre smiled. He felt secretly disappointed; he had always looked on his captain as all-powerful, knowing him to be—what is rare among French officers of the line—both well-born and influential, and it is wonderful, considering all things, how deeply the reverence for gentle blood is rooted in the hearts of French provincials.

"I am not afraid for the mobilier, monsieur; besides, it does not cost much,—a bed, an armoire, a table, some chairs, some articles for cooking, and that is all. I have some of these things which belonged to my mother before she married; they are mine now," he looked very sad as he said this, "and for the rest, I think Madame Triquet would help if my father would not."

"Bon!" The Captain was still contemplating Désiré as if he were an animal of a new species. Marriage was to Monsieur de Gragnac an institution,—nothing more, an admirable institution at forty-five or fifty years of age. When life begins to be as fatiguing as heretofore it has been charming, it is well to take a wife, or rather to allow one's mother or aunt to take a wife for one, to look after one's income and one's ménage, an agreeable, douce compagne, who will make the evening of one's days pass pleasantly; but to mix up love and its hopes and fears and passionate joys and griefs with such an institution was, Captain de Gragnac had hitherto thought, only a state of mind to be met with in novels; so unreal, so improbable, such a falsehood against the existing state of things as perfectly to justify

mothers in keeping such pernicious amusements as novels from the reading of their young daughters. He thought over all his acquaintances. Never once had he heard of such a folly as a marriage, the origin of which had been mutual affection. And how could it be? If he married he should get his mother to ask some young lady of her parents, he should have a peep at her first at the opera, or if that were not practicable, he should content himself with her photograph, then he should be presented to her as her future husband, and he should see her at most three or four times in her mother's presence; she would call him monsieur and he would call her mademoiselle till they married.

He took his cigar out of his mouth again when he came to the end of these reflections, and looked up at Désiré. It might be that this sort of thing was usual among the people. Certainly, he had never had a confidence of the heart from one of his soldiers before. Love, as a stepping-stone to marriage, might,—who could say?—be as common among badly-born people as the custom of wearing blouses among the peasantry. But then again it might only be an infatuation of this young soldier's. Clearly it was his duty to caution him.

"Is this the first love affair you've had, Lelièvre?"

Désiré reddened. There was something very practical and unsympathizing in the way the Captain said "love affair."

"Ma foi! monsieur,"—he shrugged his shoulders,—*"I don't mean to say Marie's the only girl I ever fancied; but she's the only one I ever wished to make my wife."*

"And is it, do you think, wise,—when you confess that your head is so full of her as to interfere with your duties,—to make her your wife?"

"Comment, Monsieur le Capitaine!" Désiré looked flushed and astonished.

"Understand me, mon ami, these fierce flames confuse the brain with their smoke while they last, and die out quickly. Take my word for it, Lelièvre, when you have been married to your wife two months you may feel friendship for her, but no longer love. Now a great many more qualities are wanting to fulfil the requirements of a sentiment than of a passion." The Captain smiled here, and raised his eyebrows at himself, for talk so far above the comprehension of his hearer. "What I mean

is," he said, quickly, "are you not too much in love now to judge whether Marie is likely to suit you as a wife?"

And now again Captain de Gagnac smiled at himself. According to this doctrine an intimate acquaintance with your future wife before marriage was necessary for your happiness. No, it could not be for well-bred folks, or it would be "de règle;" but for "the people," who must necessarily live afterwards in much closer companionship, it doubtless was so.

"But, monsieur, it is the love I have so long felt for her, and which the sight of her has,—has,—has,—well, monsieur, I can't tell you how I love her now. That makes me sure she is the girl I ought to marry."

The Captain felt there was no use in prolonging the argument. He and Désiré were only talking in an unknown tongue each to the other.

"Have you thought of any employment?" he said.

"Well, monsieur, that is what I came to you for. I should like out-door work best, if I could get it; but, you know, the farmers give such small pay hereabouts that it's only the women who will take it."

"If you had served longer you might have had a chance of being named garde-champêtre; but, you see, my friend, that is only given to old soldiers. It is their perquisites, in fact. Really, I don't know how to help you."

And again he put his cigar in his mouth, and puffed away vigorously.

"If I could get a post as gardener," said Désiré, "to some gentleman, monsieur's recommendation would help me greatly."

"But what do you know about gardening? Gardening is a business which must be learned."

"Ma foi! monsieur. I am determined to earn a living, and I would soon learn what was necessary."

"Well, then, be patient for two days," said Monsieur de Gagnac. "I am going to Le Callac, and I may possibly hear of something to suit you; and, meantime, you can think of all I have said to you."

Désiré poured forth his thanks with the effusion only a Frenchman is capable of, the tears glistening in his eyes while he did so, and then he made his military salute and departed.

Young as he was, he had a remarkable

power of influencing those to whom he spoke. His handsome, intelligent face may have had something to do with this, but his manner was so simple and truthful, so entirely free from self-conceit, while it conveyed the impression of earnest self-dependence, that hitherto, although he might not have so many acquaintances as some of his comrades, he had never lost a friend.

Monsieur de Gragnac felt a warm interest in his fortunes, although he still thought Désiré was throwing himself away. By good chance the lord of the domain at Le Callac was in want of a garde. He said he would prefer a soldier,—so great a moralatrix is the French army now esteemed,—and he would take any soldier out of Captain de Gragnac's company without other recommendation but that of having served under him. As the country round was wild and uninhabited he should prefer an active young man to an older one.

Captain de Gragnac sent for his protégé as soon as he returned to Caen, and Désiré seemed scarcely able to believe in his good fortune. He stood still looking at the Captain, unable to bring out a word of thanks.

"The worst of it is," said Monsieur de Gragnac, smiling, for he quite understood the young man's emotion, "that I fear this will serve to increase your marriage madness. The pay of a private garde is, as you probably know, just double that of a public one."

CHAPTER III.

DÉSIRÉ'S COURTSHIP.

To Désiré's great surprise, when he told his father of his good fortune, Martin Lelièvre looked pleased, and said, cheerfully, that he supposed the next move would be to ask the pretty Marie of Madame Triquet.

His son had expected opposition, sulkiness, a final coming round, perhaps, after much perseverance on his own part. This sudden yielding filled him with joy.

He embraced his father heartily, but Martin repulsed him; told him to keep his demonstrations for Marie, and then deliberately dressed himself in all his best clothes, and started off to await at the cross road the diligence which conveyed travellers to Caen.

He peremptorily refused to let Désiré go with him.

"Old heads waggle together best alone,"

he said; "young ones are always de trop when there is business to be done; besides,—who knows,—La Mère Triquet may have promised her daughter elsewhere, and may tell me I'm seeking feathers from a plucked chicken."

He said the last words, not as if he believed in such a possibility, but because he could not resist the opportunity of sneering at his son's hopes; and once again Désiré stood still, bewildered at the change that had come over his father.

Had grief for his wife's death struck so deep as to change his sulky, sullen nature to the reckless, wild mocking fits that at times possessed him now, or was his mind giving way? Only this last surmise could account for the terrified glances he at times darted round the rooms, and the ghastly paleness that followed.

The day seemed long to Désiré. He knew his father could not return before evening. He wandered up and down the sands till the tide drove him away, and then he climbed to the heights beyond them, with a vague hope,—although he knew it was far too soon,—of seeing a cart in the distance, for his father had said he should trust to some chance mode of coming home.

Désiré tried to recollect every look and word of Marie's since his return,—he had managed to see her several times after his first interview with Captain de Gragnac; and each time,—so it seemed to him,—she had been more willing to listen while he spoke, and had looked up in his face more and more sweetly when he wished her and her mother good-by.

It must,—it should come right! and yet, although he could not find the slightest shadow of foundation for it, a film of doubt and mistrust came between his mental sight and the bright future pictures his fancy drew. At last the long day came to an end,—the gray and orange tints of the cliffs changed to burnished gold as the setting sunlight flashed over them; and as Désiré looked once more towards the high road, winding its up-and-down course into the interior, he saw something moving on it.

The soft, moss-like earth yielded as he sprang again into the path below, and hurried towards the road.

It was the fisherman.

"Well, well!" he said mockingly, "I have not had my journey for nothing."

Désiré poured out his thanks, he could scarcely believe in his happiness; but he did not this time attempt to embrace his father. "Eh bien—what has happened? Tell me everything, my father."

"Bah! thou art like a woman, Désiré,—they must always have words, men should be content with facts. What wilt thou? La Veuve is willing to take thee for a son-in-law as soon as thou hast got thy discharge."

Désiré's eyes spoke the eager question that came.

"Tais-toi!"—Martin put up his hand to check the young man's words,—"*the money will be paid at once; and if thou art bent on running thy head into a halter,—a halter, mind, that can never be unfastened,—why, thou mayest see Marie to-morrow, after thou hast arranged the matter with thy Captain. He will tell thee how to manage the affair; for me, I have done enough.*"

His look and manners were bitterly unkind, and he turned away with unfriendly haste as if to check the expression of his son's gratitude. It seemed to Désiré that the fisherman was acting a part to conceal his real feelings. The next minute the young man blamed himself for such a suspicion; something had happened in Caen to annoy his father, or,—who could tell?—the prospect of his son's marriage might have recalled his own, and its sad ending; and such a rugged, determined nature as Martin Lelièvre's was not a likely one to betray his sorrow even to his only child.

But Désiré was too happy to think much about anybody besides Marie. Happy is scarcely the word; it was a fevered rapture, under which he took no heed of time or anything that passed around him.

It was even more unreal, more dream-like, next day, in La Veuve's back-parlor, as he sat close beside Marie, holding one of her dear little soft hands in his, and looking into her face. It is true her mother sat opposite,—had sat opposite even when he had pressed his first kiss on Marie's blushing forehead. Her presence was neither necessary nor satisfactory; but then these were early days, and the young girl's extreme timidity had made Désiré, ardent lover as he was, feel bashful in taking that first kiss.

It was very delicious to sit there look-

ing at the pretty modest girl, whose blue eyes had not once fully met his, and feeling that she would soon be all his own. Only he wished a customer would come into the shop. He did not want to listen to La Veuve's incessant talk; he wanted to say many little words to Marie, which would be most uninteresting to her sharp-eared mother; also he wanted to see how those blue eyes looked with the lashes lifted, and whether he could not make the rosy lips dimple into a smile. Above all, he wanted to hear Marie say she loved him, and there was no hearing anything with Madame Triquet in presence.

There came a quick tread of little feet in the shop; his heart throbbed with pleasant anticipations. La Veuve must surely attend to her customers! But Désiré's hopes were not to be fulfilled so speedily.

"Make haste, mon chou! thou must never let anything domestic interfere with business, must she, mon garçon?" She looked at Désiré as if she were sure of his approval, and quite unconscious of the rueful gaze with which his eyes followed Marie into the shop. She talked glibly for a few minutes, and then getting no answer, she looked up with a sharp twinkle in her eyes.

"You are hurried, my friend; and it is a pity, too, for a fine youth to waste his day in chattering to an old woman over her tricot. Yes, yes; I know you are polite, but I cannot suffer it. This is Marie's business time. She may be obliged to remain in the shop for an hour,—what do I know? for two,—for three hours!"

"But I am in no hurry," persisted Désiré.

"Ah! you are so kind; but this which I tell you is better, is it not? You will come next Sunday, and you will accompany the little Marie to St. Pierre for Le Salut; and after you can take her, if you will, for a promenade in the Cours Caffarelli. Mon Dieu! I tell you that it is delicious there in the cool of the evening."

Here was a charming prospect; with the certainty of having Marie to himself for several hours he grew reconciled to the present parting, and he bade adieu to Madame Triquet more easily than she expected.

"Au revoir, mon ami! My remembrance to your good father." She held

out her dimpled hand to him ; then, as if prompted by an after-thought, she called after him,—

“Don't stop tattling in the shop ; you know that it might compromise Marie.”

She winked and smiled good-humoredly, but Désiré passed on without answering.

He found the shop empty.

Marie was sitting behind one of the counters, bending over her embroidery frame.

Désiré bent over it too ; but before he could whisper a word, a warning tap sounded on the glass-door of the parlor, and made them both start.

Désiré reddened. This sort of espionage was hateful. However, he thought of Sunday, and decided that it was, on the whole, wiser not to provoke Madame Triquet by resistance, on the first day of his courtship.

When he reached the pastry-cook's next Sunday he was grievously disappointed to find that La Veuve not only meant to accompany her daughter, but that she proposed to walk between him and Marie.

“It is charming, you know, to feel that one has a child on each arm,” she said to Désiré.

He found the service, short as it was, very wearisome. It is over at last ; the Benediction is said ; the chairs squeak and scrape over the floor as every one hastens outside into the cooler air. He is beside Marie again as she mounts the steps and dips her fingers into the holy-water stoup.

They pass out of church through the great sculptured western doorway, and an acquaintance fastens herself on Madame Triquet. This is Désiré's opportunity, and he offers his arm to Marie ; but she shakes her head, and glances at her mother. She looks at Désiré, however ; but there is no response in her eyes to the love which fills his own.

“Marie,” he whispers, tenderly, “do you remember fair-time, before I went away?”

Marie smiles sweetly, and says “yes” in a pleasant voice ; and yet Désiré is not satisfied ; he expected a blush and drooping eyelids for answer, and somehow he would have preferred this reply to any word at all ; for that fairing had been his first effort at making Marie understand his devotion,—a pink heart-shaped *sucre de pomme*, transfixed by a thick golden arrow,

with a fan inside. Madame Triquet's acquaintance walks on with her, and Marie and Désiré are side by side.

Madame le Petit is full of news. Her husband has been to Paris to learn the fashions, and she has marvels to describe in the way of coiffure and costume. And, besides, Monsieur le Petit has brought back some choice canards and tit-bits of scandal,—fresh and astounding to the female Norman mind,—the bourgeoisie of Caen not being addicted to the reading of newspapers, and being, moreover, inhabitants of one of the purest and simplest cities of France.

Madame Triquet is desperately anxious to listen to these stories, and yet more desirous that they shall not reach Marie's ears, and little by little, she turns away from her daughter and Désiré, till her head almost touches that of Madame le Petit.

It is dusk when they reach the Cours Caffarelli, almost gloomily dark on beyond, where the lights from the town and the quays can no longer penetrate the shadow beneath the solemn lines of poplar trees that border the Orne.

There are birds singing still among the trees on the other side of the river, and when the young people turn homewards again, the scene before them has an almost unreal beauty as the lights reflect themselves in the dark silent water, and glow like a file of glow-worms along the basin of the harbor.

Désiré talks softly to Marie, she questions him about Italy ; and, though he would rather have spoken of his love, he answers all she asks, and grows animated out of the soft langor that had tied his tongue while they walked under the trees in the Cours.

They have reached the Place Royale, and still Madame le Petit's tongue wags and Madame Triquet listens.

The place is crowded with townspeople promenading up and down.

There are only a few gas lamps there, and it is just that sort of confused, indistinct crowd one likes to find one's self in with one's beloved. One feels sure that every look and word is only marked by her.

Désiré did not again ask Marie to take his arm. He took her hand and drew it gently to his heart, imprisoning it so tightly that she could not withdraw it.

Did Marie feel the fierce bounds with which its presence was greeted? If she did, she was not displeased thereat; for she only smiled sweetly up at Désiré the next time he spoke.

That tête-à-tête was like an intoxicating dream. Both he and Marie started and flushed as Madame, having said "bon soir" to her gossip, suddenly bethinks herself of her daughter, and turns her head.

"Ma foi, Marie, thou shouldst not quit my arm! and you, Désiré, will give me yours."

It is all over, and when will it come again?

It is very dark as they turn out of the Place into the narrower streets where the lamps are scarcer. There is a diligence ready to start as they pass; but Désiré chooses to walk to Auge.

"It will only take me three hours," he says, as they part at Madame Triquet's door; and then he whispers to Marie that he shall think of her all the way. He can say no more; for La Veuve declares that they are very late.

(To be continued.)

London Society.

THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE.

SHALL we, friendly reader, now indulge once more in some of that quasi-medical talk that once and again I have ventured to hold with you? You understand my kind of talk—that I do not injuriously seek to afflict you with useful information, or with discussion of scientific problems, but seek to treat on its literary side that learned profession which has, or most certainly one day will have, a very strong personal interest for us. From time to time topics of discussion crop up in the medical world which form subjects of general conversation in social intercourse. Now Professor Huxley startles us with his protoplasms, which reduce all nature to one common denominator. Then Professor Tyndall tells us of the vast clouds of possible germs of disease which we incessantly swallow, and of the cotton-wool method, by which we can make the air of the sick-chamber as pure and rarefied as that of the higher Alps. Professor Tyndall has, however, quite failed to satisfy the general mind on the germ theory of disease. Then, perhaps, some new medicine, or some new method of treatment obtains a share of popularity. Men will eagerly discuss all the possible uses of bromide of potassium, or they will tell wonders of the extirpating power of carbolic acid; or they will go into raptures over the power of the new hypnotic, chloral hydrate, which they will declare—but don't believe them, reader—produces deep sleep, and leaves no after-effect. The doctors are sad people for making a run upon some particular medicine, and

for the time being the whole profession becomes empirical in the use of a new and fashionable drug. The chemists complain greatly that, by the time they have ordered in a stock of it, the medicine caprice has changed, and the demand is for something new. We outsiders hear of matters of controversy; and the public, without being able to appreciate the precise force of conflicting theories, takes a languid interest in matters not of remote interest to it, and, at all events, is ready to listen to matters that have any claim of novelty. At the present time English surgeons, of whom deplorably few have gone to the seat of war, are wondering what new treatment of gunshot wounds will be necessitated by the needle-gun and the mitrailleuse. They might introduce from Germany the pleasant method of treating fever patients by placing them in cooling baths, and in warm weather bringing them out to lie beneath the trees. In reference to the medical aspect of the war, it is remarkable that, even as the Good Samaritan poured in oil and wine upon the wounded traveller, so it seems to be nearly acknowledged as a medical truth that oil and wine make the best part of the pharmacopœia for wounded soldiers. Then there is a ceaseless subject of medical and general discussion, ever since Hahneman threw the medical world into confusion at the commencement of the present century, on the rival merits of homœopathy and allopathy. And to say the truth, the great British public can rarely see safe ground in medical and

scientific controversies, and they ever grow hopeless of attaining such ground when they observe in how bigoted and intolerant a way even scientific controversy can be carried on.

I cannot wonder at any amount of scepticism respecting doctors when so much scepticism exists among themselves. Even on that internecine question of allopathy and homœopathy, there are allopathic doctors who treat patients homœopathically, and homœopathic doctors who treat patients allopathically. Doctors grow suspicious of medicines, and often resolutely refuse to prescribe. Surgeons undervalue operations, and confess that their mutilations of the human subject are simply confessions of powerlessness to heal. The present writer is not a medical man, but he has the happiness of conference and correspondence with several medical men of eminence. One of his friends wrote thus to him the other day: "Medical practice is getting out of the old groove; is still wandering in a sort of maze and in chaotic confusion, awaiting, seeking, searching for a new path . . . You are aware how many valuable, inestimable lives are lost by those respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, &c., as regards the treatment of which the profession is in a state of utter bewilderment and almost chaotic confusion." It is very remarkable that, in those diseases enumerated by my correspondent, medicine, as a science, has made the greatest advances, but medicine as an art has been almost powerless. Most of the triumphs of modern medical science have been made in the direction of diseases of the chest, in an almost unerring diagnosis, in the invention of scientific tests, and in methods of cure and alleviation; and yet, wonderful to say, nearly the entire increase of disease belongs to what are called chest cases. One reason is that medical men study the theory rather than the art of medicine, and students rather seek to distinguish themselves in a scientific examination, than to be clinically acquainted with the varying phenomena of disease.

On other grounds, too, there is a great deal of reproach against medicine. The reproach is sometimes made against medicine, that it is allied with materialism. This reproach does not seem altogether to be destitute of foundation. The Bishop

of Orleans tells us that materialism is publicly taught under the sanction of the Minister of Public Education. "It is triumphant," he continues, "in the School of Medicine in Paris. We recollect those wild cries of *Vive le Matérialisme!* uttered last year (1867), at the opening of the session." Yet we do not see where the materialism can give the $\delta\epsilon\varsigma\ \pi\omicron\upsilon\ \sigma\tau\omega$. As Professor Tyndall truly says: "The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable." Even Professor Huxley speaks of the well-founded doctrine that life is the cause, and not the consequence of organization, although this admission is strangely at variance with his well-known paper on the "Physical Basis of Life." We have now the remarkable theory that matter is essentially force, and nothing but force; that all force is probably will-force; and that force is a product of mind. Materialism has not got it all its own way, even among the materialists. But if scientific medicine is often adverse, it is also often an ally to the religious sentiment. But now let us look at medicine on its positive side, and see what a vast *per contra* has to be stated. How beautiful are the words of Galen: "In explaining these things I esteem myself as composing a solemn hymn to the Great Architect of our bodily frame, in which I think there is more true piety than in sacrificing whole hecatombs of oxen, or in burning the most costly perfumes; for first I endeavor from His works to know Him myself; and afterwards, by the same means, to show Him to others, to inform them how great is His wisdom, goodness, and power." It is interesting to remember that St. Luke belonged to the same medical school as Galen. Abernethy has a fine saying to the effect that the body rests *on a myriad of elastic columns*. It might be possible to make a florilegium of such striking sayings. It would not be too much to say that some of the most striking contributions to the Argument from Design have been furnished from medical research.

Medicine has, in its own way, as brilliant identifications as can be found elsewhere in science—as in the discovery of the planet Neptune, or the identification of the dinornis. Our readers probably recollect Professor Owen's wonderful identification of the great wingless bird of

New Zealand. A sailor offered a piece of bone for sale at some of the scientific museums. They all declined, and one of them irreverently said that it was like a huge marrowbone, such as he had seen at the London Tavern. It was bought at length by Professor Owen. The professor took time for consideration, and then he pronounced an astonishing opinion. He declared that this bone, which was big enough for the bone of an ox, was nothing else than the bone of a bird; and he followed up this statement by one that was more astonishing still—that this bird had no wings. It taxed all one's faith in Professor Owen to credit such language as this. But time vindicated the science of the philosopher. A whole skeleton of the animal was discovered and brought over to this country. So accurate was the professor, that no better name could be found for the bird than apteryx, or wingless one. Quite recently Professor Owen has given a lecture, which will be found in the report of the Zoological Society, based on the interesting fact that more bones of the apteryx—those of the windpipe—have been recently discovered in New Zealand. The professor thinks that the bird must have existed and passed away at a period before the Maories came into the country. All great discoveries in science are related, not remotely, to the special discoveries of medicine. Medicine, and all other sciences, incessantly grasp after the mighty secret of life, which forever eludes our most searching analysis. Now and then we hear a mighty scientific hypothesis, as when Darwin and Wallace speak of the Origin of Species, or Dr. Winslow propounds the theory of Molecular Repulsion—the theory that duality of forces govern the heavenly bodies—that there is some subtle principle, antagonistic to repulsion, which exists as an all-pervading element in Nature. Medicine, which absorbs all sciences, has the utmost affinity for the widest generalizations which science can effect. Moral science enters the borders of medicine as much as physical science. Here is a striking sentence which might be looked on as subsidiary to Bishop Butler's argument on Identity: "Mayer, of Heilbron pointed out that the blood was the 'oil of life,' and that muscular effort was in the main supported by the combustion of this oil. The muscles are the

machinery by which the dynamic power of the food is brought into action. Nevertheless the whole body, though more slowly than the blood, wastes also. How is the sense of personal identity maintained across this flight of molecules. . . The oxygen that departs seems to whisper its secret to the oxygen that arrives; and thus, while the *non ego* shifts and changes, the *ego* remains intact. Life is a *wave*, which in no two consecutive moments of its existence is composed of the same particles." The difficulty is to see how we can make these splendid hypotheses tributaries to medicine as an art. So to speak, the geography of the body is like the geography of the world; through the ages and generations we creep on from truth to truth; but, after all, there has never been any complete scientific investigation of either. When victorious analysis has been carried to the utmost, and scientific instruments have tested every living and dead tissue, if perchance the mystery of life can be unravelled, we can only report, in the words of the earliest and closest observer of Nature, that "Destruction and death say, 'We have heard the sound thereof with our ears.'"

So much then, for the strength and weakness, the achievements and the powerlessness of medicine. We have caught a glimpse also of the great arguments it subserves, and the mighty theories of speculation. We feel that the whole subject is immeasurably dwarfed when we come down to the practical aspects of every-day medical science. A medical man told me the other day that his practice virtually consisted of half a dozen medicines. I expect we can guess what they are. There is digitalis, the great medicine for the heart; opium, so universal a sheet-anchor that a great physician always used to travel about with a box of opium pills in his pocket; the abominable and abhorrent calomel; the sulphate of quinine; the muriate of iron; the iodide of potassium. To these we must add the new remedies of chloroform, bromide of potassium, and nitrous oxide gas. Dr. Sibson truly said the other day at the meeting of the British Medical Association, that side by side with this use of medicine is the study and regulation of the vital forces. It would be well if the human race could understand the copybook truism that prevention is better than cure. We

hope the time will come when a knowledge of chemistry, physiology, and vital powers will become familiar knowledge. Nothing is more deplorable than the lamentable ignorance of the most elementary knowledge of the conditions of life and health. Every now and then some extraordinary incident occurs to vary the monotony of ordinary medical discussion. For instance, after Troppinan was guillotined, a Paris physician, Dr. Pinel, asserted in a political journal that life remained in the head of the criminal at least an hour after execution. There had also been frightful stories of the heads of guillotined persons biting each other, purporting to come from Sanson, the executioner. One result of this was that some experiments were made at Beauvais on the body of a criminal executed for parricide. The experimenters applied their lips to the ears of the severed head and shouted out the man's name in a loud voice. But there came no muscular movement to any feature, nor any gleam to the lack-lustre eye. Electricity obtained its usual vivid contractions, but these were not significant, as the same were obtained long after the extraction of the brain. The results coincided with results obtained by similar experiments at Mayence in 1803, when also they called out the names of the criminals to the respective heads. At the present moment a profoundly melancholy interest attaches to death and sufferings on the battle-field. There are medical reports on these subjects during the Crimean, Italian, and American wars. Dr. Brinton, a military surgeon, speaks thus of a young American shot through the heart: "The right arm was raised above the head and rigidly fixed. The hand still held the cap with which he had been cheering on his comrades at the last moment of life. A peaceful smile was on his face." This statement reminds us of the language of William Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, when he said, in his last moments, to his friend, Dr. Coombs: "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." We may observe that Hunter's still more illustrious brother died from giving way to a violent gust of passion. We may deeply pity the poor wounded, who are left for hours in the sun where they have fallen; but it is happy to know that for the fallen brave the physical bitterness of death was

probably well-nigh annihilated. The experience of our own great military surgeons, such as Macgregor and Guthrie, ought to be carefully studied.

We now pass on to say a few words on the doctors. We have recently had to lament the death of two illustrious men who have made the medical schools of Edinburgh so justly famous—Sir James Y. Simpson and Professor Syme. It is remarkable that one of the last writings of Sir James Simpson, in the *Lancet* of this year, relates to his great discovery of chloroform. He gave the single instance of death under chloroform which occurred under his practice, embracing thousands of cases. A medical man told me the other day that in five thousand cases where he had administered he had never seen a single death. Sir James thought that the chloroform had probably nothing to do with the death. He cites various instances of death from syncope under operations without anæsthetics. He mentions a remarkable case in 1847, in which he had intended to use chloroform, but was prevented, and the patient died under the operation. "If the chloroform had happened to be used, and this fatal syncope had occurred while the patient was under its action, the whole career of the new anæsthetic would have been arrested." It is often very interesting to place doctors under examination, or cross-examination, respecting medical matters. The accounts which doctors give of their own illnesses are always extremely interesting. Their greatest difficulty is always to get a patient to give a clear, accurate account of his symptoms. They will certainly endeavor themselves to guard against errors and vagueness. One of the best descriptions of delirium we know is given by Sir Charles Bell, in his account of his own delirium in scarlatina:—"As to the delirium, it was never such as you suppose; especially the first nights, it was rather agreeable. A painter, with a look of self-gratulation, seemed to place his piece on an easel; another, with an air of superiority, displaced the first and substituted his own style; a third frowned and terrified the last, until, in rapid succession, I saw the finest pieces of history, the most romantic scenery—banditti, ruins, aqueducts. Still I had selfish feeling enough to know that this was all imagination, and indicated some exuberance of fancy in which I in-

dulged. By and by the same process of fancy became less airy and light in what it exhibited. I seemed to be among legs and arms: a dressing-gown hanging in a corner was a figure in a frowning or contemptuous attitude; a fold of the bed-clothes gave the idea of a limb, to which I added what was necessary for the figure. Every absurdity of my imagination I observed to have a distinct origin in the impression on the sense. When the light was vivid, the candles and fire burning bright, the truth of sensation corrected all aberrations. In total darkness, too, I was free of false perception; but in the obscure light of the rushlight on that gray canvas that seemed to be drawn across the vision by the shutting of my eyelids, the reflex sensation perpetually exhibited the most romantic scenes or the richest ornaments, or the gayest festoons of flowers. Such is the history of my delirium." This is a brilliant picture, which might rank with the visions of De Quincey. Mr. Charles Reade, in one of his novels, makes his dying hero revive by an infusion of blood from his heroine. This doctrine of transfusion was fully set forth by Dr. Blundell, with cases. Blundell showed that to infuse the blood of one animal into another is fatal, but that venous blood in the human species would revive or resuscitate; and no doubt arterial blood still more if it could be obtained. In most of the experiments, however, the result was not favorable.

Every one has his story to tell of Abernethy. The story of his marriage is a good one. He wrote off-hand to a lady a note of proposal, saying that he was too busy to attend in person, but he would give her a fortnight for consideration. Astley Cooper, I think, lectured as usual the day he was married. We have only heard one opinion from all persons who have had any intimacy with Abernethy, that under that roughest of manners he veiled one of the kindest of hearts. In occasional encounters his patients sometimes had decidedly the best of it. One gentleman went to consult him about a bad pain in his shoulders. Abernethy brusquely said, "Well, I know nothing about it." "I don't know how you should," was the sharp retort; "but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps you then may." Abernethy at once said—

"Sit down," and treated him with the greatest kindness. One day a lady who went to consult him found him extremely uncourteous. "I have heard of your rudeness before I came, sir, but I did not expect this." When Abernethy gave her the prescription, she said, "What shall I do with this?" "Anything you like; put it in the fire, if you please." The lady took him at his word, laid his fee on the table, and threw the prescription into the fire, and hastily left the room. Abernethy followed her into the hall, pressing her to take back her fee, or let him give her another prescription; but the lady was inexorable and left the house. Abernethy's eccentricities are partly to be explained by the fact that he was a great humorist. Beyond this, he had a very fidgety organization, probably to be explained by some structural flaw in the heart, to which eventually his death was to be referred. His brethren always speak well of Abernethy. Sir Charles Bell wrote:—"I think Abernethy has taken a kind of hankering kindness to me. Yesterday he called, and I chased him from chair to stool round the room, in the way of argument. To-day I dined with him. I have been entreating him to go to a dance with me to-morrow. 'No,' says he, 'they make such a quiz of me.' . . . I took my first ride with Abernethy. My companion is quite a peculiar character; but I believe the infection of my delight made him unusually free and frisky."

In medical science, especially in France, there appears to be a tendency towards positive cruelty. Abernethy absolutely disapproved of vivisection. He considered that such experiments were morally wrong and physiologically unsafe. Sir Charles Bell always asserted the truth that physiology was a science of observation rather than of experiment. He made few experiments, made them very reluctantly, and did not think that he made anything by them. It is impossible to read without the keenest horror of Orfila's experiments on animals by poisoning. A writer in the *Quarterly* justly termed such experiments *hellish*. All true physiologists are Baconian, and look on diseases as natural laws complicated with circumstances of interference. A disease is a foreign invasion that will run a certain course, and must be dislodged as soon as possible. Sensible doctors only profess to put their

patients under the best conditions for recovery; not to cure absolutely. The general practitioner—and it is he, after all, who sees most of life, death, and disease—can only have the faintest hopes of good from ruthless experiments. As a matter of fact, medical men are exceedingly kind-hearted. They illustrate Bishop Butler's law that sympathy is not dulled but heightened, if manifested in kindly action.

I have just been noticing some instances of the way in which doctors have treated royalty. Radcliff told Queen Anne that her disease was nothing but the vapors. "She is in as good a state of health as any woman breathing—only she can't make up her mind to believe it." William the Third was told by his doctor that he would not have his two legs for his three kingdoms. Although unfavorable to the doctors, the case of George the Third might serve as an illustration. We are told, in Sir George Ross's diary, of the opinion of the king's medical men in his last irrecoverable mental illness. "The opinion of the physicians is more than ever confident of recovery, but still uncertain as to time. Dr. Willis has not the slightest apprehension of another paroxysm now. The unanimous opinion also of the physicians is, that a state of some irritation must precede recovery, but that recovery is as certain as anything can be." There never was a worse guess, except, perhaps, in the case of his son, George the Fourth. That king asked Dr. Wardrop, "Tell me, Wardrop, honestly, if you think I shall recover." Wardrop answered that his Majesty must be perfectly aware that any disease of a vital organ like the heart could not be free from danger. Countless instances might be given of the benevolence of medical men. Dr. Hope, when he prescribed flannel to the poor, always used to give them the flannel. Dr. Baillie prescribed that a young lady should spend the winter in a mild climate, and when he knew that she could not afford it, presented her with an adequate sum to defray her expenses. It was a matter of sincere sorrow to him if he ever spoke roughly to a poor man; a fact which may be commended to the consideration of many parish doctors. The most charming trait of natural affection belongs to our greatest surgeons. Bichat dedicates his work "*à mon père et mon meilleur ami.*" It is of a doctor that the

pretty story is told that he was gambolling with his children, when he suddenly ceased: "Let us break off; here's a fool coming."

Every now and then in the history of a family the case arises in which a consulting physician is called in to the bedside of a sick member of it. I use the expression "consulting physician," as that is the ordinary term; but one of the medical journals has rightly pointed out that "consulted" physician would be the more correct appellation. It is generally a sad and sorrowful circumstance when the great medical luminary is called in. It implies at least that the patient is confined to the bed, or to the sick-room. If he were able to get about he would go to the great man's waiting-room instead of incurring the trouble and expense of bringing the great man to his bedside. If the great man be a very great man indeed, you will not be able to see him by the simple expedient of going to his house. You will perhaps receive a card of admission for next day, or you may perhaps be told by a secretary that you may have an appointment for three o'clock on the following Friday. You see your case is not so immediately urgent as it may be in the long run, although it may be chronic enough and fatal enough. The consulting physician is now a distinct order in the medical world; under which term we include, also, the consulting surgeon. He has the highest reputation and the largest gains of any. And it is work which ought to be highly remunerated, as is most certainly the case. He has to work hard, to make long journeys, to incur grave responsibilities, and is sometimes prematurely worn out by his great intellectual and physical exertions. The late Sir James Simpson was sometimes summoned for consultation as far as Geneva or Vienna. The fees given are at times enormous. I heard of a physician the other day who was summoned into a distant county, where he stayed for a day or two, and was presented with a check for thirteen hundred guineas. Perhaps the largest fee ever given was presented to Sir Henry Thompson for a successful operation in the case of the late King Leopold. It was a hundred thousand francs. But one would hardly say that any fee under such extraordinary circumstances was too large. Scientific men on the Continent were not all friendly to the idea of

an English practitioner being called in. It will easily be understood that an operator himself, under such circumstances, has mighty interests at stake, and that a failure might be fraught with ruinous results. So great a risk requires ample compensation. The ordinary rate of remuneration is at the rate of thirteen and four pence a mile—that is, an eight-guinea fee for a twelve-mile railway journey. I have known of forty guineas being given for a visit to Worthing, and sixty to St. Leonards. In cases where railway communication is rapid and easy a mitigated fee is taken. A fee of twenty-five guineas is generally held to be sufficient in the case of a journey to Brighton.

Still it must be owned that the whole question of physicians' fees is hardly resting on a satisfactory basis. Of late years a new system has been devised, called the Manchester system, which aims at securing exacter justice between the public and the physicians. It is best adapted for the country, but its principles might be advantageously extended to the towns. It regulates payments according to the length of journeys, night work, and the means of the patients. As a rule, medical men are exceedingly liberal. They proceed very much upon the principle that the rich should pay as much as they can, and the poor as little as they can. Medical men constantly make large incomes, but they rarely accumulate large fortunes. It is sometimes said, but the reproach is not very often deserved, that they charge poor patients too highly. It is equally true that there is no class which acts more generously in remitting fees. But patients often act a part towards their doctors which provokes some reproach. It often happens that at the outset of a career a doctor devotes himself with the utmost energy and anxiety to the case of a patient. Not only his skill but his sympathies are keenly enlisted in his behalf. No mere money payment would really recompense him for his pains. And while the man is sick his feelings towards his physician are those of the liveliest and most grateful description. His doctor's visit is an oasis in the desert of the day. By and by the man gets well. Then the bitter old adage is exemplified—

"The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be;
The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

His gratitude cools at the exact point when convalescence should cause it to culminate. He forgets all the zeal and love shown him, and the medical treatment becomes simply a commercial transaction. The bill is paid, perhaps grudgingly and lingeringly, and perhaps with incredibly bad taste the patient objects to the charges. All this embitters a doctor. He will now think of himself as much as he thinks of his patients. He will charge all that he can charge, in accordance with that principle of enlightened self-interest which is the essence of the utilitarian theory. In this way the doctor called out of town for a consultation asks in every instance a number of guineas in proportion to the number of miles; although I think the system should be so far modified that the physician should draw a distinction between the five thousand a year and the five hundred a year style of thing. From my own observation I can say that sometimes no such distinction is drawn.

It is a momentous time in the history of a family when it is resolved to have a consultation. We suppose that they are residing in that continuous encircling town suburb with which London is girdled around. Let us suppose that the doctor is going to an extreme distance of the twelve-mile postal delivery. His charge will be eight guineas, but you may freely give him as much more as you like. It may be that some families in the neighborhood may hear that he is coming down, and, through their medical adviser, may make an appointment with him, and to them the fee will perhaps be no more than a couple of guineas. It has not been without much anxiety, much careful consideration respecting the selection of a physician, that it has been resolved that further help shall be called in. Some beloved member of the family is deeply ailing. The local doctors have given the ailment a name, but it is by no means certain that they have reached the true diagnosis of the complaint. They have, according to the approved routine of art, gone through all the stereotyped practice proper to the case, but the patient is none the better, but rather worse. Then it is resolved that the great Dr. Mungo shall be called in. Some general practitioners are exceedingly shy of the great doctors, and very unwilling to call them in. They sometimes consider such a step

to be an impeachment of their medical skill. I once met with a monster of a man who candidly confessed to me that he would much rather let a patient die than call in the extraneous medical advice that might have saved him. Other men I have known—and they deservedly stand very high in public esteem—who make a rule of calling in further advice whenever they meet any symptom that baffles their experience. The plain fact is that there is no want of confidence involved in sending for another doctor. It is a comfort to resolve that if there is a stone anywhere left unturned, it shall forthwith be upturned—often a comfort to reflect that no possible means have been left untried to aid restoration to health. There is the hope, often wild and vague, that the genius, the science, the immense experience of the great Dr. Mungo will strike out a way of safety when all other ways have been vain. The local practitioner will not himself entertain any such hopes. In his secret soul he will probably consider that he is as great a man as the great Dr. Mungo, although he could never afford the necessary outlay for commencing a fashionable career at the West End. He will also argue that for this particular patient he is probably the best doctor of the two, as he knows the patient's constitution; and he will also say that the celebrated doctor is a man of a theory or a specialty, and that he is in the habit of referring anything at all doubtful to his peculiar hobby. Still he is not without a certain kind of flutter when he is called upon to meet the celebrated physician. It is possible that he may revere him in his own mind, and may be glad to pick up a few hints for future practice. Perhaps he has already sent him a long communication respecting this particular case. Perhaps another local doctor has been called in, and there has been a keen professional battle on the differences of opinions expressed, and the great man comes in as an umpire to give a sort of final decision.

He comes, as near as may be, to the hour named, and his tremendous rat-tat arouses the neighborhood and perhaps boils the patient's blood to fever-heat. Ah, what hopes and fears are probably contending in the poor sufferer's mind, and, even if he keeps calm and subdued, in the minds of those around him who love and watch him with such intense so-

licitude! It is so very much like waiting for the verdict of a jury. The sentence of life or death shall proceed forthwith. I suppose that a physician can have no keener pleasure than when he allays deadly apprehensions which have been ill-founded; no greater unhappiness than when he has to confirm the worst fears. Scarcely has the loud summons ceased to reverberate when the trap of the ordinary medical attendant arrives at the door. The two gentlemen exchange greetings, and then retire for a few minutes into the dining-room or library. Any necessary inquiries are at once made, and answered, and presently the footsteps of the medical men are heard upon the stairs. Then ensues the examination, which may be a tedious business, involving stethoscope, laryngoscope, microscope—any of those numerous instruments which the latest modern science has been fruitful in inventing—or which may be despatched very briefly. Then the medical gentlemen retire to confer together. I have known of anxious wives who have quietly slipped down into the back dining-room, and there eagerly drunk in every syllable of the conference. Generally it is brief enough. Medical knowledge is tolerably equalized; and as a rule the general practitioner is acquainted with, and has employed, all the resources of his art. Still the other's larger experience will enable him to suggest some untried medicines or appliances; and though they may not be worth much, yet the novelty of some untried hope will be useful to the patient and make him think that he has not incurred a useless expense. Then the announcement of the opinion will be formally given. The patient is entitled to a full and frank opinion, and he shall have it to the π^{th} should he so desire. If it be unfavorable, it is, perhaps, best communicated through the sufferer's friends. As a rule the opinion is given as favorably as may be, consistent with absolute truth. Truth is the great requisite; a man would fain die, like Ajax, "in the daylight." Of course there are hanging doctors, just as there are hanging judges—men who hold and express the most unfavorable views possible on every case presented to them. They probably think it safest for their own reputation that they should form an unfavorable prognosis. But this is not often the case. If you can really admin

ister hope, you are exhibiting, perhaps, a more valuable medicine than any in the Pharmacopœia. A man sometimes dies of the doctor, especially when the doctor significantly asks him whether he has made his will.

A medical consultation is sometimes fraught with surprises, as when some consulting physician, greatly beyond the average, is called in to assist some practitioner who is greatly below the average. I have known such cases, as when a man believes he has scrofula, and instead it is only some perfectly harmless ailment; or thinks that he has a heart complaint, and it is merely indigestion. On the other hand, a man who suspects no evil is suddenly informed that he has an aneurism, or the symptoms of an incurable disease are at once detected. There are certain people who live in a chronic state of fidgets about their health; who, like the beggars, are always wanting to exhibit their sores, and who really hug their complaints as the most precious of their possessions. This sort of people afford a considerable amount of aliment to the medical profession. They often require a visit every day while they are well, and several visits a day when they are ill. I have heard of a doctor who took his fifteen guineas a day for such visits. A much more sensible plan, which a few wise people adopt, is to pay a medical man a yearly sum, and get him to look up a household periodically and keep them in good health. A rich, nervous patient must not be dealt with untruly, but he will only be indignant if the truth is administered in a crude, unadulterated form. I heard of a patient the other day who was troubled with neuralgia. Neuralgia is bad enough, in all conscience, but he wanted his complaint to be dignified with some rarer title. So, after a formal consultation, the fashionable physician told him that it was his duty to inform him that he was suffering from *neurosis*. "But here is a prescription," added the fashionable physician, "which appears simple indeed, but to which I have given much anxious thought for the last fourteen years." The prescription was for a little rhubarb and magnesia, or something equally simple. What particularly irritates a patient is that a doctor should ever forget his symptoms; and a doctor guards against this by a plentiful use of note-books, in which he

duly enters all particulars. A doctor, on the other hand, is particularly irritated when a patient refuses to take his medicine, and indicates, both in act and theory, that he means to throw physic to the dogs.

A consulting physician ought to be particularly courteous and considerate to the ordinary medical man. Abernethy was called in one day to inspect a sick man's limb. The ailing member was bandaged. "What are all these wraps?" said Abernethy. Bandages, he was told. "Pooh, pooh!" said Abernethy. "It's all very well to say 'Pooh, pooh!' remarked the family doctor, afterwards, "but that 'Pooh, pooh!' lost me a great many guineas." Occasionally, any amount of curtness by a great man is well deserved. When doctors are either killing you or letting you die, it is right that there should be some active interference. I have heard of a case where the physician found a man given over by his doctors and dying from sheer exhaustion. He called them a lot of hard names, and said that the patient only wanted beef and brandy to recover; which proved to be the case. I heard a case the other day of the following kind: A physician being called, prescribed a powerful medicine for a patient, and directed the effect to be carefully watched. The medicine was improperly made up, and the effect was not watched. Directly the physician set eyes on his patient the following morning he saw that his injunctions had not been carried out. He sent for the dispenser, and had the circumstances investigated. There had been an error, which might have involved the patient's life, in making up the prescription, and the attendant doctors had omitted to watch the case. The physician used exceedingly strong language, and any one was welcome to know what language he had used. The medical man in fault of course thought his conduct extremely unprofessional; but I believe that public opinion in this case would entirely be in favor of calling a spade a spade.

There is, indeed, no phase of medical life so important and dramatic, and which appeals so feelingly to human sympathy, as the medical consultation. I would recommend the great artists who study so carefully the interiors of our modern English homes, to transfer to canvas some of

the scenes which it suggests. To the consulting physician himself the time of the consultation is a great moment. All his previous life and training have been tending to this point, and the patient is one more book in his living library. No medical case exactly reproduces another medical case—no two blades of grass, no two human countenances, no two fiery sunsets are precisely the same. He has to meet each case as it arises, and to concentrate, as in a focus, on this one sufferer, all the rays of his science and intelligence. To the ordinary medical attendant it is a moment fraught with the utmost importance. The new medical opinion will, perhaps, place him firm on his accus-

tomped pedestal, or practically hurl him down. The relatives around await the news with an anxiety rarely surpassed by the receipt of the most thrilling telegraphic news. Frequently the patient himself is the most unconcerned while the angels of life and death are in conflict around him. The consulting physician is sad at heart—until he turns the corner of the next street and visits the next case. It is not that he is by any means callous—indeed, as we have seen, the sympathies of most medical men are both keen and finely balanced—but he knows that on such conditions we hold life, and by these he himself wins his livelihood.

Belgravia.

COLERIDGE'S COUNTRY.

You cannot separate man from the world in which he lives; cannot imagine him severed from his "accidentals." Whose highest flights of fancy can conceive a disembodied spirit? Even ghosts must be visible to be appreciated. Hamlet's father revisited the glimpses of the moon in his habit as he lived, and walked the windy battlements of Elsinore in the very armor which he had worn in his mortality when at war with Norway. And in no ghost story which I have ever heard does the apparition come without costume; even if the spectral phenomenon is invisible, there is a rustle of silken attire, or a tapping of high-heeled boots, or a clatter of chain-armor.

Similarly there is a tendency to connect a man with the country in which he dwelt, and which influenced his character and career. No one is uninfluenced by the scenes which surround him. What island but Corsica, the home of romance and revenge and adventure, could have given the world Napoleon Bonaparte? Where, but in the very omphalos of England, could a Shakespeare or a Landor have been born and bred? What, save a London birth and education, could have made Charles Lamb our choicest essayist? Who can read a page of Mr. Tennyson without perceiving that he began life in a flat country? I have seen in my time all sorts of maps, which the enterprising publishers of Charing-cross originate; allow me to offer them a new idea.

Why not a biological map—a map in which every county, and each district of each county, shall be colored according to the men who have been its actual or adopted children? For, observe, it is not always the place in which a man is born that gives the tone to his life. I begin, for example, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge; he was a baby in Devon, a schoolboy in London, a pantisocratic enthusiast in Somerset, a great poet in Lakeland, a rather visionary philosopher at Highgate. His slight foreign adventures I omit as unimportant; nor need I recall the details of his brief career as a cavalry private. But, while Devon gave him his normal power, it was in the romantic region of the Lakes that he reached the perfection of his art. Everywhere have I followed his footsteps, and have thereby reached the conviction that among the Lakes was his natural home.

But when he was a young fellow of twenty-six, and had just begun to sow his wild oats, he was living at Nether Stowey in Somerset. It is a pretty village enough, a few miles from what the Somerset folk flatter themselves is the sea—namely, the muddy Severn estuary known as the Bristol Channel. I think the mud along that coast is something perfectly unnatural. If you go down to one of the watering-places beloved by Bristol people—Clevedon or Weston, to wit—with the expectation of a Brighton or Scarborough seascape, how I admire your

inevitable disappointment! Instead of seeing

“The wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.”

while a merry wind that has travelled over leagues of foam plays tricks with your apparel, you are face to face (at low water) with countless acres of mud, through which travels a thread of water looking like the Fleet Ditch, all that remains of the famous river Severn. When living down in this dull vicinage—really dull, for though the scenery is often rich, it is void of variety—Coleridge made up his mind to be a Unitarian minister. There is perhaps a recondite connection between flat scenery and Unitarianism. Any way, the pulpit of the disciples of Socinus was at that time the poet's great ambition; and in search of a cure of souls he made his way to Shrewsbury to preach. Here is that same river Severn, many a mile nearer its source, a clear and beautiful and rapid stream, undreaming of the mud in which its glory is doomed to expire. A quaint old town is Shrewsbury, and they show you Glendower's oak to this day; it is an ancient tree, which grows green every spring, though its trunk is completely hollow. To the summit of this oak, says the legend, Owen Glendower climbed when the famous battle of Shrewsbury had begun, that very battle wherein Jack Falstaff fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. The tradition is, that Glendower ascended the tree in order to judge how the battle was likely to go before he decided whether or not to join his allies. His inspection was unfavorable, and the Welshman discreetly drew off his forces.

A curious glimpse of Coleridge in his early days is afforded by Hazlitt, who made his acquaintance at Shrewsbury. Hazlitt's father was a Unitarian minister living at Wem, ten miles from the capital of Salop. Young Hazlitt, in his twentieth year, was naturally attracted by the fame of this marvellous young preacher, who uttered with magical eloquence things unintelligible; so, on a Sunday morning in January 1798, he rose before daybreak, and walked ten muddy miles to hear Coleridge preach. “Did you ever hear me preach?” asked Coleridge of Lamb many a year later. “I never heard you do anything else,” was the reply. This

particular sermon intoxicated Hazlitt, who at once became Coleridge's admirer. His description of the great poet, as he seemed in his youth, is worth quotation. “His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre.” “A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread”—a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humored and round; but his nose—the rudder of the face, the index of the will—was small, feeble, nothing; like what he has done.” I may here remark, that the tendency to represent Coleridge as having done *nothing* is a symptom of that serene and supercilious ignorance which is often observable in second-class men who have to estimate their superiors. Mr. Carlyle has made the same marvellous blunder. It is as if a turnip-field were to brag over its superiority to a rose of Provence. What says Ben Jonson?

“It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night:
It was the plant and flower of light.”

Coleridge did nothing, *forsooth!* as Mr. Gladstone might say. Why, he wrote *Christabel*; but for which we should never have had the two series of poems which begin with Scott's *Minstrel* and Byron's *Giaour*. As to his philosophy—But I will not deal with these vexed questions. Let me forgive Hazlitt his splenetic attack upon his mightier friend, and walk with him from Shrewsbury to Nether Stowey, in Somerset.

For Somerset was then Coleridge's country; and he invited his young admirer to come and see him there, offering to walk half-way to meet him. You see there were no railways in 1798; nor do I expect that the mail-coach service was quite as perfect as I remember it in my school-days. Was the old-fashioned stage-wagon extinct? Mr. Timbs or Mr. Thornbury would know. However, young men could walk—young poets and essayists especially; and William Hazlitt thought

nothing of walking from Shropshire to Somersetshire, considerably more than a hundred miles as the crow flies; and he would have to fly across the Bristol Channel, just above the Steep and Flat Holmes. Hazlitt made his way first to Worcester—pleasant city in a pleasant vicinage—thence to Upton-on-Severn, where he thought of Tom Jones and the adventure of the muff; thence to Tewkesbury, where he took his ease at his inn, sitting up all night to read *Paul and Virginia*. On this silly sentimental story he records a remark of Coleridge's—that nothing could show the gross indelicacy of French manners and the entire corruption of their imagination more strongly than the behavior of the heroine in the last fatal scene, when she turns away from a man on board the sinking vessel, who offers to swim ashore with her, because he has stripped himself to swim. St. Pierre, if I remember aright—it is quite thirty years since I read *Paul and Virginia*—praises the little fool's modesty. Well said Swift that a nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Hazlitt's farther account of his journey is meagre; but we can follow him in imagination, swinging gaily along the roads, with happy expectation of sojourn with a poet at the end of his travel. He passed through Gloucester; stopped perchance at Mr. Phillpotts' excellent inn; may have seen the late Bishop of Exeter (last hope of the Church, my orthodox journals tell me) playing marbles with some other little schoolboy of Gloucester, also in his first decade. The wayfarer was eager to reach his bourne, for he found himself two days before his time, and passed them in the unhappy little town of Bridgwater (properly Burgh Walter), since famous for having tempted a great historian to authorize bribery.

Somerset is not a picturesque county until you get upon Exmoor; but Nether Stowey is one of its pleasantest villages. A few miles away Wordsworth was staying at Alfoxton House, and the two poets were doing some of the most important work they ever did. Coleridge was writing the *Ancient Mariner*, and Wordsworth *Peter Bell*. The latter poet had in those days a touch of humor, grim and grotesque, somewhat in Callot's manner. Why, O why, did his friends advise him to expunge from *Peter Bell* that immortal

stanza superior to almost anything in Dante, which described

“a party in a parlor,
Crammed as they in life were crammed,
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you could plainly see,
All silent, and all damned”?

Although Hunter's Combe and the Seven Wells are valleys worthy of Devon, yet Coleridge carried his young friend away across the border into his own county. There the coast grows wilder, and the air brighter and more stimulant, and the Channel sea of a purer blue. After a long day's march,—their feet keeping time to the rhythm of Coleridge's talk,—they reached Lynton at midnight. But even at midnight the hospitality of Devon was not wanting; and they got an excellent supply of bacon and eggs. What they drank therewith is not noted: I hope it was sound Devonshire cider. A *still* cider of Devon, liqueured and bottled, would beat Clicquot and Roederer out of the field. Hazlitt saw the Valley of Rocks, and apparently did not think much of it. In fact, his recollections are seldom of the true poetic form. He remembers the excellent tea and toast, eggs and honey, which he got for breakfast at the Lynton inn; and these are excellent things to remember. But you would think the Valley of Rocks—a scene which looks as if the very skeleton of the world were at that point revealed—would have struck the slowest imagination. However, Hazlitt was born to be a critic, and we must therefore forgive him. The critic is the eunuch of literature.

I pass from the country of Coleridge's youth to that country whereof he was the poetic conqueror. He revealed Lakeland to the modern world. It was not unknown to the ancients: maidens of the mere were the darlings of old romance; and when I dwelt by Eden, I learnt of a surety that it was the very river which Arthur's father had vainly attempted to turn from its course.

“Let Uther Pendragon do what he can,
Eden shall run where Eden ran.”

Although Wordsworth and Southey both dwelt amid the Lakes, and the former did much to make that region his own, it is with Coleridge, above all poets, that we connect their beauty. Certainly Profes-

sor Wilson celebrated Windermere in wondrous periods of perfect yet perishable prose ; but the Professor, though he loved the Lakes with an infinite love, was not *quite* a poet. All that he has written of his beloved vicinage does not equal Coleridge's :

"In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll, so foully rent
With ropes of rock and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent ;
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother.
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their *one ! two ! three !* is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale."

It was in the year 1848 that I first made acquaintance with Coleridge's country. Fourteen years had the great poet been dead. But I met Wordsworth—*Virgilium tantum vidi*. Henry Crabb Robinson was with him at the time. Less than two years had passed when the great poet died ; and the recollection of those brief hours in his presence will never pass from me so long as my memory endures. I remember the sacred splendor, the lambent light of his eyes beneath overhanging brows ; I remember the boyish delight wherewith, in his sixteenth lustrum, the old poet welcomed a boyish admirer ; I remember his showing me his favorite views, his favorite laurel-trees, all planted from slips taken by his own hand from those which Petrarch set around Virgil's tomb ; I remember how sorrowful he seemed at the thought that after his death Rydal Mount might be occupied by those who would not recognize the name of Wordsworth. Lighter things I remember. Among them, that I myself should have some difficulty in obtaining poetic repute, seeing that my name had been made illustrious by the author of certain odes which are among the most beautiful in the language. Also the great poet's critical judgments on Southey and Macaulay. Southey, he thought, had written *one* tolerable poem, that on the holly-tree ; and even in that there was a blemish in the very first line. Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* should have been called *Lays of Modern Athens* ; they were utterly untrue, both in character and costume ; they were Scotch, not Roman.

Ah, full well do I love Coleridge's country, the region of the Lakes ! Nowhere in the world, I think, is such perfec-

tion of beauty enclosed within such narrow limits. Marvellous are its varieties. The right way to enter it in the old coaching days was to cross the sands of Morecambe Bay at low water, and take a conveyance from Ulverstone to Newby Bridge, whence a gay little lake steamer would take you up Windermere. But now there is a railway across those sands ; and the traveller no longer sees the moving groups of pilgrims walking briskly over the almost level space which the sea will soon reclaim, and obliged to wade where some river or stream makes a channel in the roadway. Where the Kent and the Leven made their way over the sands the buxom peasant-girls were wont to wade, high-kilted, and innocently unconscious. All that the railway has destroyed, no doubt. The journey had in those days the piquancy of peril ; for the incoming tide rushes up those slightly sloping sands faster than a horse can gallop, and many a luckless traveller has been caught by the wave ; but now you are only too safe. Mr. Bright says a man is safer in a first-class railway carriage than anywhere else in the world—safer than in the House of Commons, or even at church. So some of the temptations to take the Ulverstone route to Windermere have passed away.

Between

"Winding Winandermere, the river-lake,"

and the Red Tarn on Helvellyn, how wide the difference ! The sinuous stream, twelve miles long, alive from south to north with yachts and steamers, with many beautiful islands resting on its waters, with superb mansions on its marge, and a ferry crossing it just before you reach Bowness, is in strange contrast with the lonely Red Tarn, more than 2000 feet high on the giant shoulder of Helvellyn, mysterious beneath a sombre precipice : and between the two extremes there are infinite gradations. I cannot go through the gamut of mers. Sometimes the memory of wild and stormy Wastwater haunts me ; sometimes a thought of placid Grasmere, round which I have walked, listening to Wordsworth's pregnant converse, in days ere I deigned to write mere prose. Ah, that was a magical time !—but I was unconscious of its delight. Wordsworth sleeps in the shadow of Grasmere church ; and I no longer can sing, as I sang in happy youth :

"Dream, dream, heart of my own love !
Sweet is the breath of the odorous South ;
Sweet is the island we sail to alone, love ;
Sweet is a kiss of thy ruddy young mouth."

The most beautiful village in the world, to my thinking, is Troutbeck, on the east, above Windermere. Its quaint old cottages, in their yew-shaded courtyards, are without parallel elsewhere. Still the beck flows down to Windermere ; still, I hope, it is alive with trout. But does the inn of the Mortal Man still offer hospitality to the wayfarer—mutton-ham and oatmeal-cake and home-brewed ale? Many a time did Coleridge, I feel certain, take his ease at that inn. The lines which were written on its signboard (I hope time has not effaced them) might have come from the humorous pen that produced the *Devil's Walk*:

"O mortal man, who livest by bread,
Why is thy nose so very red?
O silly wight, with cheeks so pale,
It comes by drinking Troutbeck ale."

People seldom visit Lakeland in winter ; but they should, to see Helvellyn and Skiddaw shrouded by snow, to see the waterfalls, swollen to torrents, struggling against the frost which solidifies the mist of their pools, and snatches from the descending stream icicles like colossal stalactites. That battle between the falling force and the restraining frost is worth travel to see ; and the fantastic forms into which the water is tortured as it grows in-

to crystals are quite beyond imagination or description.

After all, Dreamland, and not Lakeland, was Coleridge's true country. Well did he deserve those additional stanzas which Wordsworth wrote concerning him in the margin of the *Castle of Indolence*:

"A noticeable man with large gray eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be ;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
Depest by weight of musing Phantasy ;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

In that somnolent realm, delightfully pictured by Thomson, that land of "dreams that wave before the half-shut eye," Coleridge has a place of his own. Whoever has followed Christabel into the moonlit woodland, or the ancient mariner across the solitary sea where he killed the albatross, or has seen that stately pleasure-dome which Kubla Khan decreed in Xanadu,

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea,"

will recognize in Coleridge the most divine of dreamers. Yes, though I have traced him in terrene regions, which he has royally made his own, yet do I repeat what I said, that Dreamland was Coleridge's country.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Chambers's Journal.

ALGOL.

WE read of Adam that he gave names to all living things. This process is not completed, though it has lost its pleasures. If a fortunate observer discover a new planet, he can only turn over the leaves of a classical dictionary, and do homage to some long-forgotten deity, whose name has filled up a halting line of Ovid ; or, in other sciences, he may immortalize a friend, and Tompkinsoniana serves to distinguish some new species. But at first, man named, fettered by no such rules. A ready fancy transferred the word of daily use to the skies. The clouds were the flocks and herds of the sun, stolen by the sly thief twilight, who, on the return of the god shooting with golden arrows, was

compelled to restore the prey. Confusion, indeed, arose in after-times. The cluster of the Plough, with its seven stars, soon won a title meaning "the bright ;" and as the shiny coated, quickly gliding bear obtained it too, when the word grew obsolete, the link was dropped ; and to restore it, the poets feigned the tale of the fair, though frail Callisto dogged by the implacable Juno.

The twins doubtless won their title in early times ; nor till later, did they become Castor and Pollux, the twin-sons of Leda. With but little to build on, the poets feigned much. Perhaps the most complicated result of their toils is the story of Andromeda which they read in the

heavens. There, Andromeda is seen chained to the rock. Below, the whale or sea-monster hastens to devour. Above, nearer the pole, her parents, Cepheus and Cassiopeia, in agony await the end. But Pegasus has hastened up, and his rider, Perseus, with uplifted sword, is about to slay the monster. In his left hand he holds the Gorgon's head, the prize of his former victory. This head, with hissing serpents for hair, and literally petrifying all beholders, is marked by a bright star. So figured, when the Arabs took up the study of the heavens, they named it Al Ghul, the ghoul or demon, and in the form Algol the name is still preserved.

This star well deserves notice. Few things, generally speaking, are more striking than the changelessness of the heavens. All that the perfect man of Uz saw of human greatness in his day has long since passed away; but the Pleiads shine now as they then shone, their sweet influences heralding the spring. We hardly wonder that Aristotle, regarding the changelessness of the stars, fancied they were formed of some quintessence, some substance other than the four elements of this world, which are ever undergoing change. Yet, even in the stars, changes have been detected; some new ones have appeared, others have waned and disappeared. Such facts suggest catastrophes, but nothing akin to the regular changes of our world. But Algol is an exception. Usually, it appears as a bright star of the second magnitude. Not far to the south is a star of the fourth magnitude. If carefully and constantly watched, the bright steady light of Algol is seen to lessen. For some three and a half hours this waning continues, till Algol is no brighter than its little neighbor. For some quarter of an hour, the eye can detect no change; and then, as gradually as before it waned, Algol resumed its usual brightness. For some two and a half days the light continues steady, after which the same strange light again occurs. Such a change is not easy to detect; many a casual glance may be turned on the star before it is seen in its eclipse; the chances, in fact, are, roughly, twenty to one against our so seeing it.

Thousands of times had this star thus pleaded kinship with our revolving system ere the eye of man caught and read the lesson. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, more than one observer

had detected some variation in the light of the star; but it was not till 1782 that Goodricke, to whom we owe the discovery of several similar phenomena, announced the true law of the variation of Algol's light. At the same time, he suggested the probable cause. He supposed Algol a sun like our own, to have revolving round it a large planet, which periodically passing between us and Algol, cut off part of its light. The three and a half hours of gradual diminution of light is the time during which the dark body of the planet is slowly advancing on to the full disc of Algol. When the light is least, the planet is completely projected upon the disc of Algol, and is passing from one side of that disc to the other; the gradual increase of light marks its gradual passage off the disc. Algol, indeed, is removed to such a distance that we see no disc even in the best telescopes, only the varying brightness, which evidently depends on the proportion of Algol's disc which is not eclipsed. If the disc of the planet were half that of Algol, half Algol's light would be eclipsed by the planet. Reckoning, then, by the amount of light Algol gives when full, and when eclipsed, it is found that the planet obscures $\frac{1}{4}$ of the disc of Algol; or, if the disc of Algol be represented by 24, that of the planet would be 17. Geometry shows us from this that their diameters will be about as 49 to 41, or nearly as 5 to 4. Thus, this attendant planet will have four-fifths the diameter of Algol. Jupiter is but one-tenth the diameter of the sun. We have, then, a wide departure from the analogy of our system. We know, however, that there are systems in which a single centre is replaced by two or more suns revolving round each other, so that the idea of a giant satellite is not untenable.

Were we near enough to Algol, we should, after seeing his full clear disc for a while, notice on one side a slight notch appear, which would gradually enlarge, and reduce the disc of Algol to a horse-shoe crescent, the horns of which would slowly advance till they met. Then the black disc would slowly move across the orb of Algol, forming an annular eclipse, till the horseshoe crescent is again formed, the horns separate—there is but a piece, as it were, bitten out—it lessens, and Algol is as bright again as ever. Eyes of ours will never see this, yet it is as real to us as much we see.

Not only does the variation of light enable us to compare the size of Algol and its attendant, but the time during which it varies helps us to estimate their distance apart. If we stand by a large water-wheel, each paddle-board hurries past our eyes, but the shaft itself seems to revolve very slowly. All parts of the wheel are indeed turning at the same rate, but the time during which they are in our line of sight depends on their distance from the axis. So, too, with Algol's attendant. If it be close to him as it revolves round Algol, it will appear to cross his disc slowly; if it be far off, it will appear to hurry across it. Now, for about a tenth of the time occupied in one revolution round Algol, his attendant planet is passing across his disc. This enables us to calculate their distance apart. The radii of Algol and his attendant, and their distance apart, are about as the numbers 49, 41, and 280. On what scale the system is constructed we cannot tell, probably on a far grander one than our own. To take as an illustration. If Algol be 49 millions of miles in diameter—not at all an impossible supposition—his attendant planet would be 41 millions of miles in diameter, and their distance apart would be some 280 millions of miles.

The reader may wonder at our interest in these numbers, and imagine it would matter little what they were. They, however, afford a very striking proof of the theory given above respecting the variability of Algol's light.

The prism of glass has told us, strange indeed as it seems, that iron, sodium, hydrogen, most, in fact, of the substances composing our globe, exist in the sun and in the almost immeasurably distant stars. In many stellar systems, we have full proof that the law of attraction which regulates our system regulates them. We are thus justified in assuming a close analogy between fixed stars and our own sun. Take, for instance, density. Density means the amount of matter contained in a given space. Thus, if a bale of cotton be compressed into half its bulk, its density is doubled, as there is twice as much matter now in the same bulk of cotton as there was before. The average densities of the different bodies of our system have been measured: the sun is but a quarter as dense as the earth; Jupiter has nearly the density of the sun, Saturn considerably

less. We cannot expect, then, that with such diversity in our own system, other stars should have the same density as our sun. Still their densities will probably be comparable. One star will not have a thousand times the density of another, though it might naturally exceed it in a more moderate ratio. Nor can we forget that the density of our sun is continually altering. As year by year it pours out its flood of heat and light, it inevitably cools, and cooling condenses. Thus the density of our sun is continually, though very slowly, increasing. Ages past—say in the Carboniferous era—the sun contained more heat, and was more rarefied than now; and as such rarefaction would be compensated for by larger bulk, it must have been a larger sun. Hotter, and with a larger surface, it exceeded in brilliancy its present condition; now, indeed, it is quite a second-rate star. Thus the denser stars will, so to speak, be the older and duller ones; the young brilliant star will be far less condensed. Algol might well feel affronted in being compared with our sun. Removed to his distance, our sun would probably be invisible to the naked eye. His diameter is probably at the least some eight times greater than our sun's, his bulk exceeds it at least some 500 times. Algol is probably, then, a young star, but little condensed, less dense than our sun. Now let us see how our numbers agree with this supposition.

When a body revolves round another, as a planet round the sun, or a moon round a planet, the periodic time, or time taken in describing one complete orbit, depends on the distance of the two bodies and the sum of their masses. If the earth and sun had only a quarter of their present density, the sum of their masses, or the amount of matter contained in them both, would have but a quarter of its present amount. The earth, to describe its present orbit, would have to move more slowly, and take two years instead of one to encircle the sun, as the force pulling them together would be so much lessened. If, on the other hand, a miniature system were framed, with the densities of the earth and sun the same as now, but their diameters and distance apart all reduced in the same ratio, such a baby earth would still encircle the sun in a year. Were the earth 8 inches in diameter, the sun 840,

and their distance apart 91,000 inches, if the materials were the same in density as now, a whole year would be taken by the 8-inch sphere to describe its orbit of but 286,000 inches in circumference.

Thus, then, when you know the relative sizes and distance of two bodies, their time of revolution round each other depends simply on their average density. Now, we do know the relative sizes and distance of Algol and its attendant, their radii and distance being as the numbers 49, 41, and 280. Hence, as we can compare the period of Algol's planet with that of the earth round the sun, we can, by mathematical computations of no great difficulty, compare the density of Algol with that of the sun.

We find, on calculation, that our sun is some five times as dense as Algol. The wonderful agreement of this with what *a priori* reasoning led us to expect, seems an incontrovertible proof of our theory. Of course this density is the average density of Algol and his attendant. If the attendant planet be but rare, as is probably the case, Algol will perhaps have a fourth, or even a third the density of our sun.

To the general reader, the course of argument which has led to this conclusion may appear dull, but the results themselves are most interesting. They are not, indeed, certain, but they are most highly probable. All other investigations of the different stars have been confined to suns. In some cases, two or more suns revolving together have thrown light on each other's magnitudes; but never have we been able to show that these suns, like our own, have attendant planets. Hence the interest we feel in Algol.

Algol certainly has an attendant planet. We can watch it slowly eclipse its central sun, and roughly draw the system to scale. If we take a shilling and a sixpence, and put their centres about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart, we get a very fair representation of the only planetary system we know other than our own. Certainly the two differ widely. But the very reasoning that shows why Algol is less dense than our sun, explains the strange character of the satellite, and its gigantic size. Just as our sun cools and contracts, so our earth cools and contracts, as is indeed proved beyond a doubt by the wrinkled folds of its' crust. In the Carboniferous era, our earth was hotter internally, and larger than now—possibly

so much larger as sensibly to lessen the force of gravity on the surface of the earth, in which case life would develop into the gigantic, as it seems to have done. Algol's satellite is in a far earlier phase than any geology reveals to us in the crust of our globe. It is probably the rough formless mass from which, by the action of the same divine laws as rule our earth, in due time a fit habitation for life may be framed.

But we have not exhausted our star yet. It has been found, by careful observation, that the time between successive eclipses varies. The results show that the period is decreasing, or, in other words, that Algol's attendant is continually getting a little nearer to it. From the year 1784 to the year 1793, the period diminished by about a whole second (the period is, roughly speaking, a quarter of a million seconds). Since then, the period has still decreased, more rapidly at some times than others, apparently. Yet, considering the difficulty of accurately ascertaining the period of Algol's variation of light, it is doubtful whether we may certainly assume anything more than that the period is constantly diminishing. That, however, it certainly is. To what is this due? Several causes have been suggested. One is, that it is analogous to what is called the moon's annual equation. The sun weakens the earth's pull on the moon, and causes the latter to describe a larger orbit in a longer time than it would do did the sun not disturb it. In Winter, the sun is nearer than in summer, and the moon more disturbed; so in winter-time the moon takes longer to go round the earth than in summer. In the same way, if we had a large planet moving in an orbit round Algol at some distance, its alternate approach to and recess from Algol would lengthen and shorten the period of the eclipsing satellite. And there is indeed a little faint speck close to Algol, which might be an attendant star revolving round it. But this is uncertain, and it is on other grounds difficult to account for the diminution of period by this hypothesis.

Probably the true explanation is to be found in the results we have obtained above as to the density of Algol. Without doubt, Algol itself must have the lion's share of the density, and the attendant will probably be not much denser than a cloud. Such a body will specially suffer

from any resistance to its motion which it may experience. However violently we may throw a feather, the resistance of the air checks its motion in a few inches ; but a stone is far less impeded. There is no question that the universe is filled up with a fluid through which the vibrations of light are transmitted from star to star. Our solid earth and the other planets of our system experience no appreciable resistance. Not so, however, the attenuated cloud known as Encke's comet. It is found to suffer considerable loss of velocity. Such loss of velocity enables the sun to draw it into a smaller orbit, and hence the comet takes less and less time to describe its course round the sun. Its period of $3\frac{1}{2}$ years has been shortened by about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours during a single revolution. Yet this perhaps, owing to the peculiar shape of the comet's path, is but partly produced by the light medium. Probably, too, compared with the comet, even Algol's satellite must be considered as of great density, so flimsy is the texture of the comet. We can thus see how Algol's satellite will experience some resistance, far more, indeed, than the earth or other planets, yet less than the comet.

We thus find three widely different facts in Algol's economy—his great splendor, his small density, and the diminution of his period, all coherently explained by one

hypothesis. It is difficult, then, to resist the conclusion that our hypothesis is true—that our reason has seen what eyes and telescopes never may—the attendant planet of a distant star. If we watch Algol with the spectroscope, we learn nothing of the cause of its eclipse ; the light waxes and wanes, but no change in its character can be detected. Nor will the telescope aid us ; all we require is observation with the naked eye.

We thus have reason to believe that there is one planet not belonging to our system of which we know something. Probably it is but a ball of fiery vapor coated with cloud and fog ; were it otherwise, still no life could exist upon it, exposed as it would be to the full glare of Algol, which would blaze down upon it a huge orb some 50 times the apparent diameter of our sun, giving about 2500 times the light and heat which we receive. Still, as it cools down and condenses, our fancy will naturally, and not improbably, present it as invested, in due time, with the varied life so familiar to us. Such times are more remote in the future than the earliest eras in geology are in the past, yet it is not impossible that when our system shall have ended in its inevitable decay, Algol's attendant planet may be the seat of happiness as great as that which now crowns our globe.

BERANGER.

BY THE EDITOR.

LIVING in the midst of the second "great age" of French history, as Molière and Racine lived in the first, and ranking like them among the foremost of France's poets, BERANGER stands forth as one of the most conspicuous figures in the literature of the early half of the present century. No greater song-writer ever lived, and scarcely a greater lyric poet, whether we judge him by the verdict of the critical and cultured few, or by the popular applause of the multitude. He furnishes, moreover, one of the very few instances in history of mere literary ability, unaccompanied by any factitious aids, giving its possessor a political influence greater than that of statesmen, greater than that of government itself.

BERANGER was born at Paris on the

10th of August, 1780. His father affected a noble lineage, and always placed *de* before his name, but BERANGER himself always ridiculed the assumption, and was even jealously proud of his bourgeoisie origin. Some of his best satirical poems are based upon his plebeian birth and his father's spurious claim to nobility. In his early years BERANGER seems to have been much neglected by both parents, his education and care being left entirely to his grandmother, and not until 1789 do we hear of his being sent to school. The school he attended was in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and while there he saw the storming of the Bastille by the populace, which made such a profound impression upon his mind that it gave birth, forty years later, to one of his most vivid and

forcible poems. Shortly after this he was sent to an aunt, who kept a small inn near Péronne. Here he remained until 1796, learning in the mean while the trade of printing, when he returned to Paris to assist his father in banking, and also to engage with him in the "Orleans conspiracies," which were already beginning to form one of the elements in the political caldron which was simmering in the capital. He was in Paris during all the momentous events of the momentous years which followed, and it may be imagined what an impression they made upon the mind of a young man who had already become an ardent politician. Like most of the young men of France in that day, he gave in his adhesion to the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and became a passionate Bonapartist. From this time we know little of his life until the year 1804, when, being in great destitution, he wrote a letter to Lucien Bonaparte, enclosing two or three poems as specimens of his literary ability. To the surprise of the young man, he received a kindly response to his letter, and an invitation to an interview, which resulted in Lucien's resigning to him his pension as member of the Institute of France. This pension amounted to \$200; and in the year following he was engaged by Landau the painter to write the literary notices for his *Annales du Musée*, an illustrated publication, giving outline drawings of the great pictures in the Louvre, which added \$350 more. This was a small fortune to BERANGER, and having secured a permanent office worth \$200 per annum from Fontanes, the grand master of the Imperial University, he gave rein at last to his natural impulses, and began to write, or rather to publish, those lyrics which have made him famous throughout the world. The first volume appeared in 1815, and achieved at once an immense popularity. The second appeared in 1821, and contained such powerful attacks upon the government that judicial proceedings were instituted, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 500

francs. On the publication of his fourth volume, in 1828, the popular agitation caused by it was so great that he was tried again, and sentenced to imprisonment for nine months and fined 10,000 francs. This, of course, in the then condition of France, was all that was necessary to render his influence all but universal. Millions of copies of his works were sold, and his songs were sung alike in the political meeting, the procession, and the nursery. To this day BERANGER's songs are in the mouths of millions of people who never heard of their author and never saw the inside of a book.

From this time BERANGER was one of the most potent political influences in France; and in 1830, believing his nation to be unfit for a republic, he contributed largely to putting Louis Philippe on the throne. When the Orleans dynasty was expelled, in 1848, he was elected a Representative to the Constituent Assembly, and not until he had declined twice was his resignation accepted. His last years were spent in retirement, and, what it is most pleasant to record, in the enjoyment of fame, of competence, and happiness. He died in July, 1857, having nearly attained to the age of fourscore. When his last illness became known, thousands of people lingered round his residence, eagerly waiting for news of his condition; and when his remains were carried to the tomb, they were followed by a funeral procession such as few private persons have ever had in France.

BERANGER, like every really great man, took fast hold upon the age in which he lived—was to some extent its type and expression. No better picture of the feverish, revolutionary, and chaotic, but bold and aspiring spirit of the period through which he lived, can be found anywhere than will be found crystallized in his lyrics. These have been translated often into various languages, and some of the best of them have been done into clever English verse by Mr. William Young, of New York.

POETRY.

OUT OF EDEN.

AGAIN the summer comes, and all is fair ;
 A sea of tender blue, the sky o'erhead
 Stretches its peace ; the roses, white and red,
 Through the deep silence of the tranced air,
 In a mute ecstasy of love declare
 Their souls in perfume, while their leaves are fed
 With dew and moonlight that fall softly shed
 Like slumber on pure eyelids unaware.

O wasted affluence of scent and light !
 Each gust of fragrance smites me tauntingly ;
 Yon placid stars have rankling shafts for me ;
 My great despair, by its own fatal might,
 Converts to pain the loveliness of night.
 Ah, would I could from all this beauty flee,
 And, 'neath some gray sky on a cheerless sea,
 Let drift a life that cannot end aright.

Vain flower of fame from which is gone the
 scent,
 Vain crown no longer glorious in mine eyes,
 Vain hopes at which, years back, my joy would
 rise
 Like melody within an instrument
 When skilled hands touch the strings. All now
 is spent,
 And what is gained ? Lo, I have gained my
 prize,
 And here neglected at my feet it lies ;
 It meant so much : I now ask what it meant.

For thee, lost love, I shall not see again ;
 The pale sad beauty of thy tender face,
 Once lamp and light of this now starless place,
 Comes to me in my dreams, and I am fain
 To hold thee in my arms, and so retain
 Thy phantom form in one long wild embrace ;
 A flush illumines the features of dead days,
 But fades before the lights in heaven wane.

I am as one who, in a festive hall
 Ablaze with glow of flowers and cresset fires,
 Hears from a hundred joy-begetting lyres
 A storm of music roll from wall to wall,
 Yet feels no joy upon his spirit fall,
 For all the while his wondering heart desires
 One small sweet waif of sound those pealing
 quires
 May scorn—may drown, but never can recall.

Yea, seem I like that fabled king of old
 Who gained his wish, and woke one morn—and,
 lo !
 With gold his bed and chamber were aglow,
 And when his glad arms did his child enfold,
 He clasped but to his heart a form of gold—
 Gold roses in her breast, no more of snow,
 Gold hair upon her gold and polished brow,
 Hard, bright the hands of which his hands
 took hold.

But from her golden trance he saw her wake,
 Saw life and bloom return to all the flowers ;
 Green grew again and fresh the wind-stirred
 bowers,
 And from its golden frost was freed the lake ;

But, though I drain my heart for *my* love's sake,
 She will not come to make my waste of hours
 Fruitful as earth beneath warm sun and showers,
 Nor quick with scent *my* scentless roses make.

Dear soul, to-night our wedding-night had been,
 And death has come to you and fame to me ;
 The summer's breath makes music in the tree,
 Its kiss with over-love has charred the green,
 Through quivering boughs I catch night's starry
 sheen,
 A sense of unborn music seems to be
 In air and moonlight falling tenderly,
 And yet I draw no sweetness from the scene.

O love, sweet love, my first, my only love,
 How can I find the flowering meadows sweet
 That no more feel the kisses of your feet !
 O silent heart that grief no more can move,
 O loved and loving lips, whereto mine clove
 Till hope, long stanch, with thy heart's muffled
 beat
 Furl'd his lorn flag and made his last retreat,
 And all was void below, and dark above.

Pale form, they should have clothed thee like a
 bride,
 I have twined a bridal chaplet round thy head,
 And decked thy cold grave as a marriage-bed ;
 For, though the envious darkness do thee hide,
 I still shall find thee, sweet, and by thy side
 Lie peaceful down while hands and lips shall wed,
 And winds, attuned to lays of love we said,
 Float o'er the stillness where we twain abide.

But now the gulf between us, love, is deep ;
 I labor yet a little in the fight,
 And bear the outrage of the joyous light,
 I toil by day and in the night I sleep,
 And then my heart gets ease, for I can weep ;
 But you in starless, songless depths of night,
 With dreamless slumber shed upon your sight,
 Rest where none need to sow, or care to reap.
 PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

RESTITUTION.

UPON her face were lines of pain and doubt ;
 Love came instead of death, and swept them out.

Within her breast raged tempest strong and wild,
 Stilled into calm when Love said, "Peace, My
 child."

Her weary feet by Love were meekly shod
 With sandals of the Holiness of God.

Her arms drooped nerveless, after their fierce
 strain ;
 Love lifted them, and they were strong again.

Her ears were deafened with the ruthless cry
Vae Victis! crashing up against the sky ;

Sweeter than silence came Love's voice divine,
 "Thou shalt arise again, for thou art Mine."

Thrilled through the agony of awful fears,
 "I will restore the locust-eaten years."

So in Love's light her face transfigured shone,
 And she grew very fair to look upon.

Oh vineyard, wasted once of beasts of prey,
 Thou hast put forth thy glorious fruit to-day !

Oh jewel flung 'neath trampling feet of swine,
 Love's hand has set thee in the crown Divine.

Maker, Redeemer, Sanctifier, Thou
 Hast signed Thy sign upon her breast and brow :

And every power superb, and each bright grace
 Flames in the perfect lustre of Thy Face.

CUCKOO !

CLOUDS of golden daybreak
 Are in dew exhaling ;
 Bright above the rainbow,
 Snowy clouds are sailing.
 Hark ! the changeless echo
 Of that wandering bird,
 Never tired repeating
 That Numidian word,
 Cuckoo !

Sweet are April mornings
 When the showers are over,
 And the rain-drops sparkle
 On the three-leaved clover.
 There again the echo
 Of the phantom bird,
 Never tired repeating
 That enchanter's word,
 Cuckoo !

Eastern clouds and roses
 Turn when day arises ;
 Night's dim shadows, Phoebus
 With a shaft surprises.

Pleasant then the echo
 Of Spring's herald bird,
 Never tired repeating
 That mysterious word,
 Cuckoo !

Bright the buds around us
 Everywhere are laughing,
 While the cowslips' honey
 Many a bee is quaffing.
 Sweet in spring the echo
 Of that Afric bird,
 Never tired repeating
 That Numidian word,
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

AN AUGUST TWILIGHT.

Now, while the evening mists above the ground
 Rise shoulder-high, and spread with swift increase,
 How stealthily the twilight steals around,
 Infolding all in the sweet zone of peace !
 One white star blinks beside the calm-faced moon,
 And one above the bar of silvery gray
 Within the west, which, slowly narrowing soon,
 Shows like a chink in the closed doors of day.
 And, as for love of these, one passionate bird
 Pours forth a passionate song so sad and sweet
 From the near dewy brake. The leaves are
 stirred
 With the faint pulsing airs that only beat,
 And do not blow ; while some sad dog's deep bay
 Goes o'er the fields across the night away.

A MEETING.

ONE hour, 'mid laughter and festal light,
 A look, a softly spoken word :
 The next, ere dayspring hath mastered night,
 The short dry speech of sword to sword.

With morn comes ending of sport and strife,
 And daily wont bears rule again ;
 But one hath passed from the paths of life ;
 And one hath fled the face of men.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Biographies of Charles Dickens.—It is hard to decide whether it is fortunate or unfortunate that on the death of every man who has been prominently before the world in his day and generation a swarm of "personal friends," "professional associates," "warm admirers," and "authors of the life of" somebody else, feel called upon to "make a book;" very few of them having modesty and discretion enough to content themselves with an essay, or magazine article. It is pleasant, doubtless, to see a craft which is not too generally credited with warmth of feeling vying one member with another to do honor to the dead, and the eagerness with which their productions are welcomed by the public is creditable on the whole to the good feeling of the race;—it is quite easy to believe, too, that they will really convey new ideas and novel information to a vast majority of readers; but the capacity for bore-

dom which is the one invariable characteristic of all of them, the amount of crude nonsense which is served up with the oldest and stalest of anecdotes, "ana," and reminiscences, and the weariness of soul which the mere number of them seems to inspire, really tempt the critic to string them one after another in a miscellaneous paragraph and write after them the two words "unmitigated trash."

Since the death of Charles Dickens there has, as may well be supposed, been no lack of these volumes. The news of the great man's sudden passing away had scarcely been flashed over the world, before a half score of "lives" were announced "for immediate publication," and as many pens were busy furnishing elegiac copy for the printer. Dickens, however, has been better treated than might have been expected under the circumstances. He has fallen, for the most part,

into the hands of men who have written well, and who knew whereof they wrote. It sets us to moralizing (when we remember Francis Jeffrey, and the early verdict of the "reviewers") to hear the universal chorus of praise which has resounded from every land,—we believe that a writer in the *Saturday Review* is the only one who has ventured upon even mild criticism; but it is a matter for gratitude that the chorus is made by trained musicians, and not by the gongs, trombones, and trumpets which are so apt to make an obstreperous discord around the grave of every man whose life is a legacy to the world. The world's opinion of Dickens has not failed to find copious expression, but the expression has been on the whole reverent and appreciative,—certain pulpiteers, whose silliness and bigotry could alone rescue them from insignificance, being the most conspicuous exceptions to this rule. Years ago, when Dickens was first beginning his work, most of the critics denied his genius, because, forsooth, that genius was not exactly like the genius of certain other men whom the ages have delighted to honor, forgetting that nature never duplicates her types, that she seems always to create the individual and destroy her moulds; but when the last scene of all had been enacted, when his ashes had been consigned to that Mausoleum where repose many of the illustrious dead of past times, critics and public, the educated and the uneducated, the cultured and the ignorant, joined together in offering up incense to the memory of Dickens as one whose work was surpassingly great, and who performed that work with a steadiness, an uprightness, and an integrity of purpose such as few men have exhibited in any age.

The above general remarks will render unnecessary any detailed criticism upon the works under our notice. Of course, all the books which have been thus far published are more or less crude and hasty sketches, and we advise all readers who are reading now to mould their final conception of Dickens, to wait for the work which we are promised at the hands of John Forster, the author of the *Life of Goldsmith*, one of the best biographies in our language, and one of Dickens' friends and executors.

One of the first books issued both here and in England was the *Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens* (New York, Harper & Bros.). The volume contains a preliminary essay, and a very good one, by an anonymous hand; Dickens' unsurpassed post-prandial and other speeches; and a few of his letters, which will whet the public appetite for the many more which will doubtless be collected in time; for, notwithstanding the enormous amount of regular literary work which he performed, he was a copious correspondent. There are also an excellent sketch of Dickens by George Augustus Sala, who was for many years his friend and co-worker; and the funeral sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, at Westminster Abbey.

Somewhat more detailed than the preceding is *The Life of Dickens*, by the author of the "Life of Thackeray" (New York, Harper & Bros.). This is really a good biography, considering the haste with which it must have been prepared and the little opportunity there was for calm reflection or even for revision. It is embellished by five or six por-

traits of Dickens, and woodcuts of all his places of residence.

More elaborate still is the *Life, &c., of Charles Dickens*, by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie (Phila., Peterson & Bros.). We have not read this book, but it is quite a corpulent volume, and we believe contains all the current items, anecdotes, and gossip. Dr. Mackenzie has discovered one thing, however, which ought to be mentioned,—namely, that Dickens was not Dickens at all, but somebody else. Another book which we have not read, but which is respectfully spoken of by the critics, is the *Life of Dickens*, by F. B. Perkins (New York, Putnam & Sons).

To those who would read a most interesting "etching" of the great author we commend cordially Mr. Field's "Reminiscences of Charles Dickens," in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The American Colleges and the American Public. By Prof. NOAH PORTER, D.D. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co., 1870.

There is no subject more supremely important, both to the individual and the nation, than education,—the mental and moral training to which youth is to be subjected, and which is to be the most potent influence, probably, in shaping the maturer life of each generation. Just now, too, there is more interest felt in this subject than ever before. We appear to be in an era of transition. The old order of things is passing away, and there seems to be an universal instinct abroad that a new order is to be framed which shall more nearly accord with the changed aspects of our social life, and with the new directions which intellectual effort has been taking during the past century or more. It is this instinct, which we believe we do not exaggerate when we call it well-nigh universal, that the defenders of the old system find it hardest to explain or refute. If it were confined to one country or to one class it might be attributed to the power which demagogism has of raising a shout and creating a literature in favor of anything it may choose to propose, provided it be a change. But this is not the case. The demand for the New Education (as it is called) has arisen simultaneously in every country where education is a system, and numbers among its advocates many of the most enlightened, cultured, and conservative men of our time.

Living in such a period, it is of the highest importance that every man who professes to think at all, or who expects to have any influence in deciding a momentous question, should inform himself thoroughly on the subject; remembering that upon the discretion displayed in making the inevitable change, must depend the efficiency of education for a century, possibly for centuries, to come. As an aid to the attainment of this knowledge, "The American Colleges and the American Public" is to be mentioned with the highest respect. There are few men in America whose opinions on education ought to carry greater weight than those of Professor Porter, and the public ought really to feel grateful that such a man has come forward at this time and planted another light upon the pathway along which we are treading. The greater portion of the papers which compose the volume were contributed last year by Prof. Porter to the

New Englander, but before being put into their present shape new matter was added, and the whole carefully revised. The essays are fifteen in number, and cover the whole range of subjects, theoretical and practical, that are now under discussion; but the most important, doubtless, is the second, on "The Studies of the American Colleges," in which the author makes a masterly defence of the classical curriculum against the assaults that have been made upon it. We have not found ourselves able to accept all of Prof. Porter's conclusions, but he certainly shows that the advocates of the "old system" are not merely sticklers for the theory that "that which has been is that which shall be," but that it is established on sound rational principles, and "is susceptible of triumphant vindication before the somewhat miscellaneous tribunal" called the American public.

As we have said, we do not find ourselves able to accept entirely Professor Porter's conclusions, though he is far from being one of the rigid conservatives who deny that any reforms are necessary; but we are acquainted with few works in which the various issues are so clearly stated, and with none in which they receive such purely practical and objective treatment. No one can read the book without getting from it stores of information which will prove a very good thing to have.

The publishers of the book are Messrs. Charles C. Chatfield & Co., the publishers of the *College Courant*, the best college paper in the country. This is their first book, we believe, with the exception of some excellent scientific pamphlets, and if they keep up to its standard they will deserve well of the public.

Life, Letters, Lectures, and Addresses of Fredk. W. Robertson. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. New Edition. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1870.

THE publication of an edition as cheap as the present of Robertson's *Life, Letters, Lectures, and Addresses*, is an event of more than merely literary interest, it ought to be a powerful agency in disseminating among those who most need it a knowledge of Robertson himself, of his character and his doctrines; and in hastening the advent of that liberal and progressive Christianity which such a knowledge could not fail to inspire. Few men of modern times have had so profound an influence upon theological thought in England as Robertson,—there is none whose influence has been more healthful, life-giving, and elevating. That influence, moreover, though seventeen years have elapsed since his death, is greater to-day than it has ever been, and will continue to increase till "human thought be freer under the sun."

And few men have had a better biographer than Mr. Robertson has found in the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. Mr. Brooke is himself a preacher of no mean reputation, and in preparing the life and editing the letters of his friend has worked with all a friend's fine enthusiasm, but without losing his discretion or abdicating his function as critic. There is scarcely a volume in the language in which can be found nobler thoughts more nobly and beautifully expressed.

But the work has already passed through several editions, and the time is gone by for anything like criticism in detail. The present edition is a

thick octavo, handsomely printed, in uniform style with the sermons, contains all Mr. Robertson's lectures and sermons as well as the life and letters, and is embellished with a fine portrait in steel. The publication of this edition by the Harpers is a flank movement upon Fields, Osgood & Co., who have retaliated by reducing their own "authorized edition" to about one-half the original price. Between them every reader who feels interested in the religious thought of his time ought to be supplied with a copy of the work.

The Story of a Working Man's Life. By FRANCIS MASON, D.D. New York: *Oakley, Mason & Co.* 1870.

Mr. Mason is a man who, according to his own report and outside testimony, has done good work as a missionary, and is therefore entitled to our respect; but we are compelled to say, after reading his book, that literature is not his forte, certainly not autobiography. He has lived too isolated a life, and of late years, especially, too constantly in the relation of self-conscious superiority in which the missionary stands toward his flock, to admit of his having any just appreciation of the attitude an autobiographer should hold toward the public; and it is really touching to see the simplicity with which he expects to interest us in the purely personal incidents of a not remarkable career, and in the opinions of one who, though "a workingman," is not a thinker. The matter of the book is not nearly so interesting as it might have been, considering the materials at the author's command; he begins to preach with the very first chapter, and to preach too in a manner which does not dispose us very strongly towards commending him as an exemplar to the workmen with whom he claims affiliation. The "scene of the story," which he dramatically prefixes to the opening chapter, will serve very well to show the scope of the work as well as the rather pretentious egotism which makes us sometimes doubt Mr. Mason's taste and discretion: "England in the Reign of George Third—The Valley of the Mississippi half a century ago—Massachusetts in the days of Lafayette's visit—a quarter of a century in the Tennessean Provinces—Scenes of travel in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—British Bermuda as it is to-day."

The introduction by Rev. Mr. William R. Williams is confused and heterogeneous in matter, and is written in a style which will serve very well as a warning of what writers and readers should avoid.

The publishers have made a handsome volume of the work, and there are three or four good wood-cuts which supplement the interest of the text.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood. By CHARLES DICKENS. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1870.

IN addition to "Edwin Drood," this volume contains a number of "uncollected pieces," which have not heretofore been published, and among them some very characteristic papers. It is published in uniform style with the various editions of Dickens issued by those publishers; and besides these there are two editions by Hurd & Houghton (New York), the "plum-pudding edition," by the

Appletons, and a cheap paper edition by Harper & Bros. Here is ample room for choice on the part of the reader, and of one of Dickens' novels, the only thing that remains for the critic to say is—Read it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.]

The Early Years of Christianity. The Apostolic Era. By E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood. New York: Scribner & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 536.

Notes and Vocabulary to Whitney's German Reader. New York: Leyboldt & Holt. 16mo, cloth, pp. 523.

Tactics for Non-Military Bodies. By BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL UPTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 160.

Elements of Astronomy for the Use of Schools. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 312.

Light Houses and Light Ships. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. .

Recollections of Eton. By an ETONIAN. New York: Harper & Bros. Svo, paper, pp. 126. Illustrated.

Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil. By C. FRED. HARTT. Fields, Osgood & Co. Svo, cloth, pp. 620.

Froude's History of England. Popular Edition. New York: Scribner & Co. Vols. XI. and XII. 12mo, cloth, pp. 702, 658.

Companions of my Solitude. By ARTHUR HELPS. Boston: Roberts Bros. 12mo, pp. 276.

Wilson's Fifth Reader. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, pp. 372.

SCIENCE.

A New Theory of the Zodiacal Light.—Meyer of Heilbronn is well known among scientific men for his profound researches in natural philosophy, and any of his speculations will be received with interest, and treated with respect. The following extract from his treatise on the "Dynamics of the Heavens" will show what he conceives to be the most probable explanation of the Zodiacal Light: "As cosmical masses stream from all sides in immense numbers towards the sun, it follows that they must become more and more crowded as they approach thereunto. The conjecture at once suggests itself that the zodiacal light, the nebulous light of vast dimensions which surrounds the sun, owes its origin to such closely packed asteroids. However it may be, this much is certain, that the phenomenon is caused by matter which moves according to the same laws as the planets round the sun, and it consequently follows that the whole mass which originates the zodiacal light does not surround the sun equally on all sides; that is to

say, it has not the form of a sphere, but of a thin convex lens, the greater diameter of which is in the plane of the solar equator, and consequently it has to an observer on our globe a pyramidal form." This passage may be commended to the attention of gentlemen who are to take part in observation of the Eclipse in December next; more than on any former occasion of the kind will they have to endeavor to solve great cosmical questions.

The Way to Prepare Skeleton Leaves.—We described last month the method of making a curious and beautiful parlor ornament, by "the germination of an acorn suspended over water." A scarcely less beautiful, and a more interesting ornament still, can be made by stripping leaves of their pulp and exposing their skeletons. The following is the method:—

The leaves, seed-vessels, or other parts of plants which are required to be dissected, should be steeped in rain-water; and they should be left exposed to its influence until the whole of the soft or pulpy matters are decomposed. The period required for this operation varies very much in different leaves, according to their texture; thus, some require but a few weeks, others as many months. When the pulpy parts are completely decomposed, the next operation consists in their removal from the fibro-vascular network with which they were originally connected. This requires much care and patience. There are two ways of accomplishing it; one consists in carefully exposing the leaves and other parts to a stream of fresh water, using at the same time a brush; and the other by simply placing them in fresh water and removing with care the decomposed portions, in like manner, with a brush. Some difficulty will be found at first in doing this without at the same time breaking the fibro-vascular network; but a little practice will soon render it easy of accomplishment. The adoption of simply fresh water and a stream of the same applied by a syringe, will frequently be found desirable. The pulpy portions having been removed, the network must be bleached by the application of a weak solution of chloride of lime (an ounce of a strong solution to a quart of distilled water will be about the proper strength); and the skeletons should be soaked in it for some hours, generally three or four, but if very thick a longer time will be required. They should afterwards be washed in pure water and dried by exposing them freely to the light and air. These skeletons are beautiful objects for the drawing-room; but they must be placed under glass to preserve them from dust.

Colors from Coal-Tar.—Chambers's *Journal* says: A recent discovery in chemistry has established the fact that the pure coloring substance of madder—*alizarine*—can be extracted from coal-tar. The process by which this discovery was achieved was worked out in a most philosophical manner by two German chemists; modifications have been introduced, and now there are four methods by which artificial alizarine, a brilliant scarlet substance, can be produced. Madder costs forty-five pounds a ton, and the quantity imported into England is worth £1,000,000 a year; consequently the discovery of a method by which its coloring principle can be derived from a material which we possess in abundance is of prime im-

portance commercially. With alizarine at command, a dyer by varying his mordant will produce a great variety of colors and tints: with iron he gets the series from the lightest mauve down to black; with alumina, all the varieties of pink and crimson, including the brilliant Turkey red; and by a mixture of these two, different shades of chocolate are produced. This discovery is of only less importance to the United States than to England.

Extraordinary Discoveries of Precious Stones.

—It would be a strange feature of these latter times if a glut of gold were to be followed by a glut of precious stones, and yet the intelligence of the gem discoveries in Australia does but confirm the predictions of those best acquainted with the subject. By the operations of some natural law precious stones are almost uniformly found in company with gold. Either the process which forms gold forms also these valuable crystals, or a second process is usually at work in connection with the first. Experts assured us long ago that, whenever the Australian diggings were carefully examined, precious stones would be found there. It seems they have actually been found for years past, though never specially looked for; but recently the sand of a particular mine has yielded specimens in such abundance that diamond-washing has been recognized as a distinct and remunerative industry. The diamond, the most precious of all stones, is a mere crystal of carbon; the others, with certain exceptions, are mere crystals of clay. These clay crystals take different names according to their colors. When red, the crystal is called a ruby; when blue, a sapphire; when purple an amethyst; when green an emerald; when yellow a topaz; but all these varieties represent one and the same stone; in fact, the colors pass into one another almost indiscriminately. The information from Melbourne assures us that rare varieties of the ruby are among the gems there discovered, so that, besides obtaining an increased supply of diamonds, we shall receive specimens of jewels hitherto all but inaccessible.

Our Numerals.—In a paper lately read by Prof. Goldstücker, before the Philological Society, he produced good linguistic evidence in support of the Sanskrit, and consequently our own, numerals having the following values:—1, "he," the third personal pronoun; 2, "diversity;" 3, "that which goes beyond;" 4, "and three," that is, "1 and 3;" 5, "coming after;" 6, "four," that is, "and 4;" or "2 and 4;" 7, "following;" 8, "two fours," or "twice four;" 9, "that which comes after" (cf. *nava*, new); 10, "two and eight." Thus, only 1 and 2 have distinct original meanings. After giving these, our ancestors' powers needed a rest; then they made 3, and added to it 1 for 4; then took another rest, repeated the notion of 3 in 5, and the notion of 4 in 6; then rested once more, and again repeated the notion of 3 and 5 in 7; took another rest, and got a new idea of two 4s for 8; but for 9, repeated for the fourth time the "coming after" notion of 3, 5, and 7; while for 10 they repeated for the third time the addition-notion of 4 and 6. The Professor insisted strongly on this seeming poverty and helplessness of the early Indo-European mind. He did not put forward the above meanings of the nu-

merals as new, though he believed that his history of most of the forms of their names was so. The anomalous form of the Sanskrit *shash*, six—the hardest of them—first set him at work on the numerals, and the Zend form *kshvas* led him to the true explanation of this, and thence to that of the other numerals.

A New Kind of Iron.—Chemists are wont to say that the more a substance is examined the more does it appear to contain of properties and principles. The same apparently may be said of iron, for the more the manufacture of that metal is improved the more does it appear susceptible of improvement. There are now on exhibition in London specimens of iron manufactured from pig-iron, which had been used as ballast, by a process invented by Sir Antonio Brady of the Admiralty. The process is so good that it converts iron which, at 45s. a ton, would hardly find a customer, into iron worth £14 a ton; and as this can be done at a cost of about 35s. a ton, the profit may be regarded as satisfactory. All the sulphur and all the phosphorus, which render iron so brittle and worthless, are completely got rid of, and a metal is produced which, whether thick or thin, comes out successfully from any test to which it may be subjected. It may be bent and beaten, hammered flat to any extent, may be punched and treated in any way whatsoever without abating one jot of its toughness or showing any sign of a flaw. After so much of favorable description, the question arises: could not this iron be used for the axles of railway-carriages, and also for the wheel-tires? and so enable the public to travel with less risk of accident than at present. Sir Joseph Whitworth has an enormously strong iron for making guns: is Sir Antonio Brady's iron likely to compete with it?

M. Bessemer's Plan to Prevent Sea-Sickness.—All persons who know what crossing the sea implies in stormy weather, will feel interested in an experiment which Mr. Bessemer intends to try in the course of next autumn, if not prevented by the war. He has made his name famous by his process for the manufacture of steel; but among tourists generally, it will become still more famous should the new project succeed. He believes it is possible so to suspend a circular saloon or cabin that it shall retain a steady position in any sea, and he is having a steamer built to try the question. However much the vessel may be tossed by angry waves, no disturbance is to be felt by the occupants of the saloon, who, in consequence, are not to suffer from sea-sickness. It is not the first time such a question has been mooted; but it has never yet been put to the test on such a scale as is now proposed. It will be understood that the saloon is to be properly fitted up for the convenience of passengers; but we need not go into details until the trial shall have shown whether the theory of suspension will be confirmed by practice or not.

Observatories in the Southern Hemisphere.—We may soon look for an immense increase in our knowledge of the places and physical constitution of the stars of the southern hemisphere. Dr. Gould, the eminent American astronomer, has accepted the directorship of an observatory most adequately endowed by the Argentine Republic, and at the present moment is on the Continent superintending the construction of instruments to

be used in several branches of research. The primary work will consist of circle observations, to be reduced with the most rigorous accuracy, and to this will be added photographic, photometric, and spectroscopic observations, so that in these respects northern observatories may be soon left behind. At the same time Mr. Stone, at present first assistant in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, is to take command of the observatory at the Cape of Good Hope. And there is good news from Melbourne: Mr. Le Sueur reports, that one of the four-foot mirrors of the gigantic equatorial recently erected there is better than he anticipated, and that observations are now being regularly made.—*The Academy*.

Direction of Growth of the Branches of Trees.—At a recent meeting of the Boston Natural History Society, Mr. L. Trouvelot read a paper in the tendency of trees to bend towards the east. This tendency he believes to be independent of any prevailing wind. It is most noticeable in the cherry-tree; next come the maple, button-wood tree (*Platanus*); then the pear-tree, oak, &c. When trees are transplanted, it is, for this reason, necessary for their healthy growth that they should be re-planted in the same position as that in which they originally grew; the neglect of this precaution is a common cause of decay or stunting of growth in transplanted trees; it is notorious that the cherry-tree is especially impatient of removal, and this is no doubt the reason.

Steel Printing Types.—M. Bauer, of Paris, has taken a patent for the manufacture of steel printing types. According to the specification, the inventor employs a machine similar to those for making pins or nails: a roll of wire being placed on a reel, the machine nips off a piece of a given length and forces one end of it into the steel die. Fine soft iron wire drawn to the shape of the body of the type is used for the purpose. After leaving the machine the types require trimming by hand; when this has been effected, they are placed in metal boxes with the materials used for cementation, and are heated to a proper temperature in a furnace. The inventor says that, with a single machine and steam to the extent of one nominal horse power, he can produce 35,000 types in twelve hours, and that while the faces are far more perfect and more durable, the types themselves are cheaper than those in general use. There remain the questions of over-sharpness and rusting.

Important to Railway Directors.—Considering the grievous consequences to life and property occasioned at times by the breaking of a railway carriage axle, Sir Joseph Whitworth has made known, for the information of railroad directors and all concerned, that the best way for discovering a flaw is to drill a one-inch hole through the whole length of the axle. By using a small lamp or reflector, it would be easy to inspect the interior, and a flaw could hardly fail to be detected. The axle would not be weakened by the hole, because the portion drilled out would be that which mechanical philosophers describe as the "neutral axis," which adds nothing to the strength. And there would be the further advantage, that with a hole in its centre, the axle would not be liable to get overheated.

The London Geographical Society have bought a large house at the corner of Saville Row, and are there establishing their headquarters, map-room, library, and office. It is a good site, and has the advantage of being close to the London University, in which the Society are to hold their meetings. It is hoped by Sir R. Murchison that tidings of Dr. Livingston will have arrived by the time they open their next session in November.

The Eyes of the Mole.—In a paper recently read before the Royal Society, Mr. R. J. Lee mentions the curious physiological fact that at the time of birth the mole is endowed with eyes of considerable perfection, while in mature age it is deprived of the means of sight in consequence of certain changes which take place in the base of the skull, terminating in the destruction of the most important structures on which the enjoyment of the sense of sight depends.

Great tracts of pine wood are every year destroyed by fire in the South of France. M. Schrader, who has tried to discover the origin of these fires, has come to the conclusion that they are caused by the sun's heat setting fire to vapor of turpentine which is contained in the trunk, and which is exposed to direct contact with external heat by the holes bored for the extraction of turpentine.

Some years ago several scientific men in the United States endeavored to show that a photograph of the impression remaining upon the retina after death might prove a valuable aid in the detection of murder. The subject has just been fully re-investigated by M. Vernois, and he has proved that before the body is quite lifeless all power of sight has left the retina, and that therefore this plan is of no value.

•ART.

A Glance at Art in Philadelphia.—After a casual stroll last summer "among the pictures in Philadelphia," we remarked (in *Magazine* for October, 1869) upon the depressed condition of Art in that city, and made some strictures upon the management of the Academy of Fine Arts, which we were pleased to see were taken up and emphasized by an influential portion of the local press. After a similar stroll last month, we have little to add to what we said then—certainly, no improvement to record. A paralysis appears to have settled upon art and artistic matters, more marked even than in our own city, and it would really seem as if there were less popular interest in the subject than when the love of pictures and the frequenting of galleries became fashionable four or five years ago. The galleries and art-shops are superior (and we recollect "*Goupils*" when we say it) to anything we have in New York; but they are embellished chiefly with looking-glasses, or, more frequently still, with empty frames. It is rather disheartening to go out, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque, and to find one's exceedingly unpicturesque outline reflected back from every wall and angle, and even from the picture-stands. Since last Summer the Academy of Fine Arts has been broken up, and the visitor who saunters down town to look for the dingy old structure will find an immense building in course of erection on its

site, which is to be rendered classic by the exhibition of Fox's Varieties ! All the Academy's pictures, statuary, casts, and models have been packed up and stored away—pretty much as they were in the old Academy, except that then some few of them were visible in more or less unsatisfactory positions, while now they can “perplex the souls” only of the architecturally-minded spiders which may happen to inhabit the vaults. The property will probably remain stored until the new Academy of Fine Arts is built, about which we were able to learn little save that it is to be a very stately edifice, and is to be located on one of the finest sites in the city, at the corner of Broad and Market streets.

The Academy being closed, the only pictures on exhibition are those in the art-shops. In the gallery of Porter & Coates—which, except that the tone of the decorations is altogether too light for the effective display of pictures, is much better than any room we have in New York—there is at present on exhibition the well-known painting of the Battle of Gettysburg, by Wendenroth. This is a really good picture, and though no one would suspect it to be painted by a man with the genius of Horace Vernet, we venture to affirm that it gives a much more accurate conception of a battle than most of the world-known battle-pieces of that famous artist. If historians and artists would only participate once in a battle, they would learn that “battle's magnificently stern array” is lost almost as soon as the first smoke settles upon the field;—but then those would lose their choicest pyrotechnic phrases, and these their most effective groupings. Another large picture, the best we saw in Philadelphia, is also on the walls of this gallery,—a “Castle on the Rhine,” by Jansen, painted in delicious velvety green, relieved by the steely color of the water, and contrasted with gray masses of mountains, receding far away into the perspective.

At Renkauff's shop there are “Edmonds Pond in the Adirondacks,” a good example of pre-Raphaelite realism, painted in cool colors, but slightly muddy; and “Morning” and “Evening” by Charles A. Sommer, which are to be noted chiefly because they represent morning and evening by landscape instead of the conventional figure. That landscape is the true medium by which modern art must tell these allegories we have no doubt,—it being one of the perversities of our social life that man looks wider awake in the evening than he does in the morning, and sleeper in the morning than he does in the evening. The only effective representation of Evening by means of the human figure we recollect ever to have seen, was one in our earliest reading-book, representing a youth with a lighted candle in his hand, his whole body in the ungraceful attitude called “stretching,” and his under jaw hanging down in a cavernous yawn. By way of criticism upon these two pictures, we would say that “Evening” is fairly good, but that “Morning” is too gray and chilly, and that it is not the bright, glorious morning we are accustomed to in this latitude.

Other paintings worthy of mention are the “White Mountains, Saco River,” by C. W. Knapp, at McCann's Gallery; and “Lake Nemi, near Rome,” by George L. Brown, at Earle's.

We ought not to close our notice without speak-

ing* of the new marble statue of Washington which has been set up since last summer. It stands in front of the Old Independence Hall, in Chestnut street; the figure is of heroic size, and mounted upon a pyramidal pedestal of granite. The attitude is one of dignified repose, and the *pose* of the figure is perfect; but the countenance is ineffective and expressionless, and seems to lack the god-like grandeur and magnanimity which we have remarked in every good picture of George Washington that we ever saw.

Two Monuments.—An attempt has been made to compare the work for the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's, by Mr. A. Stevens, with the Nelson Column, or rather with the four bronze lions which Sir E. Landseer produced in order to the completion of the latter. On this comparison it is intended to found charges of a deeper character than one would at first sight suppose; yet nothing can be more unfair, or display greater ignorance of the subject than this comparison. The Wellington Monument is one of the most elaborate, richly-decorated, and complete designs with which we are acquainted. Among recent memorials, only the great group of the Frankfort Printers, by the Baron Von der Launitz, can be compared with it, and it is so designed as to comprise more details of difficult character and far greater variety than those statues. It must necessarily be, to a great extent, the work of a single mind, if not a single hand; whereas the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, which, by the way, we understand, is nearly finished, is the joint production of many hands, laboring with every conceivable facility. The pair of lions set up in Trafalgar Square, for there are but two distinct designs, although there may be as many as four casts, are so little different in conception and execution as to be, for all practical purposes, very little more difficult in production than a single figure; moreover, whatever may be the other artistic qualities they exhibit, they are of the roughest order of execution, and merely bold sketches in bronze, courageously enlarged: their casting is simply disgraceful to all concerned, and insures the rapid destruction of the figures. Mr. Stevens's work is the reverse of all this. We may add, that Mr. Edward B. Stephens, A.R.A., the bust-sculptor, mindful of the confusion of names which is asserted to have happened at a recent Royal Academy election, has, not unnaturally, desired to be allowed to point out that he should not be confounded with the artist of the Wellington Monument, Mr. Alfred Stevens.—*Athenæum*.

The Dome of St. Peter's.—Prof. Secchi has shown that the apparent displacement in the dome of St. Peter's, which a French traveller recently made such noise about, is in reality no cause for alarm; and has pointed out that it is only one of the several slight irregularities which a close examination reveals in the enormous building. He remarks that while the inclination unfits St. Peter's for a trigonometrical station, it indicates no instability in the structure. The traveller was also mistaken in thinking his observation a new one, for the inclination is mentioned in a book printed in 1694.

The Revue Archéologique has an account of

the paintings discovered in the house of Livia on the Palatine. Io, Argus, Hermes, and Hera are represented in one of the best. The plate gives a good idea of them, and enables us to compare the Grecized art of Rome with similar works at Pompeii.

The New St. Thomas' Hospital, one of the finest ranges of building in London, and the handsomest hospital in the world, is now nearly completed.

VARIETIES.

A New Safe Deposit Company.—It is pretty safe to assert that if very general use were made by the mercantile community and by private families of the vaults of the Safe Deposit Companies, the amount of losses by fire and by thieving would be reduced fully one-half. The skill and audacity of professional burglars has become such of late that a private safe is rifled almost as easily as an ordinary till; and, for all purposes of protection, residences which are unoccupied in summer had as well be left wide open with a finger-board pointing to the valuables. We believe, on the other hand, that since Safe Deposit Companies have been established, there has been hardly a single instance of serious loss from their vaults. Commercial men, and people generally who have valuables, have begun to appreciate this, and there are now several of these Companies which are doing a flourishing business. Among them is the "Mercantile Loan and Warehouse Company," which has iron and steel vaults for the safe deposit of bonds, valuable papers, gold and silver plate, and property of all kinds, by the day, month, or year. These vaults are in the new Equitable building, probably the most massive edifice in the city, and are so strong that it would seem as if nothing short of an earthquake, sufficient to shake the bottom out of Manhattan Island, would make any impression upon them. There is ample office accommodation for customers, including private rooms for ladies, and the Company is officered by some of the most sterling business men in the community. No better Safe Deposit Company can be found anywhere, and persons having any sort of portable valuables should bear the fact in mind.

Fate of Henry Hudson.—Hudson set sail in April, 1610, with a vessel of fifty-four tons burden, manned by twenty-three men and victualled for six months. In a few weeks appeared the northern coast of Iceland, with Mount Hecla in eruption, and the Geysers hot enough to cook food. Passing Greenland to the north of Labrador, he followed the straits which now bear his name, amidst not only the difficulties of an ice-crowded passage, but of a disaffected crew. In consequence of this latter difficulty, Hudson called the men together, showed them by his chart that they had already gone some hundred leagues farther than other explorers, and argued that this should excite them to persevere. But the men were dispirited; some were for turning about, and endeavoring to make their way back to England; others were simply clamorous; while others, again, declared that they cared not whither they went, so long as they got free of the ice. Around them, indeed, was a scene of intense desolation, the prospect of a hard win-

ter, and this with fast-vanishing stores. As the crew could come to no determination, Hudson followed his own course. Severely pressed by the wind and floe, he sought a retreat in certain islands known as the "Isles of God's Mercy;" but the place was beset with danger. Keeping on their course, they reached an opening with a cape on each side. To one of these headlands they gave the name of Wolstenholme, to the other that of Sir Dudley Digges—Digges was a promoter of the expedition. In the place thus named they landed, and, on ascending a hill, saw goats and deer feeding upon it, while the rocks were covered with fowls. Here the crew would willingly have remained for some days, but Hudson knew well the danger of delay; he therefore pursued his voyage along the channel, and at length sailed into what seemed to him an immense ocean. This he supposed to be a portion of the great Pacific; it was, however, nothing but the inland sea subsequently called by his name, and still known as Hudson's Bay. The season was far advanced; and as Hudson coasted along the shore, in hope of finding some place wherein to rest for the winter, the frost set in sharp and hard, and ice-blocks closed in on all sides. It was now impossible to return till the ensuing spring; provisions were short, and the sailors in vain attempted to erect a shelter. Hudson set about the husbanding of their resources, a delicate and difficult task; for his crew, encouraged by some of the lawless spirits amongst them, plainly intimated that the captain was looking more after his own interests than after theirs. Hudson offered rewards to those who should kill beast, bird, or fish; and in the course of a few weeks, a hundred dozen white partridges were secured; and after these, a large quantity of water-fowl, besides an abundant yield of fish. But the men were thoroughly discontented, and took no precautions for preserving their food; one man brought on a dangerous surfeit with over-eating, and most of them accused the captain of a disregard of their lives. Their own total disregard of common prudence reduced them, long before the winter was over, to great extremity; and the ill-feeling against Hudson increased. He had superseded Ivet, the mate, on account of insubordination, and had appointed one whom he accounted as a trustworthy fellow in his place; a change had also taken place as to the boatswain. But the greatest enemy whom Hudson had reason to dread was one whom he least expected. This was an outcast, named Green, whom the captain had brought with him out of feelings of pure charity. This man plotted against Hudson with the most disaffected of the crew—one Iahakuk Prickett; others, who at first shrank from the conspiracy, were won over, and it was resolved to set Hudson adrift, and to make off with the ship. Early one morning in June, when all things were again beginning to look promising, Hudson, as he left his cabin, was seized by three of the conspirators, his hands were fastened behind his back, and he was forced into the shallop. All of the crew who were true to their captain were also driven into the boat, into which were lowered the sick and infirm; some powder and shot were also thrown in; when the boat was cut adrift, all sail hoisted in the ship, and the captain and those who were with him abandoned to a cruel and lingering death. Neither he,

nor any of those who were with him, were ever heard of again—alive or dead.

Visit to a Joss House.—I was very anxious to see a joss house. Californians seem to treat such places with contempt, and I asked in vain some half-dozen persons whether they could direct me to one. So I went into the shop of "Loo Sing," and fancying that perhaps he would be jealous of a Christian going to see his God, opened my approach by buying a bundle of joss-sticks, things like thin balrushes, made of pastile, and burnt before idols. Then, said I, adopting the Chinese English current here, "Want see joss house, Chinamen's God."—"Oh! ah! Tchess," said John, grinning, "I show." But even when he had directed me to the right corner of the street I was still at a loss, seeing nothing but ordinary houses. At last I caught a passing Chinaman, and made him take me to the sanctuary. It was approached through a shop. We went up stairs and along a passage; then he waved his hand as he led me into a good-sized darkened chamber, where I found myself for the first time in my life in the presence of real heathen idolatry. The air was heavy with incense. An altar, some 8ft. by 3ft., and 3ft. high, draped in embroidered cloth, with two mats for kneeling before it, stood at one end of the chamber. It had upon it two burning lamps with slender stems, two candlesticks, a vessel with smouldering incense, and two vases of artificial flowers. Immediately behind it, in a shallow recess, was the idol, with drapery concealing all but the small wooden face of a doll, whose dark hair was parted in the middle. At the first glance there was little to distinguish what I saw from a dirty altar in a dark Roman Catholic chapel. The incense, the drapery, the vases of artificial flowers, the burning lamps, the joss-sticks of worshippers stuck in front like tapers, and the wooden shrouded doll, at once illustrated an anecdote which I had disbelieved of a Chinaman who visited a Jesuit chapel, and came out saying, "Good, joss-house same."

Medical Accuracy of Charles Dickens.—How true to nature, even to their most trivial details, almost every character and every incident in the works of the great novelist, whose dust has just been laid to rest, really were, is best known to those whose tastes or whose duties led them to frequent the paths of life from which Dickens delighted to draw. But none, except medical men, can judge of the rare fidelity with which he followed the great Mother through the devious paths of disease and death. In reading "Oliver Twist" and "Dombe and Son," or "The Chimes," or even "No Thoroughfare," the physician often felt tempted to say, "What a gain it would have been to physic if one so keen to observe and so facile to describe had devoted his powers to the medical art!" It must not be forgotten that his description of hectic (in "Oliver Twist") has found its way into more than one standard work in both medicine and surgery (Miller's "Principle of Surgery," second edition, p. 46; also Dr. Aitkin's "Practice of Medicine," third edition, vol. i., p. 111; also several American and French books); that he anticipated the clinical researches of M. Dax, Broca, and Huxhings Jackson, on the connection of

right hemiplegia with asphasia (*vide* "Dombe and Son" for the last illness of Mrs. Skewton); and that his descriptions of epilepsy in Walter Wilding, and of moral and mental insanity in characters too numerous to mention, show the hand of a master. It is feeble praise to add that he was always just, and generally generous, to our profession. Even his descriptions of our Bob Sawyers, and their less reputable friends, always wanted the coarseness, and, let us add, the *unreal-ity* of Albert Smith's; so that we ourselves could well afford to laugh with the man who sometimes laughed at us, but laughed only as one who loved us. One of the later efforts of his pen was to advance the interests of the East London Hospital for Children; and his sympathies were never absent from the sick and suffering of every age. —*British Medical Journal.*

Interesting Discovery.—In the recent excavations which have been so perseveringly pursued under and around Carnarvon Castle, the workmen struck on a hard substance, which, though much disfigured, and of antique construction, was, after minute investigation, pronounced to be the remains of a cradle. Certain characters, which are, however, nearly obliterated, and part of a royal coat of arms, almost rusted away, lead to the conclusion that it is a relic of great value, and the identical casket in which was nursed the royal infant, Edward, first Prince of Wales. Some doubt arises who is entitled to this valuable specimen of ancient art. The Crown claims it as a prerogative. The Corporation seek to retain possession, to enable them to present it to any Lady Mayor-ess who may have occasion for the use of such an article of domestic furniture.—*Albion.*

A Battle.—A battle is a fine thing. It is nothing more nor less than standing in close rows with not elbow room enough, and firing at targets you are unable to see, whilst you are being mowed down in your turn by balls and bullets you are unable to avoid. But there are degrees in battles. A small battle is one where the fun lasts but half a day, and you lose only ten or fifteen thousand men—the population of a flourishing borough town; a good battle worth speaking about is one that keeps you on your legs (or off them) for twelve or sixteen hours, and in which the two sides between them part with some hundred thousand men—the population of a thriving manufacturing city.—"*L'Empire c'est la Puix,*" in the *Cornhill Magazine.*

The Rules of Scalping.—A Western paper says the friends of people killed by the Indians can tell to what tribe the murderers belong by observing a few simple rules for scalping laid down by the different tribes. The Cheyennes remove a piece not larger than a silver dollar from immediately over the left ear; the Arrapahoes take the same from over the right ear. Others take from the crown, forehead, or nape of the neck. The Utes take the scalp from ear to ear, and from forehead to nape of the neck. Now that the Western editor has so kindly shown us the different methods of carrying on this innocent sport, we have no doubt it will soon become one of our "fashionable amusements."





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. XII., No. 6. }

DECEMBER, 1870.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols. }

The Quarterly Review.

LETTER-WRITING.*

If there is any foundation for the prophecy of a recent French writer, that the telegram will ere long supersede the usage of letter-writing, one may be excused for attempting to catch, before it is numbered with the dead past and becomes the province of the archaeologist, the lineaments of an art which has contributed so much to the happiness of civilized man. Not, perhaps, that there is immediate cause for alarm in an age which has shown remarkable toleration for "Letters" and "Selections from Letters," possibly because they supply a gossiping substitute for biography; but, doubtless, the inducements to shine in correspondence are fewer, as the field also is more limited, when we have two or three posts a day instead of as

many in the week, and when the rusticated statesman can look to the pile of morning papers on his breakfast-table for a fuller and less biassed survey of the last debate than in old times he would have got from the epistle of a political friend. Even in domestic correspondence it makes all the difference to the interest of a modern-day letter that its thread may be dropped anywhere, to be resumed easily on the morrow, upon lighter pleas than when there was less facility and frequency of transmission, and when, franked or unfranked, nothing less than a budget found its way into the post-bag. Such hope as remains lies not so much in old-fashioned inducements to completeness as in the cultivation, for its own sake, of a gift still capable of circulating pleasure; a gift still valued at its full worth where the traditions of cultivation are not yet discarded: a gift which has this peculiarity, that, so far from being prescriptively limited to the stronger sex, it has in modern times reckoned at least as many

* 1. *Half-Hours with the best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers.* By Charles Knight, Editor of "Half-Hours with the best Authors." First Series, 1867. Second Series, 1868.

2. *History of Letter-Writing, from the Earliest Period to the Fifth Century.* By William Roberts, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London, 1843.

women as men among its most distinguished possessors. In the annals of letter-writing there have been "letter-writers and letter-writers," good and indifferent correspondents: but whereas many men's epistles have suffered in point of ease and expression from their devotion to method and close reasoning, their addiction to hobbies, or their inability to distinguish between a letter and a memoir, or a misssive, it seems as if female fingers had that lightness of touch, and the female instinct that tact to know when a topic is becoming wearisome, and that often-noticed grasp of conclusions, without regard of premises, which, more than elsewhere, find their proper scope on the written page. It might be straining a point to say that the best letter-writers have been women; or else men, whose style and tone have had some more or less feminine element: but, at any rate, it were easy to demonstrate that the essentials to success in this art are for the most part of such a nature that in them, with somewhat less than "equal husbandry," the woman may be the "equal of the man."

For what are these essentials? Not to go to Johnson's paper in the "Rambler" to discover, amid many platitudes, an obvious grain of truth as to "ease and simplicity," "even flow and artless arrangement;" we might cite dozens of writers upon the subject, theoretical as well as practical, who reckon as its *sine quâ non* the extemporaneousness of this class of composition. "Scribito extempore, scribito quod in buccam venerit," is a law laid down by Erasmus in a treatise "De Epistolâ conscribendâ," of which it is needless to say more than that it is far less readable than its author's letters. Madame de Sévigné, Cowper, Burke, and others enforce the same requirement; and, in truth, the slightest analysis of the ingredients of a good letter will show how much is embraced in this word "extempore." Negatively, it excludes affectation and unreality: positively, it insures spontaneity, and, as we should say in these days, a photographic transcript of the writer's mind, and of the circumstances surrounding him at the time of writing. Above all, herein lies the best security against aught of "dry or withered" creeping in where, as a patient inquirer into the History of Ancient Letter-writing observes, "the fruit should have upon it the bloom of our

youngest thoughts, and a maiden dew should be on its leaf." *

But it may be objected that this "off-hand" character will not always or chiefly be found in the same individual as the grace and elegance which we associate with good letter-writing. Without going all lengths with M. Boissier, in his "Cicéron et ses Amis," we may be content to accept so much of his dicta on this point as ascribes very much of epistolary success to a "feminine" desire to please. Vanity and coquetry—these are terms misplaced in such an inquiry, even if they do not militate against the extemporaneousness above mentioned; yet whereas men are apt to set lightly by the praise of a home-circle, or the laurel leaflet at the bestowal of a single member of it, and to reserve their best style for the public eye and an audience that can compensate their efforts with whole bay-trees, so to speak, the unselfish feminine instinct does not account time or tact-wasted in directing all its artillery at the capture of an individual, and its whole aim at the creation of enjoyment which the sense of pleasure in creating renders mutual. And this not so much consciously as from traditional habit. We know not how else to account for the phenomenon which has puzzled many before and since La Bruyère, "pourquoi les femmes vont plus loin que nous dans ce genre d'écrire;" but, accepting this solution, we seem to trace the spring of manifold instances of naïveté, arch use of language, wit, and other charms, in letters that have won and retained popularity. It is so with Madame de Sévigné. It is so with Cicero. Nay, if this desire to please is synonymous with coquetry, where is there a more thorough sample of it than in that statesman's letters? The very frankness of his vanity (*e.g.* in his letter to Lucceius) not only disarms repulsion, but wins our confidence. In strength or weakness, we cannot help saying of him what he says of his brother Quintus, "Te totum in literis vidi." Another ingredient, which must find a place in the composition of a good letter-writer, or else be represented by some very skilful imitation of it, is "heartiness." The impression of sincerity is essential to a writer's acceptance; and should this impres-

* "History of Letter-Writing," by Wm. Roberts, Esq., 1843, p. xix.

sion prove base, and the stamp false, the charm of a correspondence is at an end. It is not, perhaps, bounden that this heartiness should be either very deep or very exclusive: but the amalgamation of the other requisites for a good letter with insincerity or even reserve is utterly unfeasible. If, however, a letter combines spontaneity, desire to please, and heartiness or cordiality, it can scarcely miss its favorable mark as an epistolary production through the lack of subordinate graces. Simplicity, life, play of fancy, flashes of unpremeditated wit, with a due mixture of the real and the earnest, will come under one or other of these heads, unless, indeed, the writer's dulness be such as would have forbidden excellence in other pursuits equally with letter-writing.

That the elements of success in epistolary correspondence have been mainly such as we have indicated, a survey of the history of the subject would amply prove. As, however, our space does not warrant such a survey in detail, we must content ourselves with a rapid glance at the annals of letter-writing, reserving the right to pause here and there for a longer rest when some representative letter-writer arises to attract our attention. We do not propose to trace back to remote antiquity, or to discuss with the opponents of Homeric unity the precise nature of the "Bellerophonian letters." A lively sense of the value of the substitute which epistolary correspondence provides for conversation and personal good offices disinclines us to speculate on the *σήμετα λυγρὰ*, which, whatever they may have been, were fraught with bale rather than blessing. Certainly, the most ancient letters—David's to Joab about Uriah, Jezebel's in the matter of Naboth's vineyard, and the rest—were in the nature of mandates or despatches rather than of free and friendly intercourse. They were "libelli" in the Roman sense, not "litteræ." Sir William Temple, who enjoyed the highest repute in his day as an elegant letter-writer, was led, perhaps, more by sympathy than study to credit the genuineness of the letters of Phalaris. And had no Bentley arisen to sweep away the pretty pile built up by these pretended letters, a very respectable antiquity might have been pleaded for systematic letter-writing; and readers might still be found to discredit the stories of the Brazen Bull, and

the king that ate his offspring, as inconsistent with the civilization and affection displayed in his "fardel of commonplaces" to his friends and relatives. As it is, scepticism has proved its case in respect of most of the epistolary forgeries connected with the names of Greek authors and teachers, which accordingly serve no better purpose than to indicate the attraction of a later period to this form of literature, and its skill in supplying *what was not by what might have been or ought to have been*. The Pythagorean correspondence, especially that part of it which consists of Theano's letters to divers injured or inexperienced matrons, strikes us as betraying a much higher ideal of social and domestic life and its duties than is in keeping with the age in which it purports to have been written. And the letters attributed to Socrates, Xenophon, Aristippus, Euripides, and Alciphron are, no doubt, like most of the so-called "Greek letters," mere rhetorical essays. The specimen, indeed, which we have of Xenophon's letter of condolence to Xantippe, after her husband's death, makes us think lowly of the invention of the forger who did not withhold, while he was about it, furnish that strong-minded widow's reply. Neither is it much gain to the history of letter-writing that Bentley and Mr. Grote agree in pronouncing genuine the letters attributed to Plato; for the latter authority is constrained to admit that Plato, if a letter-writer, is not a graceful one, and that, "tried by our canons about letter-writing, his epistles seem awkward, pedantic, and in bad taste."*

In fact, it is not to Greece, but to Rome—the Rome of Cicero's day—that we look for a model, which has held its own from that day to this, of a perfect epistolary style. After Cicero's age, indeed, came in the didactic style of epistle, with Seneca; and with Pliny the younger a rhetorical, showy, less spontaneous composition, which bears the mark upon its face of being intended for publication. Cicero is the type of a perfect letter-writer, never boring you with moral essays out of season, always evincing his mastery over his art by the most perfect consideration for your patience and amusement. Towards this his skill and tact in depict-

* Grote's "History of Greece," vol. x., p. 604, note.

ing scenes and characters to the life is a great help. He has gauged his correspondent's distaste for the abstract. He fills his paper with living forms, and shifts the scene before they are felt to be wearisome. What life, what candor, what presentment of the scene and actors to the mind's eye do we recognize in that letter to Atticus which describes Cæsar's visit to him after his victories in Spain! The tactics of both are laid bare in a few graphic touches; but how cleverly, how distinctly, how sufficiently! In another letter to Atticus he writes amusingly of the boredom he meets at the hands of his next neighbors at his Formian farm, and sets visibly before our eyes the unseasonable visitors from whom he has half a mind to escape to his cradle, Arpinum.* Each letter bears the stamp of extemporaneity. It is lost labor to assure his correspondents, "Fit enim nescio quid ut quasi coram adesse videar cum scribo aliquid ad te." He does so present himself in the mood of the hour—now sanguine, now desponding—but rarely without a pinch or two of that rare "salt" which he held a prime condiment of his epistolary banquets. It is in his letters to his epicurean ally, Papirius Pætus, or to the social Voluminius, nick-named for his convivial qualities Eutrapelus, or to other like-minded correspondents, that he opens most freely the treasure-house of his wit, and exhibits that admixture of vanity and desire to please which approaches coquetry. Witness the engaging egotism with which he twits Voluminius with neglecting his (Cicero's) *salt*-works.† He hears that people take Sextius's jokes for his, and is disappointed that they have not his own mark upon them. From Pætus he angles for compliments on the tone and variety of his letters,‡ baiting his hook with deft allusions to his friend's old Roman wit and descent. To him also he is full of jokes about "peacocks for supper" at Voluminius's, in company with the frail and fair Cytheris (about whom, by the way, he is far more reticent than a later gossip, Mr. Pepys, would have been), and about other table matters which indicate that writer

and reader set up for "gourmets." But his desire to amuse shows itself even in graver epistles. When, in much depression, he is complaining to Curius* of an arbitrary act of Cæsar's, viz. appointing Caninus Rebilus consul for the rest of the day, after Q. Maximus had died in the morning of the last day in the year, he cannot help salting his letter with a jest at the consul "under whose rule no one ever breakfasted," and another on the same worthy's vigilance, in that "he never once slept during his consulship." He is full of this sort of pleasantry; least so, perhaps, to Atticus, from whom he keeps back not one of the workings of his variable, irresolute, sanguine, but never insincere nature. Though his correspondence as a whole lays him open to the charge of seeking to stand well with both sides, and of saying, as in the case of Cato, one thing at one time and another at another about the same individual, we think that not the most Cæsarian of his critics would deny the thorough heartiness of his friendships, or that pervading kindliness of spirit, at the prompting of which his good-nature was apt to outrun his judgment. The warmth of his domestic, and particularly his fatherly, affections is abundantly seen in his correspondence; and his relations with his dependent, Tiro, bespeak sentiments far in advance of his age. On the whole, we should rifle the volumes of antiquity in vain to find a letter-writer who converses on paper so naturally, so engagingly, so much from the heart, as Cicero.

To institute a comparison between Cicero and Seneca would be waste of labor. The end and aim of the latter is to clothe in the form of an epistle every quæstio or quæstiuncula of philosophy as it occurred to him. Does he start his twelfth epistle with a pleasant gossip about the symptoms of decay in his country-house reminding him perforce of his own "yellow leaf," one finds after a couple of sentences that it is prelude to a discourse on the improvement of "each shining hour." Or another by telling us that all the world beside himself is off to a spectacle; it is with a view to enforcing by his precept, as well as example, the value of retirement and study. He twists moral lessons out of Vatia's villa (Ep. 55)

* Ad Att., ii. 14, 15.

† Ad Fam. vii. 32. Elsewhere he says, "My wit is an estate which I will sedulously maintain."

‡ Ad Fam. ix. 21. See also Merivale's "Abeken's Life and Letters of Cicero," p. 331.]

* Ad Fam. vii. 30.

and that of Africanus (86), and makes a sea voyage serve for a peg whereon to hang a picture of the waves of this troublesome world (77). Oftener, however, there is no ghost of an anecdote, joke, or fact to enliven his dreary disquisitions, and no better account of the difference betwixt his letters and Cicero's can be given than his own, namely, that Cicero's principle was to write whether he had anything to say or not, whereas his was never to put pen to paper unless to propound something edifying.* By this we know the man and the nature of his communications, of which we suspect that Lucilius must have tired by the time he had got over the first hundred. "There are some," says an early letter-writer of our own country, "who in lieu of letters write homilies : they preach when they should epistolize."

Pliny's letters are not like Seneca's, for they possess elegance, life, and various interest. But they cannot pretend to be unstudied, having been revised and polished, if not originally written, for publication. Hence the air of coxconibry which clings to each letter as we read it, and of which the infection has extended to too much modern letter-writing. There is no doubt Pliny set up Cicero for his model : † his mistake was to aim at transferring to the familiar epistle the flow and finish of Ciceronian oratory. How Erasmus could have characterized Pliny's epistolary style as "*negligentiunculus*" is past comprehension. He could not call a spade a spade. If he hazards a doubt whether Silius Italicus is a born poet, and whether he does not bore you with his verses, it is couched in words chosen for size and sonorousness, and in sentences balanced by a jealously critical ear. ‡ Where another man writing to his wife at the seaside for her health would tell her in so many words that he was anxious about her and would like to hear often, Pliny prefers his request in the sentence "*Quo impensius rogo ut timori meo quotidie singulis vel etiam binis epistolis consulas,*" and words his whole letter so finely that a translator of it in the third volume of the "*Tatler*" has evidently thought his skill should be devoted to reducing it to

matter-of-fact language. It is the same if he writes from a friend's sick-room (i. 22), or gives an account of the habits of an octogenarian (iii. 1). All is written in the grand style. All is pruniness and red-tape. His very excellences—narrative and descriptive—are depreciated by prolixity, not without a slight suspicion of selfishness. We do not agree with those who say his letters came from his head, and not his heart, for he is at times wonderfully tender : but beyond a doubt the impression of heartiness runs a risk of being effaced by too manifest elaboration ; and for internal evidence of Pliny's desire to please, the reader of his letters must look to the pains he spent on them. After him, however, there arose no Latin writer, whose letters have influenced modern epistolary styles. The letters of the Greek and Latin Fathers—of Basil, Gregory of Nazianzus, and John Chrysostom on the one hand, of Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome on the other—represent a mass of material, possessing interest for the student of ecclesiastical history, but foreign to that of the rise and progress of familiar letter-writing. Although no strangers to the patristic writings, the early literati of modern Europe seem to have derived little in their style of Latin correspondence from later sources than Pliny : nor have we, in our turn, incurred any debt to these modern Latinists, preferring to go for what we needed to the fountain-head.

In his translation of the letters of Pliny, Melmoth finds fault with the scarcity, up to his time, of good English letter-writers, and professes inability to name another beside Sir William Temple. Dean Swift, too, prefacing that statesman's correspondence, notices "a just complaint that up to his time the English language had produced no letters of any value." This defect he proposed to remedy by the publication of the letters of an "an author who has advanced our English tongue to as great a perfection as it can well bear." Cautious words, written with we know not how much inward reservation ! For a man of the world and of affairs, a diplomatist and minister, Sir W. Temple was not only a skilful and cultivated writer, but also, in spite of his credulity touching "the two oldest classics," a passable scholar. His correspondence will chiefly interest the historian : yet it has its merits, positive and negative. It is chary of those compli-

* Seneca, Ep. 118.

† "*Est mihi cum Cicerone æmulatio, nec sum contentus eloquentiâ seculi nostri.*"—i. 5. Ep. "*Ad Voconium.*"

‡ Ep. iii. 7.

ments, which so many letter-writers scatter broadcast, but enhances the acceptancy of such as are paid, by this very chariness. There are jets of humor, too, in most of his letters, and he has a happy way of putting the man he writes of before his correspondent in a few touches. Writing to Lord Arlington of a Dutchman, bound to him on a mission from the Hague, he says, "Your Lordship will find nothing to lessen your esteem of his person, unless it be that he is not always so willing to hear as to be heard, and out of the abundance of his imagination he is apt to reason a man to death." If we add that, as might be expected of one soversed in negotiations of the first magnitude, he is a clear exponent of views and events; that, though no flatterer, he never neglects the expression of lively interest in his correspondents; and that in his letters, as in his other writings, he exhibits abundant tokens of a good conceit of himself; and we have the clue to the favor with which his contemporaries viewed Sir William Temple's letters. But "*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*" Not to go back with Mr. Charles Knight, in the amusing "Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers," which have in part suggested the present essay, to such rough-hewn epistles as the "Paston Letters"* of the fifteenth century, or to dwell on such pompous inanities as those of Sir Symonds d'Ewes in the troubled times of Charles I., letters that might stand the test of stringent epistolary criticism might be found in the correspondence of the Sydneys under Elizabeth. Lord Bacon's mother wrote a quaint, strong-minded epistle; her distinguished son, one that was full of matter, if a trifle addicted to conceits and antitheses. A letter of Sir John Harington to Prince Henry, elder son of James I., gives the impression of a lively and fluent pen and fancy. But, all things considered, we are inclined to regard the author of the "*Epistolæ Ho-ellianæ*" as the most successful letter-writer of the Stuart period—superior, at all events, to his junior, Sir William Temple.

The published letters of the latter begin with the year 1665, and in 1666 James Howell closed, at the age of seventy-one, a very remarkable career. The son of a Welsh clergyman on the borders of Brecknockshire and Caermarthenshire, and born in a district even now shut out by difficulties of access from the civilization of more favored regions, he was sent for his early education to Hereford Cathedral School, and thence, perhaps with an exhibition, to Oxford. But these antecedents scarcely prepare us for such knowledge of men and cities, such linguistic skill, such wit, wisdom, mature observation, and singular ease of style, as his letters, and indeed many of his other works, exhibit. His continental travels had a commercial object; but his letters from abroad are full of lively and intelligent remarks on politics, society, and literature. His highest post was the (we fear unlucrative) office of Historiographer Royal to Charles II. after the Restoration; but his correspondence with many of the highest rank in Church and State proves him to have moved in a higher grade than he could have dreamed of "when he carried a calf-skin satchel to school at Hereford, or wore a lamb-skin hood at Oxford." And this position must have been retained, if not won, by his epistolary skill, the memorials of which still find admiring readers, although his other works are well-nigh forgotten. It was a great thing for him that he rightly conceived of a letter-writer's task:—

"It was a quaint difference," he writes, in 1625, "the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration, that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man: the latter of the two is allowed large side-ropes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourish, but a letter or epistle should be short coated and closely couched: a hungerlin* becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown: indeed we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expreseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms."

And his practice illustrates his theory. When he writes from Madrid of "our Prince's" wooing of the Spanish Infanta,

* The first of these, in Mr. Knight's collection (series ii. p. 4), bears date 1476-7: and the main interest in those which he quotes lies in the directness with which the writer pursues the object of writing, viz., to enhance his fortunes by a matrimonial speculation.

* "A kind of furred robe."—*Wright and Halliwell's Dict.*

or from France of "His Majesty's" wedding Henrietta Maria; if he has to narrate the manner of Buckingham's murder, or Lord Chancellor Bacon's end; if he pictures to a correspondent the dangers of Paris after dark, or retails two practical jokes played in the retinue of the Duke of Alva; those who glance at these specimens of his style in Mr. Knight's pages will find him never tedious nor forced; ever watchful against detours and divergences; bent to set his matter before the reader with life and spirit. There is an affectionate and hearty tone in his more domestic letters: and his general correspondence is remarkably free from the priggism and the conceits of his age. One forgives, for example, the classical allusions, because they are not made too much of, in the following description of a newly-married couple, which gives a fair sample of his amusing vein:—

"I was according to your desire to visit the new married couple more than once, and to tell you true I never saw such disparity between two that were made one flesh in all my life: he handsome outwardly, but of odd conditions; she excellently qualified, but hard-favored; so that one may be compared to a cloth of tissue doublet, cut upon coarse canvas, the other to a buckram petticoat lined with satin. I think Clotho had her fingers smutted in snuffing the candle, when she began to spin the thread of her life, and Lachesis frowned in twisting it up; but Aglaia with the rest of the Graces was in good humor when they formed her inner parts. A blind man is fittest to hear her sing: one would take delight to see her dance if masked; and it would please you to discourse with her after dark, for then she is best company, if your imagination can forbear to run upon her face. When you marry, I wish you such an inside of a wife, but from such an outward phisnomy the Lord deliver you and your faithful friend to serve you."*

Howell is an adept, too, at seasoning his letters with an anecdote or a "mot," as may be seen in the following extract, which has escaped the notice of compilers:—

"The King of France being lately at Calais and so in sight of England, he sent this Ambassador Monsieur Cadenet expressly to visit our King: he had audience two days since, where he, with his train of ruffling long-hair'd Monsieurs, carried himself in

such a light garb, that after the audience, the King asked my Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French Ambassador. He answer'd, that he was a *tall* proper man. Aye, his Majesty replied, but what think you of his head-piece? Is he a proper man for the office of an Ambassador? Sir, said Bacon, Tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished."*

But he is happy enough when he has no such anecdote, and can generally make his point "*e re nata*." Writing to one Mr. Stone, he calls him, "My precious Stone;" and addressing an old friend in the county where he passed his school days, he assumes that the grass grows so fast in his fields, "that if one should put his horse there, he should not find him again next morning." In short, James Howell fulfils all requirements of a pleasant letter-writer, and was less than most epistolists of his age dependent on his matter for the charm of his correspondence.

About the same period the Rev. George Garrard edged himself into a correspondence with the Deputy of Ireland, afterwards the ill-fated Strafford; and in Charles Knight's second series are one or two letters of this epistolary jackal; one in particular narrating the origin of hackney coach-stands; but as what inspired his pen was the "*magister artis ingenique largitor venter*," he is scarcely entitled to posthumous renown for his not inconsiderable skill at his craft. Closer to Sir William Temple's age came a livelier gossip, Samuel Pepys, the dearest "*chronicler of small beer*" on record: but as none are unacquainted with his visions of fine women, his confessions how he killed time in St. Dunstan's Church, and his easy credence of his friend's protestations that he was another Cicero, and as besides he was more correctly a diarist, we pass on to more *bonâ fide* letter-writers. One such, to whom Mr. Knight's "*Half-hours*" introduce us, is a midshipman, son of Sir Thomas Brown, the author of the "*Religio Medici*," a capital specimen of an early "*muscular Christian*." Writing to his father from on board ship in the war between England and the Dutch, and actually in the "*Annus Mirabilis*," this lad can talk critically about Lucan's "*Phar*

* Lett. 33, "Elegant Epistles," p. 208.

* "Familiar Letters," sect. ii., p. 2.

salia," foresee the issue of counsels that led to the Dutch fleet in the Nore, and extemporize a very naive reply to his sire's advice how to stand the noise of great guns in action. To sailors "intent on their business, muskets sound like pop-guns." "He that often stands in the face of a cannon will not think anything terrible. In and after all sea-fights I have been very thirsty, which makes me always provide some bottles of quick and middle beer to carry with me, whereby, having found so great relief in the hot fight of last month, I have got six bottles from a gentleman on the Essex shore, which I reserve for that use." Cotton wool in the ears during action was not so important, it seems, as wherewithal to "wet one's clay" after it. Another letter-writer, Lady Rachel Russell, was nerved for her immemorial part, and for her correspondence with her husband during his imprisonment, and after his death with others, by a kindred spirit, differently tried. The key-note of her letters is "fortitude": and no reader can peruse them without being impressed by their spontaneousness, sincerity, and high resolve. But the story told of her—that having to leave one daughter's house who had just died in child-birth, for another's whose confinement was imminent, she had command of countenance enough to approach her surviving daughter with the words, "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day"—is more quotable than her letters, at least those after her great bereavement, when she has none to whom she can send such home news as "Boy is asleep! girls singing a-bed.*"

But a little earlier than Lady Rachel, another ornament of her sex was writing letters on the other side the Channel, destined thenceforth to assert at least the equality, if not the superiority, of woman in this class of compositions. Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, in her famous letters to her daughter, has taught her sex the way to unite spontaneousness, attractiveness, and thorough heart, in a sustained correspondence; and her pages are so replete with anecdote, wit, and penetration, that they will bear any amount of re-perusal. Her daughter's marriage with the Count de Grignan, and consequent removal to his distant government of Provence, gave birth to this de-

lightful series of letters: the sole approach to a fault in which is the mother's extravagant praise of her daughter's wit, goodness, and beauty,—a fault which may count for a virtue if we regard it as a pious fraud to retain the affections of her absent daughter. In a recent volume of poems Miss Smedley says:—

"The periodic task
Of written talk is hard to many hearts.
Few only warm it with such living breath
That it becomes a voice."

And among these few it may be doubted whether any have been, or deserved to be, more successful than Madame de Sévigné. The great secret of this is the unstudiedness of her letters, a feature which it needed not her own brilliant criticism on this point to bring into prominence. The ink ought to have been perfect that could keep pace with the easy flow of her sentences. At Paris, and in retirement; fresh from court gossip, or at her remote country seat, full of naught except the readings-aloud with which she and her intimates beguiled a rainy day, she equally poured out her heart in the most delightful budgets that ever enhanced the expectation of a post-bag. Their pervading impression is tenderness.

"O my dear child!" she writes, "you are not mistaken in thinking my mind is always employed about you: if you were to see me you would see me continually seeking those who love to talk of you: if you were to hear me, it would be continually talking of you myself. I have not yet seen any of those who want to divert me, in other words, to hinder my thinking of you: for I am angry with them for it. Farewell, my child; continue to write to me and to love me!"

This is her most direct method of siege. She varies it by ruses and stratagems, in the shape of lively anecdotes, happy "mots," and most playful allusions to her daughter's remarks; and all this with no appearance of art, in a natural sequence, the charm of which is unspeakable. For skill in the mock heroic vein commend us to her description of the chef-de-cuisine Vatel's end; or of a fire in the same street.* Her account of Turenne's death, and the arrival of James II. in France, are dramatic sketches of a higher stamp,

* Letter to Lord Russell from Stratton, 1681.

* Letters 52 and 22, English translation.

and in depicting character, she speaks to the eye that she may affect the mind, with a distinctness that Cicero might have envied. Among her *Ana*, which, after the fashion of last century, were gathered into a pleasant duodecimo, is a story of a lady from the country who was so much struck by the jewels, music, incense, and array of bishops at the induction of the Abbess of Chelles that she could not resist exclaiming "Sure I am in Paradise." "A person, who sat near her, rejoined, No, no, Madame, there are not so many bishops there."* Madame de Sévigné apologizes for telling this story, which, she writes, "is so hot that she cannot keep it." In one of her earlier letters occurs this pretty sample of affectionate raillery, which might serve as an argument against hating too vehemently, however great the provocation:—

"What you write about La Marans, and the punishments that will be inflicted on her in Hell, is altogether incomparable: but do you know that you will certainly bear her company thither, if you persist in your hatred to her. Only think of being condemned to her company for all eternity, and that surely will suffice of itself to put you upon making your peace with God by forgiving her. I am glad I thought of putting you in mind of this: it is certainly an inspiration from Heaven."†

Madame de Sévigné has exercised an undeniable influence on epistolary literature. Many of our aspirants to the praise, which she won without effort, have directly or indirectly borne testimony to this. Not only have they imitated her unstudied style, but her name is on their lips, when they would personify perfect letter-writing. Thus Gibbon, in his correspondence, recommends Mrs. Porten to

"read the letters of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter. I don't doubt of their being translated into English. They are properly what I called at the beginning of my letter, letters of the heart: the natural expressions of a mother's fondness, regret at their being at a great distance from one another, and continual schemes to get together again. All that—won't it please you? There is scarcely anything else in six whole volumes, and notwithstanding that, few people read them without finding them too short."‡

Horace Walpole, too, than whom, to judge from the business and pleasure of his life, there could hardly have been a more competent critic, cannot speak too warmly of her charm. "She has the art," he writes, "of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance, and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited." Elsewhere he professes astonishment at a correspondent preferring Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters to those of Madame de Sévigné. This same Lady Mary—with all her faults second to few English letter-writers—must have felt her French rival's supremacy when she wrote, "Keep my letters: they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's forty years hence." Her studious disparagement of the charming Frenchwoman, in her correspondence, betrays a sense of inferiority; and the cause of this inferiority is expressed to a nicety by Mr. Charles Knight when he says, "The Frenchwoman writes out of the abundance of the heart, the Englishwoman out of the clearness of the head."* Whatever Lady Mary wrote bore the stamp of a strong head, a cultivated intellect, and a lively, not bitter, wit. She was on good terms enough with herself to be good-natured, and was perhaps too masculine to let good-nature compromise self-respect. Her letters, we can well believe, were extemporaneous, although they have about them an air of consciousness of epistolary skill. Her unromantic tone tells against her sometimes, though it must have stood her in stead as to keeping at arms' length "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." In the correspondence, which at first flattered her vanity, betwixt her and Pope, the man is the weaker vessel, and her adroit answers to his over-fervid professions merit the praise of prudence, even if she owes it to a lack of heart. In unaffected style, though not in his sardonic vein, she rather resembles Pope's correspondent, Dean Swift, than those earlier correspondents of his, to whose compliments and trivialities she gives the "coup de grace." It is a pity that her very amusing letters abound

* Letter 562, English translation.

† Vol. i. p. 126, English translation.

‡ "Half-Hours," 2d series, p. 200.

* "Half-Hours," 1st series, p. 411. † Mr. Knight's estimate is probably based on a sentence of Lady Louisa Stewart's in 1837:—"The head was the governing power with the one, the heart with the other." See Böhm's "Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu," vol. i. p. 109.

in coarse and indelicate allusions and anecdotes, so much so that what Pinkerton makes Horace Walpole say of her, as if from childish reminiscence—"She was always a dirty little thing"—would be very true, if it were not an anachronism. But Horace Walpole had a family prejudice against her: and in all her correspondence it would be hard to find as much spite as he has concentrated into a single letter from Florence to Mr. Conway, which describes in the coarsest terms her "dress, avarice, and impudence."* Indeed she is as superior in abstinence from scandal to this detractor, as she is, in being natural, to her other assailant, Pope. Pope's "haunted chamber" at Stanton Harcourt is notoriously a common-place which did duty in other letters of other localities. And when he tried higher epistolary flights, as in a letter to Steele,† they have what Warton calls "an air of declamation unsuited to a familiar epistle," and belong to the class of what a friend of Mr. Knight's has happily christened "composition letters." Now whatever Lady Mary wrote was the fruit of too teeming a stock to need preserving for a second repast, and too good in itself to need garnishing. One cannot justify the low moral tone, which is strikingly evinced in a letter from her to her daughter, Lady Bute, counselling her to encourage the Princess of Wales's partiality for Lord Bute, as it may be of service to their large family. But domestic happiness was no part of her life-programme, or of that easy creed which she professes in a letter to her sister, "I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven; as in a country-dance the hands are strangely given and taken while they are in motion; but at last all meet their partners when the jig is done" (August, 1721).

Lady Mary's letters from abroad are models of lively description: she is clever and amusing in her gossip; and when she writes earnestly, as to her husband to stimulate his ambition, she is able to throw maxims of common sense and worldly wisdom into plain, forceful, words. Theirs might have been a happier union had her wish, expressed to her husband early in their married life, been

realized: "I wish Mr. Steele would learn you to write to your wife!"

To that kindly wit and ready letter-writer she did full justice; and no man deserved kindly criticism more than Sir Richard Steele. He little dreamed of being judged by his letters, which, but for his "Prue's" disregard of his solemn charge, would never have recorded his one weakness—impecuniosity, and his many virtues—generosity, tenderness, chivalrous devotion to woman. Such as they are, his scraps to his wife are as full of drollery as of affection, and the sternest moralist would hesitate even to say so much in his disfavor as that "he was no man's enemy but his own." But Steele's character has been vindicated in an earlier volume of the *Quarterly Review*,* and his letters need mention only for contrast with his contemporaries. It may have been through the refined devotion to woman which breathes in his papers in the "Tatler," that the more cultivated of the sex took heart of grace to occupy a field, which they can so easily appropriate as that of epistolary composition. Sir Richard Steele died in 1729. Before that date Mary Granville had become Mrs. Pendarves, better known to us as the Mrs. Delaney, whose correspondence, extending over more than half a century, has been edited by Lady Llanover. This agreeable writer—one of the bevy of fair dames whose storming of the House of Lords in 1738 forms the subject of one of Lady M. W. Montagu's liveliest letters—lived to see Fanny Burney and Hannah More asserting equal claim with herself to the pen of ready writers. Horace Walpole—a link between two generations—had hated Lady Mary, visited Mrs. Delaney, patronized Fanny Burney, and done friendly criticism for Hannah More, before in old age he devoted himself to a later female letter-writer, Miss Berry. These names represent only the front rank of female "epistolists;" but, after eliminating Walpole, Swift, Gray, and Cowper, how few are the male writers of familiar letters who outmatch them! In this quartet of letter-writers, qualities of heart ought to place Gray above Walpole, and Cowper, though in another generation, before Swift.† This last may have had more

* Cunningham's edition of "H. Walpole's Letters," i. p. 57.

† "Half-Hours," series i., p. 317.

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xcvi., March, 1855.

† For a calculating, worldly letter of Swift, see

heart than Pope, of whom he had much the best of it as a letter-writer, "from the very constitution of his mind, plain, sinewy, nervous, and courting only the strength that allies itself with homeliness."* But though his letters to Stella negative the charge of utter heartlessness, and those to Pope advance a colorable pretence of capacity for friendship, we cannot discover that the world would have lost much had his correspondence, so much coveted by the Delaneys and Lady Betty Germaines, been cancelled with as much diligence as Stella's answers to her Dean's letters.

Hunger for preferment and ill-disguised scepticism are not the best inspiration for letters that are to go down to posterity. There is little interest in Swift's letters to Mrs. Pendarves; or, indeed, in hers to him, though her correspondence, as a whole, has its interest mainly from her living to a great age, and having begun early to commit her thoughts to paper. Her diaries and letters are a curious index to the "*fuga temporum*" and the ebb and flow of fashions. Few who remain can recollect even the going out of the fancy, which Mary Granville's letters recall, for dubbing men—who owned good English names—Gromio and Tranio, Alexander, Roberto, and Vilario. But such was the style in which this fair lady wrote of her male friends to the confidante of her secrets—a style singularly out of place at times, as in the passage where Mrs. Pendarves describes to Lady Margaret Harley the death of her first husband: "I stepped softly for fear of waking *Gromio*, and as I put by the curtain to get up, how terrified was I when, looking at him, I saw him quite black in the face."† This same *penchant* for romantic names prevented Widow Pendarves till much later from seeing aught that could be misconstrued in being known to her intimates as "*Aspasia*." Let us hope it was Swift's unadorned style, and her second husband, Dr. Delaney's, less high-flown style, which led her to discard romantic sobriquets, and to be content with calling her husband "D.D." and Mrs. Dewes, her sister, "Pearly Dew." Her

change from gay to grave in the lapse of years is also noteworthy. Widow Pendarves is gayety itself, and a chronicler of gayety as omniscient as Horace Walpole, but without his adder's poison. Shift the scene a few years, and we find Mrs. Delaney deputed to write Lord Titchfield a letter of good advice upon entering Oxford.* This letter is quite a lay-sermon; but for the most part her letters are fairly lively, and, though always a little high-flown, exhibit a versatility hardly compatible with previous study. There is in them sometimes a quizzical vein that strikes us as very feminine.

In her last years at Windsor, Mrs. Delaney was thrown much in the society of one who was more than her match in letter-writing, and her junior by half a century, Fanny Burney, the author of "*Evelina*," and, as Horace Walpole said, "a novelist royally gagged and promoted to fold muslins."† There is singular life in her letters to Mr. Crisp, and in her glimpses of circles where she met Burke, Johnson, and Sir Joshua, more interesting topics in our day than the scandalous chronicles of her predecessors. Miss Burney is egotistical. She tells how Sir Joshua Reynolds said of her, "The women begin to make a figure in everything, though I remember when I first came into the world it was thought a poor compliment to say any one did anything like a lady."‡ But her egotism is always amusing; and had her letters been more real and matter-of-fact, they might have been less attractive. Horace Walpole has always a good word for her, as may be seen more than once in his correspondence with Hannah More, a letter-writer who has two epistolary epochs, marked by her life in the world and her life out of it. With a clear head, sound sense, and great taste for literary pursuits, she combined an energy of purpose in benevolent undertakings which brought her into connection with the philanthropists, who in her day were all of one side in theology. At one period of her life she took pleasure in the gay world; but the time came when she found she could not mix in it even as a duty. Yet nothing in her letters leads

that to Miss Jane Waryng. "Elegant Epistles," p. 433.

* "De Quincey's Works," vol. xv. p. 109-111.

† "Half-Hours," 1st series, p. 141.

* "Mrs. Delaney's Correspondence," vol. ii., p. 340-2.

† "Horace Walpole's Letters," vol. ix., 134.

‡ "Half-Hours," series i., p. 184.

to the supposition that society exerted any distracting power over her in her gayest days, or that she was less good and useful then, than after she had detected that there was wormwood in Mrs. Montagu's Sunday tea, and had heard a voice at the Opera House, which said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"* Strangely enough, she drew a distinction between the Opera and the Theatre, and was a long time in weaning herself from the latter, for which she wrote dramas, of course secular. One of her most natural letters is on the death of Garrick, with whom and his devoted widow she lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. When, in later years, she had shut herself up in Cowslip Cottage, she could write letters to Horace Walpole (perhaps because she knew him to be a quiz) in a vein untinctured by narrowness or pharisaism. Indeed, in her least worldly letters there is always something to justify the value set upon her correspondence and society by so many eminent contemporaries; though it is hard to sympathize with her letters to Wilberforce and Daniel Wilson on education and light literature, or to help preferring her worldliness to her unworldliness when we find her objecting to Scott's poetry, because it does not contain "practical precepts" or convey "sound instruction," and praising Prior's "Solomon" for possessing these requisites. One might have thought that in her calm retreat she could have filched an hour or two from the task of "raising dejected pinks and reforming disorderly honey-suckles," or from the composition of "Cœlebs in search of a wife," to make acquaintance (which she did not) with one or two of Scott's novels.

Miss Berry's intimacy with Horace Walpole began in his later years, and as she was one of the latest, so was she also the most refined of his correspondents. Her letters bear out Lady Theresa Lewis's† estimate, in the "Introduction to

her Journal and Correspondence,"* that "her judgment always dealt far more severely with every failing in herself than in others," and that "endowed with the strong good sense and power of thought more often attributed to man, she possessed a most feminine susceptibility of feeling." Perhaps these characteristics shine out more brightly by force of contrast, and yet Horace Walpole is scarcely Horace Walpole under her influences. The priggish, selfish egotist seems improved into a man of feeling by his elderly passion for a lady of twenty-five, and few women of her age and time would have used their triumph over his old heart less selfishly or ostentatiously, or have drawn less attention to a sentiment of tenderness, which, if mis-timed, was still complimentary. One of the most curious passages in this correspondence is where the "lord of Strawberry" infers from expressions in a letter of Miss Berry that she would have liked for herself or her sister some place in the Princess's household then in course of formation (A.D. 1794). She had written, "Much as attendance on princes and places at Court are laughed at and abused (by those who cannot obtain them), so desirable do I think any sort or shadow of occupation for women, that I should think any situation that did not require constant attendance a very agreeable thing." With nine-tenths of the world this would have been a hint. For such Lord Orford took it; and one really discerns in his letters of the 2d and 7th of October proofs of a readiness to put himself to trouble and incur obligations, if he could thereby gratify Miss Berry's wish. Her answer exacted no such sacrifice. At the close of a letter explaining that her expressions were general, she gratefully and gracefully acknowledges the zeal of her aged knight-errant: "I wish I had said or could say enough to satisfy my own heart with respect to you—to your offering that interest which I know you not only never prostituted to power, but never condescended to employ even for those who had every claim upon you, except those of the heart. While I retain *these*, be assured your *interest* will be a sinecure with

* "Half-Hours," series ii., p. 302.

† It is impossible to write Lady Theresa's name, without being reminded of the statesman, scholar, and philosopher, whose name she bore. Sir George Lewis's Letters have been very recently edited by his brother and successor, and will possess an interest for his many friends and admirers. He would not, however, have coveted the praise of a fluent and facile letter-writer so much as that of a critical and dispassionate thinker; albeit his published letters display his character in its more

playful and homely aspects, and are calculated to enhance the public appreciation of the gentle and lovable nature of the man.

* "Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry," Introd. p. xv.

respect to my further demands upon it." It is but justice to the vain man of *ton*, who has suffered so much at the hands of critics, as well as to the gentle letter-writer who was one of the very few that could see good in him, to believe that in the professions of these letters both were sincere. Mostly his tone to her is absurdly sentimental, hers to him being uniformly natural. Indeed she has high deserts as a letter-writer. Writing from abroad she is scarcely less lively and interesting than Lady M. W. Montagu, while in far better taste; at home she is more solid than Mrs. Delaney or Miss Burney, and of wider sympathies and toleration than Hannah More. Perhaps she had less humor than common sense; anyhow her ancient admirer failed to leaven her with the bane of his own letters, scandal meant to represent humor.

Of Walpole's vast correspondence enough has been said collaterally; it is not desirable to endorse at length the almost uniform verdict on it. But its bulk should teach literary executors the duty of decimation. Like the Sibyl's books, Walpole's letters would be worth more if two-thirds of them had been destroyed. Lord Macaulay concedes their *apparent* unstudiedness, but doubts whether "this appearance of ease is not the result of labor." Cunningham affirms from ocular demonstration that brief memoranda were made for many of the letters. But though Walpole may have premeditated his matter, their manner may have been strictly extemporaneous. One who lived to write letters, and died when he could write them no longer, can hardly have needed to study their composition; and he himself declared his style to have resulted from the letters of Gray and Madame de Sévigné. An ingenious confession! Faultless models! It were to be wished he had copied these at all times; for Gray's is the chastest of styles, and Madame de Sévigné the most natural of epistolists. Horace Walpole is at times uneven and cumbrous, and never unaffected. In every essential of a letter-writer his school-mate must rank before him. He has more ease, more manliness, and a more naturally playful style; and though he can gossip charmingly, he is no scandal monger. Most happy when, writing of places, or poetry, or subjects more abstract than people and their peccadillos,

he declines to "turn public bagman trained in Walpole's stall,"* he realizes our idea of an accomplished scholar unbending with alacrity from the austerities of composition, to entertain his correspondent and secure relaxation for himself. Weigh his letters against Walpole's in a true balance, and can we doubt which will be uppermost? How superior is he in descriptive power, of which an instance may be cited in a letter to Nicholls, after a tour in Hampshire; † how much heartier in his pleasantry, as, when he prepares the same friend and his better half for the difficulties of a college lodging! And if he writes "like a book," all neatness, rhythm, and order, this habit has been contracted in severer studies, and attends him unbidden in his letters. In comparison with Horace Walpole's, these are anything but numerous; and Dr. Warton's motto from Lucretius ‡ for Gray's poetry might, with a slight alteration, equally fit his epistolary remains:—

"Suavidicis potius quam multis versibus edam,
Parvus ut est cecini melior canor."

Yet, though Mr. Charles Knight accounts Gray "the best letter-writer in the language," it is a question whether—considering his materials, his remoteness from busy life and society, and his consequent paucity of external topics—his fellow-craftsman Cowper may not dispute the palm. The life-cloud of mental depression which so painfully affects his autobiography, clears off, for the most part, when he indites his letters. The characteristics of these are a mixture of grace, vivacity, tenderness, and good sense. His easy style is set off by a playful wit. And what he writes is so manifestly unstudied, that with an intelligent correspondent there could be no need of his assurance; "Now upon the faith of a poor creature I have said all that I have said without the least intention to say one word of it when I began; but it is thus with my thoughts: when you shake a crab-tree, the fruit falls: good for nothing indeed when you have got it, but still the best that is to be expected of a crab-tree." § His epithet "disgusting"

* Mathias, "Pursuits of Literature," Dialogue 2.

† Correspondence with Nicholls, Mitford's edition of Gray's works, vol. v. p. 58.

‡ Lucret. iv. 181.

§ "Half-Hours," series ii., p. 89.

was perhaps overstrong to apply to Pope, as a letter-writer, because he valued no sentence that was not well-turned, and no period that was not pointed with a conceit; but it indicates the antipathy of his own taste to fine letter-writing, and is in perfect keeping with his own contrary practice. As to his depreciation of his crab-tree fruit, happy those, say we, who were privileged to shake the tree. For with fine feeling and good sense there was a flavor of natural wit. At one time, apropos of winding thread for Lady Austin and Mrs. Unwin, he writes—"thus did Hercules, and thus probably did Samson, and thus do I;" and adds, that he can match those heroes in this, though not in killing lions. At another time a stout obese draughtsman of lace-patterns at Olney supplies him with a quaint fancy; a man whom he supposes "to make his belly his only friend, because it is his only companion, and it is the labor of his life to fill it." Now he delights in some odd reminiscence, as, for instance, how he used to drive a female cousin in a "whiskum-snivel;"* now in a horticultural figure (after the gardener's fashion in the "Waterman"), where he addresses another cousin, "My dearest Rose, whom I thought withered and fallen from the stock, but whom I still find alive." Very few letter-writers have such fascination as Cowper, a fascination quite apart from his repute as a poet, and due entirely to his peculiar epistolary style. The excuse of a slack correspondent—who complains that he has nothing to write about—would fail him for very shame-facedness, if he applied himself to the letters of Cowper, and learnt from them how much may be made out of how little!

In the recently published "Life of Miss Mitford," related in her letters to her friends, perhaps the most delightful substitute for an autobiography in the shape of the correspondence of a lifetime that the present generation has welcomed, it is interesting to find a letter of early date (1811) to Sir William Elford, in which the yet young authoress of "Our Village" awards the palm of epistolary distinction to Cowper, whilst assessing justly the rival attractions of Walpole. "Cowper's letters," she writes,

"have, to me, at least, all the properties of grace; a charm now here, now there; a witchery rather felt in its effect than perceived in its cause. The attraction of Horace Walpole's letters is very different, though almost equally strong. The charm which lurks in them is one for which we have no term; and our Gallic neighbors seem to have engrossed both the word and the quality. 'Elles sont piquantes' to the highest degree. If you read but a sentence, you feel yourself spell-bound till you have read the volume." (Vol. i. p. 153.) We can scarcely err in attributing to the charming critic of these diverse styles a singularly happy blending of both in her own correspondence. Miss Mitford has all the playful wit and frank spontaneity of the recluse of Olney, whilst her interest in the sayings and doings of the political and literary world, her keen appreciation of current gossip and table-talk, and her disposition and temperament the very reverse of morbid, have all contributed to impart to her letters a pleasant flavor of the epistles of the lord of Strawberry at his best and kindest moments. Amongst her voluminous readings we have her word for it that these two epistolists occupied honored place, whilst she was repelled by the stiffness and affectation of Pope, and objected even to the studied smoothness of Hayley. Whatever her models, Miss Mitford's place among English letter-writers is one which, through the editorial work of Mr. L'Estrange and Mr. Harness, has mounted to an ascertained eminence; whilst her "Life," recently noticed in these pages, is a rare treat to the lovers of biography. The effusiveness which characterizes her earlier correspondence becomes gradually subdued as she passes the meridian of life, but her warmth and simplicity, geniality, and lively interest in her friends and in the world around her, continuing undiminished to the last, give an impression of "heart" to letters dictated by an exceptionally clever and observant head.

There are other and more recent letter-writers, whom it must suffice to name: the full, clear, kindly Southey; the genial Sir Walter Scott, whose letter to Southey on his obtaining the Laureateship is a model of hearty congratulation; the grotesquely humorous Charles Lamb; the droll wit of Sydney Smith; and the pen of Hood, dipped alike "in the springs of

* Lady Hesketh's nickname for a gig. See Introduction to Cowper's Poems in Bell's "British Poets."

laughter and the sources of tears." And the list might be supplemented by the names of other letter-writers, long or lately passed away, whose correspondence was above price to its direct recipients, and would find its value justly estimated by posterity.* It is extremely undesirable that discouragements should be multiplied to the cultivation of letter-writing in an age, when it requires self-discipline to write letters at all; and, therefore, we desire to touch but lightly the blot most conspicuous in most published collections. There may be conscious letter-writers, who would fain be "put in a book" when the hand that held the pen can no more do its office. Yet not even these would look complacently on the prospect of surviving in three or thrice-three octavo volumes of correspondence, which, by reason of press and "damnable iteration" of matter, could never possibly be read. A remedy for this would be found in less editorial scruple as to weeding what is either superfluous or purely "compositional." Modest, sensible writers would have more inducement to write with that freedom and lack of constraint without which a letter is worthless, if there were less reason to fear that all they wrote about "everything and nothing" would find its way into print. And, as to the other class, there would be less encouragement for that dissembled labor in composition, which is referable to the hope of eventual publication, and which Colton† in his "Lacon" likens to the "dishabile in which a beauty would have you believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at the toilette." Our very best letter-writers have written

on the spur of the moment, with no ulterior aim; and art in letter-writing has no chance against nature.

But to leave the question of future publication, a question not of the essence of letter-writing—is not the art or gift "per se" deserving to be cherished? If it can abridge distance, beguile loneliness, enliven old age, add zest to the friendships of middle life, and communicate home-influences to the boy or the girl at school, its office and mission is worthy of maintenance. We leave out of consideration "the banished lover and the captive maid," for whose sake Pope's *Eloisa* supposed heaven to have "first taught letters;" although the remotest prospect of either contingency should stimulate young ladies to the attainment, in which their grandames shone pre-eminent. There is for them one sovereign specific "for wafting a sigh from Indus to the Pole," in a way more time-honored than the Electric Telegraph: to sit down pen in hand, and let a clear head dictate the promptings of a free heart. Reading and cultivation will, no doubt, tell upon style and matter; and facility of expression may be enhanced by practice in composition; but as there is a nearer prospect of higher education for women, and as "English" is every day less ignored in boys' schools, we may expect to find these conditions of success become equally attainable. In one point, leisure, the ladies have an advantage, which, if they imitate Hannah More's abnegation, they will decline to exchange for woman's rights or the franchise. They will prefer to emulate the *Sévigné*s and the *Berrys*, and to bind the busier lords of creation with fetters they will have no inclination to shake off. This power involves no store of tropes and metaphors, nothing but their native tact, and the neatness which is an article of their creed. "I think it as improper and indecorous," writes *Savage Landor's* *Pericles* to *Aspasia*, "to write a *stupid* or a *silly note* to you, as one in a *bad hand*, or on coarse paper. Familiarity ought to have a worse name, if it relaxes in its attentiveness to please."* Where the precautions necessary are so few and simple, there need never be a failure of pleasant and successful letter-writers.

* Such a supplement, slight but amusing, will be found in Mr. Seton's "Gossip about Letters and Letter-Writing," published this year (1870), a little volume which deals, in gossiping fashion, with the manner as well as the matter of letter-writing. As to matter, we imagine that the author would not lay claim to more than an acute filling in of the outlines furnished by Charles Knight, though he gives one peculiarly thankworthy addition to the list of first-class female letter-writers, in the person of Lady Duff-Gordon. Not one word of what he says of the unaffected style, catholicity of spirit, and largeness of heart, of the daughter of Mrs. Austin, is superfluous. Mr. Seton's gossip about preloquiums and postscripts, laconic letters and love-letters, autographs and handwritings, legible and illegible, will help to beguile a stray half-hour very passably.

† Colton, "Lacon," vol. i., cxxv.

* "Pericles and Aspasia;" Letter cxlii.

Fortnightly Review.

FATHER ARNDT.

SOME particulars of the life and doings of one so famous as Ernst Moritz Arndt, the author of the well-known German Fatherland song, and the man who may best be regarded as the representative of that yearning spirit of German unity now so wide-spread, cannot, we think, fail in interest.* Born at the close of 1769, at Schoritz, in the island of Rügen, the son of a farmer and land-agent, he speaks of himself as sprung from aboriginal peasant-stock, and, serfdom still prevailing in his birthplace till after the beginning of the present century, when he himself contributed to its abolition, compares himself also with Horace, as being the son of a freedman. The scene of his childhood is Rügen, the "lovable island" whose shores and hills and forest meet continual mention in his songs. And a rare vigorous life he led there with his brothers and playmates. Out of doors his father, busy, strict, and watchful, hardened and disciplined the lads whom a gentle and pious mother trained and instructed within. Ever a lover of simple nature, we need not wonder that so many of his verses should describe his childish occupations among the flowers and birds, the trees and the cattle; as, for instance, when he says—

"Still the angels of heaven were with me,
Watching my father's herds beside the thundering
sea." ;

We may best understand how completely reality and imagination combined to make one life for him at this time, by perusing his "Stories and Recollections of Childhood." The fullest charm of childhood pervades these sketches, written in his later life. Its peculiar commixture of gravity and humor makes the book delightful reading for young as well as old; and for this reason, that the simplicity and sweetness of the child always remained in

the character of the man; or we may even better say, because the character of the man was in him as a child. It was his simple, pious bringing up which enabled him as a young man to persevere in a self-imposed course of mental and physical discipline to which, in turn, were no doubt mainly due the vigor of mind which enabled him to stamp his influence on three generations of his countrymen, and the vigor of body which sustained and bore that vigorous mind through more than ninety years of time. He gives in his "Recollections" a touching account of how, under temptation, the dread of degenerating into a base, contemptible weakling, made him run away from school at eighteen, and how, in a sort of prevision, he persevered for many years in the strictness of life which he felt might qualify him for being useful in those struggles of his country which his thoughtful mind foresaw must come. Having finished his university studies, with the intention of becoming a clergyman, having even been licensed to preach, and having exercised the permission with considerable success, he yet, from some conscientious doubts as to his own fitness for the office, abandoned his intention of seeking orders. Public life, in some sort, was his vocation; he felt it to be so. His private life had been a proper and instinctive preparation for it. It has been said that the times he lived in made him the man he was; but the fact is, that no man ever more completely made himself what he was than Arndt. And he did it by the moral discipline to which he so early subjected himself, by learning in his own person the practical lesson that to reach excellence requires effort—*nil magnum sine labore*; in fact, it was not Arndt who needed the times, but the times which needed him.

Free to follow the natural bent of his inclinations, we find him starting forth on his travels through the world. He was one of the most "livable" of men; fresh, genial, candid, and hearty, one who journeyed, not to collect manuscripts or to decipher parchments, but to study for himself the nature of men and of nations. In the many volumes of his travels, published between the years 1798 and 1803,

* In placing such particulars before the reader, although able, in many points, to speak of the dead old patriot from personal knowledge and recollections, we are mainly indebted to an admirable article on Arndt which appeared in the fifth volume of the *Preussischer Jahrbücher* for 1860 (the year of his death), and was largely reprinted and circulated at the time.

his cheery, genial spirit is as evident as the comprehensive interest he took in matters unpolitical as well as in the actual politics of the time, in the history which was being made from day to day. After nearly two years of journeying (for the most part on foot), he married a college love, and settled in a professorship of history at the University of Greifswald, in the year 1800. His wife died, however, the following year, leaving him with an infant son. It seemed almost as if his destiny required him, in all the stormy days which were about to pass over Europe, to be free from domestic complications, in order better to act the part which afterwards fell to his share. We find many traces of sorrow and anguish in his poems from this time onwards; but even this bitter trial was not able to shatter the inward confidence and abiding faith which he had gained. From that time forth he was, both in courage and in piety, raised far out of the reach of all the buffets and troubles of destiny, above all enduring doubt or despondency.

In or about 1802 or 1803, he wrote his first political work on the wrongs of the serfs in his Swedish home (Rügen, and that part of Pomerania in which he lived, were Swedish till 1815), which for a time was thought to have brought him into some peril, but in the end helped to do away with the system of serfdom altogether, with its concomitant evils.

About the same time we find in his *Travels through parts of Germany, Italy, and France*, his first judgment of the French Revolution of 1789; not an unfavorable one, though he had afterwards bitter cause to modify his views. He shows in this work the liveliest interest in what may be called the humanitarian aspect of the Revolution, and especially in the benefits conferred upon the peasant class of France by its newly enjoyed freedom. Without failing to notice the immorality and the ambition of the French, he celebrates their amiability with the warmest praise; he gives them full credit for disseminating throughout the universe the "holy law of humanity," and in honest admiration pays homage to the "mighty genius of Napoleon."

Arndt's nature and education alike made him able to appreciate this humanitarian merit of the French revolution. His notion of the dignity and force of true man-

hood was of the soundest; with greater truth and energy, in a more uncompromising manner than any other, he could undertake to combat the heartless assumption of the time, which would have reduced to a mere nothing all that was vigorous, healthy, and natural. And this he did by an outspoken condemnation of the whole over-intellectual tendency of the time, and by insisting on the maxim that knowledge without power is a vain thing. In fact, such was the subject of most of his writings up to the year 1805; it formed also the basis of most of his other works up to the turning-point of his destiny in the year 1811; and remained, though possibly not so prominently as before, the key to his modes of thought and action up to the period of his death.

Already a clearer comprehension of the tendencies of the Revolution induced Arndt to make the French people and their doings form the background of the picture, which, in his work, "*Germanien und Europa*," he drew of the mistaken culture of the time. After a short period of uncertainty, his opinion of the French nation returned very much to the point to which his earlier education had brought him. Admiration of the heroic figures of Gustav Adolf and Frederick the Great had hindered his being too much dazzled by the brightness of republican experiments. His realistic turn of mind, what he himself styles his "Philistine nature," had protected him betimes from that extravagant enthusiasm into which the first acts of the Revolution beguiled so many great men of the German race. It was no more than natural that the aversion he felt from "the diluted intellectuality" of the period should gradually become a politico-national aversion to France and Napoleon. Arndt himself has graphically set forth the history of this self-development; describing the process whereby he became a political person at all, not to say the first herald and standard-bearer of German unity and freedom; how, albeit first a Swede rather than a German at heart, the behavior of the French in the south-west of Germany had filled him with vexation and impatience; how the disgraceful treaty of Luneville had disgusted him, and how the Austrian disasters in 1805, and the Prussian in 1806, had changed his impatience and vexation into anger and rage. "When," he wrote,

"after vain struggles, Austria and Prussia both were fallen; then first my soul began to love them and Germany with real love, and to hate the French with a true and righteous rage. Just when Germany had perished by its disunion, my heart embraced the full notion of its oneness and its unity."

The first part of his "*Geist der Zeit*" reflects the feelings of the year 1805. Its very title, "*Spirit of the Time*," indicates that the writer viewed events not as mere historical and political facts, but as signs and products of the age itself. The object of the work is not either to chronicle or criticise events themselves, but to make their importance understood, and to explain their occurrence as arising from causes deep-rooted in the very nature of the times. The Prophets of the Old Testament took much the same view of their political and national duty; and even so, Arndt was a preacher, not so much of politics, as of the religion of politics; not as a statesman, but as an inspired orator he speaks, emphasizing most vigorously the spiritual and moral causes of the ruin so widely spread, laying the axe to the very root of the rotten tree. He begins with himself,—"*All*," he says, "has resolved itself into mere incorporeal form, into unembodied spirit; how can any individual resist this tendency? And yet," he goes on, "perhaps even for this very reason, there remains but one deliverance. Only through that wherein we have been weak can we hope to become strong; the fire that consumes us must be made to enlighten us; we must be led back from the height of extravagant intellectuality we have attained, to the common sense and common feelings of which we have lost sight."

It is in this sense that he sketches in bold outlines the spirit pervading both the writings and the actions of his contemporaries; he compares the manhood of the present with that of the past, and passes in review the nations of ancient and of modern Europe, as history had displayed to him the one, and personal observation the other. Written under the immediate influence of the news from Ulm and Austerlitz, the book speaks the passionate, glowing feelings such disasters inspired, appealing earnestly to every individual to rouse from the fatal apathy to which the spirit of the time had brought them, to feel,

to hope, and to labor for their prostrate fatherland.

Still the chariot of destruction was unstayed, nor was it long before it crossed the path of Arndt himself. It could not well be otherwise; one who, so boldly as he, had shown the folly of much of the so-called professorial wisdom, could not long be endured in the professor's chair himself. In the following year we find him, not dismissed, but occupied in the Swedish Government office in Stralsund, instead of lecturing at Greifswald. While here he was dangerously wounded in a duel by a Swedish officer, whom he had challenged for an insult to the German name; a sort of forecast of the troubles into which the zeal of his patriotic heart was to bring him. And soon the tide of war spread even to the Baltic shores, and the man who, with greater daring than any other, had thrown down the gauntlet before the foreign tyrant,—the man who, by his glowing words, had endeavored, and not all in vain, to rouse the German heart against Napoleon, found himself compelled to fly the country as an outlaw. In Stockholm he obtained both shelter and occupation. While employed on Swedish affairs in the Government office at Stockholm, his heart was busy too with German ones. As day by day events grew more and more serious, he accompanied them by his prophetic utterances. In the autumn of 1806, in January and July of 1807, in the fall of 1808, he produced the various writings of which the second part of his "*Spirit of the Time*" consists; a work which he himself describes as "*ein wanderndes Bild der Zeit*." In this again he preaches upon his former text. His argument tends to show that the outward conditions of the world can only be altered by the inward force of feeling and thought, and that the powerful arm of religion is needed to meet the dread necessities of the times. To mere metaphysical idealism he opposes that living idealism which recognizes in history the will of God, and interprets that will by the dictates of the human conscience. Fichte himself never enforced this point with greater force and beauty. The miseries of the times he portrays with merciless minuteness, insisting that to restore healthy action to the diseased body, the disease itself must be deeply and thoroughly investigated. Not content,

moreover, with merely stirring the consciences of his compatriots, Arndt passed from the mere theory of renovation to show its practicability; and by now he had learned to take a closer measure of the character of Napoleon. His hope of the dawning of a day of reckoning was based principally on these two considerations, the utter badness of the man himself, and the intrinsic meanness of his greatness. "For how," he asks, "could it be possible for a tyrant, with soul so narrow, faithless, sanguinary, and grasping, to have accomplished such a work of desolation except through the greatness of our weakness and our errors?" Among others of these errors, he points out those of the German political constitution, or rather want of constitution, that impolitic justice of the nation which, afraid to abolish even that which was obsolete, had to see it done by others in its stead. And this in turn he attributes to the worthlessness of the nation's rulers and leaders, which he does not shrink from characterizing: Firstly, the languor, the un-German feeling, the venality, the straw-splitting unconsciousness and sophistry of public writers; and, secondly, the unprinceliness of princes, the rivalries and short-sighted policy of Prussia and Austria. Again and again he renews his rallying cry, repeats his enthusiastic utterance of the hopes he felt of victory and national renovation; and ends by indicating in what that renovation must consist. Not in any restoration of the cumbrous old system of the Fatherland, with all its useless forms and complications; not in mere trifling repairs and temporary patchings-up, but in the establishment of a close and comprehensive band of union! *Austria and Prussia alone*, he insisted, *should bear rule in future*,—the other German princes might learn to obey them *for* their Fatherland, at least as easily as they had learnt to obey Napoleon *against* their Fatherland.

Such, in the main, was the tendency and line of thought of this book, which Stein declared to be written with "appalling truth." Its effect was enormous; so much so as to make it a sort of text-book for all who shared the author's opinions. The dissemination of this book was one of the means adopted by "the great agitator" Stein to rouse the spirit of the Germans in 1812, for the war of liberation. One of the suggestions contained in his celebrated

memorandum (addressed, on the 18th of July in that year, to the Emperor Alexander), on the development of the resources of Germany, was to distribute widely a new edition of this second part of the "Spirit of the Time"; another was that its author himself should be invited to St. Petersburg, there to employ his pen in furthering the good cause.

Meanwhile affairs had taken a turn in Sweden, which made Arndt's position there so far from secure, as to induce him to leave Stockholm, and at all risks to return to his home; conscious enough of the crisis which was approaching, aware of the fact that his life was scarcely safe in any corner of Europe where the power of Napoleon extended, he felt it essential to settle his affairs, and to make preparations for a still farther flight. His attention was turned to Russia, then almost the only refuge in Europe for men desirous of promoting the downfall of Bonaparte. And, strangely enough, he made his arrangements and a great part of his journey to Russia in entire unconsciousness that, at the very capital to which he was journeying, the great Von Stein was impatiently waiting his arrival, having many weeks previously sent inquiries in every direction, inviting Arndt's assistance in the great work he had in hand.

History can hardly show a finer picture than the co-operation of these two men, in the task of raising up and inspiring the nations against the foreign conqueror; nor does Arndt's history contain any chapter more striking than that which is formed by his book,* written with all the vigor of youth towards the close of his long life, and narrating the history of his connection with the famous minister. The men were admirably suited to each other. In force and heartiness of patriotism, in warmth both of hatred and of love, in elevation and purity of spirit, in morality of life and genuine piety, the plebeian Arndt and the patrician Stein stood absolutely on a level. Those two men performed in company a considerable portion of life's journey, and in such a manner as to make us look upon them as the two purest representatives of the patriotic spirit of a great period, as well as of the national idea to which this great period gave birth. Where we bow

* "Meine Wanderungen und Wandelungen mit dem Reichsfreiherrn von Stein."

with admiring respect before Stein, we approach Arndt in familiar affection. We look up to the man of mighty action ; but we fraternize at a glance with him of powerful and convincing speech, now daring and now gentle. Though Stein has often been styled the Luther of his time, it is the complex of Stein and Arndt which alone can represent the great reformer : Luther would have acted as Stein did ; he would have lived and loved, have sung and spoken, as Arndt.

For Arndt's songs and other writings bear exactly the same impress of popular simplicity as those of Luther ; the same straightforward, unaffected directness distinguishes them ; the same burning appeal do they make to the hearts and feelings of the many, the same marvellous power do they display of welding together the spirits of men. His writings, both in verse and prose, form of themselves a sort of history of the great liberation period ; it may be permitted us for choice to refer a little more directly to his poetical productions. Many a page of his writing has already disappeared beneath the wave of time, as many another will have to disappear ; but—and this is the special privilege of poetry—the rude sweet songs he sang which helped his brethren to combat and to conquer, will still sound on from lip to lip and live from age to age.

The earliest of his poetical productions which has come down to us is a song on the Hermannsschlacht. It shows at once under what literary influences he had grown up ; that in the very period of the resuscitation of German poetry, he had learned to take delight even in the first fruit of Goethe, Klopstock, Bürger, Voss, and Stolberg. Most of his earlier poems are simply innocent and insignificant, the best being social and convivial songs, and verses of occasion. It was from the Greeks he learned how perfect an interpreter poetry can be of patriotic feeling. He accompanied the prose of the second part of his "Spirit of the Time" with translations of Kallinus and Tyrtæus, and subjoined to them some war songs of his own. By the year 1810 his rage at the humiliation of his country gave him a still greater command over the forms of poetry. He ceases to write verses as a mere pastime ; living now but a single life, for a single purpose, he no longer looks on poetry and politics as separate things ; he

recognizes their unity in strains of fervent prayer, in calls to combat, even in cries for vengeance. All mythological trifling disappears from his verses once for all ; he sends a new breath of hope and courage through the world. What had been the mere rhapsody of the poet became a living fact ; Germany had found its new Hermann ; there were battles once more to sing of, and heroes who had won them. "What is the German Fatherland?" is a question to which his soaring confidence suggested the noble answer,

"Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein."

Inspired by the valorous deeds of his countrymen, ay, as it were, out of the thought of their own hearts, he sings to them the brave, bright, hearty songs which thrill their very souls. We venture to offer a few specimens, purposely selected from the less commonly quoted of his songs, to illustrate the homely force and vigor of his muse, and to explain the effect they naturally produced on the multitudes of his fellow-men whose hearts they stirred. Here is one from the year 1812, describing the noble but disastrous enterprise of Schill, and his death at Stralsund. It is written simply as a broadside ballad, but none the less, such is the power of the song, has engraved the name of the popular hero far deeper on the pedestal of fame than the most detailed and comprehensive history could do. The ballad tells its own story, and needs no commentary :—

THE SONG OF SCHILL.

There rode from Berlin a bold captain with speed,
Six hundred brave troopers they followed his lead !
Six hundred brave troopers, whose courage was
good,
They all were athirst for their enemy's blood.

And out with the troopers and chargers to strife,
Marched a thousand brave marksmen, regardless
of life ;
Ye marksmen, God bless every bullet ye load !
May each shot send an enemy under the sod.

Brave Schill is the leader who speeds to the fight
With the tyrannous Frenchman to measure his
might ;
No king and no kaiser commissions his band,
He battles for freedom and dear Fatherland.

At Dudeldorf stain they both deeply and red
The Magdeburg soil with the French blood they
shed ;

Two thousand they cleave with their weapons so bright,
And make all the rest seek for safety in flight.

They dash at Stralsund, for their courage is high,
It were well for you, French, if ye knew how to fly ;
It were well for you feathers and pinions to find,
When brave Schill is coming, who rides like the wind.

Like a tempest right into the city he rides,
Which Wallenstein once had beset on all sides,
Where once the Twelfth Charles had yielded to sleep,
When its towers were still tall and its fosses still deep.

Woe to you now, Frenchmen ! your life-day is o'er,
The swords of the troopers are dripping with gore ;
The patriot blood in each fierce bosom glows,
And they feel it a virtue to slaughter their foes.

O valorous Schill, thou suspectest not yet
What a villanous snare for thy feet has been set ;
How they gather by land, how they gather by sea,
And, snake-like, the Danes are encompassing thee !

O valorous Schill ! valiant only in vain,
Why cleave not thy way through the foemen again ?
Why remain within walls with thy troopers so brave ?

Alas ! but to find in sad Stralsund a grave.

O Stralsund, sorrowful Stralsund !
In thee the brave Schill found his fatal wound ;
A ball through his heart laid the bold chieftain low,
And the cravens insulted the corse of their foe.

For an insolent Frenchman audaciously spake,
" Like a dog to his burial this leader we'll take ;
Like a thief who has hung upon gallows or wheel,
And whose corse to the ravens has furnished a meal."

With no dirge and no mourning they bore him away,
With no drummers to beat, with no fifers to play ;
With no musketry volley, or cannon's loud boom,
Wherewith men should honor a brave soldier's tomb.

They hacked off his head from his shoulders ; they gave
To his mangled remains an unsanctified grave ;
There he lies till the judgment day, taking his rest ;
May God wake him up to the joy of the blest.

There sleeping the bravest of warriors lies,
And though over his bones no proud monument rise,
Above him there needeth no epitaph stand,
His fame never dies in the dear Fatherland.

We need apologize to none of our readers
who either know or can refer to the origi-

nal for the ruggedness of this translation ;
it is a simple soldier's song, which much
refinement would be apt to spoil, and may
stand as a specimen of subject ; here is
another, " the Song of Gneisenau," which
we offer as a specimen of spirited form :—

" At Kolberg on the meadow-green,
Juchheididei ! Juchheididei !
But little care for life is seen,
Juchhei ! Juchhei ! Juchhei !
From cannon's mouth the thunders go,
While musketeers blue beans do sow ;
No stalk or stem grows out from them
At Kolberg on the green.

" At Kolberg is a merry ball,
Juchheididei ! Juchheididei !
Round moat and rampart, trench and wall,
Juchhei ! Juchhei ! Juchhei !
So hot the dance, so fierce the strain,
None fall who ever rise again ;
The dance is o'er for evermore,
At Kolberg on the green.

" O name the bride who gives the ball,
Juchheididei ! Juchheididei !
At which so many dancers fall,
Juchhei ! Juchhei ! Juchhei !
Her name is Kolberg town so fair,
She wakes the music, tunes the air,
That makes so fleet the dancer's feet,
At Kolberg on the green.

" And name to me the bridegroom proud,
Juchheididei ! Juchheididei !
A hero good, of German blood,
Juchhei ! Juchhei ! Juchhei !
A chief of sturdy faith is he,
With whom his comrades love to be,
His name, I trow, is Gneisenau,
At Kolberg on the green.

" At Kolberg on the meadow-green,
Juchheididei ! Juchheididei !
Bold Gneisenau is dancing seen,
Juchhei ! Juchhei ! Juchhei !
So furiously he leads the dance,
So keenly that the men of France
But lose their breath at last in death,
At Kolberg on the green.

" 'Twas thus at Kolberg on the green,
Juchheididei ! Juchheididei !
But little care for life was seen,
Juchhei ! Juchhei ! Juchhei !
And of the French full many a one
They buried when the dance was done,
For whom too keen the pace had been,
At Kolberg on the green !"

If we can imagine these songs written
and distributed, as they were, at the very
time when the thoughts of men were fixed
on the actual events they celebrate ; if we
could imagine them sung on the march,
in the barrack, by the watch-fire, in the

days when indeed there was a cause for all that was German to strive against all that was French, and every man who bared his sword for Fatherland could feel that he was fighting for his country and his God, we may be able in some degree to understand the measure of acceptance which this great war-poet's songs met with at the hands of the people, and the great share he had in kindling the patriotic spirit which set the nation free. Such were the songs he wrote for soldiers, when all were soldiers, to animate them before their foes. But he had higher views; he felt it well to solemnize the battle-duty they had undertaken as a holy sacred thing; for this purpose he wrote his wonderful "Catechism for German Warriors," accompanying it with a number of stirring hymns and poems. They are at once more manly than the eloquent outpourings of Körner, more martial than the chivalrous lays of Schenkendorf. In their rhythmic swing we seem to hear the trampling quickstep and the rolling drum, while in their sense we recognize the joy of battle and the patriot rage, contempt of death, and trust in God, who only gives the hope of victory.

After the great decisive battle which delivered Germany from the ban of foreign servitude, we find Arndt, in his next literary production, occupied in commenting upon the past, and preparing men's minds for the future. His first jubilant words were addressed to "the Prussian people and army." We have already noted the course of his political development; how his Swedish heart became German, and thenceforth was filled exclusively with love and zeal for Germany. His address of thanks to the people and army of Prussia denotes another phase in the history of his convictions. Ten years before, eight years before, he had been harsh and one-sided in his estimate of Prussia; he had openly expressed his dislike of the despotic northern state, and charged the monarchy of the Great Frederic with the crime of having severed the last bond of union between the north and south of Germany. But now all this was changed. It had become manifest to the world what vital power could underlie the icy stiffness of the northern nature, and what perils, even in a political sense, could lurk in the cheery geniality of the south. Prussia had shown what it was to be a real power,

and it was essentially the Prussian State which had brought about in practice that regeneration of which Arndt had been so indefatigable a preacher. Here again, Arndt had not changed his views; but Prussia had changed her position. The Prussia of 1813 was very different from that of 1805, and it was the alteration of its spirit, proved by the splendor of its achievements, which Arndt rejoiced to see and to celebrate. He looked with reason on the Prussians as the "founders of German greatness," as the "glorious pioneers of freedom and honor." In Prussia he recognized the cornerstone of Germany, and became a Prussian, as he says himself, "in fullest confidence and love."

But, as we have hinted, it was not merely in congratulations for the past, but in teachings for the future that the active-minded patriot continued busy. It was immediately after the crossing of the Rhine by the Allies that his pamphlet, "The Rhine, a German river, not a German frontier," was distributed from headquarters. Let those who live and watch events to-day, so startling to men who have never troubled their heads about foreign politics, see to whose writings and to whose inspiration the marvellous movements, the sublime though appalling unity of a purpose new perhaps to many of us, but stereotyped in German hearts for generations, must be considered due. This work of Arndt is, so to speak, the political version of his poetical Fatherland song; it is his deliberate argument, drawn from history, law, and policy, that with the possession of the Rhine France must always preponderate over the rest of Europe. The essentiality to a true balance of power of having the Rhine entirely German is what he urged with a fierce persistence, and the energetic cry of warning, "Now or never!" The time passed then away, or Europe might have been saved from many a misery, and the hearts of thinking men been spared the anguish we must feel to-day, as hour by hour two noble nations are striking blows which make the world shudder, and shedding blood which might turn oceans red. And if in those far days he found no sympathy sufficient to enforce the views he held, if he were thought by some to sing too persistently the same song, requiring the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to keep the Rhine from France, must we not admit, in the

light of modern events and feelings, that Arndt's views were far-sighted, his political instinct accurate, and his counsels prophetic?

It was not to be supposed, considering the services he had rendered, that when, after the final downfall of Napoleon, the land had rest, one so eminent as Arndt should have been overlooked. In 1817, he was appointed Professor of History in the University of Bonn, where he married, built himself a house, and resided for the remainder of his life. He was now close on fifty years of age, and none could begrudge him that hardly-earned repose which such a position of ease and honor might be thought likely to secure. But even, so to speak, as he laid him down, he felt the thorn-in his couch which was destined to disturb his rest for many a weary year. Already, in the autumn of 1815, he had marked changes in the sky, currents in the atmosphere of German politics. Although the old spirit burned in his own heart with unquenchable ardor, those who held the helm of the delivered nation were ready to neglect and even to distrust such men as Arndt. Forgetting, with unexampled swiftness, all the miseries the land had suffered, and the men who had delivered it, they swayed round gradually to the old arts and subterfuges of government; they seemed to consider that the nation itself had done sufficient, that the time was come for it to abdicate the functions it had exercised, and to make room again for those whose misrule had brought it down to infamy and shame. How, in the presence of this discouragement to all truly patriotic hope, could the heart fail to burn within the prophet of 1805 and 1808, the proclaimer of the rising, the awakener of the spirit of 1813 and 1814? How was it possible for him to hold his peace, when, in public and in private, suspicion and calumny, stupidity and badness, made their voices heard? And so it was that in 1818 he published a fourth part of the "Spirit of the Time." The first chapter, entitled "Behind us and before," sounds the key-note of the whole; from beginning to end the work is a declaration of war against the already powerful political reaction. The man who could write, "We have lived again to possess a Fatherland; German honor and German freedom have again become a living reality; and in wrath and hatred,

or in love and joy, millions of German hearts have learned to beat in unison," might feel himself with certainty the organ of the million. He was not merely uttering a sentiment, but stating a patent, incontrovertible fact. He never aimed at writing anything specially unusual or specially brilliant; but he could boast of setting forth always, and in all circumstances, the plain simple truth; and in none of his writings is the habit more pronounced than in the book we are considering. The sudden change of political atmosphere was one likely to put most spirits to the proof; and this work showed that Arndt at least could bear the test, whoever else might fail.

He wrote it as a matter of patriotic duty. He tells us in the preface that he had spoken out his views as unreservedly as if no such being as a censor of the press existed. But he knew well of their existence, for Kamptz and Company were already busy on their unhallowed work. Arndt's plain speaking brought down upon him the whole pack of literary spies and informers. On the 30th of January, 1819, he received a Government censure and warning on account of his book, accompanied by a threat of removal from his office. The assassination of Kotzebue in the following March, gave the signal for the raid upon universities, professors, and students. In July, Arndt's papers were seized; in November, his suspension from his functions was decreed, followed by an irregular investigation, which dragged its slow length along for nearly three years. Unable to prove anything against him, his judges had not the generosity to acquit him; his papers remained impounded, and his office suspended, for no less a time than twenty-one years.

The records of this unexampled proceeding are now before the world. A generation of human life passed after their occurrence before Arndt was permitted to publish them; and they make his innocence, nay, more, his excellence, as clear as the noonday. They show an inconceivable contrast between the man's merits and his treatment; exhibiting, at the same time, on the part of his inquisitors, a marvellous mixture of stupidity and malice, an absurd combination of the Torquemada with the tipstaff; above all, they set before us the otherwise incredible change of the times; the sad slackening

of all the so lately high-strung public spirit, producing reaction of thought even in the better judging, weakness and yielding even in the best. Hardenberg's regard and friendship for Arndt was powerless to aid him; the minister had, as ministers often must, to hide his shame at the unworthy part he had to take by censuring the tone of Arndt's communications, and the only consolation Von Stein himself could give to his old colleague was to point him to an appropriate verse in David's Psalms!

His own behavior was incomparable. In his appeal to the Chancellor, relative to the confiscation of his papers, he writes:—"They may take away my place, but never my position." He entreats nothing but to be tried according to right and justice; and, in the prospect of such a trial, says, "I rejoice in it; for I know that it will prove me, as clearly as the day, to all wise and reasonable men, to be in my principles and views a man more experienced, more intelligent, and more moderate than most of my contemporaries; I may even say than most of those who guide the councils of their kings." And then he breaks out in a tone of pain, wrung from him by the wrong he suffered:—

"Is not all this a bad and troubled dream? Such dreams I used to have of Napoleon; but that I, I, in Prussia, should be called a promoter of associations perilous to the Prussian state and people; that I, a noble quarry, should be hunted by those invisible, intangible bloodhounds, envy, hate, and falsehood, till, if it were possible, the last warm heart's blood of love for my country and my countrymen should dry up and stagnate—this indeed is a dream too bitter to my soul."

Throughout the long time that this heavy cloud rested upon him Arndt was not idle; in literary and other pursuits he found what solace could be found for troubles such as his. Several of his works are due to this period; but he was seventy years of age before his "Recollections" were given to the world. If he lacked, as he did, some of the essential qualifications of the historian, he is a master in the characterization and presentment of persons as well as of peoples. His descriptions of such men, for instance, as Stein, Blücher, Scharnhorst, become almost embodied figures before the reader's eyes.

It is this power of description which gives to Arndt's "Swedish Stories" the value they possess, and throws such an incomparable charm over his "Recollections," and his "Wanderings and Intercourse with Von Stein."

It has been well said that the life of great men is almost always a tragedy. They pass over a zenith of vigorous effort and high hope to sinking fortune and success, and the end is lost in silence, disillusion, and resignation. It was thus that the great Von Stein departed, and only too much of the same tragic destiny was intermingled in the fate of his colleague. But he missed in its fulness this portion of the exceptionally great. His lot was not that of a mighty, but of a good and honest man. He had lived to witness the frustration of aims, to the furtherance of which he had devoted the best vigor of his life-time; to see good turned to bad, and right to wrong before his very eyes, and in his own person to receive "evil for good, and hatred for his goodwill;" but the time of his trial came to an end. After twenty years of wrong, after he had reached the threescore years and ten allotted to man, he was still to live another twenty years; and, as some sort of recompense for all the neglect and persecution he had suffered, was destined to enjoy throughout that time a complete rehabilitation and constantly accumulating proofs of the respect and gratitude of his countrymen; and so, through the age of a new generation, to outlive the tragedy of his own life.

King Frederic William IV., on ascending the throne in 1840, of his own motion reinstated the patriot in the exercise of his suspended functions, an act of justice which was welcomed by the university and town of Bonn with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. With the heartiest acclamations he was elected rector for the ensuing year by the students, his works were reprinted and published in several successive editions, and a new German generation learned to value the wisdom and the energy of the long-neglected man to whom his country owed so deep an obligation.

When the revolutionary storm of 1848 caused so many thrones to rock, and shook down from them such a shower of promises and assurances that the peoples were drunken with their new freedom as if with new wine, Arndt showed himself to be one

of the most sober, without at the same time failing to hope with the sanguine. His first thought was, "how much more easily and gracefully all that was taken by storm then might have been yielded between 1815 and 1820." But the one hope of the time then widely held he embraced anew, with all the passionate ardor of his youth,—the hope of at last beholding a great and perfect German unity accomplished. But he warned his countrymen against losing sight of the great dangers which might turn all the brightness of their new-born hopes to gloom and confusion. In his "Chapters for Citizen and Peasant," while, with the usual prudence of age which past experience taught him, giving earnest counsels of moderation, he unites the rarer prudence which makes him willing to add new experiences to the old. With all his might he warns his countrymen against the adoption or imitation of French ideas, against republics, great or small. On the good old text, "*ora et labora*," he preaches down all socialistic soarings; he urges the duty of healing the sores of social life by more earnest trust in and seeking after God; but, on the other hand, frankly gives up his old prepossessions in favor of re-establishing the system of guilds, as rendered impracticable by the circumstances and feelings of the time.

It was as a representative of such views that Arndt took his place in the famous National Assembly at Frankfort, and it was a scene never to be forgotten by those present when, in answer to loud calls upon him to speak, the old patriot of nearly eighty years of age took his place in the tribune, and, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the assembly, began his address by the characteristic declaration that "he felt himself to stand there as a sort of honest old German conscience."

We need not recapitulate the history of that assembly, futile as it was in results. A time came, such as always must, when men try to have summer before spring-time, a period of mis-government only, matched by the willingness to be mis-governed which accompanied it. A time when Arndt could write, "I stand upon the verge of existence; and, besides this, on the verge of an abyss and volcano of the time, which seems to me to have swallowed up and swept away for many a year to come the noblest and the highest

hopes of Germany." But though he could utter such a lamentation, the spirit of his brave old motto, "*Nunquam desperandum de patria et de cœlo*," never deserted him. The careless generalization which leads so many old men to console themselves for changes by talking of the ups and downs of the world, was one which brought him no comfort; in his case the indifference of age only went side by side with the full, high, hearty hopefulness of youth. In his pious mind earthly and temporal things no doubt often seemed as naught to him compared with higher things, but the reflection always brought him back with fresh vigor, cheerfulness, and courage to do his part in the present. In this spirit it was that he wrote on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and, under the title "*Pro Populo Germanico*," produced the fifth part of his "*Spirit of the Time*," and it was in this spirit that almost to the last hour of his long, long life he was ever ready with word and work to do his best for the fellow-men he loved, and the cause for which he had labored as a holy one and good. It is true that age made some of his literary characteristics more prominent than before. Both as a narrator and an orator (for his literary style was oratorical), his later works show a decided mannerism; but this was never an affectation. It was the mannerism which belonged to his nature, which represents all the more strikingly to those of us whose privilege it was to know him personally, not merely the thought, but the very accent, gesture, speech, and presence of the wonderful old man. There never lived a man on earth more simple, more genial, or more hearty. With a large heart and generous soul, he could, and did, in spite of many trials and sorrows, most thoroughly enjoy his life; with a simple, trustful faith, fortified by many a year's experience, he could contemplate death without a fear. Whatever his political disappointments, he was yet permitted in his old age to see for his country some distant gleaming of the light of German unity which now seems rising high. He was spared to share the hopes to which the change of Prussian policy in the year 1859 gave rise. And not only so, but he was made to feel how much of the high hopes men then held, were felt to be due to the long devotion of his earnest, faithful life. His ninetieth birthday, Dec.

26, 1859, was a festival for all Germany. Every honor that could be devised was paid to him by his compatriots from every part of that Fatherland whose bounds his famous song so well had set, and if ever a man had reason, as far as this world is concerned, to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," it was he. Within a month after this striking celebration, he was laid in his last resting-place in the cemetery of Bonn, taking with him to his grave the assurance that the great time of union for the great nation of his love was coming, and that all his efforts, his sufferings, and his teachings, had not been in vain.

We have endeavored to place before our readers a picture of this truly great man, drawn from his life, his writings, and our personal knowledge. We are but too conscious of its incompleteness. He was a man in the fullest and highest sense of the word; and in every point of view in which we can regard him, we find essential, thorough manliness his most striking characteristic. He was one, as we have seen, who from his earliest years could, as a matter of conscience, discipline and bring under subjection his own ardent, vigorous nature, and was for this reason the better fitted to preach such self-discipline to his fellow-men. But it is not only as a man, it is as a German, we must regard him; "Father Arndt," the most German of the Germans, as he was fondly and constantly called, was a German not only in his feelings and doings, but in the minutest traits, in the virtues, and

even in the weaknesses of his character. He combined with the sharp-sightedness and directness of the north, the cheery, genial nature of the south. At times, perhaps, he was a dreamer, but only to wake more vigorous, and fight more mightily the battle of life. His very religion, deep, earnest, and vital as it was, was essentially German in its heartiness. Time, with all the changes it can bring, could never eradicate an affection which he once had taken to his heart: and his friends, even those who abandoned him, had reason to admire in him this marvellous stanchness of regard. And if individual friends had cause to do so, how must that Fatherland admire his patriotic stanchness, that Fatherland which was the beginning, the centre, and the end of all his faithfulness and devotion? He was himself the incarnation of "German steadfastness," the living aggregate of all those qualities which he himself ascribes to the "pure German spirit," and which he felt should pervade the German people.

Not till all the divisions of that Fatherland be healed, not till Germany holds, in the very might of its unity, a position which shall make it unassailable by any foreign foe, and free to live and grow and prosper in firm peace, secure from doubts and fears and threatenings, will she have paid the debt she and her children for generations will owe to his example and influence; and not till then will the only fitting monument have been raised to "Father Arndt."

Saint Pauls.

THE FISHERMAN OF AUGE.

CHAPTER IV.

LES REGATES.

DÉSIRÉ'S courtship went on smoothly enough to outward eyes. Marie continued to smile sweetly on him, and Madame Triquet generally walked home from church on Sundays with her gossip, the wife of the coiffeur. She would also occasionally take Marie's place in the shop, and give the lovers a five minutes' talk. And yet Désiré was not so happy as he expected, —perhaps no one ever is; but although he loved Marie more passionately than

ever, he could not feel satisfied that she loved him.

She was no longer timid with him, but her manner was quite as cold, quite as unresponsive, as on the day when he had placed his ring on her finger; more so, for then she had blushed and trembled. Now her sweet calmness was almost irritating.

However, in one month more she would be his wife, and then all would be right. The fête de l'Empereur was close at hand, and he was to accompany Marie and her mother to see the regatta: the second

morning after the fête he was to start for Le Callac, and to take possession of his new post.

Although this journey would separate him from Marie, he looked forward to it as a means of shortening the time before him. His new duties, a new way of life, would help to distract his thoughts and make him less anxious, for much of Désiré's light-heartedness had vanished with his betrothal. This might be partly caused by Madame Triquet's constant and domineering interference; lately, whatever Désiré did or said was sure to be wrong with her. The young man did not choose to quarrel with Marie's mother; but he had naturally a fiery spirit, and on each occasion he felt it more difficult to restrain himself. A temporary absence from this danger would be a great relief.

He had obtained permission to take service with the Captain's friend; but he would not be able to get his entire discharge from the army till the evening before his marriage, so that on the morning of the festival he went into Caen in full regimentals, and took his place for the last time among his comrades in the grand semi-ecclesiastical, semi-military service in the Church of St. Etienne.

Désiré's eyes were more taken up in finding out Marie and her mother among the dense crowd of women which filled the lower end of the nave and aisles than in gazing at the splendid assemblage of richly-robed priests, and the decorated and embroidered military and civic dignitaries grouped round and about the high altar.

Monsieur de Gragnac, who was pacing up and down the nave with another officer, their drawn swords gleaming on their shoulders, suddenly gave the word to the soldiers who lined either side—

“Portez genoux !”

Désiré started awake. He had forgotten everything but Marie, and the swelling organ had helped to dull him to outward things; but now the crashing of the trumpets and the reverberating thunder of the drums as the band struck up a furious military march, effectually dispelled all dreaming. Another burst from the two immense organs, almost drowning the priests' voices; again the word of command, and the clash of arms; then the drums and trumpets bellowing as if they tried to shake the lofty stone groining

overhead; the Benediction, and the ceremony was over.

All who had formed a part of the pageant fell into a procession, which only halted when it reached the Préfecture. Désiré sought eagerly for Marie in the lane of gazing faces on either side the street as he marched along with his companions. In vain! It was a real relief when at length he was at liberty to go and find her.

La Veuve met him at her shop-door.

“Eh, bien; eh, bien, Monsieur Désiré; this is pretty conduct for a lover! We shall all be too late for the boat-race; the best seats will all be taken! If I had dreamed you meant to keep us waiting in this way, we would have started alone.”

“Where's Marie?” he said roughly; for his previous anxiety at not seeing her anywhere had not improved his stock of patience.

“Ah, voilà, that is it! Where should she be, but crying, poor little angel, in the parlor, for fear she should miss the show?”

Désiré knew in his own mind that Marie was crying because he did not come; but, instead of saying so, he pushed his way into the back room, and found the little maiden arranging her cap-strings before the looking-glass.

She was very pretty in her fête dress. Her soft white tulle cap, with its wreath of white satin bows over the forehead, suited her fair complexion admirably, and her plump little figure looked charming in her new gown of sprigged cambric.

Désiré had caught her in his arms and kissed her before La Veuve followed him; but her voice was now heard urging speed, and Marie seemed quite anxious to escape from her lover, that she might arrange her striped shawl to the best advantage before the glass.

As they went along the crowded streets he managed to whisper to her that, when she was really his wife, he would not be set aside for a shawl.

“But, Désiré, I must always be well arranged, must I not?” and Marie pouted a little for the first time since her engagement.

Every one was so hurrying along from all parts of the town towards the Basin of the harbor, that it would have been very difficult to take any but the direct route. The haste and excitement of the rest increased Madame Triquet's irritation.

"We shall be late! ah, how late we shall be! Ah, ciel! what a thing it is to have to do with a man without any spirit of management! Ah, if only my poor Triquet had been alive! We would then have had places secured beforehand. No need to hurry and heat ourselves in this ridiculous manner. We are disgraced before the world!"

But Désiré only shrugged his shoulders. He had a vivid remembrance that in former times Monsieur Triquet came in for even worse scoldings than this, and that he himself had often felt thankful he had his own gentle mother instead of little Marie's.

When they reached the Basin, lined along each of its broad stone quays with rows of chairs and benches, there was not a front seat to be had.

La Veuve darted a scorching glance on Désiré; but there was no help for it. He told her she had best be quick, or she would have no chance even of the second row, which was filling fast. As soon as he had placed them, La Veuve imperiously bade him come on the other side of her; but he told her he was not tired, and preferred standing behind Marie's chair.

He was vexed—there were tears in Marie's eyes. He did not think she would have cared so much about a front place. Poor little dear! he wished he had not been late.

He bought her a galette from one of the numerous hawkers, quite forgetting that she would naturally despise street pastry. She thanked him; but she was not hungry; she only wanted to see the races. She seemed unnatural, excited, restless,—not a bit like his own quiet little love. Ah, Désiré! you are not the first man who has discovered that a fête-day is apt to be a sure touchstone of a woman's temper.

He was too much vexed to follow the wisest course in such a position,—to forget self altogether, and enter into the universal gayety, of which the soldiers, scattered plentifully among the smiling, brightly dressed spectators, were great promoters. Some of the grander folk were seated under a tent at one end of the Basin; but all the jokes and laughter came from the merry-faced wearers of caps and blouses. Such caps! of every variety,—from the shopkeepers in point de Bruxelles, and their daughters in tulle and flow-

ers, to the humble maid-servants in the pretty caps made of embroidered cambric and Valenciennes lace,—for a French girl must be poor, indeed, if she does not possess one expensive cap. Contrasted with the real Caennais head-covering,—a close-fitting skull cap of net or muslin, with something very like a white cock's-comb standing up across the forehead,—here and there on the head of some well-to-do farmer's wife, who had come in for the occasion, dressed in her rich brown figured satin gown, with her embroidered crimson velvet neckerchief, tucked down in front under the square bib of her black silk apron, rose the ponderous white structures now rarely seen except at Vire, and occasionally at Bayeux. Their wearers had all shining golden earrings, and crosses or medals hanging from their necks.

But it was a very orderly crowd; full of mirth, but also of courtesy; each one being addressed as Madame or Monsieur, and much bowing and raising of hats being interchanged among the poorest.

The boat races were very unsatisfactory. The men did not row together; their boats were large and lumbering; there was no trimness, no order; the vehement cries and gesticulations of the coxswains forming a strange contrast to the loose, disorderly pulling, and provoking the incessant laughter of the spectators.

The "course de bateaux étrangers" began,—said "étrangers" being two of the most villanous-looking crews that ever handled an oar, any national characteristic crushed out of their faces by the low monotonous brutality which made a strange resemblance among them.

A well-dressed man had been hanging about in front of the first row of seats, rousing the indignation of some of the older women by interrupting their view of the sports, but smiled on by the younger ones, spite of the free, almost insolent, admiration he bestowed on them. He came up now and stood near Madame Triquet.

He was tall, stout, and, what is often considered handsome, he had a fair, sun-burnt complexion, with curly auburn hair and beard, a good nose and mouth, and bright blue eyes. To Désiré, who had been silently watching him, he looked a thorough coxcomb, all the more offensive from the well-to-do, purse-present consciousness every gesture betrayed.

La Veuve looked up suddenly, and caught Désiré's fixed gaze.

"Eh bien, mon garçon ! what ails you ? Why should you give such sour looks at your betters."

She said it smilingly, as if she meant a rough joke ; but he had already overstrained his forbearance towards her.

"Better, madame !"—his eyes flashed, and he reddened deeply—"ma foi ! you forget to whom you are speaking."

Madame Triquet burst out laughing, and Désiré saw his folly in a moment.

"Do you mean seriously to compare yourself," she said, "to Monsieur Auguste Leroux ? Do you know that he has inherited all his father's money ? Old Leroux is just dead, and he,—that handsome young man,—himself rents the large farm at Ardaïne, the beautiful ruined abbey, with a fortune of hay and fodder inside, and another farm on the way to Auge."

She looked triumphant, as if to say, "Match that if you can !"

But the young soldier was not looking at her. Monsieur Auguste Leroux had approached nearer, and was regarding Marie with the most open admiration.

Just as Désiré was going to jump over the two rows of seats to the front,—his next move would perhaps have sent the Adonis of Ardaïne into the Basin,—the young farmer stood on one side, to allow an officer to pass by. It was Monsieur de Gragnac. He stopped and beckoned to Désiré, who sprang across the chairs, heartily glad to find himself in front, where he could shelter Marie from insolent admiration far more easily than when standing behind her.

Monsieur de Gragnac had a message to send to his friend at Le Callac, and Désiré said he would call for it before he returned to Auge the next evening.

"Then you sleep in Caen to-night ?"

"Yes, monsieur, at the house of the father of one of my comrades ; it is the last Sunday I can spend with Marie,"—he lowered his voice,—"*before—before our marriage, and,—*" his eyes led the Captain's attention to Marie.

"Ah ! I understand," said De Gragnac, with good-humored pity. "Then in a month's time, Lelièvre, you mean to give up your liberty ? Is that young lady your fiancée ? I compliment you on her looks," he said, dropping his voice as

Désiré had done, "and I hope you may be as happy as you expect."

Monsieur Auguste Leroux had been thrown into the shade while this dialogue was going on, the interest of the spectators had been drawn to the apparently confidential nature of the talk between Désiré and a captain with so many decorations ; and when, after returning the young man's military salute, Monsieur de Gragnac gravely raised his cap to Marie and her mother, even La Veuve herself had no longer any eyes for the farmer.

She burst into an animated panegyric of the Captain's face, figure, manners, legs, and everything belonging to him, with a glibness truly worthy of her sex and nation.

Désiré seemed quite in her good books again. She perhaps considered the notice the Captain had bestowed on him had raised him in position, and the next time Monsieur Auguste passed, honoring Marie with one of his most deliberate stares, Madame Triquet whispered to her to frown, and bristled all over with the fierce virtue of her indignation.

Désiré felt relieved. After all, it was much better that he had not exposed Marie to remark by any public show of annoyance. Poor little dear ! no doubt the fellow's insolence had vexed her quite enough, without any further mortification.

And so, when the regatta was over, when the swimming-matches, evolutions on greased masts, and the duck chase, had all been greeted with vehement applause and laughter, the three returned to the pâtisseries in a far more amiable mood than when they had left it.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAPPENED THE DAY AFTER.

NEXT morning, Désiré went with Marie and her mother to High Mass ; but, coming out, he left them at the church door. It was better to get his instructions from Monsieur de Gragnac, and then he could spend all the rest of the afternoon quietly with his beloved, Madame Triquet having asked him to eat his mid-day breakfast with them. He was very loath to leave Marie to walk home without him, but he hurried off, past the church and the Place St. Pierre, and down the Rue St. Jean, to the turning leading to the old Oratorian convent where his officer had lodgings.

Very pleasant lodgings, in a quiet courtyard surrounded on two sides by what was left of the quaint old building. The picturesque dormers, with their grotesquely sculptured gables, were fringed below by a handsome cornice, with a broad band of Greek fret design, hidden in some places by the luxuriant vine-branches, that not only covered the whole frontage, but threw fresh green arms to the very summit of some of the gables. Just now the principal side of the building—no longer a convent, but occupied by a variety of tenants—was bathed in sunshine. Some of the windows, opening inwardly, showed an almost black darkness, framed by the intense green of clustering vine-leaves.

At one of these windows sat Monsieur de Gragnac, enjoying a book and a cigar. He smiled and nodded when he saw Désiré, bidding him come up at once. He gave him the message to his friend at Le Callac, and then, seeing the young soldier's confused, hurried manner, he did not keep him long, but wished him good success in his new venture.

The Captain sate at the window watching Désiré as he recrossed the court-yard with the springy, elastic step of a man who feels that Hope is leading him to Happiness.

Monsieur de Gragnac shrugged his shoulders. He was thinking of Désiré. He did not know how striking his own dark, martial face, with its stern lips and piercing black eyes, looked in the green framework.

"He is a very fine fellow. I have never seen a trace of shirking in him. It is absurd in me to trouble myself so much about a man whose service has been so short, and yet I feel quite vexed that he is to marry that little girl. She is pretty; but that is all. I studied her face well yesterday, and I could see nothing in it to distinguish her from any other meek-looking, blue-eyed, fair-haired simpleton. She may be loving, but I doubt it; and a cold, quiet woman is always obstinate, and an obstinate woman is —. Poor Désiré!" The Captain's shoulders were again expressive, and he lit a fresh cigar, and turned to his novel, by way of distracting his sympathies.

Quite unconscious that he could be the object of any feeling but that of envy at his coming happiness, Désiré hastened on. As he crossed the Place St. Pierre,

he had to make way for a melancholy procession,—a priest, bearing the Host, hurrying at his utmost speed to some dying person, followed by his assistants, while beside him ran an old woman, almost shrieking in her agony of mingled grief and impatience. Désiré crossed himself devoutly, and then he shuddered; it seemed like an ill omen on the threshold of his joy. Hastily he turned up the Rue Notre Dame,—almost running till he reached the pâtissier's.

A man came out of the shop so suddenly that, if he had not turned in the opposite direction, he and the young soldier must have ran violently against one another. There was nothing unusual in seeing a customer come out of Madame Triquet's, especially on Sunday; but some undefined feeling made Désiré stand looking after this one instead of going into the shop. He had not seen the man's face, but there was something that roused unpleasant recollection in the bulky figure and assumptive walk.

Désiré started, and then turned scarlet with indignation. There could be no doubt about it; it was Monsieur Auguste Leroux.

"Well, Désiré, mon garçon; thou art hungry. Come in; breakfast will be served in an instant."

La Veuve was standing in the doorway. She spoke with hearty good-humor. She either did not, or would not, see what Désiré was lingering for.

"Has Monsieur Leroux seen Marie?" he said passionately; he thought the widow was cajoling him.

"Seen Marie! what does the boy mean? Ma foi! art thou so jealous that a hungry man cannot come in and eat a galette, but thou must think thy rights invaded? Ciel! thou art a veritable Barbe Bleue. Come and eat a galette, too; jealousy only thrives on an empty stomach."

Marie received him affectionately. She seemed merrier than usual; her face was deeply flushed, and she was in a perfect flutter of excitement. Once, when her mother left the room for an instant, she contrived to whisper that she was sure he had been vexed with her yesterday, and she had been trying to think what she could have done to deserve it.

"And it has made me so sorry, Désiré!"

Her tender blue eyes looked very soft as she said this, and her round bloomlike cheek nestled itself so closely against his shoulder, that Désiré could only wonder at his happiness in having gained the love of such a little angel. He had just time to tell her so before La Veuve came back.

There was no repose in Madame Triquet. And her rapid, vivacious speech, rendered this still more fatiguing.

"Eh bien!"—she came in almost breathless with haste,—“we shall be late at Vespers. Do you know, my children, that unpunctuality is ruin both to purse and mind? Come, come, Marie! where's thy shawl? Come, Désiré, look alive! or I shall have to start by myself.”

If Désiré had believed this last threat, he would have sate still; but he knew that it was only just half-past two, and that vespers at St. Pierre began at three o'clock. The only way of quieting his tormentor was to affect readiness.

Service was soon over; as they came out of church, they met the young farmer Leroux face to face; and to Désiré's intense surprise, he first raised his hat, and then shook hands with Madame, and nodded to Marie, almost familiarly.

Leroux placed himself before them, so as almost to prevent their progress; but La Veuve had taken the soldier's arm, and Désiré now closed it so firmly on her hand, and pushed forward so resolutely, that the farmer was obliged to make way.

Désiré looked quickly at Marie.

She was laughing, positively laughing; but whether at Leroux's discomfiture, or at the frown on his own face, he could not feel sure.

He was not left in doubt.

"Ma foi, Désiré!" said Madame Triquet's sharp, shrill voice; "thou forgettest that thou art not the only man in the world with eyes. Pretty girls are made to be looked at."

And before he could answer, Marie's sweet tones whispered—

"Thou must not be jealous, Désiré. I should never live happily with a jealous husband!"

He was too deeply wounded to speak now. He knew he was not jealous; and he told himself that if Marie really loved him, she would not have laughed, especially before her mother, at anything that vexed him.

But as soon as they reached home again, and she said, in her pretty winning way, how different next Sunday would be, and how triste everything would seem till his return, his ideas underwent a change. He called himself a jealous tyrant, and an ill-tempered one, too; and when the time came for starting homewards, it was all but impossible to tear himself away.

There were tears in Marie's blue eyes as she said her last good-by; there was a glisten even in those of her mother. Madame Triquet kissed Désiré on both cheeks, calling him "her poor Céline's boy" as she did so, and then both mother and daughter stood on the door-step, and watched him down the street.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FISHERMAN'S SECRET.

DÉSIRÉ walked along happily enough at first. It was not yet five o'clock; the diligence had not started, but he must travel very early next morning, and he felt it was wiser not to walk. He had still some matters to settle with his father before leaving home; he might just as well wait for the diligence in the fields as in the dusty streets. He walked on till the open country lay before him, and then he turned round and looked at Caen. There it lay, basking in the sunshine. Except the bell for second vespers sounding in a little village church on the right, and the cry of the crickets in the grass, the city lay silent, as if in sleep. Though only two miles distant, not a sound or sight disturbed the stillness; the only sign of existence was the curling smoke of the steamer as, leaving the harbor, it took its way along the river; the very plough stood still, resting in the midst of a half-completed furrow. All spoke of ineffable peace. Désiré's thoughts wandered off to the new home he was contemplating. Ah, how full of love and peace it would be! Marie should never shed the tears his mother had so often shed from anxiety at her husband's long absences, or from sorrow at his unkindness; as he thought of his mother, his spirits sank.

Hers had been a love-marriage,—at least he had been told so,—and yet, ever since he could remember her, she was far oftener sad than merry; not complaining, her patient gentleness had been one of the causes of alienation between himself and his father; even as a young

child he had felt, rather than understood, that the cold, indifferent, sometimes harsh treatment she met with was an ill return for her goodness.

Could he ever grow hard and sneering as his father had? And then he thought of Marie, and this seemed impossible; there was but one thing that could make him cease to love her, and that would be if, after she became his wife, she did not return his love warmly. "And I should never have thought of such a thing if Monsieur de Gagnac had not put it in my head. But I am foolish!"

However foolish it might be, the thought was not to be easily dismissed. And then another, which had been kept away, came and joined company with it. Ought not Marie to have been angry with Leroux when she saw how vexed he himself looked? and instead, she had smiled when the farmer nodded to her, and then had laughed at Désiré's annoyance? But, no! he would not be jealous. It was natural that a pretty girl should like to be admired. It would all come right when they were married; he could speak seriously to her then, without fear of La Veuve's interference. Marie was so naturally good and gentle she would be just like his mother. Ah, if she had only lived to bless their marriage!

Here the arrival of the diligence broke up the stillness and his reveries, and he soon found himself approaching home. He left the vehicle at the cross-road; but although he was close to the fisherman's cottage, he did not enter it. It was not quite dark yet; he thought he would take a turn along the sea-shore. He could not face his father with his mind full of his mother's constant unhappiness.

A few steps on, he met Mimi Fayel. The girl tried to pass him, but Désiré placed himself in front of her. She looked sad, he thought, and just then he remembered how fond his mother had always been of Mimi.

"Bon soir, Mimi! What do you do with yourself, one never sees you?"

Mimi looked up at him, and she smiled. She had a wide mouth, but her smile showed that rarity in a Norman peasant, white and regular teeth. There was a singular shy sweetness in the look she now raised to Désiré.

"But you are so seldom in Auge, Monsieur Désiré. Ma foi! you are always

on the road." And then she blushed violently.

"Well, Mimi, I think you know what I go to Caen for. Will you not give me your congratulations?" and he held out his hand.

Mimi's color flickered, and then she looked steadily in the young soldier's face.

"I have heard, Monsieur Désiré, and if you are as happy as I wish you to be, you will be content. I am glad, too, you are going away from Auge. You could not be happy here, let Jacques say what he will. Bon soir!"

She passed on, but the deprecating look which had come with her last words puzzled Désiré.

He walked on the sands at first; the tide was rising fast, and he was forced to keep along the road beyond them, overshadowed by the dark gray cliffs. His thoughts turned quickly from Mimi to his father. What could be the meaning of his strange looks and ways? Grief for his wife's death, and a tinge of remorse for his conduct to her, might account for his avoidance of human fellowship; but not for those shuddering starts and the livid paleness that at times so alarmed his son.

Suddenly Désiré stood still, arrested by a new fear that dawned on him.

Was his father mad?

But after a minute's reflection, he told himself no; it was impossible. No man could be so intelligent and accurate in business matters whose mind was sufficiently deranged to cause such startling emotion.

Désiré had paused just where the cliffs, or rather mud hills,—the soil pulverized so easily that they were constantly taking new forms,—were cleft by the dry bed of what was in winter-time a small river. Even now, in daylight, you could track its course for some distance by the masses of rock among which it ran.

Without thinking where he was going, absorbed in the strange mystery that shrouded his father, he wandered up the cleft. Suddenly he stumbled over one of the rocky projections, and uttered a loud exclamation as he saved himself from falling.

From whence he knew not, but seemingly from the stones close beside him, a man sprung on Désiré with an open knife in his hand. As the indistinct

light shimmered on the blade it revealed the features of Martin Lelièvre.

The recognition was mutual. Had it not been so, Désiré's life would have paid the forfeit of his paralyzing surprise.

Not a word was spoken. The two men's arms sank to their sides as they stood face to face in the darkness.

At length the old man spoke.

"What dost thou mean by coming upon me in that sudden manner, like a thief or a spy? Couldst thou not have stayed quiet till I came in?"

He began in a low, hesitating voice; but as he went on, his old bullying manner returned.

"I have not been home at all. I did not know that thou wast not in the cottage."

Désiré scarcely knew what he said. He was overpowered with horror; for if his father had not recognized him he would be now a murderer. He felt stunned and stupefied.

"Sacristi! what couldst thou be wanting up among the rocks?" Martin spoke much more coolly now. "Cannot I scrape for myself a few mussels, but I am to be watched and pryed after. The child that lifts the kettle lid runs a chance of being scalded with the steam, and thou seest my knife and thy throat might have had a nearer acquaintance than would have been pleasant for either of us. Now come home to supper."

He wiped his knife as he spoke, thrust it into its leather sheath in the belt that fastened his trousers over his dark-blue jersey, and then led the way home.

Désiré followed silently. What was his father doing in that lonely place? for, as to the story of the mussels, they were so abundant on the small rocks near the cottage, that it was scarcely likely; Martin would have gone so far to seek them. Why should he be so anxious not to be followed or watched?

Try as Désiré would to stifle it, a fearful solution seemed to be offered to his doubts about his father. It was said in Caen that there were fishermen along that rocky coast who robbed and murdered shipwrecked sailors. Was Martin one of these? Would he have been so ready to take life without even the provocation of self-defence? If—but he could not face the "if"—he was his father, what right had a child to judge a parent?

But the longer he pondered over what had happened, the more conscious he became that the feeling of his father's knife at his throat had worked a strange revolution in him; the shrinking of former years was now almost loathing, and when the fisherman retired into the inner room, where the two beds were, Désiré felt that nothing could induce him to pass the night in the same chamber with his father.

His first resolve was to keep awake, and think over this strange meeting. Spite of his previous reasoning, the belief in Martin's insanity seemed forced on him; it was the only safe solution of his strange conduct. The hours rolled on; the heavy breathing from the next room told how soundly Martin was sleeping.

Désiré's head drooped forwards, his body began to sway gently to and fro, and finally nearly overbalanced itself, for there was no back to the settle on which he sat. The fatigue and excitement of the two previous days began to call for reparation. He got up mechanically, flung a rough pilot-coat on the ground, and lay down on it, almost asleep before he reached it.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely been asleep five minutes, when he found himself at once broad awake, with all his senses on the alert; there was none of the twilight-like drowsiness that usually prevents a whole knowledge of one's surroundings, it was more like the work of some invisible agency, he was shuddering from head to foot, his hair lifted from his forehead, and yet he had not stirred.

The fire was out, and the room on that side lay in complete darkness. Without moving even so much as to raise himself on his elbow, Désiré glanced instinctively at the other side where the door was that divided him from the sleeper.

The sleeper!—he listened intently; the deep breathing had ceased; and while he still waited for it, telling himself that his hearing had not yet fully awakened, there came the scrape of a lucifer-match, and a faint glimmer of light under the door of the inner room. Before Désiré could move, it was gently opened, and the fisherman stood on the threshold.

For a moment the soldier debated with himself whether he should show consciousness of what was happening; and then, if his father really were mad, would not this second intrusion into what was evidently

some mystery, perhaps excite him even more violently than the first had done?

Désiré was brave ; but his father's knife had been once raised against him that evening, and he could scarcely keep his arm from trying to shield his throat as the fisherman stealthily advanced. But Martin Lelièvre's practised eyes would have detected the slightest movement, and when Désiré saw him holding the lamp so as to examine his face closely, he no longer dared watch him through his half-closed eyelids, lest the quivering of the lashes should betray him.

The fisherman seemed satisfied.

He passed stealthily on to the outer door, opened it gently, and then closed and locked it after him, leaving the lamp burning in the angle farthest from Désiré, behind the projecting fire-place.

The young man had not calculated on this imprisonment ; he had meant to follow his father cautiously ; by doing so he might solve those terrible doubts, and be able to decide how to act, for it seemed to him that Martin had become quite unfit to be left unwatched. He could not get out by either of the windows. During his absence in Italy, the fisherman had fixed iron bars across both, so close together that even a child could not have squeezed its way in or out ; and when his son had inquired the reason of this, he had been told rudely to mind his own matters.

There was nothing to do but to wait ; but he could not lie there inactive. He sprang up, and paced up and down the cottage. What might be happening ? What could his father have been doing with a knife at that time of night ? and why had he been so fearful of discovery ? What might be happening now ?

Désiré had essentially a man's mind, without any of the fertile flights and witch-like divination which so often leads a woman, as if by instinct, to the truth. He could only puzzle over his own questions.

It seemed hours to him before his father returned ; the wind had risen in the night, and the voice of the waves, as they struggled against it, completely muffled the sound of approaching footsteps. Fortunately the lock of the door was rusty, and the key turned slowly, or Désiré would not have had time to stretch himself again on the floor and feign slumber.

When his father went out, he was muf-

fled in an old boat-cloak, but certainly he was empty-handed, for he had changed the lamp from one hand to another, in order to look at his son ; now he seemed staggering with the weight of what he carried.

He set his burden down on the kitchen-table, and then, stealing softly to where he had placed the lamp, he raised it, and held it close to the young man's eyes.

But Désiré had had time for recollection, not an eyelash stirred, he was to all appearance sound asleep. The old man turned to the table, and carried part of his burden into the inner room.

In a few moments he came back, his face was turned away from Désiré, so that the young man could watch without fear of discovery, still maintaining the regular breathing of a deep sleeper. His father approached the table again, and seemed to lift whatever it was that he had left upon it with difficulty.

The lamp was almost burnt out, and although he strained his sight to the utmost, the young soldier could not see what it was that Martin carried so carefully into the inner room.

But he gave a hasty guess,—his mind felt easier now ; doubtless his father had some private hoard of which he knew nothing, and he had brought it for safety to the cottage. This would account for the iron bars, his terror at Désiré's sudden appearance,—for everything, in fact, that had so disturbed his son.

Désiré felt relieved, almost thankful ; and the sudden lull of the intense strain he had been putting on all outward movement soon brought back the sound sleep from which he had been so strangely awakened.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIE'S FIRST LETTER.

WHEN Désiré roused next morning, his father was already heating their soup over the fire.

"Thou hadst best bestir thyself or thou wilt miss the diligence, unless may be thou goest to Le Callac on thy feet."

He spoke roughly, and Désiré did not answer ; his luggage was soon ready ; but when he went into the inner room for some of his belongings left there, the old man followed him, and stood in the doorway, watching his movements.

There was nothing unusual to be seen

in the room, and but for this suspicious action, Désiré would have been tempted to think he had dreamed. However there was no time for thought; it was a relief to be so hurried. His father followed him out of the cottage, and they reached the cross-road just as the diligence did. Désiré could only wave a hasty adieu and spring up into the interior.

A fortnight passed away at Le Callac very pleasantly for Désiré, so far as his master and his outward life went. He found himself in a far more beautiful country than any he had seen near Caen. Instead of the level meadows, fringed with tall poplars, and often partially submerged from the overflow of the Orne or the canal, the land round Château Callac was far more picturesque. Gentle hills, and sloping valleys clothed in verdure,—for there was no visible corn-land,—and planted with fruit trees of all sorts, realizing, now that their rich harvest hung ripe and luxuriant, the jewelled trees of Aladdin's cave; ruddy and rosy apples, golden apricots, crimsoned peaches, mingled with the darker splendor of the royal purple plums.

Houses were to be found at distant intervals; there were no poor cottages in this Eden of plenty, but comfortable farmsteads, each sheltering the few assistants necessary to herd the cattle and horses which fed on the bright grass of the orchards.

On the domain of the seigneur to whom Désiré now belonged, were a few small thatched cottages, one of which was to be his future home, and all his leisure was spent in trying to form a garden for Marie out of the orchard which surrounded it. He had made friends with the gardener, and had begged sundry roots from him, and two young apricot trees to plant on each side of the cottage door. He was busy digging holes in readiness for these trees when the letter-carrier passed on his way up to the château.

Désiré cleared the gate of his little domain at a bound. The only drawback to his happiness at Callac had been Marie's silence. He knew she could write easily, and he, poor fellow, had managed already to scrawl her three very loving letters.

He soon overtook the postman. Yes, there was a letter for Monsieur Lelièvre; was he quite sure that he was the right

person? Time seemed so long to Désiré while the postman was fumbling in his wallet.

Here it was at last. He jumped over the gate again, and flung himself down on the grass, just in front of his cottage,—Marie's cottage soon.

The letter felt thick; it was a long one then, to make up for lost time. He examined the superscription lovingly; the handwriting was a woman's, but he did not think it was Marie's.

He opened it with the careful manner of a man little troubled with correspondents.

There were two enclosures.

He looked at the signature of the first; it was Triquet-Coulard. Ah! and the other was from Marie. He should read that.

He opened it, and his eager expectant look clouded. There were but two or three lines of writing, beginning "Monsieur," and signed "Marie."

He read them over several times before he could take in their sense. Was he stupefied, or was it really incomprehensible? Presently he laid down Marie's letter, and turned despairingly to Madame Triquet's, as if to find a key to the mystery.

Marie's letter had only told him that she felt he was not likely to make her happy, and that, therefore, she renounced the honor of being his wife. This was so unexpected, so utterly at variance with his belief in his future wife's truth and constancy, that it had utterly bewildered him; but as he read La Veuve's letter, indignation absorbed every other feeling. She confirmed Marie's sentence, and told Désiré that there was no use in making any fuss or opposition, as her daughter decidedly preferred another person, and she was not a mother likely to force her only child's inclinations,—“to make what should be a blessing, a curse.”

He crushed the letter in his hand, and then trampled it into the ground.

“The old hypocrite!” he exclaimed; “I see it all, and it has been all her doing. I know Marie has been made to write that letter against her will. Poor little thing! she is constrained. What do I know? ill-treated perhaps!”

Did he say this to himself, because the tormenting doubts about her want of love, which had been less audible since he left

Caen, now rose and clamored loudly? It may have been so; but it was also part of his nature that he would believe the best of her that was possible.

There was no time to be wasted in guessing the meaning of this riddle; he must know the truth at once. With soldierly neatness he shovelled the earth back again into the two holes he had dug, that the vine which covered the porched doorway might not suffer from the exposure, replaced his spade in the little outhouse, and then took his way up to the château.

He must tell his master that a great trouble threatened him; must happen, indeed, if he did not at once return to Caen.

And if leave of absence were refused him. Bah! where was the use of meeting evil on the road? it would be granted. At the worst, he could throw up this new employment; for, if he lost Marie, of what value was it?

But he was not so tried. He met the head-gardener of Le Callac on his way. The gardener had heard from Désiré of his approaching marriage, and without asking questions, with the ready tact of a Frenchman, he understood what this trouble the young man told him of threatened. He at once undertook to fill Désiré's post in his two days' absence, supposing the master should grant leave.

There was no diligence till next morning; and after his interview with his master was over, the day did indeed seem long to Désiré. He had too much time for thought now. He went over again and again the two last days with Marie. Yes, he knew he had been unreasonable and exacting; but he could explain it all away, and she would forgive him.

It was her mother's fault, if she had not become so singularly irritating all would have gone well; and then he remembered with despair that when he saw Marie all his explanations and excuses must be made in her mother's presence. Ah!—he ground his teeth as he thought this,—if Madame Triquet had her deserts she would have been ducked in the river long ago.

At first the mention in the letter of Marie's preference for another person had seemed to him an idle falsehood, merely invented to make him break off the marriage in disgust; but as he reflected on the widow's late rudeness, he began to see

that there was something hidden under it all. He remembered the regatta; and then, on Sunday, the sudden exit of Auguste Leroux from the shop!

He saw it all now. When first he had asked Marie in marriage, the old miser, Leroux, was still alive; the son was a mere nobody, stunted in every way, and doubtless the portion that Martin Lelièvre had offered with his son had tempted La Veuve. It was Leroux's new fortune that had induced Madame Triquet to try to secure so rich a husband for Marie, and she had taken advantage of Désiré's absence to bring it about. But he would thwart her, the villainous intriguer! He strode up and down his bed-room half the night, rehearsing the reproaches by which he would show Marie's mother the impossibility of retracting her solemn pledge, without manifesting herself a perjured woman in the eyes of her neighbors.

The idea of Marie, sacrificed to a selfish coxcomb like Leroux, drove him almost frantic. But it was a relief to have thought of him; it was impossible that Marie could love such an upstart, such a self-sufficient idiot,—she was not a free agent, poor child! Her mother, doubtless, intended the marriage, and hoped by Désiré's continued absence to bring it to pass.

"Yes, yes! I see her whole game now, the old witch!" he said, throwing himself at last on his bed, worn out with doubt and anxiety. "She knows my proud temper, and she thought that I should be too much huffed to trouble my head about her for a bit, and that she would make the best use of her time; but, *gare à vous*, La Veuve, I'm not going to dig up sand-eels for others to bag. I'm too old a fisherman to haul in an empty net! We shall see which wins yet, you or me, Madame Triquet-Coulard!"

Désiré had to walk some distance next morning to meet the diligence; but he was ready, waiting for it, long before it arrived. It was the best part of a day's journey to Caen; across country the distance could not have exceeded thirty miles, but from the circuitous route the diligence took along the coast,—stopping either at or near each one of the fishing and bathing villages that stud the Norman coast from the mouth of the Orne to Honfleur,—it was really much longer.

At another time these stoppages and the jokes consequent on the arrival of new

passengers would have amused Désiré, for he was always merry and frank-hearted with strangers,—ready to fraternize with them with the ease of a Frenchman of his class. Now every delay was annoying and wearisome. He had decided to go straight on to Caen, and learn his fate that afternoon. He should pass close by Auge; but he should not stop there if he made all right again between himself and Marie. Why need his father know there had ever been any disagreement?

The diligence was by this time crowded with passengers, all bound for Caen,—a very incongruous medley, from the squire or small seigneur in the coupé, to a country girl in the interior going into town service for the first time in her life. Though her eyes were still red with crying, she munched away with a seemingly hearty and unappeasable appetite at a long dark-colored loaf, which she kept under one arm, flavoring it by an occasional bite at one of a bunch of rosy onions that peeped from under her cloak.

Désiré had just congratulated himself that there could be no more stoppages, when a shrill voice from the roadside demanded a place in the name of *miseri-corde et cinq sous*!

"There is no place," said Désiré rather savagely, as the conducteur opened the door, "and you know it! You will be very late as it is, without stopping any more."

"Pardon, Monsieur!" And then the conducteur pointed out to the servant-girl, and a *sœur* who sat beside her, that if they squeezed a little, the poor woman who was so urgent for a place could be admitted.

"She is very tired," he said; "and if we don't take her up, she says she'll not reach her home to-night."

"Ah, la pauvre bonne mère!" from the onion-eating maid, and a bright smile from the *sœur*, as each drew her petticoats into the smallest space, and Désiré's objections were silenced.

A loud-voiced, broad-faced, good-natured woman squeezed herself in between them.

"Servante, mamzelle; et mille pardons ma révérende!" and then she looked smilingly across at Désiré.

"Eh? mon beau, monsieur; but it was rather hard of you, was it not, to wish to make a poor widow, who has been working all day for the little girl at home, trudge

along the stony, dusty road to Caen?—to Caen! ma foi, if it were only to Caen? Now I wager that you will never guess how much farther I have yet to go this night."

She had kept her eyes fixed on Désiré, and had quickly noted his abstraction; but, woman-like, this only strengthened her inclination to talk to him.

"Monsieur is militaire?" she said deferentially. He nodded.

"Ah, yes! I should have known it at once. Monsieur has a noble figure militaire; but I remember him now, I saw him enter Caen the day the troops did. And I, too, monsieur, am of the army; I am widow of a corporal of the line. Ah! the good man that he was to me! only, you see,"—she wiped her eyes rapidly with the only vacant corner of her blue apron, the rest being tied up in a bundle,—"he never spent more than a few weeks with me; but I loved him all the same, and for him I love all soldiers, *mon beau garçon*! And you are in trouble,—I know it, I see it. Repose your confidence in me as in a mother; the soldiers call me *La Mère Chuquet*!"

She paused for an instant,—not from want of breath or words, both seemed as inexhaustible as those of the Barber with many brothers,—but to give him an opportunity of answering. He only smiled, by way of keeping down his impatience.

"Ah ça! I understand," his tormentor went on, "we are too public; we will choose another moment. If you are making a stay at Caen, we will meet again, my soldier. And all this time I have never told you, and especially these good ladies,"—she nodded to each of her neighbors, who seemed far more amused than Désiré,—"*where* I have to go this night, and why I am so thankful to the Bon Dieu to have been spared the toilsome journey on this stony road. Ah! *mais oui*,"—with a strong emphasis on the second word,—"*perhaps* you would not believe it, to hear how well I speak, but I am only a poor field-hand, and I have to live at La Maladrérie, for I work on the fields of Monsieur Leroux, the rich farmer of Ardaïne."

Désiré started; the name aroused him from a deep reverie.

The sharp-witted woman saw that he was listening at last.

"Eh, mon Dieu! you know Monsieur Auguste? He is a fine gentleman, is he

not? and he is going to marry a pretty wife."

Désiré felt inclined to stifle her before ; but now he listened eagerly and impatiently while she explained to the smiling maid that Monsieur Leroux owned another farm,—Varentan,—where she had been working for the last three days, and whence she was now returning.

"And I am glad to come back," she went on, "not only to embrace my little Elise, but because I would not, for all in the world, miss Monsieur Auguste's wedding. His wife will not have much of a dowry, they say,—only her looks. She is the daughter of old Triquet, the pâtissier of the Rue Notre Dame. Aha! monsieur, you like to hear of pretty girls, do you? You look as excited as an old monsieur I met yesterday, to whom I told the news. Ah, ça! how glad I am to feel the jolt of the stones! and there is the flèche of St. Pierre, and here we are,—arrived. Bon soir, monsieur et dames. I have still some hours to spend in Caen, so you will let me pass out first."

She had jumped down into the street before Désiré had recovered himself.

Was it real, this which he had been listening to, or only idle chatter? And this woman had been three days away from Caen since she had heard the news; the marriage must have been decided before Marie wrote. His heart swelled with indignation at her treachery; but no! he would not pre-judge her; she might be her mother's unwilling victim. Her own lips should decide his opinion.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVINCED.

"WILL it convince you if you hear from Marie herself that she prefers Auguste Leroux?"

Madame Triquet spoke in very subdued accents. She had been taken by surprise by Désiré's sudden appearance, and his vehement reproaches and stern refusal to believe that Marie had any share in what he told her was a base conspiracy against him, had for the time both cowed and terrified her. She valued her good name as much as money, and it was not pleasant to hear Désiré threaten to proclaim her through Caen as a perjured woman, who had entered into a fresh contract with one suitor before breaking off with the other.

When first he entered the shop demanding to see Marie, Madame Triquet contemptuously refused him; now it seemed wiser to conciliate him.

"Yes, I will be satisfied," he said sternly, then fixing his eyes on the widow, till she felt made of glass and that he was looking through her, "if I see her alone, and hear her speak her own words; not yours, Madame——"

La Veuve wrung her hands. It was impossible; she was going to add, Monsieur Leroux would not like it, but Désiré's glance kept her in check.

"I shall not move from here, Madame," he said gravely, "till I have spoken to Marie alone."

The widow saw that he was determined, and she yielded sooner than he expected. It was perhaps well to keep guard in the shop in case of Leroux's sudden appearance.

How wonderfully strange to Désiré the familiar place had grown in two short weeks! It seemed as if Marie must have grown strange too; but, no! the inner door of the little parlor stood open, and there she was coming down the narrow stairs as fresh, as bright as ever.

Désiré did not speak till Madame Triquet had passed on into the shop, then he deliberately closed the door after her, and turned to Marie.

"Marie, what is all this?" He went up to her and took her hand gently.

"Oh, mon Dieu, Désiré, I am frightened! My mother says you are so angry with me; is it true?" She began to cry.

"Is there any reason why I should be angry with thee, Marie?"

He spoke kindly and quietly, but there was a wounded tone in his voice, for there was something changed in her manner after all, and she pertinaciously avoided looking him in the face.

"Ah, but that is it, Désiré Lelièvre; you are always so wise and so serious, I am always afraid of making you angry, and yet I don't know how, I'm sure. Oh! I am very unhappy."

She began to cry again, sobbing violently and covering her face with her hands.

Désiré seemed to himself to be in a dream. What did it all mean? Marie had never behaved in this way before. Had La Veuve spoken the truth? And then he remembered that this was doubt-

less the result of her mother's tutoring, and he resolved to make her speak her own sentiments.

"God knows, darling Marie,"—he tried to draw her hands away from her face,— "how ardently I long to make thy happiness, and how grieved I am if I am the cause of thy tears, but there is some mistake between us; tell me what it is, my own Marie, tell me—" he tried to draw her towards him, but she shook her head, "tell me first why thou wrotest that letter?"

Marie felt ill-used and sulky, she had at first refused to come down to see Désiré, but La Veuve had told her exactly what to do and say, and it had seemed so easy that at length she ventured. She was to take a high hand, stating her grievances and reasons for breaking with him. She was on no account to cry.

La Veuve had shrewdly calculated that cold self-possession would convince the young man more effectually than any reasoning, but she had not also calculated on the influence Désiré still possessed over Marie. So far as she understood the meaning of the word love, the shallow-hearted girl had loved him, and now the first glimpses of his frank manly face put to flight all her ready-prepared speeches. At the same time she was so discomfited by her own want of self-control that she was angry with herself and all around her.

Instead of answering Désiré's last question she hung down her head and sobbed again.

"Come, Marie!" said Désiré, "let us be friends again,—as if nothing had happened between us! I promise never to vex thee again, dear child, and thou wilt forget that cruel letter to me!"

His voice was becoming agitated with repressed tenderness, for he wished to win her gently till she became calmer. Marie's quick ear heard his changed tone,—she saw her regained power, and her sobs ceased.

"Then you love me still, after all?" she said poutingly.

Désiré's answer was more in gesture than words, but she raised her hand warningly between them.

"We can still be friends,"—this was a bit of her mother's lesson, and she went on glibly,— "but, Monsieur Lelièvre, we cannot be anything more to each other!"

She spoke simply, in her usual sweet voice. A horrible feeling of disappointment, and of having been duped, came over Désiré.

It suddenly seemed to him that the girl who spoke was the Marie he had always known, and that the pettish sulky child of five minutes ago was the true daughter of Madame Triquet. Had she never loved him at all? had all been a sweet-spoken deceit?

The blood rushed to his temples, and then retreating, left him so death-like in color even to his firmly compressed lips, that Marie felt strangely frightened; she stood looking at him as if she were spell-bound.

"Is this your own choice, or has any one else forced it upon you?"

Under his stern eyes she dared not tell the falsehood she had been taught.

"My mother showed me," she almost whispered, "we,—we were not suited; and then,—and besides——"

She left off, either unable to go on, or because she hoped she had said enough.

Spite of the dire conviction at his heart, he made one more effort to regain her.

"Oh, Marie! and thou wilt cast me off without giving me a hearing,—without telling me how it is that I am unsuited to be thy husband? Marie, there is time still,—tell me!"

One would have thought the thrilling tones of his voice must have moved her; but, alas, no. His words had supplied the link to the next sentence she had been taught, and she was too eager to get through her task creditably to be turned aside. Besides, her mother's last whisper—

"A real cashmere—silk dresses—a visit to Paris, perhaps, who knows, my child?" sounded louder still than the throb of Désiré's voice against her heart-strings.

"It is I, Désiré, who am more unsuited to be your wife than you to be my husband. I don't complain of you unless you scold me." She spoke more earnestly, for she had meant to have begun thus; and it was a part in which her heart really was interested. She did not want to lose his good opinion altogether. "I had scarcely ever spoken to any man till I saw you; and I was so young, and you asked me so soon after you came back, and I liked you, and so I said, Yes. But I'm sure I could not be happy with a poor

man. There are things I wish for more than a husband, Désiré, and you could not give me these. And——"

"And Auguste Leroux can!"—he grasped her arm so firmly that she could not wrest it from him, although she tried to turn away and hide her face. Ah, what other confirmation did he want? He was answered. He paused.

"Marie," he said at last hoarsely, "I can't reproach you—if I told you what is in my heart—about your conduct—I

should make you too unhappy. And I have loved you—remember that—so well, Marie," he spoke very bitterly, "that I can never love woman again—for if you are so false, what are the rest!"

He dropped her arm, and then passed through the shop without taking any notice of La Veuve. Madame Triquet was not prepared for his sudden exit, or she would perhaps have been a little farther from the parlor door.

(To be continued.)

Macmillan's Magazine.

RUSKIN'S LECTURES ON ART.*

BY STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THERE are few men of our time who have been more largely praised or more bitterly attacked than Mr. Ruskin. There are none who have deserved more praise or more resolutely challenged attack. He has been so lavish in his approbation of certain artists and schools of art, that he has raised against them a cloud of opponents. He has been so unsparing in blame of certain others, so curiously inventive of terms of reproach, so audacious in his tilting against received opinions, and so felicitous sometimes in his hits, that he has forced into combination against him a number of determined foes. Of all men he should be the last to object to criticism, for his own sword seldom seeks the scabbard. And on the whole, though he professes with a certain archness a desire for peace, nothing gives him so much pleasure, or brings out his intellect so well, as war, when it is on a subject with which he is acquainted. He will run on, giving birth to paradox after paradox in an apparently gloomy manner, choosing for very wilfulness the obscurity of the Pythioness, as long as his listeners sit rapt and receptive at his feet. But the moment one of them, seeing that the paradoxes are becoming intolerable, starts up and meets them with a blunt contradiction, and declares war, Mr. Ruskin becomes radiant with good humor, his intellect becomes incisive, and he rushes to

the fight with joy. Nothing is worse for him than worship; and if he had had less of it, he would have done the State more service. Half of his morbid and hopeless writing comes directly of this—that he has not been of late sufficiently excited by respectful opposition to feel happy.

It may be said that he has had plenty of opposition of late, but it is not the sort which makes a man draw his sword with pride. Since he has devoted himself to economical and political subjects, the criticism he has met has been a criticism of laughter from his enemies and of dismay from his friends. It has been felt impossible to go seriously into battle against him, for his army of opinions are such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. Throw upon them a clear light, and they disperse—

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither have they
vanished?"

We cannot say with Macbeth, "Would they had stayed;" but when we look back on the extraordinary series of proposals for regenerating the country, and remember the criminal classes set to draw canal boats under the lash, and the poor dressed all in one sad-colored costume, and other things of this character, we may follow with Banquo's words,

"Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
Which takes the reason prisoner?"

In this way he has brought upon himself the loss of the impulse he derives from

* Lectures on Art, delivered before the University of Oxford, &c. By John Ruskin, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1870.

respectful and vigorous war. He has left the Delectable mountains where he fed his sheep, and gone back to the valley of the shadow of death. There, impressed with the withered image of Carlylism, which having surrendered hope sits now like giant Pope shaking its hands at the pilgrims of the world, and unable to do more than mutter curses at Liberalism, and invoke the help of the aristocracy to sanctify and redeem the people: enthralled by this phantom of a past glory, he has found it almost impossible to go on drawing, with the peace necessary for an artist, the tombs of Verona, or to note down the fleeting loveliness of a sunset cloud. While the poor were perishing for want of fresh water and decent houses, he seemed to himself, we conjecture, to be like Nero, fiddling while Rome was burning. So he abandoned his own sphere—in which, whatever may be his faults, he was supreme by genius—to follow, *passibus æquis*, in the track of our Jeremiah, whose style is open to the same charge which Mr. Arnold makes so pathetically against the Jewish prophet. But the prophetic cry does not suit the gentler temper of Mr. Ruskin. With all his efforts we are thankful to say that he cannot arrive at making the uncouth noise which Carlyle made, and the uncouthness of which gave what he said more than half its force. He is too tender-hearted to curse heartily, and he cannot bear, like his prototype, to pour forth torrents of blame without proposing remedies for evils. But the remedies Ruskin has proposed are unpractical at this time and in this country, owing to his ignorance of the state of the poor. No man is less fitted to understand their true position. He is too sensitive to beauty, to cleanliness, to quietude, not to exaggerate the apparent misery of a life passed in the midst of ugliness, dirt, and noise. He thinks all the poor feel these things nearly as much as he does, and he cannot conceive, as we see from these lectures, that they should endure to live. We should suppose that he has never lived among them, nor seen how things among them are seasoned by custom. Those who have gone from room to room in the courts which Ruskin thinks so unendurable, know that there is, on the whole, as much happiness among them as there is among the upper classes; that there is more self-sacrifice, more of the peace of hard

work, more good humor, more faithfulness to others in misfortune, more every-day righteousness. Their chief evils are drunkenness, which has only lately vanished from among the upper classes; the torrent of alms which has been poured upon them, and which has drowned their independence and postponed their learning the lesson of prudence as opposed to their reckless extravagance. Their main wants are a really active sanitary board, directed by gentlemen in the cities and provinces, who will see that the common work is done with common honesty; and education, especially education in physical science. The commonest training in the first principles of physiology and chemistry, given accurately, will soon produce that state of active anger at their condition, and determination to have it rectified, which no State interference can give them, and which State interference sends to sleep. True, Ruskin advocates this kind of education, and has advocated it well; but he has done it as part of an elaborate system of direction by the State and by the upper classes,—direction which would be as evil to its victims as Romish direction is to the moral force of its patients. No nation has ever been saved by foreign help: the poor can never be saved by the action of the rich, only by their native exertion, and everything that Ruskin says on the subject, in these Lectures and elsewhere, is open to this most grave objection, that it takes away from the people the education which is gained by personal mistakes and personal conquest of mistakes.

Owing to these two things then,—ignorance of the real state of the poor, and the vicious idea of interference from above with the poor,—the remedies which Ruskin proposes are unpractical. At the same time many of his hints, divorced from their principles, are valuable, and we cannot doubt the earnestness and charity with which he speaks, nor refrain from loving him, though we disagree with him. But with the want of practical knowledge has come exaggeration, and with exaggeration disproportioned remedies; and the world, listening to the recital of woes rendered unreal by the violence of the denunciations, and still more unreal by the proposals for their abolition, has lent its ear to Mr. Ruskin for a transient hour, and smiled and gone on its way, and he, having ex-

pended so much force for nought, and meeting no real opposition, has slid into melancholy, and from thence into despair.

Moreover, the treatment of such subjects at all, at least their direct treatment, was a great mistake on his part, the error of mistaking his calling. He has been given great powers, as great as those bestowed on any man in this century. He has read the book of nature with unwearied diligence and conscientious observation. He is in every sense a student. But he is far more, in that he is a man of genius; for he can not only see rightly (see the outline beneath the fulfilment), but he can express with passion which is sufficiently tempered to be intense, and with copiousness sufficiently charged with fact to be interesting, that which he has seen in the natural world. It is not too much to say that for many of us whose deepest pleasure is in the beauty of the world, he has tripled our power of pleasure. And it has been done, not as the Poet does it by developing intensity of feeling, but by appealing to feeling through the revelation of fact, and by the exquisite delight which we feel he takes in the discovery and the beauty of the fact, and by the charm of the vehicle through which he tells his story. Nobody before him took the trouble to tell us what mountains were like, for the descriptions of the geologist bear the same relation to the actual mountains that the details of the skeleton bears to the living man. Nobody before him made the aspect of the sky, morning, noon, and evening, familiar as a household word, nor led us to look on clouds and all their beauty as as much objects of daily observation and delight as the ways of our children or the face of those we love. No one before him took us by the brooks of water and upon the sea, and made every ripple of the one and every wave-form of the other a recognized pleasure. Wordsworth gave us much help, but he taught us to feel more than to observe and understand. But Ruskin has taught us to observe and understand, not as the scientific man does for the ends of science, but for the ends of *delight* received from the perception of truth, and no more faithful and splendid work has ever been done. One would say that this observer of the vaster aspects of nature for the end of Art, would be likely to fail in seeing the loveliness of the

infinitely little, of the "beetle panoplied in gems and gold," of the "daisy's shadow on the naked stone," of the opening of a sheaf of buds, of the fairy wilderness of an inch or two of meadow. But neither here has he failed, and the reader of Mr. Ruskin's books may lie on his face in a field for half an hour, or watch the water of a stream eddying round a mossy trunk, and not only feel unremitting pleasure in what he sees, as Keats or Wordsworth would make him feel, but know why he feels his pleasure, add to his stock of artistic fact, and gain additional power of knowing beauty. All our hours of recreation have been blessed through him.

The same delicate sensitiveness to beauty combined with acute critical perception of minuter points of excellence has been applied by him to poetry. Since Coleridge we have had no finer work done on the Poets. It is a pity that his criticisms on Dante, Shakespeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and others, are not collected out of his volumes and published separately.* A book of this kind would be of infinitely more value than the useless "Selections from Ruskin;" a book which irritates one, even more than selections usually do, and has given an entirely false impression of his work to that luckless personage, the general reader.

The work which he has done on Pictures has been equally good of the same kind. He was perfectly capable of explaining their technical excellence, but he did not choose to write for artists, and we are glad that he laid this sort of work aside. For, however good it might be for special students, it gave no help to the public, and only led certain would-be connoisseurs to prate about morbidezza and chiar'oscuro, and bold handling, and a hundred other things, which in their mouths were little better than cant. We have been delivered by Mr. Ruskin from the technicalities of ignorant persons. He has led us more than all others to look for the conception of a picture, and to study the way in which the artist carried out that

* We do not mean to say that we agree with all Mr. Ruskin's views on Poetry. On the contrary, we often disagree with him, entirely so, for example, when he represents Keats as morbid and sad—a man of the healthiest nature and of the most happy temperament, till disease laid its hand upon his splendid but undeveloped powers.

conception. He has taught us to compare it with the facts of nature which we are capable of observing, and to judge it partly from the artist's reverence for truth. We can now, having a certain method, enjoy the thing done with a great deal of delight, without knowing how it is done. Of course the enjoyment is not so great as his who can not only appreciate the ideas but also the mode of work; but it is something, and the smattering we had before of artistic phrase was worth nothing. Those who have time and inclination can go further, but the many who cannot, have now a real pleasure; they can give a reason why they like a picture instead of talking nonsense. Of course the dilettante Pharisees are angry, but that only increases the general thankfulness of the public.

Mr. Ruskin has not only shown us how to go to work. He has a rare power of seeing into the central thought of a picture, and his wide knowledge of the aspects of nature enables him to pronounce upon truth of representation. He has performed this labor notably on Turner and Tintoret. Turner's phrase, that "he sees meanings in my pictures which I did not mean," is the exact truth: and Shakespeare would no doubt have said the same had he read Schlegel. He has revealed the genius of Turner to the world by comparing Turner with Nature; and those who have spent hour after hour in the enchanted rooms of the Ducal Palace, or wandered day after day through the sombre galleries of the Scuola San Rocco, know what he has done for Tintoret. It has been said that the world appreciated Turner before Ruskin spoke. A few persons and the artists did (no one ever imagined that the artists did not heartily acknowledge his genius), but artists have not the gift of speech, nor, with an exception or two, such as Eastlake, the faculty of criticism, and we have only found out at last from their biographies what they thought. It is absurd to quote their isolated sayings as a proof that the public understood and valued Turner before Ruskin wrote. Artists say that they pointed out Tintoret to Ruskin, but why did not they point him out to the world? The public wish to be taught, and the artists are silent. We expect it is that they have not much to say. They know what is good; so does Mr. Ruskin. But he takes

the trouble to tell us what is good and why it is good, and we owe no gratitude to the artists and a very great deal to him.

Now to do all this, to read Nature, Poetry and Painting for us, and to continue doing it, was Ruskin's peculiar work, and the greater part of it was most nobly done. We ask, with sorrow, why he abandoned it? We have suffered no greater grief than when he left it and took up other labors, for which he was eminently unfitted, and the effect of which was to spoil his powers for his especial business. Sanitary reform, political economy, the dressing of England, manufactories, crime, poverty! *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* A man must have iron nerves and little acute sense of beauty, to play his part in that battle-field, and the result on Ruskin has been like that which would follow on sending a poet like Shelley into one of the war hospitals. He ceases to be able to write poetry and he kills the patients.

This is one of the great mistakes which are scarcely ever remedied, and we trace its results in every one of these Lectures, which are weakened by the forced introduction of irrelevant matter, and by the hopeless tone which much musing on miserable subjects has brought into his temper and his style. We trace the latter in the very first page, where he says that it "has chanced to him of late to be so little acquainted either with pride or hope, that he can scarcely recover so much as he now needs of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight." We appeal to him to throw by altogether the peculiar class of subjects of which we speak, and to believe that when God has given him so plainly a particular work to do, it is his first duty to stick to that work, and to put aside everything which interferes with it. Hope will return when he does his proper labor, and the noble pride of the workman in his toil will give him strength when a crowd of importunate duties outside his sphere are sternly shut out, and he concentrates himself on the one great duty of his life—the unveiling to men Truth and Beauty in Art and in Nature.

We trace this despondent tone, and the consequent false view of the world, still more pathetically in a passage in the "Catalogue of Examples," where he describes himself as walking in his garden early in the morning to hear the nightin-

gale sing, and see "the sunlight falling on the grass through thickets of the standard peach, and of plum and pear in their first showers of fresh silver, looking more like much broken and far-tossed spray of fountains than trees," and hears the roar of the railroads sounding in the distance, "like the surf of a strong sea," and thinks that "of all the myriads imprisoned by the English Minotaur of lust for wealth, and condemned to live, if it is to be called life, in the labyrinth of black walls and loathsome passages between them, which now fills the valley of the Thames—not one could hear, this day, any happy bird sing, or look upon any quiet space of the pure grass that is good for seed." It is so strongly expressed and so prettily ended, and has so much of fact to bear it out, that one at first is inclined to believe it all. But it is very far from the whole truth. Every year sees more grass in London, and more trees; the parks are more crowded with children and working men and roughs, who with all their rudeness respect the flowers and enjoy the meadow; the song of the thrush is not quite gone from the gardens of Kensington and Victoria Park; in spring and summer time, owing to the very railways which Ruskin seems anxious to abolish, thousands pour out of London every week to Epping and Richmond and Hampton and the Downs, and even drink the sea-breeze at Margate and Brighton. Our poor see far more of the country and of lovely places than they did in the past times which we glorify so foolishly; and bad as London is, it is better now that we have proved that we can actually stamp out the cholera, than it was in the days when the Black Death strode unopposed through its streets, and reaped a harvest in its filthy lanes and reeking cottages, which it could not reap at the present time, when the whole nation is ten times cleaner.

It is a picture by Cima of Conegliano, which he introduces to the students with this burst of sorrow, and he bids them look upon it when they would be in the right temper for work. "It will seem to speak to you if you look long: and say again, and yet again, *ἴδε ὁ αἰῶν*. His own Alps are in the distance, and he shall teach us how to paint their wild flowers, and how to think of them."

Professor Ruskin seems to infer from the whole of this passage, and from others in the Lectures, that when these delicate and beautiful pictures were painted by Bellini, Cima, and others, there was more enjoyment of the country and of lovely things by the poor (as if our love of landscape was not ten times more wide-spread than that of the Venetians!) and that the poor were better off, and lived a cleaner and healthier life, and had better dwellings than they now possess in London. Neither Bellini nor Conegliano, we imagine, troubled themselves as much about the poor as even a vestryman of St. Pancras, and if we take the city of Venice, to whose school Cima belonged, the facts which speak of dirt, disease, and ill-living, are appalling. In 1392 the Doge Morosini died of a great plague which swept away 19,000 souls. Not quite a century afterwards, in 1476, the Pest came again, and in 1484 it was again raging with unremitting fury. In 1556 plague and famine again devastated the city. Checked for a time, it broke out again with desolating violence in 1576; and in 1630 the great church of S. M. della Salute, which guards the entrance of the Grand Canal, was built by the vows of the Senate to beseech the prayers of the Virgin to avert another awful destruction from the people. We know now pretty well, by our own sad experience, what these visitations mean. They mean that the curse of darkness and low living, and vile dwellings, and pestilential crowding was as deep over the sun-girt city where Cima of Conegliano worked, as it ever has been in England, as it is not now in England. None of the other Italian cities were much better off, though plague was naturally worse in Venice, from its closer connection with the East, from its vast population, and from its want of fresh water and drainage.

This curious inability of seeing facts, when he is entangled with matters irrelevant to his proper work, has spoiled some of Professor Ruskin's past labor, and diminishes the influence of these Lectures. In another man it would be culpable negligence. In his case, he is partly blinded by his crowning mistake, to which we have alluded, and partly swept away by his theory. But men should not be blinded, and should not be

swept away, and Ruskin's work suffers in consequence. For by and by (and this is frequently the case) he is sure to see the other side of his theory and to dwell on that with equal force. Both statements are set over one against each other, but in different portions of his works; and the world of readers naturally declares that he has contradicted himself. He denies this, saying that he has stated both sides of the truth; but stating both these sides separately and with equal vehemence, without having balanced them, he runs into exaggeration in both, and, instead of distinctly defining one truth, rushes into two mistakes. The result is that those who admire and revere his teaching, as we ourselves most sincerely do, are greatly troubled at times to defend him and to understand him. They are wearied by the efforts they have to make to set aside what is due to impetuosity, and to find by a laborious comparison of passages what the truth really is which he desires to tell.

We hoped, for example, that in the lecture on "The Relation of Art to Morality" he would have laid down plainly what he meant on this vexed subject. But we are bound to say that he has done so in a confused manner. His first phrase is, "You must have the right moral State or you cannot have the Art." He does not say you must have certain moral qualities in an artist or a nation, or you cannot have noble art:—he makes the immense requirement of a *right moral state*, which is either too vague a definition, or means that the whole state of any artist's moral character must be right or he will not produce good work. Everbody at once denies this, and brings examples to disprove it. Ruskin says that those who have misapprehended the matter have done so because they did not know who the great painters were, such as those "who breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning, under the woods of Assisi, and the crags of Cadore." Well, let us take him of Cadore. The life of Titian is not the life of a man in a right moral state, in our usual sense of the words; nor does it agree with Ruskin's sketch of a moral life, in which he includes "any actual though unconscious viola-

tion of even the least law to which obedience is essential for the glory of life and the pleasing of its giver." Titian lived the life of a noble natural character, but his morals were entirely unrestrained by any considerations belonging to high morality. He was the friend of Aretino, and that speaks volumes for his moral standard. Tintoret, a much higher moral character, despised Aretino. Titian dined with that vile person with the vilest of women. It does not say much for his reverence that he had no objection to chant the Magnificat over a dish of savory partridges. He lived freely, he spent his money freely, he drank freely, though wisely. Nor was the society of his city in a right moral state. It had not sunk down into the faded baseness of Venice before the French Revolution. It had still a reverence for truth, and honor, and generosity, but these were combined with an audacious immorality of the body, with fiery jealousies, with the most headlong following of passions. A good deal of this is confessed by Professor Ruskin, but his confession only proves that his original phrase is far too large for his meaning. What he does mean, if we take the illustrations which follow as explanations, is this, that whatever is good in an artist's work springs from some corresponding element of good in his character, as for example, truth of representation from love of truth. But this only predicates the existence in him of some moral qualities, not that he is in a right moral state, which means that the whole of his character is moral. With these moral qualities may exist immoral qualities, such as sensuality, and the evil influence of that will also be seen in his work. Stated thus, Ruskin only means that a man's character is accurately reflected in his art, and this, with respect to the *ideas* of his work, we are by no means disposed to deny, seeing it may be called a truism.

But in other places, in scattered phrases, he seems to speak directly from the large statement, and to assume that it is true in its entirety, though he has modified it again and again. This is the element of confusion in the lecture, and it is at times extremely provoking.

It is worth while, perhaps, to look at

the subject more closely. Noble art is the splendid expression, through intense but subdued feeling, of noble ideas. Nobleness of conception is its first element; but it is also necessary that the ideas should be represented simply, directly, and in a manner true to natural fact; that the harmony of the work should be complete, and also its finish; that the subordination of the parts to the whole, and their several relations, should be clear in statement, unbroken by any extravagance in any part, or any indulgence of mere fancy; and that the technical skill employed should be almost intuitive in absolute ease, accuracy, and knowledge.

Does all this presuppose a right moral state in the Artist? The first element does partly do so, for it is not possible that a base person can have noble thoughts or express them nobly,—at least in the ear or to the eye of a noble person: the imitation is at once detected; nor is the feeling of a base person ever intense, and even should he possess some passion, he cannot subdue it to the calm in which a great thought can alone take its correspondent form. Even that love of sensual pleasure which is so characteristic of artist life, and which by no means supposes a base character, though often an immoral one, spoils, we think, the predominance of high imagination in artistic work. No one who has studied Titian and Tintoret can, in our opinion, compare the two, so far as moral majesty of thought is concerned, and grandeur of imagination. In these points Tintoret as far excels Titian as his life was simpler and purer than Titian's. The same may be said of Raphael and Michael Angelo. But on the other hand, a man like Angelo may be in a much more right moral state than Titian, and yet never reach his nobility of conception.

It is plain, after all, that the possession of Imagination is the first thing, and of Individuality the second, and that the moral condition only influences and does not secure or destroy the ideas of genius. What really reduced the work of the later artists of the Renaissance to its poverty of ideas while retaining exquisite technical skill, was not their moral state, which was by no means so bad as Ruskin says; but the way in which all individuality was overriden by the predominance of the Past. They became imitators, not inventors, and even Raphael's work shows that this dead-

ening influence had begun. The Renaissance began by intensifying individuality and setting it free, in the case of Art, from the shackles of religious conventionality; it ended by laying a heavier yoke of convention on Art than even religion had done. Art could not endure that, and it perished.

On the whole, then, noble conceptions in an artist's work only presuppose *some* moral elements in his character, and it is not seldom the case that when an artist's moral state is absolutely right, there is a want in his work of healthy naturalness, of fire and warmth, of bold representations of human life. He is liable to be overawed by his own morality, he is likely to direct his work to a moral end as his *first* aim; and that would be the ruin of Art.

But putting noble ideas aside, and taking up the other qualities of great Art, such as preciseness of handling and the rest, do these necessarily presuppose a right moral state in the artist, or even analogous moral qualities? Ruskin boldly declares that they do. The infinite grace of the words of Virgil is due, he says, to his deep tenderness. The severity—severe conciseness, we suppose—of the words of Pope, to his serene and just benevolence. Both of these excellences may have been influenced by the moral qualities mentioned; but we suspect they were mainly due to the literary work which preceded the *Æneid* and the *Essay on Man*. Pope was the last great artist of that critical school which began, we may say, with Dryden. Virgil developed into perfection the gracefulness which the Roman world of letters had been striving to attain for many years. They entered into the labors of other men, and added to these the last touch.

Professor Ruskin goes still further with respect to Art. After speaking in his best manner of the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Veronese, and of the unfaltering, uninterrupted succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of a skilful fencer; of the muscular precision and the intellectual strain of such movement, and of its being governed every instant by direct and new intention, and of this sustained all life long, with visible increase of power,—he turns round and adds: "Consider, so far as you know anything of physiology, what sort of an ethical state of body and mind that means!

Ethic through ages past ! What fineness of race there must be to get it ; what exquisite balance of the vital powers ! And then, finally, determine for yourselves whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, mean anxiety or gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against law of God or man," &c. &c. (p. 72). In this he has left his modifications behind and swept back to his large statement, and, without denying the portion of truth in the sentence, it is plain that the inference is not at all a necessary one. These qualities of the artist may be the result, partly of natural gift, and partly of a previous art development, into the advantages of which he steps at once. They presuppose that the artist has been born into a school which has brought its methods up to a certain point of perfection, from which a completer development is possible. His genius adds to the past what was needed to perfect it, and Titian or Turner orb their special Art into its perfect sphere. The ethic state into which Ruskin demands that he should be placed, because of his precise hand, may not be an ethic state at all. His absolute power of touch says, it is true, that neither the artist himself nor his parents were desperate drunkards nor imprudent sensualists, that they kept their physical frame in fine order. But does that prove his morality or that of his parents ? A calculating sensualist, who is prudent in his indulgence, may have a healthier body than the man who has fought against sensualism all his life. A man may be a liar or a thief, and his bodily powers be in exquisite harmony. Fineness of race does not prove an antecedent morality, nor perfection of handling an artist's truth or honesty.

Again, he may have the patient power of a great master, his government of the hand by selective thought, his perception of the just harmony of color, and the man himself be at the same time neither patient, nor temperate, nor pure in his daily life. For all artists can lead a double life, life in the world and life in their art ; and genius and morality are two things, not one. Their several qualities resemble one another, but they are not identical. The intense industry of genius, its patience, its temperance in the centre of passion, are of its very nature ; but outside the sphere of an artist's work, in matters of common

life, where these qualities would become moral in resistance to sloth, to bad temper, and to sensual indulgence, they may and do completely fail ; nay, even the restraint of the studio may lead directly to absence of restraint in the world. One cannot argue as Ruskin does from the possession of the one to the possession of the other, though we may with him distinctly argue from the artist's search for lovely forms, and thoughts to express, to his moral temper. We partly agree then and partly disagree with our writer, but we have no hope that people in general will ever know clearly whether they agree or disagree with Mr. Ruskin on this subject till he tells us plainly what he means by a moral state, for surely the prevalence of kindness and order in a character does not sum up the whole of its meaning.

With regard to the aim of Art, Ruskin is much clearer than on the question of Art in relation to Morality. He can no longer be attacked on the ground that he denies that the first aim of Art should be to give a high pleasure, for he states plainly that every good piece of art involves essentially and first the evidence of human skill and the formation of an actually beautiful thing by it. We agree with him that, beyond this, Art may have two other objects, Truth and Serviceableness. Mr. Ruskin has done no work so well and so usefully as that in which he has proved that great Art is always true, and that so far as it does not represent the facts of things, it is neither vital nor beautiful. The statement has naturally to be modified when one comes to ideal pictures, but it bears modification without the contradiction of its principle ; and the mode in which, in the "Modern Painters," these modifications are worked out within the sphere of the original statement is equally subtle and true. The necessity that there should be serviceableness as one element of the artist's conception appears chiefly in the Art of Architecture, and the general reception of the idea that everything in a building should be *motivé* towards the purpose of the building is largely due to the "Stones of Venice" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." In the present lecture on "The Relation of Art to Use," he goes, we think, too far. The usefulness of truthful portraiture no man denies, but we do not believe in Art being serviceable to Geology, Botany, and History, except on

the condition of its ceasing to be art. The great artist can draw mountains accurately without knowing geology, and flowers without knowing botany ; but he cannot help either geologist or botanist by work which, if it is imaginative, must generalize truth. Moreover, it is waste of time ; as great a waste of time as Ruskin himself makes when he torments himself with business. A section of Skiddaw, sufficient for all purposes, can be drawn by any pupil in the School of Mines. Again, in the matter of history, it is a very pretty pastime to illustrate Carlyle's Frederick, to draw the tomb of Henry the Fowler, or the battle-field of Minden ; but so far as service to the historian is concerned, a photograph of the tomb and a map of the field by the Ordnance Survey would be far more useful. The artist would paint his impressions of the tomb and of the field of battle ; the pictures would be delightful, but Turnerian topography would not assist the historian much.

Art is not to be a handmaid to Science or History, but to exist wholly within her own sphere and for her own ends. Her utility is in the communication of beauty and the giving of a noble enjoyment. She is the handmaid, not of any particular class of men, but of mankind, and the best advice to give to students who wish to make art useful is this, "Don't draw for the help of Science or History, draw for your own delight in Nature and Humanity—and to increase the delight of others. If your work lives to stir or confirm an enduring energy, or to kindle a true feeling, or to lead men to look more wisely, kindly, or closely at the life of humanity or the world of nature, it will be of more ennobling usefulness than all the labors of scientific or historical scholars. Let this be your aim, to give high pleasure to men, and to sacrifice your life for that. Then the usefulness of your art is secured."

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of the three last practical lectures on "Line," "Light," and "Color." They go straight, with the inevitable digressions intermixed, to the objects of the Art School. The conception which Ruskin has of those objects is different from the usual one, but it is none the worse for that. It is well that one professor at least should see that one of the first aims of an art school at a university should be to teach young men to see

beautiful natural fact and to love its beauty. In after-life they will demand it of artists, and the demand will react with benefit both on artists and art. They cannot learn this better than by drawing natural objects with accuracy. Ruskin has given himself to the teaching of this, and his method seems to be admirable. We refer our readers to the Lectures, but his main object, in his own words, is this, to teach his pupils "to draw spaces of their true shape, and to fill them in with colors which shall match their colors." He is right in dwelling upon color more than on light and shade, and in his protest against the theory that shadow is an absence of color. No words in the whole Lectures, considered not only as truth, but as establishing in his hearers' minds a true ideal of Art, are more important than these two sentences : "Shadow is necessary to the full presence of color, for every color is a diminished quantity or energy of light, and, practically, it follows, from what I have just told you, that every light in painting is a shadow to higher lights, and every shadow a light to lower shadows ; that also every color in painting must be a shadow to some brighter color and a light to some darker one, all the while being a positive color itself. And the great splendor of the Venetian school arises from their having seen and held from the beginning this great fact—that shadow is as much color as light, often much more . . . while the practice of the Bolognese and Roman schools in drawing their shadows always dark and cold renders *perfect* painting impossible in those schools." That is one sentence ; here is the other : "Whether you fill your spaces with colors or with shadows, they must be equally of the true outline and in true gradations. Without perfect delineation of form and perfect gradation of space, neither noble color is possible nor noble light." Principles of these kinds worked out in teaching and taught by personal superintendence will make some of his pupils good workmen, and all good judges of the general aspects of art. To illustrate these things and others, and to inspire the students, Professor Ruskin, with a noble generosity for which he has not been sufficiently thanked—he has been so often generous that men have come to look upon his gifts as they look upon the gifts of air and light, so common that one for-

gets to be grateful—has given to the School of Art a whole collection of examples, many of them of great value and rarity, and many of them his own personal work, the results of years of accurate study and patient drawing. There are some artists who have been impertinent enough to despise and even to deny the artistic quality of Ruskin's work. But many of these drawings of flowers, of shells, of old buildings, and especially of such stonework as Gothic capitals, Venetian doorways, the porches of cathedrals, are of the highest excellence, and possess a quality of touch and an imaginative sympathy with the thing represented combined with an exquisite generalization of truth for which we look in vain in the work of many artists whose names stand high.

We believe that by Ruskin's work at the Art School in Oxford this result at least will be attained, that the young men who afterwards will become, by their wealth, patrons and buyers of art, will know good work when they see it, and be able and willing to rescue from the ruin of Italian restorers and destroyers pictures which are now perishing, unpitied and unknown. They will cease to waste their money. The expenditure, at present, of rich people, on the most contemptible nicknacks, on Swiss cottages and silver filagree, and Florentine frames and copies on china at Dresden and *pietra dura*, is as pitiable as it is incredible. Room after room in large houses is filled with trash which ought to be destroyed at once, for the demand for it keeps a mass of men producing things which are only worthy to pave roads with. The very production of copies of pictures is in itself a crime, and the only thing which is worse is the buying of them.

But we must close our paper. We have spoken with openness of the faults which we find in Professor Ruskin's work, and it has been difficult to assume the critic: for our own gratitude to him has been, and is, so deep, and we are so persuaded of the influence for good which he has had on England, that blame had to become as great a duty as praise before we could express it. And even in the midst of our blame, we felt the blessing of contact with a person of a strong individuality, the pleasure of meeting in the middle of a number of writers cut out after the same pattern, with one who cuts

out his own pattern and alters it year by year. His theories may, many of them, be absurd, but we may well put up with the absurdity of some for the sake of the excellence of others, more especially for the sake of the careful work which hangs on to them and can be considered apart from them. We should be dismayed to lose the most original man in England. It is quite an infinite refreshment to come across a person who can gravely propose to banish from England all manufactories which require the use of fire, who has the quiet audacity to contradict himself in the face of all the reviewers, and who spins his web of fancies and thoughts without caring a straw what the world thinks of them. The good which a man of so marked an originality does to us all is great, if it is provoking; and we had rather possess him with his errors than a hundred steady-going writers who can give solemn reasons for all they say. The intellectual excitement which he awakens, the delight and anger which he kindles in opposite characters, and the way in which his words create a stir of debate, marks the man of genius whose mistakes are often as good as other persons' victories, and who from this very quality of individuality, united to the personal attractiveness of his simple and sympathetic humanity, is calculated to be of great and lasting good to Oxford.

We have read many lectures on Art Subjects, many books on Art Criticism. They have their merits, merits which Mr. Ruskin's work does not possess. They are formal, easily understood, carefully arranged; all scattered thought, or impetuous fancy, or wild theory is banished from their pages. We walk through a cultivated garden, the beds are trimly laid down, the paths are neat and straight, the grass is closely shaven, the trees are trees of culture, the very limes on the edge are kept in order, and walls surround it on all sides. At last, on the very outskirts of the garden, beyond the bounding wall, and looked down upon by a row of pert hollyhocks who have in the course of many seasons arrived at the power of producing double flowers in an artistic manner, we catch a glimpse of a wild bit of grassy land, full of gray boulders and some noble trees growing as they like it, and below a brook chattering pleasantly over the stones. Every flower of the

field blooms here and runs in and out among the rocks and roots after its own sweet will. The woodbine, the wild rose sprays, the ivy and moss, play the maddest and the prettiest pranks by the brook-side. The sky is blue above, with a world of drifting clouds, and the ground below is a mystery of light and color. It

is true there are burnt spaces of grass here and there, and clusters of weeds, and now and then a decayed tree stem ; but for all that, when we see the pleasant place, we do not think twice about it, we forget our garden, we leap the wall and we live far more than half of our art life with the books of Ruskin.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.

I HAVE endeavored to describe the power which is at work in all the changes of our time, the power of organized public opinion. I have also described to you the changes themselves, and have represented them as being mainly of one kind ; namely, abolitions of monopoly. Now, there are many who complain of the partiality shown by the ruling power of the time for this kind of work, maintaining that much more necessary tasks are neglected for it. At any rate, it is evident that some very necessary tasks remain undone, and that public opinion at least does not show any great forwardness to undertake them. Pauperism is as great an evil perhaps as Church ascendancy, but it is not dealt with so promptly. National education has waited forty years, and about twenty years ago the Ministry of Lord John Russell expressly declared that a system of national education was rendered impossible by the opposition of religious bodies : this was equivalent to a declaration that public opinion was not sufficiently pronounced or resolute for such a scheme ; in other words, that it was not so zealous in this matter as in matters of another kind. It appears, then, that public opinion chooses among abuses ; that it is not animated with an equal hostility to all. There must be something either in the peculiar nature of this power or in the conditions under which it works, or in both, to give it this particular bias. Why is it that, instead of an outcry against all abuses and evils that afflict the State, we have had simply a cry of "Down with monopolies?"

There are, I believe, some general reasons arising out of the very nature of public opinion which help to explain this ;

but perhaps the main cause is to be found in a special influence which is at work. I will consider the general reasons first. What was the sovereign power in England to which public opinion succeeded ? The influence of a certain number of great families. The new monarch was installed with great expectations, and actually accomplished some reforms. But it is not to be supposed that he was in every respect superior to his predecessor, or that his predecessor was altogether incompetent : even those who welcomed him most warmly, and expected most from him, probably considered him only better on the whole, and may have been prepared to acknowledge him inferior in some respects. It was not, therefore, to be expected that the new *régime* would shine in every kind of reform. If enlightenment was wanted, the new power was not clearly more enlightened than the old. The Lonsdales and Fitzwilliams of the old *régime* had at least education and leisure, which a large proportion of the new voters entirely wanted. If genius was wanted, the old power knew better than the new how to find it, and had the wisdom to allow genius a good deal of scope. Moreover, under the old *régime* governments were more stable and steadfast than they have been since, and therefore the change removed one almost indispensable condition of all difficult reforms, the feeling of strength and security on the part of the Ministers that preside over them. Now, the highest works of statesmanship require these three things—great power in the Minister, genius to counsel and support him, enlightenment in Parliament to weigh and decide upon his plans ; and to none of these things was the new

régime favorable. Where, then, was its superiority? Its superiority was not a general one, but confined to a special point. It was not a class *régime*. Any other fault it might have as much or more than the *régime* it superseded, but it had not so much exclusiveness. It speedily threw open Parliament to a multitude of interests which had scarcely been represented there before, and in that far mightier parliament which is the true deliberative organ of this *régime*—in the Press—all interests were represented from the beginning, and every voice was free to make itself heard. A *régime*, therefore, which had one special virtue would be likely to distinguish itself by a special class of reforms. When the spirit of exclusiveness was expelled from the Government, it was to be expected that the monopolies would fall which that exclusiveness had sustained.

Again, some evils in the State are flagrant and conspicuous, and others, though they may chance to be greater, are of a more subtle character. With these more subtle evils public opinion is not remarkably well qualified to deal. It has not the blindness which was sometimes created in the old *régime* by its class prejudices. The accomplished Windham was a steady opponent of popular education, not because he did not know the value of education, but because he felt the *régime* with which he was identified to stand in need of popular ignorance. Men much inferior to Windham in these days escape such a warp of the mind; the removal of exclusiveness has been to this extent equivalent to an increase of enlightenment. But the other kind of blindness which is not produced by special circumstances, the common blindness which arises from want of cultivation, has not been removed by the change of *régime*, and public opinion is more uncultivated, at the same time that it is more equitable, than the class opinion it supplanted. There was no reason, then, to expect that public opinion would be particularly keen to detect abuses that were not obvious. Its reign was likely to be characterized rather by a rough fairness and honesty than by deep wisdom. In this very matter of education that I have just mentioned it would not be capable of condemning a whole class to ignorance on considerations drawn from the reason of State; but, on the other

hand, its conception of the value of education would not be very distinct, nor its notion of what constitutes a good education very accurate. It would therefore not oppose education, but it would be quite likely to trifle with it, to misunderstand it, and to mismanage it. In discussions about education it would be apt, from want of thoughts and feelings about the subject itself, to slide off into side issues; and when the question is of turning young savages into citizens and Christians, when the question is of the very souls and characters of the young, it would be quite capable of getting on its hobby of tests, quite capable of hunting a monopoly through the very school-room where its children are learning to read and to tell the truth. It would be likely enough to intrude the maxims of the shop and of the race-course into the school; one would not be surprised if it proved unable to conceive a university except in one of two ways—either as a fund to be divided in fellowships among a number of people, according to certain rules, or as a system of violent and dangerous competitive struggles, carried on partly in the schools and senate-house, partly on the Thames and at Lords' Cricket Ground. To deal with subjects like this, in fact, to deal with the whole department of culture, it is evident that you must have a Government of the wisest, and no one has ever supposed that the government of public opinion, at least such as we see it in this age, answered that description.

Again, there are some great political works which may be evidently needed, and may ever be acknowledged to be indispensable, but which are of extreme difficulty, which require a vast collection of facts and a patient application of contrivance and discretion to a multitude of details. Now for such works the *régime* of public opinion has one great advantage over the old *régime*. The old *régime*, it may be said, had no ideal of statesmanship. Conservatism being universal, no one contemplated such a thing as constructive legislation. If the constitution was a thing settled and complete, so that the only question was of interpreting it rightly, a statesman could scarcely be called upon to create or contrive upon a large scale. Only some great catastrophe which had reduced part of the constitution to ruins could furnish

such an occasion, as the Irish rebellion of '98 made the Legislative Union possible. The appearance of a vast reforming party, and the familiarity with large changes which their exertions have gradually produced among us, have enlarged our conception of what statesmanship may do, and have led us to conceive of such a thing as an art of progress, have made us change our conception of a state as an unchanging thing, which has only to be watched and protected from the impact of foreign bodies, for a conception of it as a growing and developing thing, a thing perpetually shifting, advancing, and putting forth new organs, and requiring therefore to be studied with method, to be helped and directed in its changes with boldness and expertness, and capable of being indefinitely developed and improved by genius. But though the present *régime* has given us the idea of this higher statesmanship, it has at the same time placed enormous difficulties in the way of the idea being realized. The actual result has been, that the statesmen of the present age have not appeared great in proportion to the greatness of the changes they have introduced. This is not perhaps a necessary effect of the dominion of public opinion, but rather a consequence of the particular way in which its dominion was established. Had public opinion made its way by gradual advances, and gained for itself from politicians, first respect, and then in course of time deference, it might have become great itself without too much eclipsing the greatness of statesmen. But it gained its sovereignty by wrestling with and defeating the first public men of the day, and therefore its victory was won at the expense of the prestige of statesmanship. The influence which should naturally support the statesman, and receive direction from him, dictated to him. The popular movement, while it humiliated by defeat the statesman who opposed it, was greater and more commanding than any of the statesmen who joined it. Hence the part of the statesman for a time lost some of its dignity. There were statesmen who had administrative skill, character, and the tact of government; there were others who had the sympathy and confidence of the people, and who understood the signs of the times. But there was an unfortunate want of statesmen who combined both sorts of qualification. Those who

understood the time best had been so long in opposition that they had not acquired the art of administration. They were better agitators than rulers; they could represent the popular movement better than they could direct it. Meanwhile the other side had a leader with the experience and all the qualifications of a statesman, but he passed his life in a perpetual unsuccessful warfare with the spirit of the age. The Whigs only shone when they were in opposition, and Sir Robert Peel when he gave up one of his principles. The consequence was that the *régime* was not simply that of public opinion, but of public opinion ill-directed and reduced to feel its own way. If this want of able leaders were an evil incident especially to the *régime* of public opinion, if public opinion is likely always to have the best statesmanship of the age resisting it, and to be served only by the second best, it must certainly be considered an unfortunate form of government. Perhaps, however, we may consider that this is already disproved by later experience. In any case it is possible to point out the special and exceptional circumstances which damaged the statesmanship of the Whigs of the Reform Bill, while it is not surprising that Sir Robert Peel, a veteran servant of the old *régime*, should have been out of sympathy with the new from the influence of his training, and not at all from any natural repulsion of high statesmanship from the sovereignty of public opinion.

What is important for us, however, is to remark that the present period for the most part has not been favorable to the higher statesmanship. The dislocation of parties at one time, and their even balance at another, has kept statesmen perpetually occupied in maintaining their positions, and has thus disabled them from undertaking great public works. *Anxietate careus animus*—a mind free from the sense of insecurity—is as necessary for great works of statesmanship as for great works of poetry. Such security being out of the reach of the statesmen of this age, they have necessarily leaned on their oars and drifted very much before the tide of popular feeling. Whatever the people wanted, if it was not too difficult to accomplish, they could have; but difficult tasks, men felt, it was not the season to undertake. The measures of this age are, therefore, to be considered not merely as

what public opinion was capable of demanding and supporting, but what without much help from skilled statesmanship it felt safe in carrying through. This reflection will explain much inaction and many omissions. The question of pauperism, for example, belongs to a class of questions with which the present age has hitherto felt itself altogether inadequate to deal. It is an enemy which a minister must grapple with alone, if he is to have a chance of overcoming it: no ministry is a match for it and a strong opposition together.

To say that this has been an age of feeble ministers is equivalent to saying that public opinion has hitherto been much divided. The nation, after it began to rule, for a long time showed no decided preference. The two vast parties that formed themselves were evenly balanced, and therefore no minister could gain decided support in a decided and consistent course. In these circumstances we had an age of reforms, but of easy reforms. It was necessary to look about for the few principles about which there was agreement, or at least which were sure of a majority, and to apply these principles to the very utmost. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than the prominence given to the question of monopolies. Fair play was what everybody could understand; "an open field and no favor," was a cry which would always be popular, and so it was kept up till a number of simple changes had been accomplished, which, when the total result of them is reckoned up, amount to a remarkable revolution. But if greater works are to be accomplished, less obvious principles must first be agreed upon, and they must be grasped so firmly and with such unanimity that a statesman may feel secure in rearing upon them an elaborate structure.

Such are the general causes which seem to have given this turn to the movement of the age. The reflection suggested by the consideration of them is a commonplace one. It is that the public, to be a good ruler, wants much more enlightenment. That it may treat great questions in a worthy spirit, and that it may give room and support to great statesmen, it must have much more enlightenment. Enlightenment in the highest and largest sense is what is wanted; but there is a lower and more special kind of enlightenment that would go some way. In the

last lecture I spoke of the organization that has sprung up in the country for the purpose of furnishing the people with information on political subjects, and also with the opportunity of discussing them. It is by these means that that average vote is determined upon the wisdom of which depends the welfare of the country. Now, in this machinery there is a strange defect. One very obvious way of enlightening the people on political subjects there is, which nevertheless is not taken. Newspapers, leading articles—we know the skill with which our *Times* leader puts us in a condition to meditate over the breakfast table on the most important question, whatever it may be, of the day. We are supplied with all the necessary facts, which, carefully separated from the unnecessary ones, are arranged before us in lucid order; then follow all the most necessary scraps of learning, legal or other, that may assist in the decision of the question; then follow a few reflections, written in the most intelligible English and with the most skilful adaptation to the wants of the average understanding. Every day of his life the lawyer ponders there for some half-hour before he plunges into his briefs, the schoolmaster before he turns to his heap of exercises, the man of business before he opens his letters. This is our political education. The machinery is admirable as far as it goes. That half-hour a day ought, you say, to make us all in time accomplished politicians. Yes, and so it would if a certain preparation had gone before it. But without that preparation it never can; without that preparation I believe that little more will be acquired at the end of twenty years than at the end of one. Do you think you could learn Latin, or German, or geometry in a year, or in ten or twenty years, by studying them for half an hour every day? That half-hour a day might be most valuable on one condition, but otherwise it would be almost valueless. The condition is that you should first have concentrated your attention for some considerable time upon that subject to the exclusion of others. You will get on with your German, even if you have no more than half an hour a day to give to it, if at the outset you devote a month to it. But all knowledge stands at the top of some hill, or at least hillock, and wants at the outset at least one strain,

one continued effort. There is always, as it were, a ledge to be reached before you can pause; if you pause before reaching that, you slip back to the place you started from. This is what most people do who read their *Times* newspaper. They have never taken the first long step, and so, day after day, they struggle with politics for half an hour, and at the end of it slip back helplessly to their starting-point. How could this be remedied? It is not every one that can make leisure to think over political subjects for himself, and to acquire the most necessary knowledge about them. But it might be taught in schools and colleges. A plain man would think that nothing was more necessary for a boy to learn than that knowledge which might enable him, when grown up, to discharge his duties to the State. Since our schoolmasters have decided otherwise, probably most people think there is some profound reason why, nevertheless, it should not be done. I have no time here to say more on the matter than this, that I have been a schoolmaster all my life, and know as well as another what can be taught, and what cannot, and that I believe that, with a little contrivance and a few good textbooks that might easily be written, politics could be taught.

Ah! but the party feeling that would be aroused!

It is strange how inexorable we are in enslaving our schoolmasters. The Englishman who wished to express his contempt for the slavish institutions of the Continent said to a foreigner, "There are but two subjects worthy of the attention of a human being, politics and religion, and on neither of the two dare you speak." Just so much reticence, and no more, we are all eager to impose on our schoolmasters.

I said that, besides general causes, there was a special influence that had forced the politics of the age into a crusade against monopolies. I was thinking of the reaction of Irish politics upon English. The insular position of England, the security which she has always enjoyed from the more serious commotions of the Continent, and her material prosperity, would make her history, since the Constitution became settled, a somewhat dull story but for her connection with Ireland. English grievances for the most part have not been so extreme but that they could be endured,

and it seems likely that they would have been endured, but for their close connection with Irish grievances, which were of the same kind, and which were not to be endured. In the last century there were two reasons why the Irish influence should be less operative. For the greater part of that century the Irish population lay motionless under the yoke that had been pressed down upon them; the people were crushed beyond the power of complaint; and when they did at last rouse themselves, it was with such hostility and menace that England was driven to assume an attitude of stubborn opposition, and, while she closed her ears resolutely against the grievances of Ireland, was not likely to be struck with the resemblance of those grievances to her own. But when the rebellion of '98 had been put down and the legislative Union accomplished, there began a period when Ireland pleaded her cause by the legitimate methods of argument and agitation, and at the same time when Irish questions were discussed fully and with Irish eloquence in the English Parliament. Since that time Irish and English discontent have been in a manner fused together, and the natural effect has been to give to the English discontent a far more bitter flavor. The case for reform is immensely strengthened when its advocates are entitled to treat of England and Ireland together, and to heighten the modest abuses of the one country by the enormous wrongs and miseries of the other. In Ireland reformers have found in fact the only lever which would have been potent enough to lift the dead weight of English conservatism. It is an instructive lesson of the way in which moderate abuses should be attacked. There is, indeed, no way of dealing with moderate abuses except to force them into alliance with gross and flagrant ones. By themselves they are safe, because there is no sufficient reason for removing them; but when grosser abuses of the same kind are swept away, they go too, because there is no sufficient reason for sparing them. It is also an instructive example of the great results which may flow from uniting different nationalities under one government, when that government is under the sway of opinion, and is not a mere blind military force. England and Ireland cannot, it appears, be closely and vitally united in a *régime* of opinion

without suffering profound modifications. No more then can England and India. And does not the remark suggest to us, at the same time, speculations upon the future of Austria married to Hungary, and of Russia married to Poland?

Ireland presented most of the abuses of England on an enlarged scale. But this was especially true of the abuse of monopoly. The most exaggerated pictures that could be drawn by the most virulent Radical of the condition of England would have been literally true, or have fallen short of the truth, if applied to Ireland. He might, by a high-flown metaphor, have compared England to a conquered country. Ireland was a conquered country without any metaphor at all. He might have compared the landholding aristocracy of England to the Normans of the twelfth century trampling on the newly conquered Saxons. There would have been wild exaggeration in the comparison. But the conquest of Ireland was in fact not much more than a century old, and the ascendancy of the conquerors had been secured by every pitiless method that legislation could devise. Let us consider in order the leading monopolies that were complained of in England. There was the monopoly of legislation held by the landholders and the Protestants. But nomination boroughs were more numerous in proportion in Ireland than in England, and the exclusion of Catholics meant in Ireland the exclusion of the great majority of the nation, and not, as in England, of an insignificant sect. The representative system, therefore, if it was unsatisfactory to many in England, seemed in Ireland a simple mockery to most. Commercial restriction hampered industry in England: but the industry of Ireland had been almost destroyed by it, and the Corn Laws, which in England meant dearness of provisions, might come to mean famine in Ireland. The monopoly of the Church in education placed a certain number of the rising generation in England at a disadvantage; but in Ireland it excluded the great majority both from good primary education and from the higher education. The right of the Church to tax the people excited murmurs here; there it created civil war. Here the wealth of the Church provoked some opposition; there it was

regarded as an intolerable and enormous abuse. Lastly, that great monopoly which the age does not attack but steadfastly maintains, but which none the less helps to increase the mass of discontent and to hasten change—the right of private property itself, the right of one man to be rich while others are poor, or, as it will always appear in practice, the right of a few people to possess a greater share of the national wealth than the many—was in Ireland tenfold more invidious than in England, because in Ireland it had been brought about by a conquest and a confiscation, the memory of which was still recent, and because the landholders were not, as in England, the patrons and friends of their tenants, but for the most part absentees.

Thus the union of England and Ireland was not merely the union of a prosperous country with a very miserable one. Ireland might have been full of abuses and yet not have helped forward the cause of reform in England. She did so because the evils under which she labored reflected with exaggeration the evils of England. The anarchy and disturbances of Ireland constantly forced the attention of the Legislature: other questions might be put by; but for Ireland it was always felt something must be done. And yet it was impossible to do anything without establishing precedents for similar changes in England; for all the principal evils of Ireland existed here too, though in a less extreme form. And these evils being all reducible to the monopoly established by the conquering English, pitilessly excluding the Catholic Kelt from all the benefits of his native land, the cure of Ireland, which all statesmen and all parties in turn were obliged to take in hand, could not but consist in the abolition of monopolies, and then, by a kind of reflection, the same character was impressed on the political movement of England. Hence it is characteristic of the present age that the principal changes introduced in England have been borrowed from changes previously made in Ireland, and that the advocates of change in England have generally been able to quote in support of their proposals what I may call the Irish *præjudicium*.

Before showing this in detail, let me point out that the weapon by which

changes have been wrought in England, was first tried and proved in Ireland. I have described the new art of agitation which belongs to the present age, and I have contrasted the present systematic and powerful action of public opinion with the wildness of its behavior in the eighteenth century. But I intentionally passed over one great interference of public opinion, which belongs to the last century, but of which Ireland, not England, was the scene. The long and painful regeneration of Ireland, now in progress, begins with the threatening intervention of the Volunteers in 1779. England, in her depression after her American disasters, was obliged to confess her inability to send troops to Belfast when invasion was threatened by a French and Spanish fleet. The Irish party saw their opportunity. Volunteers appeared to defend the country, but put in an irresistible claim to be paid in political power. The old notion belonging to an earlier state of society, of a connection between political franchise and military service, reappeared for a moment. The convention of Dungannon, at once an army and a parliament, reminds one of the *comitia centuriata* of Rome. But it anticipated a future *régime* at the same time that it revived the past, for there first appeared the organized public opinion that was destined in no long time to be sovereign in both countries. And as it was in Ireland that this power first appeared, so in Ireland it first attained supremacy. For Ireland was the scene of the Catholic Association. This was to be expected. When public opinion is ready to take organization, it will do so first there where the need is most pressing. Leagues and political meetings will be most rife, where the representative system is most inadequate. Ireland was before England in devising the machinery of agitation, just as much as she was behind England in parliamentary representation. The corruption and subserviency of the Irish Parliament provoked the Volunteers, and the absence of any safety-valve to carry off the feelings of the Catholic population caused the Catholic Association. While the Catholic Association changed the character of the government in both countries by enthroning public opinion, it accomplished at the same time a definite alteration in English institutions. When Protestant ascendancy fell in Ireland, it

fell in England too, as a matter of course. According to the principle I laid down, the great grievance carried with it the smaller one. That sect which had least to hope in England, because it at the same time had little power, and excited most unreasonable alarms, obtained through the fusion of English and Irish politics its emancipation. One of the strongest and most inveterate feelings of the country, its exclusive Protestantism, received by that change a shock which no statesman would have ventured to give it except under the pressure of necessity, and the necessity came from Ireland.

The next great change in English institutions was the reform of the representation. This may seem at first sight a purely English measure, because, though the abuses it removed had existed on a still greater scale in Ireland, yet they had been much diminished thirty years before, at the time of the Union; and the agitation which carried the Reform Bill did certainly not, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, spread from Ireland to England. The influence of Ireland is in this case of a different kind, yet if we examine we shall find it no less operative. We shall discover the Irish *præjudicium* that I have spoken of; we meet with that argument which is characteristic of the whole period—It has been done in Ireland, why not in England? Read the speech with which Lord John Russell introduced the Reform Bill in 1831. You may observe the nervousness with which he announces the act of disfranchisement which formed a principal part of it. "I am perfectly aware that in making this proposition we are proposing a bold and decisive measure. I am perfectly aware, and I should myself vote upon that persuasion, that on all ordinary occasions rights of this kind ought to be respected, and it would be no small interest, no trifling consideration, which would justify the invasion of them." How does he go on? "I well recollect, however, the language which a right honorable gentleman opposite (Sir R. Peel), standing there as a Minister of the Crown, proposed the measure known by the name of Catholic Emancipation, accompanied by another measure for the disfranchisement of 200,000 freeholders—unoffending men, who had broken no law, who had violated no right, who had exercised their privilege, perhaps ignorantly, certainly in-

dependently and impatiently, in a manner which they in their consciences believed to be best." And then he goes on to recite the arguments by which Sir R. Peel had defended that act of disfranchisement, that extraordinary evils required extraordinary remedies; that "the franchise was no doubt a vested right, but it was also a public trust given for public purposes, to be touched no doubt with great caution and reluctance, but still which we are competent to touch if the public interest manifestly demands the sacrifice." These sentiments, Lord John Russell adds, the House adopted, and "he never knew any measure carried through the House with greater support than that measure of disfranchisement."

Here is the Irish *præjudicium*, and see with what confidence it inspires the speaker. "But, sir," he goes on, "shall we say that we are bound to have one principle when the peasantry of Ireland are concerned, and another when the rich and the noble are interested, and that we must consider the latter as sacred, and not venture to touch their privileges when the public interest requires it? Shall we say that the freeholders of Ireland, merely exercising a right which the Constitution gives, may be deprived of that right, and that we must not venture to touch the privilege of the noble lord who returns two representatives to this House for Gatton, though the Constitution says such a privilege ought not to exist? Are we to make this glaring distinction between the rich and the poor, between the peer and the peasant? Are we to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholder, and must we not touch the borough which is claimed as the property of some noble lord?"

The Act of 1829 therefore was pregnant with more consequences than first appeared. O'Connell, with his Catholic Association, not only inaugurated a new dominion, not only broke open the gates of Parliament, and gave the first precedent of enfranchisement; they created at the same time the first precedent of disfranchisement. Where the Irish Catholics had entered, the English middle-class and the manufacturing interest followed; and at the same time by the door through which the Irish freeholders had been dismissed were expelled the English rotten boroughs.

In '67 the franchise given in '32 was

still further enlarged. Here, too, the precedent had been given by Ireland in the "Act to Amend the Representation of the People," passed in '50, when an eight-pound household franchise was substituted, among other changes, for one of ten pounds.

In free trade, the influence of Ireland was not less visible than in parliamentary reform. Commercial restriction, like every other grievance, had been felt much more severely in Ireland than in England. English commerce and manufactures had repeatedly called in the Legislature to crush the competition of Ireland. This, therefore, was the first evil with which the Irish, when their spirit revived in the last century, set themselves to grapple. The agitation of the Volunteers was a free-trade agitation; the end of it was the same, and the means partly the same, as the end and the means of the Anti-Corn Law League. But this resemblance is rather curious than really important. The Irish movement in this case was too remote in point of time, and too different in all its circumstances from the English one to produce any effect upon it. The leaguers certainly gained no confidence from the success of their Irish precursors, and did not, as far as I know, refer to it. But the weight of Ireland was thrown into the scale of free trade in a much more conspicuous and decisive way. Ireland decided the question by the force of that superior poverty which makes economical evils, which to us are only serious, fatal to her. Dearth here proved famine there. At the critical moment when free-trade principles were beginning to have the advantage, happened the potato blight in Ireland. It converted first the Whig opposition, and then Sir Robert Peel. Lord John Russell sent to his constituents in the City a letter, in which he announced his adhesion to the principles of the League. Sir Robert Peel resigned, and then took office again, expressly to repeal the Corn Laws. In the Queen's Speech of '46 the failure of the potato crop was alleged as the reason for recommending the repeal, and, in the speech in which Sir Robert Peel avowed his change of opinion, he rested his case principally upon this occurrence.

Church ascendancy extends over two departments—over education and over religion. And in education there have been two monopolies—the monopoly of the Established Church, and also the monopoly of all the religious bodies taken together. Of these monopolies, one has always tended to destroy the other. The Dissenters have been eager to secularize education in order at the same time to wrest it out of the hands of the Church. What I may call the monopoly of religion in education is sacrificed because the monopoly of the Church is involved with it. This movement has gone on in England, where religious differences are comparatively slight, and do not for the most part extend to fundamental points, either of theology or morals. It has gone on amongst sects which have been in the habit of recognizing the existence of a common Christianity, and which have habitually and sincerely spoken of the Church as a Christian body. Meanwhile, in Ireland the Established Church has been opposed to the most intolerant of all Christian denominations—to Catholics recognizing no Christianity out of their own communion. A religious difference thus deep, and capable of no compromise, was made ten times deeper and more irreconcilable by the fact that the excluded sect had been excluded by naked conquest. It had antiquity on its side, if you take the Tory scheme of government; it had the will of the people on its side, if you are a Liberal. Here was indeed a very pretty quarrel. Aggravated by every conceivable circumstance, it was the masterpiece of Erinnyes. A drop had been mixed in Irish politics which was the concentrated essence of discord. In the department of education, even more than in other departments, therefore, we might expect the Irish movement to anticipate the English. Accordingly we find that the point we have reached in 1870 was reached in Ireland in 1831, or rather, I should say, a point beyond it. Not only unsectarian, but secular education was then forced on by the irreconcilable religious difference that divided the nation, and the State was already able to take upon itself a work that many years later it was obliged to abandon as premature in England. As

usual, in the controversy that now rages, our politicians have the Irish *præjudicium* to guide them.

In the expulsion of the Church monopoly from the higher education, it cannot be said that Ireland has taken the lead. But the Queen's Colleges, if not the earliest, are at least among the earliest examples of purely unsectarian seats of learning.

The more direct attack upon the ascendancy of the Church has been in both countries aimed principally at two points—at the right of the Church to tax the community and at its connection with the State. In both points the assault was infinitely hotter in Ireland than in England. The tithe in its old form was destroyed for both countries by the armed resistance of the Irish peasantry, and the church cess fell in Ireland before the church-rate controversy was compromised in England. The connection of the Church with the State was a moderate grievance to the English Dissenter, compared with what it was to the Irish Catholic. It was to Ireland that the controversy owed all its bitterness, and in Ireland the controversy is now over, while in England it still continues. But of this in a moment.

The warfare of the present age against monopolies, I have said already, seems to near its end. Not only does little of this kind now remain to be done, but there are perhaps signs of the beginning of a new age, by which I mean a change in the forces that determine the political movement. The age, we have seen reason to think, has been what it has been partly because the position of statesmanship had been depressed by the victories of agitation. One class of statesmen, we saw, had been too much the humble servants of public opinion, and another class had wasted much energy in fruitless attempts to resist it. Meanwhile public opinion had been put in possession of supreme power before it was educated to use it. Wanting leaders and wanting enlightenment, it had been obliged to throw itself into a course of easy reforms. But both these evils have now been much mitigated. Far more skill is now devoted to forming and educating public opinion, and statesmen have taken courage to assume once more their natural

position of leaders. We begin to speak of the approach of an age of constructive policy ; that is, an age when the difficult reforms will be possible, when the highest statesmanship will be able to count upon support in attempting the highest tasks. We ought not, therefore, to assume that the current will hold much longer the same direction. But if it should do this, it is evident that the recent course of Irish politics indicates the future course of politics at home. In the last two years new precedents have been made in Ireland which will, as a matter of course, be used like the earlier ones, as levers to unsettle whatever remains still firm in the fabric of English monopoly. A tenant's right has been recognized which not many years ago Lord Palmerston pronounced to be equivalent to a landlord's wrong. This has been done, of course, as a purely exceptional measure, and the English landlord, it is true enough, is very different from the Irish landlord. It is well understood that the act is not to be a precedent, and probably there is no danger of its being at all closely imitated. In a certain point of view it runs counter to the tendency of change in England, instead of outstripping it ; for it places a restraint upon the circulation of land, instead of setting it free from restrictions. Still it is an interference of the Legislature in behalf of the lower class, and against the landed interest, and as such it is a *præjudicium* like the others I have enumerated. For the same grievance exists in England ; here, too, there is a large class that murmur that the people have no share in the land—that the land has become a monopoly. If this cry should gather strength, it will certainly be in vain that the promoters of the Irish Land Bill have called their law exceptional, and a concession to necessity. It will be drawn into precedent in spite of them ; it will assuredly not be forgotten, if the English lower class should determine to be like the French lower class and to get possession of the soil, that the Legislature have already, to gratify a popular wish, abridged the rights of landholders in Ireland.

But there is another great pending question upon which it is still more evident that the Irish *præjudicium* is there. The disestablishment of the Irish Church set-

tled a controversy there which rages here too, and removed an ascendancy which, though infinitely more invidious there, is yet here too felt as invidious by a large class. The great grievance is gone, and now the moderate one stands by itself, and with the millstone of a precedent round its neck. On this point there can be no difference between the friends and the enemies of Church establishment. Those who dislike State churches on principle, and who point to the examples in past history of the warping and cramping of the Christian spirit in churches that have identified themselves with Government, will triumph ; those who think the State Church the higher ideal, and that examples taken from States more or less despotic are inapplicable to countries in which the government is thoroughly and heartily popular, will grieve : but neither party will deny that the Irish *præjudicium* hangs over the head of the connection of Church and State in England. I think, too, that I am not overstepping the forbidden line, and passing out of history into politics, when I add, that nothing can possibly save the State Church in England except such a reform as shall deprive it of the character of a monopoly. Monopolies may be good things or bad, or they may be sometimes one and sometimes the other, but they cannot live in this age : the time is angry with them, and the axe is at the root of all that are too conspicuous to be overlooked.

A State Church that excludes or repels into some inferior place those who, to all plain judgment, are equal in merit, in piety, and learning to those whom it promotes or favors, has the character of a monopoly. It is invidious, and that is what at the present day institutions that are national are not allowed to be. That is the one thing that the *régime* of public opinion sets its face against. A State Church that could remove from itself the brand of invidiousness would have nothing to fear. It might disregard the Irish *præjudicium* ; but, so long as it is a monopoly, why should it hope to escape ? No other monopoly escapes. The borough-mongers have fallen, the Protectionists have fallen, Protestant ascendancy is at an end ; and if the oldest and most universal of all ascendancies, that of the male sex, is threatened, why should the Church establishment be safe ? *καὶ τότε*

καὶ Πάτριδος. If the Universities are taken from the Church because they must be national, it is difficult to see by what

right she can hope to hold the Cathedrals.

—♦♦—
The Intellectual Observer.

THE SARGASSO SEA, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, M.A., F.L.S., ETC.

AMONG the many remarkable phenomena connected with the Gulf Stream, not the least remarkable is the existence of those vast floating meadows of sea-weed, commonly known as the gulf-weed, or Sargassum; whose accumulations, within certain parallels of latitude and longitude, have given to that area the name of the Sargasso Sea. These marine prairies, as they have been called, have attracted the notice of all navigators since the time of Columbus, who, in his first voyage, received his earliest check upon falling in with them. The great pioneer entered the Sargasso sea in lat. 26° N., and long. 48° W., and his timid ship-mates at once took fright at the marvellous appearance, feeling assured that their ships would be entangled in the weed until they were starved to death, or that they were about to strike on some unknown coast. In this part, he says, "the sea was covered with such a quantity of sea-weed, like little branches of the fir-trees which bear the pistachio nuts, that we believed the ships would run aground for want of water." They could not understand how such vast quantities of vegetation could merely float on the surface, and the appearance of a lobster among the weed confirmed their fears;—and deeming it necessary that they must be either in, or approaching, shoal water, they entreated the heroic discoverer to turn the ship's head. But happily he never wavered, and on the tropic, in long. 66° , the first vessel which had ever entered the Sargasso Sea emerged again into clear water.

The extent of the Sargasso Sea is in due proportion to the vast natural agency to which it primarily owes its existence. It stretches from 20° to about 65° West longitude, and between the parallels of 20° and 45° is of considerable width, narrowing from 12° in its widest part, to about 4° or 5° where least developed; while the remaining 20° of westerly extent takes the form of a narrow belt of

various detached tracts, influenced as to situation by local currents, and averaging 4° or 5° only in width. An idea may be obtained of its area by the comparison of Maury, who states that it is equal to the great valley of the Mississippi; or still better, perhaps, from Humboldt's estimate, that it was about six times as large as the Germany of his day.

But, although the geographical boundaries given above are those usually recognized by hydrographers for the Sargasso Sea, it must not be supposed that they are invariable. The writer first encountered it in lat. 24° N. and long. $36\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ W. on July 1st, and lost it a week after, in lat. 35° , long. 34° , so that the whole area was nearly 5° farther north than it is usually placed in the maps. It may, however, be correctly stated, that it occupies the great sweep made by the Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands in the East; while the elongated westerly belt extends as far as between the Bermudas and West India Islands.

The earlier navigators often found the gulf-weed a serious impediment to their progress. Lærius mentions that for fifteen continuous days he passed through one unbroken meadow (*Praderias de yerva*, or sea-weed prairies, as Oviedo characteristically calls them), so that he could find no way through for oars. On certain occasions it has been found that the speed of vessels through the Sargasso Sea has been materially retarded; and it has been described as so thick, that to the eye, at a little distance, it appears to be substantial enough to walk upon. James Barbot, Jun., voyaging to India in the year 1700, says:—"Twenty or twenty-five leagues west of Cabo Branco, we often see the ocean almost all over covered with a certain weed of a yellow-green color, called Sargasso, resembling that which grows in our wells, or samphire, bearing a sort of seed at the extremities, which have neither substance nor savor. No man can tell where these weeds take root, the

ocean being there so deep ; they are also seen thus floating on its surface sixty leagues to the westward of the coast of Africa, for the space of forty or fifty leagues, and so close and thick together in some places, that a ship requires a very fresh gale of wind to make her way through ; and, therefore, we are very cautious to avoid them in our course."

That this is not the condition met with under all circumstances, is proved by the fact that passing through this region in 1867, the writer made a seven days' voyage through its central portion, during which the sea was at no time covered with the weed, so as to form a continuous meadow. It made its appearance usually in large patches, generally upon the surface, but sometimes apparently sunk to some distance below it. It varied considerably in appearance—was sometimes dark-colored, dense, and compact, and covered with berries ; at others, pale and attenuated, with few berries. The masses, on some days, were round and shapely, and usually scattered somewhat indiscriminately over the surface of the sea. Occasionally only a few small tufts appeared for many hours ; and on one day the only sign of its presence was a long narrow streak, extending across the ocean as far as the eye could reach, in the direction of the wind. The fact, indeed, is that the Sargasso Sea, dependent as it is upon a great physical phenomenon, changes its position according to the seasons, storms, and winds : its mean position remaining the same as it has been ascertained by observations during many years past. The Gulf Stream is the great power which maintains these marine pastures—a current whose impulse and origin, according to Humboldt, are to be sought to the south of the Cape of Good Hope—after a long circuit it pours itself from the Caribbean Sea and the Mexican Gulf through the Straits of the Bahamas, and following a course from south-south-west to north-north-east, continues to recede from the shores of the United States until, further deflected to the eastward by the banks of Newfoundland, it approaches the European coast. At the point where the Gulf Stream is deflected from the banks of Newfoundland towards the East, it sends off branches to the south near the Azores. This is the situation of the Sargasso Sea.

Patches of the weed are always to be

seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream. Now, if bits of cork, or chaff, or any floating substance, says Capt. Maury, be put in a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the entrance of the pool, where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream ; and the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl.

The Gulf-weed itself has so peculiar a history, that it forms not the least remarkable point of interest in the description of the Sargasso Sea. It is one of the numerous species of the genus *Sargassum*, which is among the most natural and readily distinguished genera of the family of *Fucaceæ*.

The great cryptogamist, Agardh, enumerates sixty-two species of *Sargassum*, of which the one concerning which we are speaking is the *Sargassum bacciferum*, called *Fucus natans* by Linnæus, and *Fucus sargasso*, by Gmelin. The Spanish word Sargazo, or Sargago, meaning sea-weed, supplies its common English name. Agardh's botanical description is brief, and as follows :—" *S. bacciferum* :—Caule tereti ramosissimo, foliis lineari-bus serratis, vesiculis sphericis mucronatis, petiolis teretibus." A more modern and English technical description of the *Sargassum* is the following :—

Sargassum.—Frond furnished with distinct stalked, nerved leaves ; and simple axillary stalked air-vessels. Receptacles small, linear, tuberculated ; mostly in axillary clusters, or racemes. Seeds in distinct cells.

The integument is leathery, and the general color brown, of varying shades, sometimes light, and sometimes dark. The most striking peculiarity, on a cursory view, is the abundance of globular cells, which have been taken by the unlearned for fruit, but which are in reality merely receptacles of air, by means of which the plant not only floats upon the surface of the ocean, but also is enabled to support vast numbers of marine animals, which find shelter among its tangled fronds. Columbus, the first discoverer of the Sargasso Sea, described the meadows as yellow like dry hay-seed, bearing leaves of common rue, with numerous berries which turn black in drying like juniper berries. These berries have

received the name of *raisins de tropique*

The species of *Sargassum* only grow where the temperature is considerable, but they have a very wide distribution. Dampier says that he observed plants of it near the coast of New Holland; but they may have been an allied species. Agardh, however, speaks of it as inhabiting the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans. Sea-weeds in general have no particular geographical limits, but when a comparatively shallow sea offers conditions for their growth, the degree of exposure to light, and the greater or less motion of the waves, are very important elements in their distribution. Again, the depth of sea has, with sea-weeds, an effect parallel with that which the height of mountain sides has upon land plants—and the sea-weed we have to do with is confined to the *surface* of the ocean, and has its head-quarters in the tropical Atlantic. It is not wonderful, therefore, that plants of it are occasionally washed upon our own shores, although we can scarcely reckon it as a British sea-weed. It is not, moreover, altogether a useless weed, for it is said to be eaten in China, and to be used as a pickle, and in salads, in some parts of the East. The quantity of soda it contains, in common with other sea weeds, renders it useful as a manure; and it is even in repute as a medicine in some countries, and among certain classes. Thus, in South America it is used as a remedy against stranguy and some tumors, as *Sargassum vulgare* is used in calculus; and Rumphius relates that the German and Portuguese sailors are accustomed to use it for the same purpose, first macerating it in water, then boiling it and drinking the infusion.

There is one point in the natural history of the *Sargassum* which has already been passingly alluded to, but which has excited the attention of all observers, and more particularly of botanists. It is the fact that the *Sargassum* is always found floating upon the deep sea, and is yet destitute of any apparent means of propagation. Agardh remarked that no fruit nor root could be detected; and expressed his belief that it grew in the depths of the ocean, and was torn up by the waves. This belief was very general at one time, and it was supposed that the perfect plant was unknown; but that the

Gulf Stream collected together the torn-off masses of its vesicular summits. Rumphius suggested that the *Sargassum* fed upon the fat exhalations and oily effluvia of dead fish, and other organic substances entangled in it. Even modern publications state that there is reason to think that it is first attached to the bottom of comparatively shallow parts of the sea; but the gulf-weed is never found so attached. It always floats; and is healthy and abundant in that condition, never exhibiting any organs of fructification, though constantly putting out new fronds. Humboldt at first supported this notion of the plant being detached by the Gulf Stream from its fixed position in the Gulf of Florida; but latterly that distinguished philosopher, guided by the observations of the eminent German botanist, Meyen, adopted the opinion that it originates and propagates itself in the Atlantic, where it is so abundantly found. Meyen, in 1830, passed through a considerable portion of the great band of gulf-weed, and he ascertained, as he states, from the examination of several thousand specimens, that it was uniformly destitute of root and of fructification. He therefore concluded that the plant propagates itself solely by lateral branches; denying at the same time that it is brought from the Gulf of Florida, as, according to his own observations, it hardly exists in that part of the Gulf Stream, near the great band, though found in extensive masses to the westward. Robert Brown, however, was of opinion that the shores of the Gulf of Florida had not been sufficiently examined to enable him absolutely to decide that it is not the original source of the plant. Sloane says he saw Gulf-weed growing on the rocks of the shores of Jamaica, but the specimens in his herbarium, says R. Brown, belong to the ordinary form, and are alike destitute of root and fructification.

A closely allied species (*Sargassum natans*, or *vulgare*) has been found fixed by a discoid base or root, in the same manner as the other species of the genus; and since Meyen declares that he has found all Agardh's varieties of *Sargassum natans* among the gulf-weed of the Atlantic, and, moreover, that he has seen what he regards as the gulf-weed, in a state of fructification, on the coast of Brazil, the legitimate conclusion from his statements seems

to be, that this plant is merely modified by the peculiar circumstances in which it has been so long placed. It is not yet known what other species of *Sargassum* are mixed with the gulf-weed, what proportion they form of the great band, nor in what state, with respect to root and fructification, they are found. Accurate information upon these points would be of considerable importance.

That the gulf-weed of the great band (says Robert Brown, from whose communication on this subject this information is chiefly derived) is propagated solely by lateral or axillary ramification, and that in this way it may have extended over the immense space it now occupies, is highly probable; and perhaps may be affirmed absolutely without involving the question of origin, which he considered still doubtful.

It does not appear that any other species of *Sargassum* is originally destitute of roots, even those most closely allied to *Sargassum bacciferum*, though some of them are not unfrequently found both in the fixed, and in considerable masses in the floating state, retaining vitality, and probably propagating themselves in the same manner. The late Professor Harvey conjectured that the gulf-weed might be a pelagic variety of *Sargassum vulgare* in the same way as the variety *subcostatus* of *Fucus vesiculosus* has never been found attached, growing in salt marshes. In the Mediterranean, vast quantities of *Fucus vesiculosus* occur under a peculiar form, consisting entirely of specimens derived from sea-born weed, carried in by the current which sets in to that sea from the Atlantic. So also, says Balfour, *Fucus mackaii*, which has never been found attached, may be a form of *Fucus nodosus*, growing on muddy shores. The fact of the floating masses of *Sargassum* being barren, is strictly analogous to that of *Macrocystis*, producing fruit only on young attached specimens. In both cases, says Berkeley, multiplication is so rapid in the floating beds, as to render fruit needless; and the same great authority on cryptogamic botany is of opinion that the same individual continually produces new branches and leaves, and thus multiplies the species; although he thinks there is not sufficient evidence to prove whether or no they receive fresh accessions from plants produced on rocks.

Wherever there are large accumulations

of sea-weed, it necessarily follows that there should be a population of some kind supported by them. Speaking of the kelp (*Macrocystis pyrifera*), which, though rooted to the bottom, extends perhaps 60 fathoms from its anchorage, Darwin says: "The number of living creatures of all orders, whose existence intimately depends on the kelp, is wonderful. I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the southern hemisphere with the terrestrial ones in the intertropical regions. Yet if in any country a forest were destroyed, I do not believe nearly so many species of animals would perish, as would here from the destruction of the kelp." And intelligent navigators have remarked the same of the gulf-weed. Capt. Grey, in his voyage from Australia, remarks: "In lat. 29° north, we entered a portion of the sea covered with patches of sea-weed, around which swarmed numerous eel-like fish, crabs, shrimps, and little blue-fish. These last swarm under those floating islands, sometimes leaving them for a little distance—but they always returned, or swam to another. The crabs crawled in and out among the sea-weed, and other fish of a large size came to these spots to deposit their spawn; so that we were in an archipelago of floating islands, teeming with busy inhabitants and animal enjoyment." These masses of floating weed, indeed, serve as the retreat of an innumerable host of marine animals, of which some live in the midst of their inextricable labyrinths, and others, having been once entangled in them, cannot escape, and are forced to abandon themselves to the current of these immense sea forests, in the midst of which they are enclosed.

On returning from China in 1867, it was my fortune to cross the Sargasso Sea early in July; and moreover, having several days of calm weather, I spent some time upon the chains, armed with a grapnel, by means of which I, from time to time, was able to raise bunches of seaweed upon deck, for examination. Nearly every bunch of weed, so obtained, was found to be peopled with similar creatures, Polyzoa, Polyps, Annelids, Crustacea, Molluscs, and Fish; concerning the most remarkable of which I shall, in concluding this paper, make a few observations. Though not absolutely connected with the weed, yet as occurring side by side with it in the same latitude, I may mention a rag-

nificent specimens of *Physalia*, or Portuguese man-of-war, which sailed by in the beautiful calms of that region—their blue-tinted bladders were eight inches long, and nearly three inches above the water—their long threads trailing beneath, and giving shelter to a number of little banded fishes, which seemed to find protection in this equivocal position. With these were *Veilellæ* of a proportionately large size, and the clearer portions of the sea swarmed with large compound *Ascidians* of various curious forms, described in a former paper, and numerous remarkable *Hydrozoa*, many of which are yet undescribed.

The most characteristic appearance met with on the gulf-weed, of an animal nature, is, undoubtedly, those encrustations of a polypoid or polyzoid character, with which every frond abounds. The multitudes of these minute inhabitants is literally incalculable. Every leaf is more or less covered with them—every berry is more or less changed from brown to a light buff or grayish tint, by means of the spreading vegetating polyzoaries, allied to what is known to us as the sea-mat (*Flustra*), though it is worthy of remark that the encrusting *Polyzoa* of the leaves and berries were of one species, and that of the stems of another. The great majority of these *Polyzoa* appear to be of the genus *Membranipora*, the cells of which are arranged in a quincunial manner, with raised margins. These curious cells, and the social mollusks inhabiting them afforded a constant object of interest for the microscope. Associated with them were graceful *Campanulariæ*, lower in organization, but excelling them in beauty, with elegant goblet-shaped cups set upon moniliform stems, out of which protruded the bunch of tentacles, unprovided with the cilia, which are so prominent a character of the arms of *Membranipora*. On most berries also were the little spiral shells of tubicolous *Annelids* (*Spirobis*), whose branchial tufts appeared like elegant little plumes of feathers. Besides these, *Vorticellæ*, and many other minute forms of life, rewarded the microscopic observation of these fertile marine plains.

One of the most common inhabitants of the gulf-weed is the Nudibranch *Scyllæa pelagica*. On every bunch of the Sargassum which I hooked up, I found speci-

mens of this interesting animal, which is found in the list of British Nudibranchs, but is not figured in the beautiful monograph of Alder and Hancock. Not long since, *Scyllæa* figured among the Vermes of Linnæus, until Cuvier first placed it in its true position among the Nudibranchiate mollusca. It is a widely-distributed animal, owing to its habit of living on the floating sea-weed, to which it adheres with great tenacity, by means of the foot or crawling surface, which is said, by most authors, to be deeply grooved, with the two sides extremely thin and flexible, and formed for clasping the stems of the weed—a very necessary provision for an animal living in the open sea, and subject, otherwise, to be washed from its anchorage by every storm, and thus destroyed. Messrs. Alder and Hancock are disposed to believe (arguing by analogy, from other stem-embracing species) that the foot would be found to be really flat, but, from observation, I am able to say that the foot of *Scyllæa* is not, like other Nudibranchs, absolutely flat when walking upon glass; a small portion only of the foot is flattened out in the centre, like a disc, the remainder of the organ presenting its natural folded appearance. So tightly does it attach itself, that some older naturalists believed that it was permanently fixed to the stems on which it lives. The *Scyllæa* is an active little animal, of a light brown color, and opalescent, very much compressed, provided with two club-shaped tentacles near the head; and on each side of the back there are two pairs of erect, flattened, irregular lobes, in the inner side of which, and on the back, are the branchiæ, forming delicate tree-like tufts, irregularly scattered. This little creature was in constant motion, contracting itself and writhing about. It readily detached itself from the weed, and swam freely about in the water, moving the head and tail from side to side alternately, so as nearly to touch one another. One very remarkable character was, that when thus swimming, owing to the weight of the tentacles and processes, they turned back downwards, and bore a most grotesque resemblance to a small four-legged animal with long ears—a Scotch terrier, for example. It was in this position that Seba, its first describer, figured it as a young fish; Linnæus, and after him Gmelin, also described it upside down.

The *Scyllæa pelagica* has horny cutting jaws, and is in its way a terrible carnivore; for this alone, of all the Nudi-branchiate mollusca, has an armature in the stomach, performing the functions of a gizzard. Its interior is lined with a broad transverse band of dark, horny, lancet-formed plates, having their edges and points sharp, and directed towards the centre of the cavity, which they almost fill. Moreover, the tongue is covered through its entire length with denticulated spines, forming about thirteen transverse rows, divided by a narrow groove down the centre, on which, in each row, is a broad plate, containing a central tooth, with three or four denticulations on each side, the points of the spines being directed backwards and inwards.

I not unfrequently found the spawn of *Scyllæa pelagica*, which has not before been figured. It consisted of a loose straw-colored coil, entwining the leaves and berries of Sargassum, and embedded in a mass of transparent gelatinous matter.

Scarcely less numerous than the *Scyllæas* were the little crabs of the genus *Planes* (*P. linneana*), belonging to the family of Grapsidæ. These floating crabs abounded on most of the bunches of gulf-weed. The carapace of these crabs is longer than it is wide, and the body is compressed; the tarsi are thick and spinous, and the anterior part of the body projects; the front limbs are short, as are the eye footstalks, the eye occupying half the length. They are confined, like the gulf-weed, to the seas of warm and temperate climates, and offered no particular points of interest beyond their numbers, and the proof offered thereby of the plentiful supply of food obtainable by such colonists on the patches of Sargasso. But a more interesting Crustacean is the *Neptunus pelagicus*, or *Lupea pelagica*, so called from his splendid swimming capabilities, which render him, like Neptune, the master of the sea. I had been told of a large crab seen swimming by the ship in the open ocean, and shortly afterwards had its existence verified, by taking the above-named crab in a towing net in this region. This species swims with great ease and quickness, usually near the surface, and can rest not only upon the drifting seaweed, but even upon the top of the water, remaining suspended

motionless at pleasure. Its form is well adapted for speed, the carapace being remarkably flattened and extremely wide, terminating on either side in a long spine, and having its anterior margin strongly serrated. Its anterior legs are robust and armed with spines, and the chelæ, or claws, are furnished with long sharp pin-cers, of a singularly trenchant character. It is a very shark among crustacea, swift, certain, and deadly; graceful and tiger-like in its movements, never tiring, or needing the rest which most other swimming animals seem to require. Swimming to a patch of Sargasso, it would seem to prey upon its numerous inhabitants, and then swim to another, which in turn it depopulates—a very scourge of these floating colonies. The oceanic swimming crab has a wide range in warm seas, as might have been anticipated from its habits. It is common around India, Australia, and the Philippine Islands, and is a member of the family Portunidae.

Among the fishes found in the gulf-weed, the most interesting was a small species of *Antennarius*, one of the family of the Lophiadæ, fishes of the hard-finned order, generally distinguished by the bones of the carpus being elongated, and forming a kind of arm, which supports the pectoral fins. This little fish lived several days in a globe of water, always remaining among the weed with which it was supplied, and to which it clung tenaciously by its curious arm-like fins. Its movements, owing to this remarkable conformation, were very singular and grotesque, as it seemed to use its fins as though they were hands, and irresistibly gave one the impression of a greater amount of sharpness and acumen than is usually possessed by fishes. It was fed regularly with little bits of meat, which it watched with great circumspection, and would never be induced to leave its hold upon the weed and seize the food until all appearance of danger had been removed. It is very remarkable how animals which are supplied with any organ which assimilates them in ever so slight a degree to the human form or habit, acquire thereby a greater appearance of intelligence; and the fact of this faint resemblance between the pectorals of the *Antennarius* and the human hand, gave the fish an advantage over its finny brethren which was at once observable. The

exigencies of its structure demand a grotesque similarity of function, which is at once striking and interesting.

It is a circumstance well worthy of remark, that all the animals I found harboring in the Sargasso weed were of the same general tint as the weed itself, assimilating themselves so closely, indeed, in color, that it was often difficult, at once, to distinguish them. The gulf-weed is usually (as has been observed) of a rich lightish brown color, with certain parts, as the stems, of a darker brown. The most numerous animals, the Scyllæ, were also of a general light brown tint, and the crabs (*Planes linneana*), although prettily marked, were all a light brown, so that when they got into a mass of sea-weed, it was no easy matter to find them again. Various little shrimps were also of the same color, and the Antennarius, although exquisitely marked and mottled, blended in tint beautifully with the weed in which it resided. Even the *Neptunus pelagicus*, though usually described as grayish-green, with yellow spots, was here of a clouded reddish-brown tint, little differing from that of the Sargasso. The object of such assimilation one cannot imagine to be otherwise than protection—for although the enemy was equally protected, its prey received the benefit of concealment from it, as it did in its turn from larger enemies, to which it was doubtless amenable; while in its relation to the small creatures on which it fed, its size and activity would be sufficient to counterbalance any advantage they would lose from the concealing color of their enemy.

I met with a curious instance of prevailing tint also in the Indian Ocean, where the sea had an intensely deep blue color, of

which every animal captured partook. Not only were the Janthinas of their characteristic violet color, but there were small violet crabs; rich blue *Physalia* with violet threads; blue-tinted *Velellæ*; little violet shrimps; and beautiful crystalline Crustacea (*Phyllosoma*, *Squilla*, etc.) almost transparent, but all more or less tinged with violet. As it was impossible to see these animals in the sea from above, so, doubtless, their color must be a great concealment from their enemies, in an ocean where this color prevails.

There can be no doubt that the presence of the Sargasso Sea, by affording harbor and pasture for these animals, even the least of them, owing to their abundance, must have an important influence upon the Fauna of the Atlantic Ocean. For so inextricably are the fortunes and lives of races of animals bound up with one another in the struggle for existence, that this vast feeding-ground must offer great supplies of food to predaceous fish, which do not need the protection it affords. We are informed that the pilchards have left the Cornish bays, where they formerly abounded, on account of the sea-weed being cut from the rocks for manuring purposes,—thus destroying the small Crustacea which formed the intermediate feeders between the sea-weeds and the fish. And so we may imagine that in the event of any change in the elements of the Gulf Stream which should materially diminish or alter the position of the Sargasso Sea, the effects would be felt throughout the great fish population of the Atlantic, in widening circles, which would probably not leave unscathed the vast banks of cod and herring which so largely supply our markets with wholesome food.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ON FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.

WE believe that every one who reads at all, every one to whom books were anything in childhood—and it may be taken for granted that all readers in manhood were readers in childhood—every man who ever took up a book for his diversion, can look back to some particular book as an event in his inner history; can trace to it a start in thought, an impulse directing the mind in channels unknown before, but since familiar and part of his very being.

He perhaps wonders how the book, being such as it is, should have wrought such marvels, but of the fact he cannot doubt: he was different after reading it from what he was before; his mind was opened by it, his interests widened, his views extended, his sense of life quickened. And he will surely find that the book thus influential came to him by a sort of chance, through no act of authority or intention. He seemed to find it for himself: it was

a discovery. His teachers had surrounded him with books, whether of instruction or amusement, suited to his dawning faculties; but to these, however well adapted to their purpose, he can trace no conscious signal obligation. No doubt he owes much to them, but the methods and processes are lost. As far as his mind is stored and cultivated they have an important share in the work; but his memory is treacherous as to individual services. They are associated with the routine of duty, when the fancy is hard to enlist. Because they were suited there was nothing to startle.

Books are founders of families as well as men—not meaning the great books, the folios that overshadow the world of thought and teach ages and generations to write and think with a family likeness—the Aristotles, Augustines, Bacons, and so forth; but books of infinitely less weight, composed under certain conditions of fervor and vivacity. For we take it that no book gives the start we mean, let who will be the author, which was not composed in heat of spirit to satisfy a necessity for expression, and with vigor of execution.

It may be granted that of all reading novel-reading, as usually performed, is the slightest of intellectual exercises—one that may be discontinued with least perceptible loss to the understanding. As we view the enormous amount of novels issuing from the press, it can be said of few that any of the readers for whom they are expressly written are materially the better for them. A chat with a neighbor, or a nap, or a game at bezique, would fulfil every purpose they effect on the jaded, hackneyed attention. Any one of the three modes of passing an hour would leave as lasting an impression as the average serial manufactured for the monthly demand by even fairly skilful hands—that is, on the mind familiar with such productions. Yet to judge by the autobiography of genius, the novel plays a part second to none—we might almost say, the foremost part—in the awakening of its powers. It is a point on which memory and present observation are not only not agreed, but strangely and absolutely at odds. There is no comparison between the novel of recollection and the novel of to-day. We do not mean in literary merit, but in the sway and telling power

on the reader. Who can forget his first novel? the tale that entranced his childhood, introducing him to those supreme ideas of hero and heroine; opening a new world to him—not the nursery, school-room, play-ground world, but a veritable field of cloth-of-gold, of beauty, achievement, adventure, great deeds, success! He reads the story now, and wonders where its power lay—that is, unless his lucky star threw some masterpiece in his way, such as “Ivanhoe,” entrancing to childhood, and still delightful at every age. But this is a chance. The exquisite vision of life may have come in the shape of a classical story—the action is stilted to his mature taste, the language turgid. Or in a tale of chivalry, he can only laugh now at impossible feats of heroism. It may have been an historical romance, such as Thaddeus of Warsaw, which Thackeray harps upon: the whole thing strikes him as at once false and dull. It may have been a tale of passion, flimsy to his mature judgment, though the author’s heart was in it. His mind can scarcely, by an effort, revive even a faint echo of the old absorbing excitement; but not the less is he sensible of a lasting influence—a permanent impression following upon the first enchantment.

Who that has felt it but will class such hours among the marked ones of his life? What a passionate necessity to unravel the plot, to pursue the hero in his course; what a craving for the next volume, stronger than any bodily appetite; what exultation in success; what suspense when the crisis nears; what pity and tears in the tragic moments; what shame in these tears—the shame that attends all strong emotions—as they are detected by unsympathizing, quizzing observers: shame leading to indignant, protesting, pertinacious denials, haunting the conscience still, and deceiving no one! What a blank when the last leaf is turned, and all is over!

Who cannot contrast the weariness with which he now tosses the last novel aside, with the eager devices of his childhood to elude pursuit and discovery, to get out of earshot, or to turn a deaf ear, when the delightful book is in his grasp which is to usher him into another world? What ingenuity in hiding, behind hedges, in out-houses and garrets—nay, amongst the beams and rafters of the roof, to whi-

neither nurse nor governess, nor mamma herself, has ever penetrated. Even the appearance of the book devoured under these circumstances lives a vivid memory—torn page, thumb-marks, and all. But it is the way of such things to disappear when their mission is accomplished—to elude all search; though for some we would willingly give as much as ever book-hunter did for a rare pamphlet.

If it were possible, as has been more than once attempted, by a system of rigorous and vigilant exclusion, to confine an intelligent child's education within certain exactly defined limits—to impart what is called an admirable grounding in all exact knowledge, and at the same time to shut out every form of fiction from its mind—to allow it to receive no impressions through the fancy—to compel its powers of thought and perception into one prescribed direction,—to suffer it to read and hear nothing but fact, to imbibe nothing but what is called useful knowledge, to receive its history purified of all legend, its grammar without illustration, its arithmetic without supposed cases, its religion through direct precept only,—and to compare it with another child of equal age and powers, which had learnt nothing laboriously, nothing but through unrestricted observation and the free use of its senses—knowing nothing that lessons teach, reading, if it could read, only for amusement,—but familiar from infancy with legendary lore, fairy tales, and the floating romances of social life,—some interesting conclusions might be drawn. As the first case is an impossible one, we can only surmise which mind would be most developed, which would be possessed of the truest, because most clearly and largely apprehended knowledge. Either system is mischievous followed out to its full length: these victims of experiment or neglect would each be wanting, perhaps permanently, in supremely important elements of intellectual power; but there is no doubt what would be the voice of experience as to the extent of loss where the higher faculties are in question. All the men of genius who tell us anything of themselves give it—whether intentionally or not—in favor of feeding and exciting the imagination from the first dawn of thought, as a condition of quickening that faculty in time, and sustaining the human

race at a due elevation.* There are indeed dry men, who are satisfied with the restrictive system which made them what they are, by stopping some of the mind's outlets for good and all; while Fancy's child, on the contrary, is often painfully conscious of something missing, some strength needed to carry out the brain's conceptions: but satisfaction with an intellectual status is no warrant for its justice. The poet has both types in his thought when he pictures the model child, the growth of the system of his day, as

“A miracle of scientific lore.

Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
And tell you all their cunning; he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
He knows the policies of foreign lands;
Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of dew
Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he weighs;
All things are put to question; he must live
Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart;”

and contrasts the little prig with the child expatiating, all unconscious of self, in the free range of fiction and fairy-land. It is thus Wordsworth congratulates Coleridge on their mutual escape:—

“Oh! where had been the man? the poet
where?—

Where had we been, we two, beloved friend,
If in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales
Rich with indigenous produce, open ground
Of fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched, and
noosed,

Each in his several melancholy walk;
Stringed, like a poor man's heifer, at its feed,
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;
Or rather, like a stalled ox, debarred
From touch of growing grass, that may not taste
A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A prelibation to the mower's scythe?”

It is common, however, for men of genius to complain in their own case of a de-

* Bearing upon our subject is a well-considered lecture recently delivered and since published by Lord Neaves on “Fiction as a Means of Popular Teaching.” The line of thought leads him chiefly to dwell on the value of parable and fable as moral teachers for all time and every age. His numerous examples in prose and spirited verse are not only apt and varied, but show a familiar acquaintance with the literature, both European and Oriental, of the subject.

fective intermittent education in a tone which gives it for elaborate training; it is their grievance against their special belongings or against society generally. They assume their imagination a giant no chains could have bound; while exacter, more varied, and deeper knowledge would have added strength and power to their crowning faculty. We discover this querulous humility in men who have acquired distinction; to whom, therefore, the world allows the privilege of talking about themselves. They are aware of inequalities, and perhaps feel themselves pulled back by deficiencies which would not have disturbed them had their education been more regular and systematic at some early period when they were left to themselves, and allowed to follow their own devices. Under the desired circumstances their powers would have been more on a level. This is probable, but the level might be attained through the checked exuberance of their highest and most distinguishing faculty; a sacrifice they would be little prepared for, though the average of capability might be raised.

Mr. Galton, in his work on hereditary genius, asserts genius to be irrepressible. To us it seems, like all other kindling matter, to need a spark; and whatever is not inherent, but imparted, may be wanting. It may be wanting either through abject circumstances, or effectual repression in childhood, the period when the divine touch is given—given in some moment of careless leisure, through the medium of delight, using fancy for its ministrant. There is a critical moment in childhood when it is open to impressions with a keener apprehension than at any other period of existence. Scenes and images strike on the dawning mind, and elicit a flash of recognition, which later on in life, and taken in through gradual processes, would effect no such marvel. It is perhaps when the first glimpse of the possibilities of life falls on a just-awakening intelligence that the light is caught most readily, and tells most lastingly on the intellect. The idea must not only interest, it must be new—something hitherto undreamt of. A child's first apprehension of poetic fiction is a revelation,—fiction, that is, that either tells something absolutely new, like the heroic aspect of life—great deeds and wonderful adventures—or which gives an insight into the passions,

the stir, and excitement of manhood. Nothing written for children can produce this commotion in the whole nature; it must be something absolutely out of the sphere of experience, representing life in a new and wonderful aspect, of which before there was no conception, and which yet is recognized at once for truth. And, as we have said, it must be come upon by accident and at unawares. There is fiction, noble fiction, in all classical training; but men don't look back upon their lessons for the moment of illumination we speak of. Probably it has come before to them; for early childhood is the time when wonder, curiosity, expectation, susceptibility, and pleasure itself, are separate from personal consciousness. It is when a child is lost in a book or heroic tale, to the utter forgetfulness of self, that the germ springs into life. The poet is *made* as well as born. It is here that the making begins. Walter Scott had received his bent at three years old, long before he could read, when he shouted the ballad of Hardikanute to the annoyance of his aunt Janet's old bachelor visitors.

Children's tales of the moral sort, however well told, and however valuable for safe reading and innocent amusement, work no wonders of this kind. A child's story deliberately treats of matters with which the child is familiar; all the grown-up characters are drawn from his point of view. Miss Edgeworth wrote nothing better than *Simple Susan*, but it touches on no new ground. No one looks back upon it as a starting-point of thought. Still less influential in this direction are those that draw society; that bring boys and girls together, and make them talk and act upon one another as it is supposed that boys and girls do act. At best, a child learns appropriate lessons for its own conduct from them. Miss Sewell's valuable tales on the one hand, and *Tom Brown* on the other, open out no vision of life; they are not of the fiction that sows the seeds we mean, though they induce swarms of imitators amongst their older readers and admirers: no doubt, for one reason, that a child's criticism, its questioning satirical temper, is at once roused—the posture of mind least akin to inspiration. In the domestic tale there is a constant appeal to the probable. Here the child cannot but feel as a judge. It has quick sight to detect bombast and want of na-

ture, which might have passed current in unfamiliar scenes, and enacted by men and women. And because verse is more out of the range of a child's critical judgment than prose, and a tale sung is lifted into a higher region than a tale said, we find romance in harmonious numbers take the first place as instigator and stimulant to the latent spark of genius. How much of our poetry, for instance, owes its start to Spenser! when the "Fairy Queen" was a household book, and lay on the parlor window-seat! Before the drawing-room table had a literary existence, the window-seat fulfilled its function as the home for the light literature of the day. The parlor window was the form of popularity Montaigne affected to despise and dread for his essays, as placing him within everybody's reach—not of critics only. Clearly the window-seat was better adapted for the explorations of childhood than its modern substitute, as being easily climbed into, more snug and retired, a miniature study, in fact, presenting a hiding-place from curious observers behind the curtain; and the window itself, a ready resource for wandering eyes, when the labor of reading, of attention, even of excitement demanded a pause. "In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,'" writes Johnson of Cowley, "in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents," he goes on to say, "which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius." With his self-chosen studies Cowley acquired that disinclination for the asperities of a formal education which mature genius so often laments, "and he became such an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules of grammar." Pope says, "I read the 'Fairy Queen' with infinite delight at twelve." Dryden calls Milton the poetical son of Spenser; and all recent biography gives to Spenser the same pre-eminence as a prompter of the nation's genius. And this not only because the flow of his verse and his charm of narrative naturally attract children, but that the brilliancy and the strangeness and the utter difference be-

tween life as he draws it, and life as the child knows it, especially qualifies it for the work. The "Fairy Queen" does not so much suggest imitation as other poems do of equal power, but it awakes a faculty. The poets adduced never followed their first teacher; they caught nothing from him but the impulse—the flash. Another remarkable and eventful impulse of the same nature, and for the same reason, was the publication of the "Arabian Nights," awaking power without giving its direction. To this Wordsworth testifies:—

"Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are ours,
And *they must* have their food
In that dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognize, expect,
And in the long probation that ensues
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconciliation with our stinted powers.
. . . . Oh! then we feel, we feel,
We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers
then,
Forgers of daring tales! We bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you; *then* we feel
With what and how great might ye are in league,
Who make our wish, our power, our thought a
deed,
An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,
Space like a heaven filled up with northern lights
Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once!"

and Dr. Newman, in his recollections of early childhood, writes: "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

Dryden gives it as his opinion that "it is the genius of our countrymen to improve upon an invention rather than to invent themselves;" and though he is speaking of the obligations of our earlier English poets to Italian sources, rather than of the mission of Oriental fancy to help Western imagination to the use of its wings, yet his argument takes that direction, and shows the necessity of a first impulse from without in opposition to the irrepressible theory lately put forth. No doubt a work of far less decided force of invention falling on a kindred fancy effects the same purpose. We have

always regarded the "Autobiography of David Copperfield" as in some points imaging Charles Dickens's own early experiences. When his hero amuses Steerforth at school with repetitions of his early novel-readings, we doubt not they were the tales that had impressed the author's own childhood, and given the bent to his genius. When little Copperfield pays his first visit to Mr. Micawber in the Marshalsea, and recalls on his way Roderick Random's consignment to that dreary prison, and there encountering a debtor whose only covering was a blanket, it was probably the recollection of a similar vivid startling impression on his own feelings which made the humors of prison-life at all times a congenial subject for his pen.

Curiously illustrating this view is Cobbett's history of what he calls the birth of his intellect. Cobbett's was certainly an irrepressible character; but the intellect which gave such weight and impetus to it needed an awakening which, except for an accident, might not have happened in childhood—the age essential for its full development. And unless Swift had chosen to express himself through the medium of fiction (so to call it), his mind, however congenial with Cobbett's, would never have come in contact with it at the impressive period, and probably never at all. It is one of the main gifts of influence to know the right means to an end, and Swift knew invention to be his means, saying, "In my disposal of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys."

"At eleven years of age" (Cobbett writes), "my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave me such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no other clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two penny-worth of bread and cheese, and a penny-worth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny that I had

lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and my red gaiters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, 'The Tale of a Tub, price threepence.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence, but then I could not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had ever read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer I put my little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awaked me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. . . . I carried it about with me wherever I went, and when I—at about twenty years old—lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds."

Who can tell how much Cobbett's admirable style, so remarkable in a self-educated man, turned upon an early acquaintance with such a model? The choice and collocation of words owe much to early preference, and the rhythm which first charms the ear.

The child's first visit to the theatre plays a telling part in the memory of genius. Our readers will recall Charles Lamb's vivid recollections of his first play, "Artaxerxes," seen at six years old, when the green curtain veiled heaven to his imagination—when, incapable of the anticipation, he reposed his shut eyes in the maternal lap—when at length all feeling was absorbed in vision. "I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all, was nourished I could not tell how." And Walter Scott, at four, shouting his protest, "But ain't they brothers?" as Orlando and Oliver fought upon the Bath stage. Goethe's childhood recollections are all of the theatre and living actors and puppets, his earliest and lasting inspiration. But the excitement of the scene commonly

makes a child too conscious of the present, and of his own part in it, for the magic of new impressions to work undisturbed. A clever child is stimulated to immediate imitation of what it sees. The sight of the actors, the gaudy accessories, the artificial tones, lower the level. The noblest language, the most impressive scenes, don't work on the mind as they do pictured by the busy absorbed fancy. No child reading "Macbeth" or the "Midsummer Night's Dream" could conceive the idea of composing a play; but, taken to the theatre, play-writing proposes itself as an obvious amusement. "It is the easiest thing in the world," said Southey, at eight years old an *habitué*, to write a play." "Is it, my dear?" said the lady he addressed. "Yes," he answered; "for you know you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it:" a notion very current with children, who expect the words to come with the situation, but unpromising for future success. We find always a period of gestation between the first prompting and great achievement.

The most striking conjunction of favorable circumstances for intellectual education is seen where severe study imparts the strength essential to the forcible development of ideas, and gives vigor to the mind's conceptions, yet leaves leisure and opportunity in the season of "unperilous choice" for the due working and entertainment of happy accidents; infusing new images through the medium of pleasure, the more delightful from an experience of task-work and labor imposed. The intellect labors still, but it rejoices even in a strain to full tension, exacted neither by duty nor teacher's will, but by curiosity catching a glimpse of what life may be, and what the world offers, to its choicer spirits. Where to these is added the excitement of stirring times, and the clash and conflict of great interests, we recognize the circumstances under which Milton's genius developed itself, and later on the school of our Lake poets. Sometimes great political events are sufficient of themselves to give the stimulus to childhood, providing they are viewed from a sufficient distance, and are absolutely removed from personal participation. In times of great wars, great tragedies, great discoveries, vast social changes, indelible

impressions are made on the minds of children, who hear of them as they hear a fairy tale, or the things that happened once upon a time. We see such an influence telling on the little Brontë children, in their remote seclusion, who lived in a permanent excitement about the Duke of Wellington, and used to invent stories, of which the Marquess of Douro was the hero. But infancy rarely gets the proper ring of these public stimulants. In wealthy well-regulated households the children are in the nursery when telegrams bring their startling news, and the paper at the breakfast-table tells of the hero falling in battle, of great cities besieged, of new lands discovered, the earth's treasures brought to light, kings dethroned, emperors taken captive, and a nation's joy suddenly turned to mourning. Therefore, still to prefigure the turns and shocks of fate—the deeper emotions of manhood—and to prepare heart and soul for their keen reception and eloquent portrayal, must infancy be fed on fictitious wonders, joys, and sorrows, and so learn the difference between life as the mass use and treat it, and life in its nobleness, its fascinations, its capabilities; thus providing it with a pictured experience and standard of comparison.

As the world goes, however, it is not only that the child is out of sight of excitements, but that the excitements of common life are small and piecemeal; intolerable to eager expectation, if this be really all. Life is rarely seen in picturesque circumstances; where it is, doubtless it makes a deep impression. Any disinterested emotion from public events leaves an indelible mark on the memory of childhood. To find mamma crying "because they have cut the Queen of France's head off," was an intellectual stimulus of the noblest sort for little girls fourscore years ago, but one which does not often come in the way of little girls. We old folks cannot regret the humdrum exterior of our insular existence (if in the painful—we trust it may also be passing—excitement of fierce war between neighbor nations we may use the expression), knowing that emotion means discomfort and worse. We are content that the infant should establish it as an axiom that grown-up people do not cry, nor allow themselves in any turbid irregularities. It is well that joys and griefs should hide

their disorder from young eyes troublesomely inquisitive in such matters, and treasuring up in memory every abnormal display of passion as something rare and startling—if seen, that is, under dignified or elevating circumstances, for the excesses of ill-temper are not what we mean. Not the less is it part of a really liberal education to know of such things with realizing power; one, we assert, which fiction can alone adequately perform. History tells of great sorrows and great successes, but it is only poetry and fancy that can make them felt. It was the old woman's stories, listened to by Burns—she who had the largest, wildest collection in the whole country, of tales and songs about witches, apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, and dragons—that enlarged his imagination for the reception of heroic fact, and made reading the lives of Hannibal and William Wallace such an epoch. History of itself, eagerly apprehended in childhood, ministers to personal ambition; and premature ambition does not, we think, lead to the fulfilment of its hopes. The boy who devours Ptolemy's lives of great men hopes to rival them. Fiction proper induces dreams, it may be, of personal aggrandizement, but it more naturally sets the child upon weaving tales of his own, in which self is forgotten.

But if works of fancy perform such wonders on the masculine mind—if to it men of genius trace their first consciousness of thought, the beginning of their present selves—much more is this the case with women. If women, learning fact in a slipshod, inaccurate, unattractive way, are at the same time cut off from fiction, as by some strict, scrupulous teachers they are, where is the wonder if their interests and intellect alike stand at a low level? Miss Thackeray's sleeping beauty, before the awakener comes, personates with little exaggeration the mental famine in which some girls grow up to meagre womanhood, learning dull lessons, practising stock-pieces, hearing only drowsy family talk of "hurdles and pump-handles," and adding their quota to the barren discourse, like Cecilia in the story, with, "Mamma, we saw ever so many slugs in the laurel walk—didn't we, Maria? I think there are a great many slugs in our place."

There are many women desultory, restless, incorrigible interrupters, incapable of

amusing themselves or of being amused by the same thing for five minutes together, who would have been pleasanter and so far better members of society if once in their girlhood they had read a good novel with rapt attention—one of Walter Scott's or Miss Austen's, or, not invidiously to select among modern great names, if the Fates had thrown it in their way, Sir Charles Grandison—entering into the characters, realizing the descriptions, following the dialogue, appreciating the humor, and enchained by the plot. If they had once been interested in a book, their attention once concentrated out of themselves, the relaxed unsteady faculties must have been nerved and tightened by the tonic, not for the time only, but with lasting results.

Very few girls have the chance of thorough good training; nor do we find that women of acknowledged genius have been exceptionally fortunate in this respect. But we find more distinctly in them even than in men the recognition of fiction as the awakening touch, and this often allied with acting, and through the drama. Mrs. Thrale was a pet of Quin's, and taught by him to declaim. At six years old she followed his acting of Cato with absorbed attention. It was one of Garrick's offices to stimulate female genius. He helped to make Hannah More. It is curious in this relation to observe, towards the end of the last century, the success, intellectually speaking, of a girl's school at Reading, conducted by a French emigrant and his wife. Dr. Valpy, indeed, was their friend, and his influence in direct teaching might tell for much, but acting was part of its system. We are not commending this excitement for girls, but merely noting for our argument's sake that three distinguished women, whose names are still household words among us, were pupils at this school—Miss Mitford, Mrs. Sherwood, and Jane Austen. Any reader acquainted with Miss Mitford's works will recall a very bright account, in her most glowing effusive vein, of a school-play, and of the girls who acted it. On Mrs. Sherwood, her much-enjoyed residence at this school, and share in its excitements, made as deep an impression; though she dwells on her school-days avowedly to lament the want of religious training—a deficiency, under the circumstances, not to be wondered at. As for Jane Austen, she went to this same school

at Reading when too young to profit much by the instruction imparted there, because she would not be parted from her elder sister Cassandra; but deep impressions may be given and thought awakened before lessons of much consequence are learnt. Here the taste for private theatricals was probably acquired which suggested such admirable scenes in Mansfield Park.

But at this date, when education proper was not thought of for girls, the drama had everywhere an educational part to play. Madame de Genlis, as a child of five, enacted Love with such grace, and looked so charming in fitting costume—pink silk, blue wings, quiver, bow, and all—that her mother had several suits of it made for week-day and Sunday, only taking off the wings when she went to mass. At about the same age she read Clelie, Mdlle. de Scudery's wonderful romance of ten volumes, with its map of the kingdom of tenderness; caught the infection before she could write, and dictated novels in her turn. These novels of Mdlle. de Scudery, prolix to the utmost point of unreadableness, were supreme influences in their own day. The offspring of a genuine enthusiasm in their author, the fact that they took time, and protracted the *dénouement* beyond the capacity of modern patience, did not prevent the youth of her day devouring them with an enthusiasm as ardent, and they were fit instruments for the purpose we indicate. Both for knowledge of character, in however quaint disguise, and power of description, they bear favorable comparison with many a popular novel of our day, while in elevation of sentiment they stand on a higher level altogether than our own sensational literature. We find the same combination of acting and novel-reading in the childhood of Madame de Staël, though she came into the world when education had been started as the favorite theme of the philosophers, and women took it up as the panacea with more than manly faith. Fancy was then in disgrace. Madame Necker objected to novels—her daughter must receive a severe classical training; and Madame de Genlis, who felt teaching her specialty, and in her capacity of educationist would have quenched the Fairy Tale once for all, longed to take the clever girl in hand “to make a really accomplished woman of her.” But the drama and the novel

were not the less a necessity and passion for the child of genius who cut out paper kings and queens, and gave them each their heroic or passionate part, and undutifully smuggled Clarissa under her lesson-books, declaring years after that Clarissa's elopement was one of the great events of her youth. But novels read in childhood, whether by Scudery or Richardson, imparted little of their own tone; this was all caught from society and the family, from the living voice of the practical view of things taken by the world around. Their influence might thus seem to be rather intellectual than moral, though we would not presume on this notion so far as to suffer a child knowingly to read what offends propriety or right feeling.

The child, awaking to its powers, begins to be the same self it will be to the end, occupied in the same speculations, open to the same interests. With relation to society it knows itself a child; but in its inmost consciousness, from early boyhood to old age, it knows no change. To this innermost consciousness the class of children's books proper, with their juvenile feats and trials and lessons, ministers nothing. They are too easy to understand—they keep the mind where it is, instead of stretching it out of itself. They have indeed a most valuable purpose; where they are to be had they are practically essential for the average run of children. Yet genius did, in fact, very well without them. As Walter Scott says, in recalling his first acquaintance at seven with Hotspur, Falstaff, and others of Shakespeare's characters,—“Children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind from hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend. It is a mistake to write down to children's understanding. Set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out.”

It is a very natural prejudice, if only a prejudice, to assume that the nature of the fiction that influenced the first thought of ourselves and our ancestors is better suited to the work than what characterizes our own age; but we believe there is reason in the view. The more invention is pure and direct, the less it is mixed with analysis and elaborate psychological speculation, the less it inquires into causes, or stops a plain tale at every turn to tell the reason why, the more congenial it is to a fresh and hungry curiosity. The struc-

ture of all the poetry and fiction recorded to have wrought marvels upon infantile brains is simple, and may be fully apprehended; while the high and deep thought beneath bides its time, and grows with the growth. Spenser, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and much of Wordsworth, are all adapted to every stage of thinking humanity. The boast of our own age is the reverse of simplicity. Men not only do things, but the reader has to get to the bottom of why they do them. All the science of instinct is investigated to account for each action. The reverences of that "wonderful poem" and nine times told tale, "The Ring and the Book," think it small reproach that no child could read it—that he would probably feel repulsion towards it rather than attraction; but the poetry that repels childhood wants one main-stay of fame and continuance. The sensational novel is as little adapted to a child's taste, with its stock corps of knaves, dupes, villains, and favorites of fortune. He may run through it for the incident, but it can make no footing in the memory. The superior claims on sympathy of vice over virtue is an acquired idea. As an educator it is nowhere, for it damages the intellect as much as the moral nature to be early entangled in the quandaries of crime and a polluted conscience; to view them with the feelings rather of a participant and condoner than a judge. As for the drama, no plays now answer so well as the detestable burlesque—a wallowing in the mire—which no child could relish, after it understood the end and aim, without permanent moral and intellectual degradation.

The motives now for exercising invention are of a more plodding commonplace order than they were of old, when praise rather than solid pudding was the inducement to the pains of composition. The knack of writing novels with ease, and putting together creditably imaginary talk, incident, and description, is an acquirement of our time. It is astonishing how many people can do it well who would not have dreamed of putting pen to paper a hundred years ago. Then it was considered necessary to have a story to tell as a preliminary—the novelist's capital, so to say. It is clear that this is quite a secondary condition in much modern novel-writing. Start your characters, and the story is expected to evolve itself. There must be plot and story, in the true sense of the words, to engage and hold a child's attention. But Nature is not lavish of this crowning effort of invention, so that the quantity of our so-called fiction tells nothing for the extent of its influence; while the direction it takes, either as being didactic, and obtruding a moral or philosophic purpose, or as ministering to a base rather than an aspiring curiosity, or as surveying things with a nicety and minuteness of investigation alien to the spirit of childhood, seems still to throw us back upon the old models—the few typical achievements of genius—as the natural chosen nurses and cultivators of the higher faculties,—models which probably owe their form and excellence to some remote originator; for as there is nothing so rare as invention in its strictest sense and highest walk, it follows that of inventors proper, whether in verse or prose, there must be fewer than of any other class the world owns.

The Quarterly Review.

EARL STANHOPE'S REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE political and parliamentary history of the period, with its bearings on the military and constitutional history, is accurately sketched and curiously illustrated by Lord Stanhope. In reference to the events of November, 1710, he writes:—

"Thus fell the great Whig administration of Queen Anne. Considering its high fame in history, it is remarkable for how short a period it endured. The changes in Godolphin's government bringing it round from

Tory to Whig took place, as we have seen, by slow degrees; but the latter party can scarcely be thought to have gained an entire ascendancy until the resignation of Harley, in the spring of 1708. According then to this computation, the Whigs were dominant for a period of but two years and a half. So far as regards the great battles of this war, the two parties, looking only to their tenure of power, are entitled to divide the credit between them. The Tories held office during Blenheim and Ramillies; the Whigs held office during Oudenarde

and Malplaquet. But as regards the policy which led to these successes the praise, as I conceive, belongs almost wholly to the Whigs. It was that war-policy aimed at the ambition of Louis XIV. which King William had pursued with more spirit than success—that policy which Somers and Somers' friends had consistently maintained—that policy brought at last to a triumphant issue by the genius of Marlborough and Eugene."

Whatever weakened the power of Louis, lessened the chances of the exiled family and proportionally dispirited their adherents and well-wishers. The successes of Marlborough were therefore received by the Jacobite Tories of his day much as, towards the commencement of the Peninsular war, the successes of Wellington were received by the Whigs. To understand the contest of parties, it should be remembered that governments were then frequently composed of the most heterogeneous materials; that Whigs and Tories were constantly found sitting in the same cabinet; that the Prime Minister's power was limited, and that he was not expected to resign simply because he was outvoted or overruled. It was usual for the sovereign to attend the debates in the House of Lords, to preside at meetings of the Cabinet, and to bestow or refuse offices from motives of personal preference or dislike. The Queen, therefore, easily held the balance of parties, except when public opinion was exceptionally aroused; and the narrowness of her understanding placed her completely under the control of favorites. She had always a natural hankering for her nearest relatives—the Stuarts; but so long as her dear Freeman (the Duchess of Marlborough) remained her closet companion, the Tories were obliged to rest content with a divided empire; it was only when Abigail Hill, Lady Masham, gained the ascendant, that the Whigs and their policy finally and conclusively kicked the beam. The ministerial crisis in 1708 may be taken as a specimen. Godolphin (the Lord-Treasurer) and Marlborough had resolved to get rid of Harley, and had intimated their wishes to the Queen, who, set on by her Abigail, was bent on retaining him. A Cabinet had been summoned for the 8th February:—

"That same morning Godolphin and Marlborough waited on the Queen, to state that Harley still continuing in office they could

not attend the Cabinet nor take any further part as Her Majesty's Ministers. Anne allowed them to depart and went to the Cabinet as usual. There Harley produced his papers as Secretary of State and began to open the business of his department. But around him he saw grim faces and he heard half-muttered complaints. As he paused the Duke of Somerset rose and said, 'I do not see how we can deliberate to any purpose when neither the General nor the Treasurer are present.' This observation he repeated twice, and with some vehemence, while the other Ministers expressed their agreement by their looks. The Queen remained silent but presently withdrew, leaving the business of the day undone."

The matter remained undecided till the 11th, when, Harley having in good earnest pressed the Queen to accept his resignation, she, "with much hesitation and still more reluctance," complied. St. John and Harcourt retired with him, and the brief reign of the Whigs, fixed by Lord Stanhope at two years and a half, began. Pausing at the meeting of Parliament, on the 15th November, 1709, he says:—

"Parties seemed at rest and the dominion of the Whigs might be thought securely established. They had struck down the Tories. They had overpowered the Queen. They had dictated their own terms to the Treasurer and the General-in-Chief. They had conquered the last remaining stronghold in the administration by the appointment of Lord Orford and his Admiralty Board. Yet so strange are the vicissitudes of Fortune that in almost the very same month in which the Gazette announced this final conquest, this new Admiralty Board, they took a resolution upon another subject which at no long interval produced the eclipse of their party and the downfall of their power."

This resolution was one to give Sacheverel, a foolish Doctor of Divinity, who had preached a foolish sermon in support of divine right and passive obedience, the coveted notoriety of an impeachment by the House of Commons and a trial by the House of Lords. These proceedings set the whole kingdom in a flame. The cries of "Church and State," and "The Church in Danger," became the popular cries; the Whig ministry went down before the storm, and in the ensuing election a decided majority declared for the Tory ministry by which they had been replaced. It was in the height of this contest, before the popular verdict had been pronounced,

that the men of letters joined heart and hand with the politicians. "Talents," says Lord Macaulay, "such as had seldom before been displayed in political controversy, were enlisted in the service of the hostile parties. On one side was Steele, gay, lively, drunk with animal spirits and with factious animosity, and Addison, with his polished satire, his inexhaustible fertility of fancy, and his graceful simplicity of style. In the front of the opposite ranks appeared a fiercer spirit, the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind richly stored with images from the dung-hill and the lazar-house."

This is a characteristic passage. Swift is painted in these repulsive characters, without one qualifying phrase of admiration or regret, because he took part against the gods of Lord Macaulay's idolatry, the Whigs. With regard to the "apostate politician," with whom alone we have to deal in this place, his apostasy mainly consisted in changing one set of friends or companions for another. On the great question of the hour—the Church and State question—he agreed with the Tories; and on his first arrival in London (September, 1710), before he had seen Harley or St. John, he refused to pledge Lord Halifax, who proposed as a toast "The Resurrection of the Whigs," unless he would add "and their Reformation." No doubt the branch of their conduct and policy which most needed reformation in his eyes was their treatment of himself. He had been inconsiderately neglected, and the temptation to make them feel the full value of what they had thrown away, to taste, in short, the sweetest description of revenge, was irresistible, when his pride could be simultaneously gratified with his vindictiveness. It is strange that, whilst accumulating opprobrious epithets to stigmatize him, Lord Macaulay makes no mention of the Dean's weakness, little removed from vulgar vanity, in affecting an overdone and unbecoming familiarity with the great. The sole payment he would at first accept for his services was social intimacy with the party leaders, in which he could indulge any passing whim or fancy without restraint; and they humored him to the top of his bent. Within a month after his arrival he sets down in the "Journal

to Stella," "I stand with the new people better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed." He complacently records how he sent the Lord Treasurer (Harley) into the House of Commons to call out the Secretary of State (St. John) only to let him know that he (Swift) would not dine with him if he dined late. There was more sense and equal freedom in his remark when St. John showed him the bill of fare: "Pooh, pooh, show me your bill of company."

His talent for popular poetry was first laid under contribution; and "Sid Hamet's Rod" (a satire on Godolphin) was followed up by a variety of lampoons in prose and verse, which produced a marked effect on the public mind. But his aid was most needed and most effectively bestowed in the conduct of the "Examiner," a weekly organ of the new ministry, to which Prior, Freind, King, and St. John himself were contributors. It was in the fourteenth week of its existence that Swift undertook the editorship, which he retained for a space of seven months (from 10th November, 1710, to 14th June, 1711), during which time, says Scott, "in the language of Homer, he bore the battle upon his single shield, and, by the vigor of his attack and dexterity of his defence, inspired his own party with courage, and terrified or discomfited those champions who stepped from the enemy's ranks for the purpose of assailing him." It is a mistake, however, into which Dr. Johnson, and apparently Lord Macaulay, fell, to suppose that Swift ever came into personal conflict with Addison. The Whig "Examiner," to which Addison was a contributor, ceased three weeks before Swift entered the field of journalism; and Addison took no part in the "Medley," which then became the organ of the Whigs.

It was during the fiercest war of faction, and for a political purpose, that "Cato" was brought upon the stage. Four acts had long been finished, when, as ironically observed by Johnson, "those who affected to think liberty in danger affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design." Although the house was carefully packed, the author came to the ordeal with hesitation

and trepidation. "The danger was soon over. The whole nation was on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which Liberty was mentioned as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt. The story of Bolingbroke is well known. He called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of Liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The Whigs, said Pope, design a second present when they can accompany it with as good a sentence."

The distinctive essential policy of Harley and St. John's administration was a peace-at-any-price policy. The prolongation of the war was not simply opposed to their Tory principles and Jacobite tendencies; it involved the continuance of Marlborough in a position, as commander-in-chief, which, favored by circumstances, might enable him at any moment to regain or restore the lost influence of the Whigs. Negotiations, therefore, were secretly set on foot, and the pen of Swift was employed to pave the way for what were likely to prove unpopular concessions to France, by expatiating on the sacrifices incurred by England and the ungrateful return she got for them from her allies. This was the burden of his "Conduct of the Allies," which sold with unprecedented rapidity, and produced a corresponding effect. The Duke saw his danger, and hurried home to make, if possible, his own and his wife's peace with the Queen, or come to some sort of compromise with the ministry. The Duchess had tried what could be done by bullying, and it was now his turn to try whether prostration and humiliation would serve their ends. The Queen had peremptorily required the surrender of the Gold Key, which the Duchess held as Mistress of the Robes. In an audience obtained with difficulty, the Duke actually threw himself upon his knees to pray that her Majesty would relent; and the only answer he got was that she would have the Gold Key, and *that* within two days; adding, when he broached a personal grievance, "I will talk of no other business till I have the Key." On his informing his exemplary helpmate, whose temper had got him into the scrape, that the Queen insisted on the Key, she tore it with a violent action from her side and threw it into the middle of the room, bid-

ding him take it up and carry it to whom he pleased.

She was dismissed from all her offices, but the Duke retained his, and commanded in another campaign, which, although not marked by any memorable action, caused no diminution of his fame. It was not until he was no longer wanted, and the preliminaries of peace were under discussion, that the crowning and long-meditated affront was put upon him, mainly through Harley. On the 31st December, 1711, the Queen appeared at the Council, and ordered an entry to the effect that he was dismissed from all his employments in order that a dishonoring charge brought against him might have an impartial examination! The same Gazette which made known this entry announced the creation of the twelve peers, of whom Lord Wharton, on their first joining in a division, inquired whether they were to vote singly or by their foreman. Samuel Masham, the husband of the favorite, was one. He was ennobled contrary to the royal wish. "I never," said the Queen, "had any design to make a great lady of her, and I should lose a useful servant about my person, for it would give offence to have a peeress lie upon the floor and do several other inferior offices." Her Majesty consented, on condition that the new peeress should remain her dresser. Yet this woman overthrew Marlborough, Somers, and Godolphin, and set up Harley and St. John. When, again, Harley and St. John quarrelled, it was she who cast the balance, and gave St. John his short-lived triumph. "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday, the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!" wrote Bolingbroke to Swift. The Queen died on the 1st August, 1714; and, as if by the waving of a magician's wand, the whole state of public affairs was suddenly reversed.

The best illustration of Paley's famous pigeon theory is the English monarchy under Queen Anne. All that was valuable in Church or State hung for thirteen years on the bodily and mental state of a dull, corpulent woman, worn out with child-bearing, fond of flattery, crammed with prejudices, who (as Swift said) had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time, and (he might have added) invariably chose that one object

ill. In May, 1714, he wrote to Lord Peterborough: "The Queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts us all in alarm, and when it is over, we act as if she were immortal." Immediately on her death, Atterbury proposed to Bolingbroke to proclaim James at Charing Cross, offering to head the procession in his lawn sleeves, and when Bolingbroke shrank from so desperate an enterprise, the Bishop is reported to have exclaimed, with an oath: "There is the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit." The cause was lost when (the day before the Queen's death) the Dukes of Argyll and Somerset forced their way into the Council Chamber and wrested the executive government out of Bolingbroke's grasp.

The chapter in which Lord Stanhope puts fort hall his strength is the concluding one, entitled "The Age of Anne;" and he here deals with topics on which no man is better qualified to speak with information and authority:—

"Certainly it was an illustrious period, a period not easily paralleled elsewhere, that could combine the victories of Marlborough with the researches of Newton—the statesmanship of Somers with the knight-errantry of Peterborough—the publication of Clarendon's History with the composition of Burnet's—the eloquence of Bolingbroke in Parliament and of Atterbury in the pulpit, with the writings in prose and verse of Swift and Addison, of Pope and Prior."

The researches of Newton, the statesmanship of Somers, the writings in prose and verse of Swift, Pope, and Prior, cannot be wholly appropriated for this period. But what can be exclusively claimed for it are the essayists—the "Tatler," the "Spectator," and the "Guardian"—the influence of which on taste and style in English literature was eminently beneficial, although we cannot agree with Lord Stanhope that all the modern improvements in prose fiction can be traced to them:—

"But the Spectator has yet another claim of merit. In the very short but light and graceful stories, or the vivid sketches of character which it comprises, lies perhaps the germ of the modern novel. There was scarce any work deserving of that name in its higher sense when Queen Anne commenced her reign. There was scarce anything beyond licentious tales like those of

Mrs. Behn, or interminable romances, describing in fact the manners of Versailles, though in name the manners of Persia and Babylon, as above all in the Grand Cyrus translated from the French of Mademoiselle de Scudery. It was reserved for Addison especially to show the English people how prose-fictions may be made most interesting without any admixture of loose scenes, or being drawn out in all the pomp of Eastern story. Not that the existing defects were at once removed. We find them still subsist, though greatly mitigated, in the next ensuing age. We find ample traces of the former English grossness in "Roderick Random" and "Tom Jones." We find as ample traces of the former French LONGUEURS in the six volumes of "Sir Charles Grandison" and the seven of "Clarissa Harlowe." But *passing by these instances* and looking to the English novel-writers of the present century, we may perhaps acknowledge that Addison and others in Queen Anne's reign laid the slight foundation on which so vast a superstructure has been raised."

Light and graceful stories existed in almost every European literature long prior to the "Spectator." If Lord Stanhope objects to Boccaccio or the "Contes de la Reine Marguerite," what does he say to the stories interspersed by Cervantes and Le Sage in their masterpieces, which again must have had a good deal to do with the progress of prose fiction? * We cannot consent to pass by instances which are almost decisive of the argument. If Addison confessedly produced no effect on Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, it is difficult to believe that we are indebted to him for Miss Austen or Miss Burney—for the author of "Waverley" or the au-

* Speaking of "Le Diable Boiteux," published in 1707, Scott says: "To relieve the reader from uniformity, Le Sage has introduced several narratives in the Spanish taste, such as the 'History of the Count de Bellor,' and the novel called the 'Force of Friendship.' Cervantes had set the example of varying a long narrative, by the introduction of such novels or *historiettes*."—*Life of Le Sage*. Addison was rather a copyist than an originator in this respect. This theory of the origin of the modern novel may have been suggested by Lord Macaulay in his essay on Addison: "We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists." This questionable conclusion is based, not on the scattered stories, but on the character of the essays as a whole, "and a whole which has the interest of a novel."

thor of "Eugene Aram"—for "Pickwick," "Vanity Fair," "Jane Eyre," or "Adam Bede." The tone of the novel of manners depends on the degree of refinement prevalent at the time: the grossness in "Roderick Random" and "Tom Jones" was faithfully imitated from contemporary conversation; country squires talked like Squire Western; and what Lord Stanhope attributes to the "Spectator" is really owing to the general amelioration of society. The conclusive answer to his ingenious theory is the fact that people went on talking and writing grossly and tediously for nearly a hundred years after Addison's model fictions were before the world; and it might be quite as plausibly argued that the comparative propriety of the modern stage is owing to papers in the "Spectator," or to the chastisement inflicted on Dryden and Congreve by Jeremy Collier in 1698.

Laying aside or forgetting for the moment his own hereditary honors—

"Avos et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco—"

Lord Stanhope pauses with honorable pride to note "how frequent was the intercourse and how familiar the friendship in those days between the leaders of political parties and the men in the front rank of intellectual eminence. Since Queen Anne there has not been found in England the same amount of intimacy between them, *or anything like the same amount.*" A little reflection may induce him to qualify this remark. The mass of journalists and authors in Queen Anne's time had no more intimacy with the leaders of political parties than the corresponding class has now. The founders of the "Edinburgh Review," when merely known as writers, were received on a perfect footing of equality at Holland House, Devonshire House, and Lansdowne House. Sydney Smith was as familiar with Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Russell, as Swift with Harley and St. John. Who could be more intimate with party leaders than Scott? Should it be objected, when we instance Lord Macaulay, that his social *status* was owing to his parliamentary or official rank, the same may be said of Addison, who sate for many years in the House of Commons and became Secretary of State in 1717. Lord Stanhope himself

is intimately acquainted with authors and journalists who would be somewhat surprised to learn that their familiar intercourse with political leaders is dashed by the smallest consciousness of social superiority on the one side or social inferiority on the other.

Lord Macaulay (in his Essay on Addison) accounts for the position of literary men under Queen Anne—especially for the rise of Addison, after his utter failure as a speaker, to be successively Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary of State—by the circumstance that, prior to the publication of the parliamentary debates, it was only by means of the press that the public without doors could be influenced. "A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the shorthand writer, has, to a great extent, superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Queen Anne." Nor was it so in the reigns of George I. and George II., nor in the first decade of the reign of George III.; but although, whilst this state of things lasted, political writers may have been proportionally more influential and important, they were far from being received on the same footing as Swift and Addison by their contemporaries. There were full three generations of literary men subsequently to Queen Anne, whose standing in society proves Lord Macaulay's solution of the problem to be incomplete. "Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of thirty thousand a year, edited the "Craftsman." Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets, and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties." Granted; but what was the position of the literary men employed on either side? Which of them held high office? Which of them was the constant guest and companion of the great? *

* "To the virtues of Sir Robert Walpole I feel regret in not being able to add that he was the patron of letters and the friend of science. But he unquestionably does not deserve that honorable

For a man of large experience and wide range of thought, wonderfully free from prejudice and illiberality, Lord Stanhope is unaccountably prone to depreciate the present and elevate the past. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. He fixes his gaze on the sunlit summit of a mountain, and makes no account of the cracks on the surface or the tangled brakes and morasses at the base. He insists that the age of Anne was not only the brilliant age—the literary age, the age of arts and arms—but the moral age, the contented age, the happy or true golden age, when the tenth Commandment was equally respected with the seventh—when no man coveted another man's wife, or envied another man's position—when every man was content to dwell under his vine and his fig-tree, or, in default of a vine and fig-tree, under his own oak or apple-tree. Lord Chesterfield is the chief, indeed the sole, authority for the limited and chastened intercourse between the sexes in high life :—

“Queen Anne had always been devout, chaste, and formal ; in short, a prude. She discouraged, as much as she could, the usual and even the most pardonable vices of Courts. Her Drawing Rooms were more respectable than agreeable, and had more the air of solemn places of worship than the gayety of a Court. . . . Public and crowded assemblies, where every man was sure of meeting every woman, were not known in those days. But every woman of fashion kept what was called ‘a Day,’ which was a formal circle of her acquaintances of both sexes, unbroken by any card-tables, tea-tables, or other amusements. There the fine women and fine men met, perhaps for an hour ; *and if they had anything particular to say to one another it could only be conveyed by the language of the eyes.* The other public diversion was merely for the eyes, for it was going round and round the ring in Hyde Park, and bowing to one another slightly, respectfully, or tenderly, as occasion required. No woman of fashion could receive any man at her morning toilet without alarming the husband and his friends. If a fine man and fine woman were well enough disposed to wish for a private meeting, the execution of their good intentions was difficult and dangerous.”

appellation, and in this instance his rank in the Temple of Fame is far inferior to that of Halifax, Oxford, and Bolingbroke . . . Nor can it be denied that his neglect of men of letters was highly disadvantageous to his administration, and exposed him to great obloquy.”—*Cave*.

Was it ever otherwise ? And why, if fine women and fine men met for an hour, could anything particular they had to say to one another be only conveyed by the language of the eyes ? Lord Chesterfield goes on to say that all these difficulties were in a great measure removed by the accession of the House of Hanover : “King George I. loved pleasures, and was not delicate in the choice of them.” It may be admitted that Queen Anne's Court was more decent than her successors, and that the vice of her times did not run in the direction of matrimonial infidelity, without admitting their positive purity or morality. Public opinion must have been in a somewhat lax state when it could tolerate in leading statesmen such an open unblushing defiance of propriety as was displayed by Bolingbroke in his commerce with loose women, or such a habit of drinking as was indulged by him and Oxford, who every evening of his life might be seen “flustered with claret.” This habit, indeed, was universal, and was accompanied, as it commonly is, by gaming, street-riots, and debauchery. The question of comparative happiness comes next :—

“There can scarcely be named any point in knowledge and science, or in their practical application, which has not received great improvement since the reign of Queen Anne. Manufactures and trade, the fine Arts, public teaching in all its branches, the repeal of barbarous penalties, the order and rule of prisons, the speed and security of travelling, the comforts and appliances of daily life—all these have immensely advanced ; and there are new discoveries which in former days even the wildest flights of fancy could never have surmised. But perhaps the same amount of research which serves to bring forward these results in full detail may convince the mind of the inquirer, as it has my own, that the people of Queen Anne enjoyed much the larger measure of happiness.”

With all due deference to Lord Stanhope, this sounds very like a paradox. It implies that discomfort, bodily suffering, bodily fear, poverty, oppression, bad laws, constitute no deduction from individual or national happiness ; that good laws, improvements in all the arts of life, with ample securities for life, limb, and character, add nothing to it. A man of moderate means who undertook a journey was obliged to travel (like Roderick Random

and Strap) in a wagon, subject to the imminent risk of being robbed, beaten and stripped by highwaymen, and flung naked (like Joseph Andrews) into a ditch. Any one who chose to swear the smallest debt against another might have him arrested and immured in a prison with common felons, when the chances were that he caught the jail fever before he was bailed out. Lord Stanhope will hardly deny that the happiness of authors was more or less affected by the law of libel. No satirical or ironical writer was safe. For his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," on a charge that he meant seriously what he obviously proposed humorously, Defoe was fined, pilloried, and sent to Newgate in 1703. For two equally harmless productions he was fined 800*l.*, and sent to Newgate in 1713. "Miserable is the fate of writers," exclaims Lady Mary Wortley Montague, at this halcyon period; "if they are agreeable they are offensive, and if dull they starve :"

"Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Sheb-
beares,

 * * * * *
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.

 * * * * *
Earless on high stands unabashed Defoe."

It is not recorded that Defoe did actually lose his ears, but he must have been under constant dread of being deprived of those appendages. After describing Sir Roger de Coverley's wish to go to the theatre, with his fear of the Mohocks and Captain Sentry's coming to accompany him after putting on the sword which he drew at Steinkirk, the "Spectator" proceeds :—

"Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master on this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at the left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of the footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse."

Was the liability to encounter the Mohocks and other ruffians similarly banded, no deduction from happiness? Was it nothing for a decent citizen who ventured into the streets after nightfall to be "pinked" and "sweated," or for a decent woman to be brutally insulted?

"Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you step from home,

Some fiery fop with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest."

But Lord Stanhope hopes that "the same amount of research which serves to bring forward these results in full detail may convince the mind of the inquirer, as it has my own," and he proceeds to bring forward these results :—

"It is to be observed in the first place how far more widely spread was in those days the spirit of contentment. Men were willing to make the best of the present without a feverish anxiety for the past or for the future—without constantly longing that yesterday might come back, or that to-morrow might come on. *The laws were not so good, but the people were better satisfied with them. The Church was less efficient, but was more cheerfully maintained.*

"My meaning may be further illustrated. The tendency of the people in Queen Anne's reign was I think, according to the figure of speech which we find in the First Book of Kings, 'to dwell safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree.' The tendency of the present age, unless I much mistake it, would be rather to contend by ingenious arguments that the vine and fig are not the best of all possible fruit-trees—that we ought immediately to root them up and to plant in their stead some saplings of another kind. It may not be wholly prejudice that views this disposition with regret. Is there any real happiness in such constant yearning and striving for something other than exists? *Is it good to live in an age when everything is being improved away off the face of the earth?*"

Surely this is very much like begging the question or arguing in a circle. We ask for proofs of the alleged happiness, and we are told that the people were content; in other words, happy. How do we know this? How do we know that they were better satisfied with their bad laws, or how does it appear that the Church was more cheerfully maintained? The truth is, the nation was too much agitated by political and religious dissension to think of social and material improvements or reforms. A man in a fever forgets all minor maladies. The tacit endurance of *real* evils is no indication of soundness at the core, and one of the best signs of national well-being is the tendency to cry out at *small*. A single robbery or act of violence will now com-

pel the notice of Parliament and the press. During the whole of Queen Anne's reign a hundred robberies or acts of violence might have been committed without exciting a sensation; which proves, according to Lord Stanhope, that the people were content. We must do him the justice to say that he does give one instance of the things that have been improved off the face of the earth:—

"But let us view the question in more detail. If we look to the country districts we shall judge perhaps that in Queen Anne's time the harsh features of the feudal system had passed away while some of the milder ones remained. In other words there was no trace of serfdom or compulsory service, but there lingered the feeling of protection due by the lord of the soil to his retainers in sickness or old age. Labor was then no mere contract of work done for value received. Service was still in some degree required even when it ceased to be performed. As between landlord and tenant also a more cordial spirit, a more intimate relation, appears to have prevailed. There was wholly absent that main cause of alienation whenever at present alienation does occur—the excessive preserving of game. We find it laid down in the *Spectator* as an admitted truth, that 'the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at.' In those days and in days much later, the return of the shooting season was hailed with pleasure not by the landlord only but by the farmer also. The young squire would cheerily step into the homestead for his midday meal; and sit down with a well-earned appetite to a dish of eggs and bacon, with a glass—or it might be two—of the honest home-brewed, instead of the luxurious luncheon-baskets which according to the present fashion would be spread before him."

We entirely agree with Lord Stanhope in his condemnation of the *battue*; but that the game was ever otherwise than a cause of alienation between the occupier and the landowner, or a temptation to crime amongst the laboring class, we deny;* and his young squire sitting down to eggs and bacon with a glass, or it might be two, of the honest home-brewed,

is not to our minds a worthy object of regret. He recalls Squire Richard, or Tony Lumpkin, or Squire Western in his youth, and is advantageously replaced by the polished gentleman educated at a public school and a university, despite of the luncheon-basket and the *battue*. Lord Stanhope forgets that his young squire had to administer justice at petty and quarter sessions, or rather justiceship, for (as Fielding suggests) it was commonly a syllable more than justice. Passing to the towns, Lord Stanhope quietly assumes that there was "much less wealth, but much less also of abject poverty," and that conflicts between labor and capital were unknown:—

"It would seem, so far as negative evidence can show it, as if under Queen Anne the handi-craftsman and the laborer had no difficulty in obtaining employment without dispute as to the hours of work or the rate of wages. Most grievous is the change in that respect which has since ensued."

Ample evidence is accumulated by Lord Macaulay to prove that the poor bore a greater proportion to the rich in the olden times than they bear now, and that the capitalist or employer was equally an object of envy and complaint. "The more carefully (he adds) we examine the history of the past, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. *That which is new is the intelligence which discerns and the humanity which remedies them.*"*

In Defoe's "Giving Alms no Charity," published in 1704, we find:—

"I make no difficulty to promise on a short summons to produce above a thousand families in England, within my particular knowledge, who go in rags, and their children wanting bread, whose fathers can earn their 15s. to 25s. a week, but will not work. . . . I can give an incredible number of exam-

* One of the most oppressive of the repealed Game Laws was the 4 Anne, c. 15. The "*Spectator*," No. 131 (from which Lord Stanhope quotes his "admitted truth"), begins: "It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbors."

* "History of England," chap. iii. Lord Macaulay quotes a popular ballad of the time of Charles II. as "the bitter cry of labor against capital." It is strange to find two writers, who might be expected to work in harmony, diametrically opposed on the vitally important and all-pervading question of the influence of improved civilization on the happiness of mankind. Lord Stanhope betrays no consciousness of the fact.

ples in my own knowledge." . . "I once paid six or seven men together on a Saturday night, the least 10s. and some 30s. for work, and have seen them go with it directly to the ale-house, lie there till Monday, spend it every penny, and run in debt to boot, and not give a farthing of it to their families, though all of them had wives and children. From hence comes poverty, parish charges, and beggars."

The National Debt was thought to depend on the Protestant succession, and the Pretender was allegorically represented in the "Spectator" as a young man, whom a citizen suspects of carrying a sponge in his left hand. Was the serene contentment of the moneyed and mercantile classes in nowise ruffled by this insecurity?

"As regards the liberal professions and the employments in the Civil Service it may be deemed, from the absence at least of any indications to the contrary, that under Queen Anne there was more of equality between the supply and the demand. The number of men of good character and good education who desired to enter any career was not disproportioned to the number of openings which that career presented. It followed that any person endowed with fair aptitude and common application, and engaging in any recognized walk of life, was in due time certain or nearly certain of a livelihood. Riches and distinction were of course, as in every state of society, the portion of the few, but there was competence for the many. How greatly the times have changed!"

"It is certainly a great practical hardship, such as we do not trace under Queen Anne or under the first Georges, that a young man entering life with a good character and careful education should see every profession overcrowded, every avenue of advancement hemmed in, that he should be unable in so many cases to earn his bread, and be cast back for subsistence on his family. There is something very grievous both to himself and others in this not his wilful but his compulsory idleness."

The population principle is steady and invariable in its operation. Nothing can prevent a superfluity of hands and brains at any period but prudence, foresight, and self-denial; and there is no reason to suppose that any given class in Queen Anne's reign were less prone than now to have more sons and daughters than they could provide for or establish in their own walk of life. Lord Stanhope has no right to

call upon us to prove a negative; but in point of fact there is no want or absence of what he calls indications to the contrary. The shifts to which educated men were put to get a livelihood are notorious. Look at the position of Swift in the household of Sir William Temple; or that of Addison "when (to quote the very words of Johnson), he returned to England (in 1702) with a meanness of appearance, which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced;" or that of Johnson when he came to London after vainly endeavoring to earn a living as a schoolmaster:—

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from Letters to be wise,
Then mark what ills the scholar's life assails,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

Patron was substituted for the original word "garret." The only literary men who did not starve were those who lived by patronage; and without money or interest it was idle to expect preferment in the army, the navy, or the church. The higher grades were reserved for the sons of the landed gentry and nobility; the lower were not unfrequently bestowed on their domestics and hangers-on. The boy-colonel and the sexagenarian half-pay lieutenant of the novel and the drama were drawn from life; as was Captain Weasel, Roderick Random's travelling companion in the wagon, an ex-valet who had obtained a commission by marrying the cast-off mistress of his master. Mrs. Seagrim, the wife of Black George, the gamekeeper, and Mrs. Honour the waiting-maid (in "Tom Jones"), boast of their descent from clergymen, who must have flourished about the reign of Queen Anne, and (we fear) experienced the same difficulty in bringing up their families which Lord Stanhope thinks peculiar to the reign of Queen Victoria. If the Church was cheerfully maintained, it must be owned that her ministers were scurvily treated and indifferently provided for. Here again Lord Stanhope and Lord Macaulay pull different ways instead of pulling together.

The first sentence of a paper in the "Spectator" by Addison (No. 21), on the redundancy of the three professions, runs thus:—

"I am sometimes very much troubled when I reflect upon the three great professions of

Divinity, Law, and Physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen *that starve one another.*"

When Lord Stanhope states that the number of claimants or expectants has indefinitely augmented, he forgets that the number of callings which a gentleman's son may fill without losing caste has indefinitely augmented too. In fact, there is hardly a conventional restraint left on honest industry. A peer's son may be not merely a civil engineer, or the keeper of a sheep-walk in Australia, but a wine merchant, a coal merchant, or a stock broker. As to the clerkships in some of the public offices, they have been so multiplied and so monopolized by young men of family and connection as to constitute a new description of aristocracy.

There is one marked feature in the social life of the first half of the eighteenth century which alone might have disenchanted Lord Stanhope; namely, the institution of the led-captain, the never failing dependent on the lord or squire in the shape of a poor relation or chaplain, and the menial offices performed by them without murmur or complaint; as when Squire Western sends Parson Supple from London to Bagshot for a tobacco-box. We cannot believe that men well born or well

educated would have submitted to such degradation if honorable employment was to be had for the asking.* In the "Spectator" (No. 108), Addison describes his meeting with Will Wimble at Sir Roger de Coverley's:—

"He (Will Wimble) is now between forty and fifty; but, being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his brother (a baronet) as superintendent of his game. . . . Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary."

It is unlucky and disagreeable to be obliged to differ so often from a writer whom we respect and admire, who so ardently desires truth if he misses it; who writes so eloquently, and with such laudable elevation of tone, when he is wrong. But the occasions in which we are the least justified in shrinking from the discharge of our critical duties are when what we think error is plausibly or ingeniously expressed; and we were the more anxious to discuss Lord Stanhope's views and speculations because, being presented in a popular and pleasing manner, they cannot fail to add to the attractiveness of his work.

Saturday Review.

THE PLACE OF THE MITRAILLEUR IN WAR.

WHAT is the place of the Mitrailleur in war? Is it destined to have any place at all? A month ago there were those who would have assured us that the instrument would exercise an influence on future battles not inferior to that of the breech-loading rifle. One enthusiast, indeed, has gone so far as to affirm that there have been three great revolutions or epochs in the art of war, of which the first was the introduction of gunpowder; the second, the introduction of breech-loaders; the third,

the introduction of his own mitrailleur. Whether, in face of the experience of the past few weeks, any one would now be found to claim for the mitrailleur this high position, we do not know. It is certain that, if such persons are to be found, we need not seek for them in the ranks of the French or German armies. The deluded French soldier has ere this found out that the new engine of warfare is not all that he had been taught to believe. The mitrailleur had, by diligent Imperial puffing, become established as an article of the French soldier's military faith. It was to do for him what the *sündnadelgewehr* had done for the Prussians in 1866. It was to destroy his enemies wholesale: it was to win his battles; he had only to turn the handle rapidly enough and the thing was done. This fictitious reputation

* The fashion for hangers-on is caricatured by Fielding in his description of the suite of a travelled man of fortune in "Joseph Andrews":—"The gentlemen of cur-like disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master."

of an untried weapon was diligently fostered and kept up, not merely until the opening of the campaign, but in some sort after the campaign had actually commenced. The Emperor of the French, in his anxiety to maintain the confidence of his soldiers in the "mitrailleuse," had recourse to the remarkable statement that the Prussians at Wörth made use of these weapons, "which did us much harm." It was more than hinted that the French defeat was due in no slight degree to the unexpected employment by their enemy of a weapon of which the French claimed a monopoly. As a matter of fact, the Prussians have not a single mitrailleuse; and early last year a special Prussian Committee carried out a long series of comparative experiments, and finally reported against the introduction of these weapons for field use. Here, then, we have the extremes of laudation and depreciation. Is there no mean between the two? Briefly, what is the place and value of the mitrailleuse in war?

It is in order to supply an answer to this question that experiments with some specimens of this class of arm are now being carried on at Shoeburyness. The mitrailleuse is no new weapon, though the name is new. From time to time men's minds have delighted to exercise themselves in producing revolving or many-barrelled cannon, multiple guns, and rifle batteries of endless variety. With patient ingenuity they have designed one "infernal machine" after another, to discharge with more or less of rapidity and effect showers of missile matter. The records of the Ordnance Committees overflow with such propositions. To these weapons certain objections of a general character have always presented themselves, and successively determined the rejection for field use of the Palmer, the Nugent, the Lilley, the Requa, the Manceaux, the Claxton, and other descriptions of multiple cannon. Nevertheless, the Gatling battery was forced upon the attention of the Government in such a way that a trial at Shoeburyness was accorded to it in March, 1867. It is unnecessary to detail the results of that trial, because the Gatling gun has since been greatly improved, and no real opinion as to the value of the weapon could be formed from the results obtained with an inferior specimen. But those results were not considered suffi-

ciently encouraging to recommend a continuation of the experiment; and the subject languished until the confident but rather vague statements of the French Government as to the importance of the "mitrailleuse" of Meudon, and the fact that other nations were trying weapons of this class, again directed attention to it. The mystery with which the French "mitrailleuse" was cunningly surrounded heightened curiosity, while it served the purpose of encouraging the French soldier. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. At last it was thought desirable that an experienced English officer should endeavor to find out, by diligent inquiry on the Continent, what the various mitrailleurs were really worth. This duty was entrusted to Major Fosbery, V. C., of the Bengal Staff Corps; an officer who is well known in connection with fire-arms of various sorts, and as an advocate of explosive bullets. Major Fosbery examined several specimens of mitrailleurs, and witnessed several trials at Liège and Brasschaet. The result was a report very favorable to a mitrailleuse invented by Messrs. Montigny and Christophe of Brussels; to which Major Fosbery, in conjunction with Mr. Metford, applied some important improvements. One of these weapons was ordered, and two Gatling batteries were purchased about the same time. From one cause or another, the experiments with these arms have been delayed; and they only commenced in earnest about three weeks ago.

The Montigny mitrailleuse is in general appearance not unlike a small field-piece.

It is mounted on a carriage which closely resembles an ordinary gun carriage, and which might be very much improved. The weapon consists of 37 steel barrels of .534 inch calibre, soldered together, inside one larger iron barrel, and capable of throwing 600 grain bullets with 115 grains of powder. The loading is effected by slipping a steel plate containing 37 cartridges into a vacant space behind the barrels, and then by means of a lever pressing the plate forward, and securing it in its position; the whole 37 barrels being thus loaded simultaneously. To fire the piece it is only necessary to raise a lever handle. If the handle be raised rapidly the discharge is instantaneous, the whole 37 cartridges being fired in less than a second. Or the fire can be made as deliberate as may be desired, each car-

tridge being exploded singly. A traversing or mowing movement is attached to the instrument, and adds greatly to its efficiency. It is said to be effective up to 1,200 yards, which, with a charge of 115 grains of powder, is probably correct; this point has not, however, yet been tried at Shoeburyness; and the performances of the weapon in respect of rapidity of fire, accuracy, and general effect, have thus far fallen so far below what we had been led to expect that we must decline to take anything that has been said of the weapon on trust. As an example of this we may mention that it is claimed for the machine that 10 plates of 37 cartridges each (=370 rounds) can be fired from it in a minute. The highest rate yet attained at Shoeburyness, even when as many as five men were employed to serve the piece, is, we believe, 11 plates (=407 rounds) in two minutes, or about 200 rounds a minute. This difference is perhaps due in some degree to the inferiority of the present ammunition, which by occasionally separating in extraction, or becoming bent or otherwise injured, seriously interferes with rapidity of fire. But even when all deductions are made on this score—though why M. Montigny should supply for an official trial ammunition inferior to what he has himself used, we are at a loss to understand—there will still remain a large unexplained difference between the promised and the actual performances of the gun.

The Gatling battery differs from the Montigny in many important points of detail. It has 10 separate barrels, which revolve, the cartridges being fed into a hopper above the breech, and falling by gravitation into their places, one by one, opposite to the empty barrels. The fire is thus continuous instead of intermittent. There are three sizes of this weapon, of which two at present are officially under trial; the larger has barrels of 1-inch calibre, and fires $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shot with 525-grain charges of powder; the smaller Gatling has barrels of .42 inch calibre, and fires 380-grain bullets, with 80 grains of powder. The Gatling was first tried on Tuesday last, in the presence of a large number of spectators. With the larger specimen, 270 rounds were got off in 1 minute 45 seconds; with the smaller specimen something went wrong with the mechanism, and the practice could not be continued.

The experience which we have had of the Gatling is thus far too limited to enable us to express an opinion as to its efficiency considered merely as a piece of warlike machinery; nor is it possible at present to pronounce on its merits as compared with those of the Montigny. Indeed, it is desirable to consider the question as far as possible without reference to the performances of particular specimens. There is no doubt that, if it be decided to introduce mitrailleurs, it will be practicable either to remedy the defects of the existing weapons or to design new ones. The probable position of the mitrailleur in war is really independent of considerations of constructive detail; and the experiments have now gone far enough to enable us to name at least some places which this class of instrument can, and some which it cannot, fill.

It seems to us quite clear, for example, that the mitrailleur cannot take the place of field artillery. To say nothing of the fact that the field guns have thus far generally beaten it more or less decidedly in actual effect even at short known ranges, there is the important consideration that the field guns are effective also at ranges to which the bullets of the mitrailleur could not even reach. Those who have compared the mitrailleur with field artillery have apparently been ignorant of the effects capable of being produced by a well-directed shrapnel fire. Shrapnel fire, indeed, is not really understood in any country except England; and until lately very few English artillerymen were aware what a formidable projectile the rifled shrapnel shell really is. The case-shot of the service have also been recently made more effective. The result is that the field guns, especially the capital little 9-pounder bronze muzzle-loading Indian gun, have exhibited a power which the supporters of the mitrailleur had not anticipated. Guns, too, possess other advantages. The moral effect of a bursting shell is greater than can be produced by any mitrailleur fire, however formidable. The fact that a gun can fire a great variety of projectiles—shot, shell, shrapnel, segment, and case—and that it is available at all ranges, gives it a position and importance which the mitrailleur can never hope to attain. Further, when the range is unknown, the mitrailleur fire is often entirely thrown away. Thus, on

Tuesday last, the Gatling in 270 rounds only hit a large cavalry column 16 times, and the Montigny in 367 rounds only hit the same column 3 times. The supporters of these weapons would therefore do wisely if they were at once to withdraw from their pretensions to take the place of field artillery.

Nor can the mitrailleur ever effectively take the place of infantry in the field. It can neither skirmish nor charge; it is difficult to see how it could be usefully employed for the attack of an entrenched position, or generally as an offensive weapon at all; the men who serve it are also debarred from taking the offensive. However light it may be made, a wheeled carriage is always necessarily more hampered in its movements than an infantry soldier; if disabled, the effect is tantamount to the placing *hors de combat* of as many infantry soldiers as the machine may be supposed to represent; its effect is of too uniform, unvarying a character—there is, so to express it, too little intelligence and discrimination in its volleys, to enable it ever usefully to replace the infantry soldier in field warfare.

But short of this—short of superseding artillery and infantry—it is impossible not to recognize in a good mitrailleur a useful auxiliary weapon. The lightness of the machine and of the ammunition required to produce a particular effect will enable it to compare favorably with field guns under certain circumstances. Theory and practice alike point to the necessity of keeping your artillery as much as possible outside the range of infantry fire. Within those ranges the mitrailleur, requiring as it does fewer men and horses, and being able to take up and withdraw from a position more promptly than a gun, may often be usefully employed to save the artillery; while in all those positions where it is necessary to multiply infantry fire over a small front, the mitrailleur can hardly fail to produce good effects. Such positions are numerous enough, though they are to be found more often on the side of the defence than on that of the attack. Among positions of this class we may mention the defence of the unflanked spur of a hill, the defence of a narrow gorge, of a street, roadway, or *tête de pont*, or for the flanks of short ditches, to sweep breaches, &c. It is a very distinct and important advantage of the mitrailleur

that it has no recoil. This in a fixed position, or where the weapon is under cover, is a point in its favor which every one must recognize. In such positions as these the mitrailleur, skilfully handled, ought to be able to accomplish nearly all that either field guns or infantry could do, at a less cost of *matériel*, and a less exposure of horses and men; and for use in such positions it may be fitly introduced.

There are other uses to which these machines may also be probably applied; such as to accompany cavalry upon occasion, when it is necessary promptly to bring a hot fire to bear for a short time upon some one point. It has often been suggested of late years that the cavalry soldier ought to be more like the old dragoon—a mounted infantry soldier in fact. To the suggestion answer has generally been made, that if this were attempted the result would probably be a “Jack of all trades and master of none.” It is not impossible that the mitrailleur may offer a solution of this difficulty, by enabling the cavalry to carry with them a means of swiftly establishing a rapid and effective infantry fire upon a certain point, without themselves abandoning their character as cavalry soldiers. If the mitrailleur is to be used in this way, it would be better, we think, to separate the limber from the carriage, attach a third wheel to the latter, and employ lasso harness.

The mitrailleur, it is hardly possible to doubt, will also have certain naval uses. It may be advantageously employed for the tops of men-of-war; it would be effective in repelling boat attacks; and some of these instruments might perhaps be advantageously supplied for use on board ships' boats.

In short, the rôle which we would assign to the mitrailleur, although it may fall far short of the hopes and anticipations of its supporters, is not an inconsiderable one. The instrument will not bring about a revolution in tactics. It will accomplish no real change in the art of war. It is not, in the broad sense of the word, a new arm or a new power. But it may often save and assist both our artillery and our infantry, and it may serve so to intensify the fire on critical points as to earn for itself a reputation which it would certainly not acquire in general field fighting.

Macmillan's Magazine.

BEFORE SEDAN.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."—*Special Correspondence.*]

HERE, in this leafy place,
 Quiet he lies,
 Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies ;
 'Tis but another dead ;—
 All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
 Kings must have slaves ;
 Kings climb to eminence
 Over men's graves :
 So this man's eye is dim ;—
 Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
 There, at his side ?
 Paper his hand had clutched
 Tight ere he died ;—
 Message or wish, may be ;—
 Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled !—
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child ;—
 Prattle, that has for stops
 Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
 Morning and night,
 His—her dead father's—kiss ;
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet.
 That is all. "*Marguerite.*"

Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain !
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain !
 If the grief died !—But no ;—
 Death will not have it so.

AUSTIN DOBSON.



London Society.

BARON VON MOLTKE.

LOOKING at the career of this great strategist through all its grim lessons of war, we may discern many elements of human interest, many facts of an instructive and elevating character. We see that the guiding principles of that career have been no love of popularity, or even high-toned ambition, but honor, self-denial, and patriotism. We will first give briefly the leading facts of his career. Von Moltke was a poor man, and the son of a poor man. It is a mistake to suppose, as has been sometimes stated, that he was a native of Holstein. The estate of Samrow, near Pilnitz, belonged to his family for centuries. His father had served in the Möllendorf regiment, and was resolved on giving a thorough soldierly education to his children. The bias which he received from his father, Von Moltke has transmitted to his children. He has two sons serving with the army: Count Bismarck has also two, of whom one has been dangerously wounded, and General Von Roon has four.

Von Moltke was born the 26th of October, 1800; the years of his age are always the years of the century. Soon after his birth his father bought land in Holstein, and there he passed his childhood and youth, acquiring among Danes those military tastes which he turned against them in the passage of the Alsen, and the investment of Düppel. When he was only twelve years old he was sent with an elder brother to the Land Cadet Academy at Copenhagen. When he was twenty-two he entered the Prussian military service, after a severe examination. He was the youngest second-lieutenant in the eighth regiment of foot-guards, then stationed at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The corps was commanded at the time by General Von Marwick, whose wife was by birth a countess Von Moltke. This circumstance would be a fortunate event for the young second-lieutenant. And, indeed, he needed any adventitious help which he could obtain; for his worldly prospects, beyond his profession, were at the very lowest ebb. His parents' property was nearly all lost through the war, and a long series of misfortunes. They were not able to allow him the slightest addi-

tion to his pay. Yet he was most anxious to learn modern languages, and to do this he had to save out of his scanty pay. Truly poverty is a hard mistress, but the lessons which she teaches are invaluable. He saved enough to enable him to learn modern languages, and has made himself a very remarkable linguist. He is a man of great taciturnity, and it has been humorously said of him that he knows how to hold his tongue in eight languages.

From the military school at Berlin he passed to the direction of the somewhat insubordinate School of Division. He discharged his duty so well that he was attached to a commission for topographical surveys in Silesia and the Grand Duchy of Posen, under General Von Müffling. Every one loved and respected Von Müffling. Even in his admonitions there was a vein of kind pleasant humor. One of Von Moltke's companions introduced into his plan an impossible mountain, and would not acknowledge his error, even when the General pointed it out. The General only observed, with a quiet smile, "Well, then, I congratulate you on having enriched science, and provided the province with a new mountain." Soon after this he was promoted to the rank of captain, and ordered to serve on the staff, on which, through the influence of General Von Kranseneck, he received an appointment two years afterwards.

It has been asserted on high authority that Moltke has spent his life studying the art of war seated in an arm-chair before a table. "Von Moltke is the man who learned the art of swimming before going into the water; he is the conventional German mentally enclosing the abstract idea of a camel; he is the doughty little bonnet-maker in Scott's romances who practises the soldier's art by hacking at a wooden figure." In all this there is much pleasant exaggeration. He has profoundly studied the whole subject of strategy. So far as war is an art, it is an art of which he has made himself a master. But it is a mistake to say that he has been wholly absorbed in the theory of war, and that his triumphs are the triumphs of a theorist. He saw whatever was to be seen of war, but happily for the human

race and for the Vaterland, there was very little war to be seen between 1815 and 1864. He had an opportunity, however, of seeing some foreign service, which to a mind so singularly thoughtful and observant must have been fertile in results. During the seven years that he was captain—for promotion on the staff was by no means rapid in those peaceful times—he passed no less than four years in Turkey. He took a journey through Roumelia under Sultan Mahmoud, by whom he was commissioned to prepare plans of Varna, Schumla, Silistria, and other places on the Danube. This led to his historical work, "The Russian-Turkish Expedition, 1828-9." Von Moltke has himself spoken of this work as a *fiasco*; but it has been pronounced by so competent a critic as Colonel Chesney to be a thoughtful and scientific history. After that remarkable campaign, he was entrusted with the care of Prussian interests in Turkey. He was employed also, with the assistance of four Prussian comrades, Captains Lane, Von Mühlbach, Fischer, and Von Vinke-Olbendorf—to organize the Turkish Army on the Prussian model. The five went to work vigorously, but with very disappointing results, which gave little promise of future successes. At the battle of Nisil, the entire Kurd army, which had been disciplined, organized, and powerfully recruited, dispersed, and in a few days' time the fleet deserted to the enemy. Von Moltke had, however, other duties to discharge. He traversed Asia Minor on horseback, to the extent of some four or five thousand English miles of travel, doing much to explore a province about the condition of which we have had so little exact knowledge in recent times. He did very much to amend the imperfect maps which then existed. He made a great number of sketches supplemental to his valuable drawings of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and Constantinople. The great geographer, Ritter, has used these sketches, and has compared them with the accounts of Alexander the Great's campaigns, with the travels of Marco Polo, and with the Crusades. Last month we noticed Captain Milligan's work on Kurdistan, who claimed to have been the last European military observer since Xenophon who had examined the region. All other European explorers had been most monotonously

murdered. The Briton, however, ought to have named an illustrious exception in Von Moltke, who has made, and with greater accuracy, precisely the same claim. Like Xenophon, he observed the rise of the Euphrates among the mountain ranges of Kurdistan. Like Xenophon and his men, he sailed down the river on inflated sheepskins. Like Xenophon and his men, when he first saw the blue sea after a weary journey, he broke out into the cry of "Thalatta! Thalatta!" This close observation of the country must have materially assisted in the development of his military genius. A large element of strategical art consists in quickly seizing the configuration and natural features of a country. Even in an unpromising country, a skilful eye will detect the natural earthworks or even the natural fortresses. It was this faculty which made Jomini hazard his marvellous guess, weeks before the event came off, that a great battle would be fought on the field of Jena. In every campaign a knowledge of all the possible theatres of war operations is indispensable, and the strategic eye is prepared to seize all points of vantage. Not only is Moltke a great map-maker himself, but he takes care that the proper men are well acquainted with the proper maps. The Germans knew French geography better than the French. German *geist* proved stronger than French *élan*. On no point has Moltke proved stronger than on his "information." It has been not altogether alien to the taciturn nature of the man that he should employ a whole army of spies. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a spy is necessarily something dishonorable. It is often a branch of military service as perilous, and far more distasteful. The American Cooper's conception of a patriotic spy is substantially accurate. There have been astonishing feats of daring and address performed by spies. Men have been known, refusing all fee or fame, to devote themselves to this arduous work, making even the supreme sacrifice of untarnished soldierly fame. It is by his "information" that the great strategist has been enabled to lay his plans. Of course the subtlest or most splendid combinations would fail if the *data* on which they rested were inaccurate. After all, the great test of a good general is that he should make as few

blunders as possible. Turenne used to say that he who has made few blunders has not made much war. It has hitherto been the great glory of Von Moltke that no demonstrable blunder has been proved against him. While his vast plans bear the stamp of a profound and original genius, every movement seems to have been based on accurate knowledge and every detail attended to with extreme caution.

It may be said that Von Moltke has amply vindicated the grand science of war. For after all there is such a thing as a science of war. It is built mainly and chiefly on the deductions furnished by a critical examination of the great campaigns of celebrated commanders. The leading rules are simply based on the suggestions of common sense. The leading principles are simple enough; the whole difficulty lies in the application of them. It is all very well to say "Go in and win;" the question is *how* one is to "go in and win." It is all very well to say "Secure a safe base for operations—keep up your own communications and destroy your enemy's—leave no vulnerable point—concentrate vast masses of men and cannon at the critical points; and especially during those critical ten minutes which Napoleon used to say generally decided the fate of battles;"—but the supreme difficulty which affords scope for supreme genius is *how* to do all this. Sometimes the most astonishing successes have been obtained in violation of every known military principle. Napoleon at times encountered the greatest risks to achieve his objects. His successes were enormous, but his ultimate failures were enormous also, and after Austerlitz he retrograded rather than improved in his science. It has been the aim of Von Moltke to reduce the possibilities of blundering to a *minimum*. You may have books about war, as you have books about chess; both will tell you how to open your gambit and put out your front men to be slaughtered. But there is still a wonderful gulf between theory and practice, and the pre-eminent merit of Moltke is that he has bridged the gulf. He has succeeded, too, where even Carnot failed. Men of theory are always apt to find their results practically falsified. A calculation in dynamics is never found to be mathematically correct, because an allowance has to be made for friction. Moltke is a theorist who has learned by experience to allow

for the full force of practical difficulties; but he has always thoroughly relied on whatever science of war there may be. He is said to have remarked that the Algerian camps had injured far more than helped the French army, as it had discredited all the regular operations of war.

We resume the simple narrative of his career. He returned from Lesser Asia into Europe in 1839. He was soon major in the 4th *corps d'armée*. In 1840 he married Fraulein Von Burt, from Holstein. In 1845 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia. This prince was the uncle of the present King of Prussia. He had turned Roman Catholic and lived for many years in Rome, a hopeless invalid, and then daily expecting death. After leaving Prussia it was long popularly believed that he was dead. In his leisure hours Moltke carefully studied Rome and its vicinity, and made some drawings which have been engraved.

It became his duty to bring back to Prussia the dead body of Prince Heinrich. In the great storm of '48 he was ordered to Magdeburgh as chief of the general staff of his corps. His promotion was now rapid: in 1850 lieutenant-colonel; in 1851 colonel; in 1856 major-general; in 1859 lieutenant-general. In this year, having received the appointment of aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince, he accompanied him to Balmoral, and was present at his betrothal to the Princess Royal. He was with the Crown Prince in Breslau for a year, and accompanied him twice to England, first on the occasion of his marriage, and next on the occasion of the funeral of the Prince Consort. He was appointed chief of the general staff. In that position it fell to his lot to inspect the whole of the northern coast, to arrange a system of defence which might be applied to all states bordering on the sea. Nothing, however, was done at that time. The German Diet voted against every Prussian proposition, and were especially averse to the idea of a German fleet being put under Prussian direction. In the Danish war he was in command of the general staff, after the storming of Düppel, and he projected the attack on Alsen and the occupation of Jütland. His reputation was now considerably extended; but few men even in Germany knew that in "the man in spectacles" the country possessed her best general and highest strategist. On the merits

of the Danish war we shall not here enter. Most Englishmen felt acutely, many feel acutely still about the war. But we never met with any German who had any doubts about the justice of that war. The question was far too complex for general discussion. Most Englishmen asked whether Denmark wasn't a little state and Prussia a big state, and also whether a princess of Denmark was not also Princess of Wales? and having given these questions their obvious affirmative, they also gave their sympathies to the side of Denmark.

We now come to the great epoch of 1866. "It is a beautiful thing," Moltke is reported in the "Daheim" to have said, "when God lights up the evening of a man's life as he has that of the king and of many of his generals. I am sixty-six years old too, and have received as glorious a reward for my work as perhaps few men in *this* life. We old people who have come out of this Bohemian war can still call ourselves the favorites of fortune, however hard the struggles of our earlier life may have been." In the Danish war Moltke had been fully satisfied respecting the needle-gun, the new arm that was to be used with terrific effect against the Austrians. It was the first occasion on which the breech-loading weapon was used, which was to be employed with such deadly effect at Sadowa; which the Austrian government, despite warning admonitions, had treated with contempt. In '66 the Prussians used the new arm. In that year the Prussians showed that they had not watched unattentively the Italian campaign and the American war. In that year they brought into use the new military organization which M. de Bismarck, in a high-handed unconstitutional way, and against the wishes of the Chambers, had brought to perfection. Von Moltke afterwards, in a speech made in the Chamber of the North German Union, showed that the grand total of men called to arms was 664,000. Then, as now, Prussia had the preponderance of men, as Austria was obliged to keep large forces south of the Alps. Nearly the whole of the *regular* army, eight and a half of the nine *corps d'armée*, amounting to nearly 300,000 men, were placed at the disposition of Von Moltke. All the lines of railway were simultaneously used for the transport of the great army. What Moltke aimed at was the *distribution* of his forces over the different theatres of the war, and

their *union* on the battle-field. The problem was to bring this great army over the mountains, and to unite them before the enemy. The territories were overrun of Hanover, Hesse Cassel, and Nassau, all favoring Austria, and which, being interposed between the Westphalian and Rhenish provinces, might cut off communication between the Lower Rhine and Berlin. The commencement of the war was made by advancing the armies of Breslau and Berlin through the enemy's country, and effecting their combination by forcing the enemy back. Moltke's characteristic tactics were seen on the field of Sadowa. His army had a front of four miles—so wide a front that he could not withstand an attack; but he turned this disadvantage to an advantage, by making an aggressive onward movement, by which he was able to concentrate all his divisions on the battle-field and surround the enemy. Only once did Moltke appear in the front at Sadowa. He had fully mastered the lessons afforded the staff by the American war, of combining the most distant field operations by the means of the electric telegraph. Seated at his desk in the rear, he received through the field telegraph a stream of intelligence from all the corps, followed their movements on the map, transmitted his orders through the wires, with such masterly strategic power that not a movement failed, and all the combinations were made at the right moment.

At the conclusion of the war Von Moltke was appointed, together with Count Bismarck, a Minister Plenipotentiary of Prussia for negotiations with the South German States. After the preliminaries of peace with Austria were signed, he was decorated with the highest honor which the King of Prussia has to bestow, the Order of the Black Eagle. Nothing during the war had been more remarkable, nothing more helpful to the Prussian troops than the absolute quiescence of the French during the deathful grapple with Austria. For the time being, the banks of the Rhine had been absolutely denuded of troops. Such a statesman as M. Thiers, who with an immoral patriotism thinks every gain lawful for his country, would have seized the opportunity afforded by Prussia's danger to strike a blow for "*les frontières naturelles*." Napoleon was not perhaps ill-pleased to see the two German powers wearing out

their strength. He thought, probably, that he would have that compensating slice of territory, or at least connivance in seizing Belgium. But the astute Bismarck had overreached him. Not an inch of German soil was to be ceded to the Frenchman. A great Prussian power was now on the flank of France. A collision was almost unavoidable. The whole political heaven was charged with electricity. It was evident that Von Moltke was studying the whole possible campaign of the future; all the defences, fortress by fortress; all the resources, fact by fact; all the territory, mile by mile. The triumph over Austria was only a point in the field of political vision. There were demands for funds in the face of possible emergencies. Von Moltke vigorously opposed the demand for reducing the term of service from three years to two years. He said in the Chambers in 1867, "During the last year we made some 50,000 prisoners. Our own loss in missing amounted, on the other hand, only to 3000 men, of whom probably but a small proportion were taken prisoners. How are we to account for the enormous difference? I can only ascribe it to the duration of the service. . . . The instinct of hanging together under all circumstances cannot be *drilled* into a man; it must be the *habit* of his life." Of course Von Moltke carried the point, especially since he had the king's opinion on his side.

The war broke out. Von Moltke only prayed for a fortnight, and everything would be ready! He declared that if the Emperor did not see the Rhine by the 23d of July he would never see it at all. The prayer was granted. In fourteen days he had put 350,000 men on the Rhine. He is accredited with the whole vast plan of the campaign—a scientific game of chess without a flaw. We obtain just a glimpse of Moltke on the field of battle. According to the "*Vossische Zeitung*," on the night of the battle of Gravelotte the King of Prussia was sitting on a ladder near a garden wall at Rezonville. Around him were Bismarck, Von Roon, princes and grand dukes; all very silent, and waiting for news. The hour was come for decisive tidings. Presently Moltke, much heated, rode up to the King: "Your Majesty, we have conquered. The ene-

my is driven from all his positions." A vigorous shout was raised, and the whole party plied their flasks. The King drank from a broken tulip glass, and Bismarck munched a bit of ammunition bread. It is evident, on looking over the history of the campaign, that plan after plan has been devised, with flexibility in the formation of each plan and iron resolution in its execution. The first plan was how to resist the French in their supposed onset into Bavaria; then the plan of forcing their lines; then the plans of campaign and of invading march. The great strategist is no rigid theorist, but ever admits a new idea, proves himself equal to a new emergency, and adapts his plans to a new combination. It is also reasonable to expect that when this war may have ended there will be imposed on Von Moltke many of the duties of peace. To settle the conditions of a permanent and honorable peace will doubtless be a glorious termination to his labors which he will highly value. Nothing has been a happier feature in the German army than the absence of jealousy and divided councils. Bismarck knows where to yield to Moltke, and Moltke where to yield to Bismarck. The dominant idea that has now seized upon the Prussian mind is that of the rectification of the frontiers. This idea is not prompted by any lust of territory such as has been the cause of Gallic aspirations for glory. It is no mere wish to re-annex Alsace and Lorraine, not even to get back Strasburg, of which Germany was robbed, two centuries ago, in a time of peace, by an act of political burglary with violence. But it is truly felt that imperial France need never fear any unprovoked aggression; that she is only suffering now, by a sort of poetic justice, the invasion which she sought to inflict. The belt of fortresses on her western frontier was never truly necessary for her protection, but was always an iron threat to Rhineland. So to rearrange the frontier that these fortresses may cease to be engines of terror and unrest, and form fortresses in the Vosges to command the wide eastern plains of France, will be, we may reasonably expect, the great strategical feature of the future peace. That probably will be the final good service which Von Moltke will render to the Fatherland,

F. A.

London Society.

NAPOLEON AND PARIS.

"AND has it come to this?" I sorrowfully, wonderingly ask myself, often in the day, often in the night watches. "Paris, which I know and love so well, the fair Athens of the West; shall the golden city cease, the daughters of music be brought low, that girdle of battlements, those crested fortresses, be unavailing to resist the Teutonic horde of invasion?" Already, while I write these lines, the beauty of Paris has vanished, its Emperor a dis-crowned prisoner, the Empress and her child fled, and the billows of adversity are rolling in fast and dark whose blackness no keen vision can fathom. I know Paris well; I can hardly count up how many times I have visited the city, explored all its alleys and streets, sat in its boulevards, wandered in its woods and gardens, found home, friends, associates within its borders. That glorious avenue of the exile Empress, stretching from the proudest of proud arches of triumph to the beautiful gates of the Bois, where I have a hundred times lingered watching the incessant roll of chariots to and from the glorious city; those gardens of delight with their islands and waters which seemed to evolve the very scenes of fairyland—already their beauty is gone, the gardens trampled down, the waters disturbed, and fairyland has become a huge victualling ground for the city in its state of siege. And that enthroned Cæsarism, in which the imperial Gallic spirit seemed to find its highest embodiment and expression—which seemed to permeate all provincial France, which so dazzled the minds of men that the glorious vision of Liberty seemed but a mere dream—is discarded by the city which can forgive everything but failure, and in her fickleness and pride passes from change to change with passionate vehemence.

I say at once that I feel deeply sorry for the Emperor, albeit my hatred of Napoleonism is deliberate and deep. I know that for many years Napoleon has been our ally; but I have always felt that the alliance only lasted while it might be subservient to his own ends. I recall this moment a conversation which I once had with a highly-cultured and far-sighted Prussian one long summer evening on the bank of the Moselle. There was war in the

Emperor's heart, he said, but he could not divine whether it was against England or against Prussia that war would be first declared. In any case our turn would assuredly come. He believed in his star, it was said, and his destiny would lead him to make war against England, even though the same destiny should finish him off with a cannon-ball in the streets of London or make him die in a London lodging-house. There is something infinitely presumptuous, something like the old Greek theory of fate in a man setting up his star or destiny as that which even controls the operations of Providence. At the same time we are not to believe all that we hear about the Napoleonic belief in destiny. I remember being told by an old peer of France, one of those who had tried him for his attempt on Boulogne, that there was no truth in the statement that he himself had asserted that it was his destiny to avenge Waterloo. It was characteristic of Napoleon that he never showed the least kindness to my old friend and others who had taken the mildest view of his case, but that he had given great honors to the two men who had voted for his execution. Let me, however, say that I have known many people who knew the Emperor more or less during his stay in England, and not from one have I ever heard any story of meanness, or cruelty, or ingratitude. On the contrary, there is hardly one but has his trait of amiability and kindly remembrance to relate. Towards English people he seemed ever to show a peculiar graciousness, as many known and unknown anecdotes would abundantly prove. Many people liked the man, many were fascinated by him, but hardly any who carefully studied the man and his system could fail to join in its condemnation. We need not believe all the furious pages of Mr. Kinglake, but his famous assertion is true that the Emperor "carried strategy into politics." This public immorality is believed to have been accompanied by a throng of private vices. Personal rule reached its acmé and its retribution when, with the insolence of the professional duellist, he caused torrents of blood to be shed in an unrighteous war. The same personal rule crushed the spirit

of liberty and would not tolerate the expansion of those constitutional liberties which might have saved the empire and the dynasty. The same personal rule introduced the degradation of the Lower Empire, fostered favoritism and corruption, and destroyed the integrity of the army and the state. It was impossible to argue with the master of three hundred legions. The army stood between the empire and all the thought, culture, and better aspirations of France. Now, in the unsearchable judgment of heaven, that army is annihilated; and History working, as she is wont, in her cycles and parallels, brings round again the era of an invasion and a Committee of Safety.

What a stormy, chequered career has that been, lustrous with exceeding light, dark with exceeding darkness! There is no prince of ancient or modern times that might more truly be called the tennis-ball of fortune. Even the first Napoleon had not that infinite variety of change and adventure that belongs to the nephew. His history almost seems to resemble a series of dissolving views. We see him in tranquil days with his mother on the shores of the Lake of Constance. Then he is early immersed in Italian adventure, intrigue, and war. Then comes the mad attempt on Strasbourg, in obedience to that inward whisper which, he declared, dragged him on. The scene changes, and he is tossing about under the Equator, relegated as an exile to America. Then once more comes the episode of Boulogne and the tame eagle—that satiric tame eagle which seems to typify the touch of bathos that has always clung to his career—and the long captivity at Ham, those silent, anxious years in which he matured his thoughts of war and policy, rounded the cycle of the Napoleonic ideas, and arrived at that dark, inscrutable character which ever seemed to retain a tinge of the fortress gloom. Then we see him in every variety of English life, on the one side literary, thoughtful, scientific, writing to Faraday, chatting with Landor, haunting the London Library; then again hunting with English squires, visiting in English houses, and once more associated with all the dissipations and frivolities of London life. We see him as deputy, as president, as emperor, but the glory of those days is tarnished with the black memory of the *coup d'état*. The “Man of December” will

prove to him a title more lasting than any other—remain when all other titles are gone. For a time he seemed the arbiter of Europe; the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof seemed his. There are pleasant beneficent gleams in that career; glorious wars, triumphs no less glorious of peace; a navy constructed, commerce extended, new towns created and old ones enlarged; nor was severe literary study wanting, as evidenced by the “Life of Cæsar.” So long as he kept to his programme that the Empire was Peace it was well with him; so long as war was dignified by something of an Idea, it was not ill with him; but when war recalled the most unrighteous of his uncle's deeds—wanton, purposeless, murderous war—his good genius, his better angels forsook him. Was there no warning dream, no fancied sound of shriek or wailing, no vision or phantom on the night of that morning at the Tuileries when he resolved that Prussia must give further guarantees of the renunciation of the Hohenzollern? If the dead could revisit the scenes of earth, would not some of the torture which the first Emperor inflicted return to him, when he saw his line, which had had such a marvellous resurrection, again hewed down to the roots? Then we see him brushing away his tears with his glove when he meets the Crown Prince as a captive, and hurries away from Sedan to his castle prison, none so poor as to do him reverence.

And Paris disowns and deposes him; petted, spoilt, beautiful, imperial Paris, whose river he had quayed with marble, which he had adorned with gardens and fountains, with new palaces, new boulevards, covered, even as Pericles did Athens, with a mantle of imperial splendor. But what shall be our thoughts of Lutetia and her children, Lutetia Obsessa now? Is the deposed Emperor alone, and is Paris no partner of his guilt and shame? Were they not accomplices, each to each? Was he not a ruler fit for such a nation, and was not the nation fit for such a rule? Did he not bend to her pride and love of glory, and did she not almost make his subservience a condition, if she would gratify his dynastic dreams? Has he not received in part his retribution, and is not that retribution come horribly anear her now, the bitter cup tasted by Napoleon and passed on to Paris, even if the

new hopes of peace come to fruition? Alas for the beautiful city! Alas for the genius and the art, the glory, valor, wit, eloquence, and loveliness! Her enemies are upon her—those who are burning with the recollection of present wrongs and the three years' iron despotism of the first Napoleon; those who have shown by the treatment of their own Frankfort, four years ago, and of Strasburg, almost their own now, how well they understand the fierce science of the requisition and the bombardment! The King of Prussia, unlike most conquerors, at least acknow-

ledges and owns a God. Happy will it be for him and his own kingdom as well as France if he tempers judgment with generosity and mercy. Happy for Paris if—having sounded all the depths of glory, all the depths of woe—she attain at last to that supreme conquest, the conquest over herself, which will give her back whatever has been best in bygone supremacy! Happy for Napoleon if, in the wild sad sunset of his life, he shall learn the last lesson of abdicated and deposed monarchy, and find that there is still room for pardon and repentance left!

Chambers's Journal.

THE YEAR AND THE DAY.

OUR satellite the moon has this remarkable property, that it turns on its own axis in precisely the same time that it takes in completing a revolution round the earth. The result of this is that men have been known to state, with an air of scientific research, that it does not turn on its own axis at all. But *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, for, as Herschel remarks, if a man will only walk several times round a stick, with his face always towards it, he will find from the unpleasant sensation of giddiness that he has been rotating on his own axis also.

Now, the earth moves in a most confusing manner round the sun. It rotates on its axis about 365 times while it revolves about the sun; if it were exactly 365 times, the year would be difficult to manage, on account of its not being readily divisible into months or other periods. But it is about $365\frac{1}{4}$ times, and, to make the confusion worse, it is less than this number by an insignificant fraction, which will make itself known in course of years.

If we were to go back to the earliest correct, or moderately correct, notion of the length of the solar year, we should probably find it among the Chinese. But in their case it is impossible to tell what is false and what true. If, however, we are to believe their historians at all, we shall have to allow that in knowledge of this sort they anticipated Europeans by about two thousand years. The Chaldeans and the Egyptians were very early in the pursuit of astronomy, yet quite modern in comparison with the Chinese. In

Europe, the Greeks, at an early period of their history, were aware that the revolution, called the solar year, occupied about $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, but for a long time could not arrive at a more exact determination, and it was not till 140 B.C. that any accurate idea was formed. At that time lived Hipparchus, otherwise "The Father of Astronomy." He pursued the science in Rhodes; and by comparing his own observations of the summer solstice with those taken by Aristarchus about 140 years before, he arrived at a fairly correct result; in fact, whatever inaccuracy there was lay chiefly with Aristarchus. Modern investigations give as the exact time occupied by the earth in moving from a point in the ecliptic to the same point again, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.62 seconds.

The Romans seem not to have had the advantage of even the imperfect knowledge possessed by the early Greeks; and as our calendar has come down to us directly from them, it will be our object to examine the development of their system.

At first, the moon was their guide.

Romulus instituted an arbitrary year of 304 days, containing ten months, and commencing with March. Numa, finding that this was so far from the length of the solar year, and that consequently the seasons occurred at different times in different years, added two months. January at the beginning, and February at the end. Here, by the way, we may mention that in 452 B.C. the Decemvirs altered the order, putting February between January and March. Numa's year contained 354 days; and the

superstition of the times caused the addition of a day to make it an odd number, which was considered more lucky.

Thus the year became 355 days. This was known to be too short. Numa therefore ordered that every other year a month should be inserted between two days near the end of February, which month should consist alternately of twenty-two and twenty-three days. But notwithstanding this clumsy arrangement, the year was still nearly a day too long, for it was brought up to an average length of $366\frac{1}{4}$ days. Lastly, this inaccuracy was to be overcome by the omission of one intercalary month in twenty-four years. This was pretty accurate, and might have worked well; but it was left in the hands of the pontifices. Some say that they abused their power over the length of the year to serve political or personal objects. It may have been from ignorance or carelessness; but certainly when Julius Cæsar, as pontifex maximus, examined the state of the calendar, he found that winter months had crept back into autumn, and the heat of summer was raging in the months of autumn.

At this period, he called to his aid the astronomer Sosigenes, by whose advice the so-called Julian Calendar was framed. The lunar year was abolished, and with it the confusing arrangement of intercalary months. Cæsar ordered that the average length of the year should be $365\frac{1}{4}$ days; and, to effect this, decreed that every fourth year should contain 366 days, the others 365—so that there would at first seem to have been very little change from that time till now. But again the pontiffs interfered with the working of it. The Romans had a peculiarity in computing intervals of time which may have caused a mistake in the arrangement of the leap-years. They always counted intervals as including the extreme limits; that is to say, they would call the 5th day of a month the 3d before the 7th; we should call it the 2d before it. At all events, the pontiffs, instead of making every fourth year, made every third consist of 366 days. The error thus introduced was gradually corrected by Augustus: it was not large, and therefore he had not to resort to the violent measures of his predecessor Julius, who made the year of his reformation consist of 445 days, which truly was a "year of confusion."

Our months are necessarily of different

lengths, but they might be more evenly arranged. They seem to follow no law except that of the little rhyme, which every one is supposed to know. Had we received the Julian system unaltered, this little poem about the thirty and the thirty-one days would never have been needed. The original distribution was such that the months were alternately composed of thirty-one and thirty days in the leap-years, and in the other years a day was taken from February, which was always regarded with spite as an unlucky month. Thus, July consisted of thirty-one days, August of thirty. Accordingly, in the time of Augustus, gross adulation caused a day to be taken from February, the poor unlucky but ill-used month, and added to the one which bore the emperor's name, merely that his month might not be shorter than July, his predecessor's. The emperor *may* have been gratified by the attention, but it is hard that we should suffer for it.

The Julian method was nearly complete: the year thus established was only 11 minutes 10.35 seconds too long, which amounts to a day in 129 years.

When the Julian Calendar was instituted, the vernal equinox was fixed at the 25th of March; and had it not been for the slight error in the length of the solar year which resulted from the arrangement of Sosigenes, we should probably still have it on that day. As it was, however, the equinox receded; and at the Council of Nice, in 325 A.D., it was settled that the 21st should be distinguished as the day of its occurrence. And here it is remarkable that no correction was made which would prevent further recession, and absolutely fix the equinox on the 21st. The existing calendar was very convenient, simple, and accurate, as far as temporary results: but the error induced must have been manifest; and it must also have been clear that in every four centuries the seasons would be one day out of place. The necessity of reformation was felt by the Venerable Bede as early as the eighth century; it was subsequently recommended to the pope by the philosopher Roger Bacon: but the first attempt at correction was made in the fifteenth century by Pope Sixtus IV. To assist in this, he invited the great astronomer of that time, Regiomontanus; but by the death of the latter, the project was not carried into execution until the accession of Gregory XIII. to the papacy. His system was as follows:—

The Julian plan of intercalation was adopted, with the exception that the first year of a century should not be a leap-year unless it were divisible by 400. Thus the length of the year was brought so nearly to exactitude, that in a period of three thousand years the error amounts to less than a day, which is certainly of no great importance. This reformation was made in 1582; and it is a curious coincidence that whereas the Julian Calendar was finally drawn and fully written out by a scribe named Flavius, the Gregorian was published and explained by Clavius.

The reformed or Gregorian Calendar was almost immediately adopted in all Roman Catholic countries, and the seasons were brought back to their original places in the year by the omission of the ten days which had accumulated since the Council of Nice. In Scotland it was adopted in 1600, and in the Protestant States of Germany in 1700. In England the *vox populi* was so strongly opposed to change, that no alteration was made until the year 1752; and, indeed, when the change eventually came, it brought with it a most ridiculous outburst of popular ignorance. The 2d of September of that year was followed by the 14th; so that the eleven days, which was the amount of difference between the old style and the new, were omitted in

that month; and the lower orders of the nation, under the impression that they had been unwarrantably deprived of something, clamored vehemently but fruitlessly for the restoration of these days. At the present time, Russia is the only European country which adheres to the old style.

All things considered, our calendar seems remarkably simple, and, for all human purposes, sufficiently exact; but, in conclusion, we will quote a passage from Herschel's *Astronomy* with reference to the system adopted in Persia:

"A rule proposed by Omar, a Persian astronomer of the court of Gelaleddin Melek Schah, in 1079 A.D. (or more than five centuries before the reformation of Gregory), deserves notice. It consists in interpolating a day, as in the Julian system, every fourth year, only postponing to the thirty-third year the intercalation, which on that system would be made in the thirty-second. This is equivalent to omitting the Julian intercalation altogether in each one hundred and twenty-eighth year (retaining all the others). To produce an accumulated error of a day on this system would require a lapse of five thousand years; so that the Persian astronomer's rule is not only far more simple but materially more exact than the Gregorian."

The Spectator.

THE "TEMPORAL POWER."

As we are apt to take a good deal more notice of a great fire in the next street than of those vast hydrogen cyclones in the Sun, whose flames sweep over millions of miles, so it is not perhaps unnatural that in watching the military agony of France, we have paid far too little attention to an event which is as much more important than its proximate cause, as is an explosion in the centre of our system than a wee bonfire on the surface of one of its smallest planets. The relative strength of France and Germany is but the incident of a generation, which, as it has changed in one direction with the growth of one set of periodic causes, may just as well change in another direction with the growth of another set of periodic causes; there is nothing in the great reverses of France and successes

of Germany which need be more than temporary, nothing in them which marks the end or beginning of an age. But the death of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, if death, as we believe, it proves, is a phenomenon of quite another order of historic importance. Succumbing as it has succumbed, after a duration of some eleven hundred and fifty years, to the National idea,—(the question to be addressed to the people of the Papal States is, we are told, to be whether or not they desire an "Italy one and indivisible"),—an idea against which it has only made head during the last twenty years by the aid of the Emperor's French garrison, the fall of the temporal power really marks an epoch if not as important as the great political revolution epoch of the last century, or the great philo-

sophical revolution of the century previous, at least much more so than any which only dates the relative predominance of one nation and the inferiority of another. The end of the Temporal Power means the failure of an experiment of great grandeur, to which all the energy of the most popular and successful of Christian Churches has been heart and soul devoted. It means the failure of ecclesiastical ideas to override the affinities of national and popular feeling. It means a confession of the impossibility of making a church do duty for a nation. It means a practical demonstration that a civil government built upon a theological system and a dogmatic theory, is a civil government built upon the sand. The Ultramontanes have often told us that "the rains descended and the floods came, and the wind blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock,"—the rock of Peter. To this the world can now reply that at least as far as civil government is concerned their assertion is false,—for "it fell, and great was the fall of it." The "infallible" Church, after 1150 years' trial, has failed to construct a single solid society or government rooted in the conscience and affections of the people. The domestic feelings of Christendom triumphed over the Church at the time of the Reformation, for she attempted to override instead of pacifying them. The national feelings of Christendom triumph over her now, for the same reason; she has not sanctioned and sanctified the political aspirations of nations, but, on the contrary, striven to crush them. Hence the slow dwindling of the political power of the Papacy, up to the moment of its recent dissolution. The secular power of the Papacy arose from the most natural possible causes. When the Goths and Lombards invaded Italy, the only power which stood firm and undismayed, was the power which rested on a deep spiritual faith; and of course around it the elements of a new secular society began rapidly to crystallize. It has just fallen from causes precisely corresponding to those from which it arose. Instead of exerting a creative, sustaining, and sanitary influence on the affairs of the world, it had for centuries been exerting a cramping and destructive influence upon them. Instead of standing as a

fresh spiritual power among the discords of earthly passions, uttering the voice of the purest consciences, and boldly opposing the march of stately injustice, it had become a power that finessed with courts for its own temporal safety,—that too often blessed princes who had their feet on the necks of the people, if only they supported the Pope against his enemies,—that resisted despotism (as in Poland) only when despotism happened to be schismatic,—that withdrew its half-formed and faltering blessing on Italian freedom the moment it seemed likely to endanger Papal authority,—and, in a word, more than compensated the wholesome influence of the most spiritual elements in its Christian faith, by its public exhibition of political imbecility, helplessness, and time-serving towards the powers of the world. The "Vicar of Christ," as the Popes have all loved to call themselves, gained his temporal power because he could honestly say with Christ, "The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." He lost it because, if he had at once self-knowledge and candor, he might truly have said, at least in his capacity of temporal ruler, "The Prince of this world hath made me his slave; Christ cometh, and hath nothing in me." The fall of the temporal power is, in fact, the result of the loss of that spiritual power which the popes once exerted. When they were *more* truly spiritual rulers than the secular powers of the world, they grew in strength; when they became *less* spiritual than the secular powers of the world, they lost in strength; when they became nearly the least truly spiritual of all the rulers of the nations, and began to force their alliances and to mould their policy with less real concern for the true liberty, strength, and manliness of the people under their control, than even the most blundering and coarse of the popular governments around them, their temporal power was doomed, and awaited but the fall of a few artificial props, to expire.

But the fall of the Temporal Power is so great an event, not merely because it marks the final failure of the first great and serious attempt to push a spiritual theology systematically into the political and social outworks of every-day life, but because it cannot but modify the attitude of millions towards the authority of the only

Church which wields a really great external authority,—an authority independent of the spiritual truth it preaches,—over the imaginations and consciences of men. The "Eternal City" has been a sort of standing monument to the power of that Church and her great place in history. The Pope has been a spiritual power standing apart from all the world, in the capital of that old pagan empire over which he triumphed.—nay, at the centre, we may say, of all human history,—on an island which defied the gross authority of political States. The Roman Catholics have been quite right in their almost instinctive feeling that this position of his had a great charm for the imaginations of men,—that his subjection to the authority of any secular power would have dissipated that charm, destroyed his unique position, and assimilated his position to that of the ordinary religious potentates of earth, the various patriarchs and archbishops who are subject to the laws of their respective States, and are unable to emancipate their minds from the influences which those laws naturally exercise. With the temporal power that distinctive position departs. Wherever he stays or goes, the Pope will have to reckon with the powers that be. Even if the Leonine city should be permanently left under his rule, he will not be able within so narrow a realm to bid defiance to the civil laws of the city and kingdom from which that realm is hollowed out. The tradition of centuries which has appeared—no doubt, very falsely—to protect him absolutely from the rude interference of human politics, will be at an end. There will no longer be a spot of earth where a Roman Catholic penetrated with the ecclesiastical system in which he has been educated can live without incurring rude collisions with the actual life of the age. The protective system established over the conscience,—which, however, in the Roman States has unfortunately not proved inconsistent with such great concessions to the spirit of the world as the establishment of State lotteries,—will have to consult everywhere the conditions imposed by the morale of the political Societies amidst which the Church finds herself. Undoubtedly, one great fascination of Roman Catholicism will have disappeared. Rome will have become Roman as distinguished from Roman

Catholic. The Vatican will be only one of the curiosities in the capital of Italy; and foreign Catholics will criticise the "Italian" influences at work upon the Vatican. The cosmopolitan character of the Church will necessarily suffer. Those who submitted to the Roman Pontiff may hesitate to submit to the Italian Pontiff. The mere authority of the Pope must dwindle; his spiritual authority will again begin to depend on his spiritual character, on the severity of his justice, the boldness of his resistance to wrong, the truthfulness of his intellect, the sincerity of his humility and love. As his prestige departs, he will be driven back on his real spiritual resources, and the weak and bad and narrow-minded Popes will have less and less power to rule the Church.

Again, the fall of the Temporal Power, directly it is seen to be permanent, will strike a final blow at the theory of the Pope's infallibility. For the Pope, when "speaking *ex cathedra*, and in discharge of the office of Pastor and Doctor of all Christians," and defining "by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority," has committed himself to the view that the temporal power is necessary in the divine plan to the execution of the spiritual duties of the Vicar of Christ. And now the very Pope who has expressed himself on these matters with the greatest clearness and vigor, and who has just been declared infallible in all such utterances, is deprived of the temporal power under circumstances which seem to promise that that deprivation will be final. Can there be a harder blow at the doctrine of the infallibility of this organ of the Church of God? Can there be a heavier blow at the external authority of the Church which declared that infallibility? Of course, it will not strike home till the world sees that the Temporal Power is gone, not to be restored; but this, we imagine, it will begin to see very soon. That the Roman Catholic Church may continue to live, in some sense or other, by its theology, and its doctrine, and its social spirit, after the assumption of final authority which has hitherto been its great distinction from all other Churches is universally rejected, we think very probable and desirable. But the death of the present and visible organization must precede such a resurrection. It must die to dogmatic authority before it can live again to spiritual influence.

The history of the Temporal Power of "The Vicar of Christ" has, indeed, been a strange parody on the history of him whose Vicar he claims to be,—of Him of whom it is written that when he "perceived that they would come and take him by force to make him a king, he departed into a mountain himself alone." His "Vicars," on the contrary, as they proudly term themselves, when they have seen the people coming by force to take away their kingdom, have summoned all the powers of the world to defend and fortify the mountain on which they are enthroned,—not alone, but among palaces and courts. Hitherto there has almost always been some one of these powers which thought it its interest to lend that aid.

Now, for the first time, that aid seems likely to be permanently withheld. The sceptre is departed from the Pontiff and the lawgiver from between his feet; and he has to learn once more the lesson of the Early Church, how to leaven with spiritual leaven a world in which he exerts no external power. It will be a hard trial, and one that will lead to the decomposition and reorganization of the Roman, and perhaps many other, Churches, before its full effects are seen; but still we will believe that the death of the Temporal Power will issue in the resurrection of a truer spiritual power than Europe has had any experience of during centuries of petty ecclesiastical tyrannies, and not very much less petty ecclesiastical rebellions.

Chambers's Journal.

CAPRI.

IN the tideless sea of the Mediterranean there rise two immense rocks, bound together, as it were, by a long hill, on which are scattered white houses, surrounded by an over-abundant foliage. The brilliant rays of the sun harmonize with the deep azure of the sea, the gray tint of its rocky shore, and the dark shadow of its giant trees. At the foot of those abrupt rocks may be traced deep round holes, worn away by the action of the water, which makes a roar as of distant artillery when its waves pour into them. Higher up are immense grottoes, from which the stalactites hang in sharp points, or united at last to the rock itself, become a part of it. Two large masses rise in the sea, to remind him who sails past of a cathedral with its towers unfinished, through one of which the largest steamship may easily pass—a Gothic porch of nature's building; and when the northern point is doubled, the low landing-place is visible, and you are on shore at Capri. The remembrances of imperial Rome have left their impress there. It is a lovely spot, where nature seems too powerful for man. It is like the Sleeping Beauty; and human energy is powerless to grapple with it. The soil on this rocky island is so scarce, that the inhabitants treasure it with the utmost jealousy: they enclose it in walls; they arrest its natural fall into the sea by making terraces; they shelter it from the sun by the shade of thick trees; and, in return, it is not ungrateful for the care lav-

ished upon it, as all that it produces is of the most excellent quality. The cereals are of the best; but at what an expense they are grown! Each grain is put into the earth separately: were it sown broadcast, the wind, to which the island is so exposed, would carry it away. Oranges and lemons are of first-rate quality. The olive trees, which are abundant, yield so rich an oil, that it is specially sought for to use at table. The white fig of Capri is as celebrated as that of Smyrna, and the vine yields a wine renowned among Italian vintages. The red, which is rather sweet, has a pleasant flavor of raspberries; the white, which is dry and sharp, has a taste of violets so strong, that the Neapolitan merchants imitate it by infusing orris-root into any ordinary wine, and sell it at ten times its value.

Even with the incessant pains they take to draw from the earth all it can produce, it is quite insufficient to feed the three thousand inhabitants. The Capriotes live like primitive races, by fishing and the catching of small birds, for which their island is a place of rest in mid-ocean during the months of April, May, September, and October. Then may be seen immense flights of quails, thrushes, turtle-doves, and woodcocks, which are taken by nets. All round the island, wherever there is depth of earth in which to fix a stake, they put in the broken masts of vessels at certain distances, between which the nets are spread by the help of a cord and

a pulley, exactly as a sail is hoisted on board a ship. The birds arrive in innumerable flights about half an hour before day-break, fly into the nets, and are picked up by men lying in ambush. When the quails are more than usually plentiful, they are sold in the market of Naples at four centimes each, and sometimes exported as far as England. The number caught varies from forty to seventy thousand. In the spring they are thin and poor, having suffered from the privations of winter; but in the autumn they are well fed and very succulent, and form a principal source of the riches of the people.

In the whole island there are but two towns, Capri and Anacapri, one at the east, the other at the west end of the island. Each has its own territory. There can be no disagreement when the cultivated ground is separated by an abyss: the people can only meet on the neutral territory of the place of embarkation. The twins might be supposed to live in peace; yet it is not so: they hate each other profoundly, and never lose any occasion of testifying it. The fishermen load each other with abuse when they meet; they each tear the other's nets. Each town has its own patron saint, and mocks its neighbor's. As the Capriotes mount the hill to Anacapri, they spit at the chapel, which is half-way up. No marriages occur between them, and the children pull each other's hair when they meet. An example will suffice to show how far this animosity is carried. As the island cannot grow sufficient, corn there is always a supply provided for six weeks, in case of war. This is kept at Anacapri, as being the least accessible part of the country, and it is never touched but in case of extreme need. It happened that, in the month of March, 1836, there was such a succession of tempests and contrary winds, that all communication with the mainland was rendered impossible for nineteen days, and the town of Capri found itself without bread. The syndic wrote to his brother-officer at Anacapri to ask for corn, to avoid starvation. The council met, and returned for their reply, that they should be happy to send some for the syndic's own use, as he was not a native of the island; but the Capriotes should not have any, as they would only be too glad to see them perish by famine. The syndic of Capri proposed to his townsmen to give an an-

swer to this cruel insolence by taking their guns, and seizing the provision they needed by force. But he stood alone; and bread was made of potato-starch mixed with bean-flour until the storm subsided.

A narrow path covered with sparkling stones, so steep as to be a staircase in some parts, leads from the shore to Capri, a town protected by walls and gates, to which a drawbridge is attached. It extends in a crescent on the summit of one of the hills, and presents a most picturesque appearance from beneath; the houses perched on points of rock which crop out from the masses of verdure beneath. As the rocks are calcareous, whitewash is cheap and abundant, and each house has its annual bath, giving it a clean, bright aspect, which is sadly belied when it is entered. The streets are infested with small black pigs, which wallow in a mass of dirt, where the flies congregate, and the children play in rags. The town is interspersed by streets so narrow that two persons can scarcely pass, often roofed over, and the houses so open that the whole interior can be seen, giving a curious picture, which reminds you of the East in the middle ages.

As the isle of Capri is inseparably connected with the Emperor Tiberius, who retired here from Rome to indulge in seclusion and pleasure, it is naturally the first object of the traveller to visit the remains of his once gorgeous palaces. These were no fewer than twelve, which he dedicated to the twelve highest divinities; but after his death they were ordered to be destroyed by the senate, to mark their disgust at his sensuality and atrocious crimes. The one consecrated to Jupiter, which the tyrant preferred to the others, and where he shut himself up for nine months after the death of Sejanus, still shows some of its foundations. Mounting up a steep road from the town through groves of medlars, orange and fig trees, for about an hour, a mass of ruins marks the site: a fallen column, a broken step, the fragment of a cornice, prove that they were made of marble; but the walls seem to have been of brick, in the shape of lozenges bound together by the indestructible Roman cement, and laid in the form that the ancients called *opus reticulatum*. Man, time, and lightning have made the ruins indecipherable; the roofs have disappeared; the plaster has fallen;

the marble has been ground down ; some vaults alone remain, arched chambers where there is neither inscription nor painting, and which the people use for stables. Cattle ruminant and asses sleep where the Lord of the World, who thought himself the equal of the gods, tried to drown his guilty conscience in debauch, and paced his rooms in terror at imaginary enemies. A few white mosaics bordered with black are the sole remnant of ancient refinement. There is a semicircular hall, upon which open small side-rooms, marked by arches in the walls, which is supposed by the guides to have been the theatre of the palace. Had it not been that Tacitus and other historians had related its history and poured contempt on its builder, none could guess who had been the master of this heap of rubbish. But when we look at its situation, it must be acknowledged that it was well chosen : it is isolation in the midst of magnificent nature. Placed on the summit of the rocks to the west of the island, the immense panorama has its equal only in the Bay of Rio Janeiro or of Constantinople. The azure surface of the sea is cut on the one side by the harmonious lines of the isles of Ischia and Procida, softened by the distance ; beyond, is the Cape of Miseno, where Tiberius himself was to meet death in the house of Lucullus. The charming coast-line, dotted with villages and groves, forms the curve of the bay towards Naples, which is marked by a large white spot, stretching on to Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunziata, and Castellamare. Where Cape Campanella juts into the sea, the land again disappears near the isle of the Sirens, to form the Gulf of Salerno. Above all these beauties towers Vesuvius, as if she were the guardian of sea and shore ; and then, as a contrast to the great, the lesser beauties close at hand must be noticed. It is the wild flora, the seeds of which are brought in profusion by every breeze, and are the ornament and regeneration of a ruin. Pansies, pinks, eglantine, and broom, give life and beauty to the skeleton ; whilst emerald lizards glide through the leaves, and swallows wing their rapid flight overhead.

A few steps from the palace is a small platform overhanging the sea, called the "Leap of Tiberius." The tradition is, that from this place his prisoners, after suffer-

ing horrible tortures, were thrown into the sea in his presence, their bodies torn by the sharp rocks which lie at the foot of the precipice. It is above eleven hundred feet in height, and a moderate-sized stone occupies twenty-seven seconds in reaching the ground. The rock is straight as a wall, with here and there a sharp point jutting out, covered with a tuft of verdure. Still farther, on a pyramidal heap of earth, is an isolated gray ruin, to the top of which a modern staircase leads. Possibly it is the tower from which Tiberius watched for the signals which he established on all sides, to give him the first warning of the insurrections he so much feared. A beacon lighted on the coast of Campania would be easily distinguished here. Or it might be for the study of the stars, as it is well known that he was an adept in astrology, which he studied during his retreat at Rhodes. It will easily be believed that the people attach everything to his memory ; they call him "our Tiberius ;" if they show a grotto, it is where he sacrificed to the gods—or a cavern, it is where his prisoners were confined ; the old people speak as if they had known him, and the children stammer his name.

The emperor would be much surprised if he could again revisit his old haunts : where he had dungeons full to overflowing, and executioners always ready, there is now not a prisoner in the island. Theft is almost unknown ; two murders are mentioned as having formerly taken place ; but the peaceful and industrious habits of the people keep them from violent crimes. Each knows the other by name—life has no secrecy ; a bad man would soon be discovered, unmasked, and obliged to leave the island. The greater part of the inhabitants have never been on the mainland. Any one coming from Naples astonishes his simpler neighbors by his descriptions of carriages drawn by horses, there being neither cart nor vehicle of any sort in Capri ; as the roads are nothing more than staircases, they would not admit of them. The popular ignorance is great ; there is a school in each of the towns, but only one master, who divides his days between them ; and at eight years of age the children are sent to assist in the fishing, or to gather mulberry leaves for the silk-worms, or grapes from the vines.

Any notice of Capri would be incomplete without a word about the Blue

Grotto. The entrance from the sea is so narrow that the persons in the boat must lie down; but as soon as that is passed, you enter into fairyland. The water, clear to the bottom, is of an exquisite celestial blue, which is reflected from the calcareous rocks in their pure whiteness. It is a palace of turquoise, built above a sapphire lake. The drops of water from the oars sparkle like pearls with a blue tinge. The effect on the body is most singular; the part under water of a swimmer is silvery white, with blue shadows round the muscles; whilst the head and neck, which are out of the water, are of a bronze color, looking like an alabaster statue with a

bronze head. It is certainly one of the most beautiful natural curiosities in the world. A fisherman was the first to discover it, in 1822, though there are some indications that it was known to the ancients. Much has been written as to the cause of so singular a phenomenon; perhaps the most plausible is, that owing to the peculiar form of the entrance, the sea is saturated with light, which is shut up within, and throws its rays to the farthest depths of the vault. In another part of the coast there is a grotto where the color is that of pale green; it is very similar to its neighbor, but not quite equal in beauty.

Temple Bar.

RENÉ, THE CONSCRIPT.

PART I.

It was in a dull garrison town in France. I was utterly weary of the place. Business took me there, and business detained me longer than suited either my pleasure or my pocket. I had reason to hope that the affair I was engaged in would prove lucrative in the end, but that end was long in coming, and in the mean time I was not flush of cash, and had to economize strictly.

With this laudable end in view, I generally dined at a small restaurant in one of the streets leading from the market-place. It had the advantage of being decently kept, and was much frequented by the subalterns of the regiment in garrison.

One of the most regular customers at this restaurant was a sous-lieutenant. He was a man of middle age; his grave countenance was tinged with melancholy. His thick moustache was already grizzled, and a scar across the cheek added to the general griminess of his appearance. There was something about this man that attracted me in spite of his griminess. By the medals on his coat, he had evidently been distinguished in active service, and by the manner of his brother officers, he was as evidently held in respect. What attracted me so much in this man was the singular change that came over his countenance when he spoke and smiled. It was as if he had two natures, one overlaying and keeping back the other, that was only allowed to appear on the surface at rare intervals. That man has a history,

I said to myself, and I watched him with interest.

The good people who kept the restaurant had one child, a chubby round-eyed urchin they called Babot; what his real name was I never heard. The favorite amusement with the boys of the town was playing at soldiers. Babot had one day got possession of an old tin saucepan; this he had converted into a drum—to his own infinite satisfaction,—when a party of older boys, marching past, seized the mimic drum and made off with it, leaving Babot howling.

Hearing the outcry, Fabre—that was the name of the sous-lieutenant I have been describing—started up from table and strode to the door. I followed, fearing the child had met with an accident. Fabre was first. Finding what had happened, he took the boy in his arms and carried him to the nearest toy-shop; and a smart scarlet and tinsel drum soon turned tears into crowing laughter.

"There!" said the sous-lieutenant, setting the child down; "if any of the boys try to take this from you, tell them that Fabre will be after them. Poor little fellow! we none of us like to lose our treasures, do we, Babot?"

As he spoke there came into his face that sudden change I have spoken of. He sighed deeply, and as he pronounced the word "treasures" his voice faltered.

This trivial incident led to conversation, and from that time Fabre and I became friends. When he was off duty, we fre-

quently strolled together along the walls, or the poplar-lined banks of the sleepy river. He had been in both the Crimean and Italian wars; was a man of keen observation, and excellent company, when once the ice of habitual taciturnity and reserve was broken through.

One evening we were sauntering about the town, when a party of conscripts was marched in. They were evidently country lads for the most part,—the raw material, slouching and awkward. Each had the number he had drawn stuck in his hat. Some were indifferent or sullen, others laughed and shouted,—one or two looked dangerous, and a few were sunk in the deepest dejection.

"*Pauvres diables!*" Fabre exclaimed, with an emotional ring in his voice, regarding them compassionately as they passed.

I was surprised. Fabre was so completely the soldier, that till that moment it had never occurred to me to question his motive for entering the army. Then it flashed across me.

"You were a conscript, perhaps?" The thought seemed to have found utterance almost involuntarily. I was vexed with myself; fearful he might be offended. He had always maintained a degree of reticence as to his personal history.

"If M'sieu has any interest in the matter, he shall hear," Fabre replied. "It is a simple story scarcely worth the telling."

Relieved from the fear of having given offence, I assured him, with perfect sincerity, I should feel an interest in all he chose to tell me. We were now in a boulevard where there were shady trees, and seats at intervals.

"Let us sit down, then," Fabre said; "it is cool here," and he lifted his military cap. "M'sieu shall hear all, if he pleases."

"We were only peasants," he began, as we sat down under the acacia trees and lighted our cigars. "We were born a few miles from Foix, in Ariège, I and my father and my father's father before him. My father was a vine-dresser. When my brother Pierre was a mere youth, and I little more than a child, my father met with an accident that lamed him; and after that he was unable to work at the vines, and was glad to take any odd jobs that came to hand. Pierre did not count

for much; he was idle, and had a roving disposition. Instead of helping, he was always getting into trouble."

"I was a strong, well-grown lad, and had no fear of work, and I was ambitious. You will smile, M'sieu. 'What has a peasant to do with ambition?' you will say. Ah, well! the hearts of rich and poor are much alike, I suppose.

"I had set my heart on one day being a proprietor; and when I went to work in the vineyard, I said to myself, I will one day have a vineyard of my own. I had to labor hard; not only to keep myself, but to help poor old father. By working early and late, and by a bit of carpentering I took up at odd hours, I not only kept the pot boiling, but week by week contrived to lay a trifle by. Each vintage I added to my store, for I had an end in view, you see, M'sieu.

"In a few years I expected to have saved enough to buy a horse and cart. Father could not do much amongst the vines, but he could drive a cart, and earn money as a carrier. This would be a beginning. After that we should be able to hire a bit of garden-ground, and when father no longer needed my help I would bring Toinette home. She would feed poultry and attend to the garden. We could send poultry and vegetables to the market at Foix in the cart, and so it would go on by degrees, till at last I should find myself master of a vineyard. Oh, it was a beautiful plan of life I had laid down! A thing to laugh at,—was it not, M'sieu?

"Toinette and I had been playfellows when we were children, and whenever I pictured a home of my own it was with Toinette there. I dare say there were prettier girls in the village; I do not know. I only know that I loved her, and love is not critical.

"Years went on, and I grew from youth to manhood. The little store accumulated slowly, for you see it was but a few francs here and there that I could save. But I thought when father had the carrying business, we should get on rapidly. Toinette listened to all my projects, and encouraged me in what I was endeavoring to do. I was now nearly twenty-five, and I had all but a few francs of the sum I had been working and saving nine years to gain. Nine long years!

"I knew I should be able to earn the rest of the money wanted before the win-

ter was over. Toinette was weaving some pretty scarlet fringe to trim the harness of the horse I was going to buy. She was to meet me on the road home from Foix, and have the first ride in the new cart; and when father was fairly started as a carrier I was to speak to the Curé about our marriage. We had settled it all, you see.

"Were you ever in our part of the country, M'sieu? 'No.' Ah! it is grand and beautiful there! There, instead of this dead level, we have the mountains, and the river flashes along in a rapid current, foaming and dashing against the rocks when the snows are melting from the upper mountains. On the opposite side of the river to where we lived, was an old ruined castle, on the summit of a rounded hill. The ascent to the castle was planted with trees, and was a favorite walk. Here often in the long summer evenings when work was over, or on our rare holidays, Toinette and I used to wander, talking about our future that was to be spent together—always together. Or we used to sit beneath the old walls overlooking the river, and were as happy as the birds that flew in and out of the ivy over our heads."

Fabre paused for a while. Then drawing the back of his hand across his brow, and clearing his throat, he resumed:—

"Just for the moment, M'sieu, it almost seemed to me as if I could hear the murmur of the river, and Toinette's voice, that was as sweet as the lapse of waters, or the song of birds—at least it was so to my ears.

"When we have fixed in our own minds the way we will go in life, it seems that the good God—for our benefit, no doubt—stops us, and turns our steps into a different path altogether. The time for drawing for the conscription was approaching; but it gave me no concern; I had drawn a lucky number before, and should do so again, I made no doubt. I had great faith in my luck, because all had gone so well with me hitherto.

"When the day came, Pierre and I, and the other young men of the district, assembled to draw the numbers. M'sieu, I thought the earth had given way from beneath my feet when the number I held was read out. I have no doubt my cheeks were blanched, for the sergeant whispered 'coward' as he passed me. I think when we were before Sebastopol he recalled his word.

"I was not a coward in the sense he meant. But it is no light thing to have all one's hopes and all one's efforts for nine years annihilated at a blow—brought to nothing, like the ashes of this cigar that I knock away.

"At first I had some hope that Pierre might offer to take my place; for when father was angry with him for his unsteady ways he used to talk of going for a soldier. But talking and doing are two different things, as I found. Father urged me to pay for a substitute. But a substitute was not easily to be found. It would have taken all my money—just all that I had saved.

"Toinette, too, begged me to stay; but to what end? We could not marry, if I had nothing but my daily work as a *vigneron*, and father and mother to keep. It might have been better to do as they wished; but what would you? We are but human, and I *could not* begin again:

"I determined to go. There would be the money, so that father could make his living as a carrier, and Toinette I knew would be true to me, and when I came back, we should see.

"I found it the hardest to part from poor old mother. You see father being lame, and Pierre not good for much, she leaned upon me. When she hung crying round my neck, I began to wish I had let the money go, and consented to remain at home. But it was too late; and we were marched away, just as you saw those poor fellows a while ago.

"I did not like a soldier's life: my heart was not in it; it was always in our valley, amongst the vines and olive-trees, and I longed continually for the time of service to be over. I did my duty. Time would have gone no faster for shirking that; and when our regiment was ordered to the Crimea, I caught something of the excitement, and was glad to go,—glad at the prospect of change and of active service.

"I was no great hand at letter-writing, I had not had time for much learning; but I managed to write home to tell them I was going, and to bid them keep up their hearts.

"You know all about the war, M'sieu. Our regiment had its share in all that was going on. I escaped for a time, but at the taking of the Malakoff, I got this ugly sabre cut across my face, and my arm was

broken by a bullet. I suppose I fainted from loss of blood; they told me afterwards I was taken up for dead. I was a long time in hospital. I had fever, and it was months before I could crawl about again, and was strong enough to be shipped off for France, with other invalids like myself.

"All the voyage I thought of father and mother and Toinette, and how glad they would be to have me back, and how soon I should get strong again at home. It was four years since I had left the village; and I thought, with my heavy moustache, and the sabre cut across my face, and my uniform, no one would recognize René the *vigneron*; and I would go first to the *auberge*, and hear the news before making myself known.

"My heart leaped within me as I approached the village and saw the old castle upon its rounded hill, and the swift-flowing river. I said to myself, Perhaps I shall meet father in his cart, or perhaps Toinette may be at her door as I pass; but though I met several of the villagers, who turned to look with interest at the weather-beaten and wounded soldier, I saw neither father nor Toinette, and no one recognized me.

"I was still weak from illness, and when I reached the *auberge* I was glad to sit down and call for some wine. The landlord brought it. I asked him to sit down and partake. First, I had to answer many questions about what was going on in the East, and then I asked for news of the village. I had my cap drawn down over my forehead, and was sitting with my back to the light, but once or twice I saw my companion look at me narrowly, as if he suspected I was some one he ought to know.

"This was the news I heard: 'Fabre and his wife were both dead. The old man had no heart to do anything after his younger son, who was the stay of the family,' the landlord said, 'had been drawn for the army. Had I happened to meet with René Fabre? He was killed at the taking of the Malakoff—his name was seen in the list. That just broke the hearts of the old people; they never lifted their heads again, either of them. The mother went first. Old Fabre died only three weeks ago.'

"'Had they never received a letter?' I asked, making my voice as steady as I could; for one of the kind nurses at Scutari had written for me.

"'No. What letter should they receive when René was dead?'

"It had been lost then. I could not repress a groan. 'Was my wound paining me?' the landlord asked. 'Could he do anything for me?'

"I shook my head. 'Where was Pierre Fabre?' I asked.

"Pierre had got into fresh trouble, and had gone away two years before. No one knew anything about him.

"Then came the name that had been trembling on my lips all along—Toinette Dufour.

"Again I observed the landlord look at me inquisitively, 'That was the girl René was to have married,' he said. 'Her mother always wanted to marry her to Barbel's Ambrose, because old Barbel was rich. Toinette would not hear of it till the news came that René was killed, and then somehow it seemed as if she did not care what became of her, and the mother had her way. It had not been a very happy marriage hitherto, as, indeed, how should it, with a bride with no more heart in her than a ghost.'

"This, M'sieu, was my coming home. I did not make myself known. Where was the use? I engaged a bed for the night, and then I wandered out. I went first to the little cemetery, then I watched for one sight of Toinette. I saw her just at dusk, pale and sad-looking, at her husband's door. I did not dare to present myself before her; I could not trust myself to hear her speak. I turned away and climbed the hill to the castle, and there I threw myself down on the spot where we had sat so many summer evenings dreaming dreams—nothing but dreams, M'sieu.

"I do not know how long I lay there. It seemed during those hours as if there was neither past nor future any more, only one long ever-present agony.

"At last the glimmering lights in the village were being extinguished one by one, and I knew I must return to the *auberge*. Early the next morning I left my old home forever and returned to Marseilles, where I waited till my regiment came back from the East. Both officers and men were glad to receive me amongst them again, and I had no wish to leave them any more. Why should I? This is all. It is quite a simple story, you see, M'sieu.

"This medal was won before the Malakoff, and this at Solferino. *Allons, vive*

la gloire! A few broken hearts, more or less—what does it matter! I am a sous-lieutenant, and perhaps may die capitaine. That ought to be enough for my ambition, you will say. But people are not all alike, and it seems to me that my ambition is over. *Tiens!* Let us go and have a cup of coffee; I am not accustomed to talk so much; my throat is dry." Pitching away the end of his cigar, Fabre rose from the bench where we had been sitting, and led the way to the café.

I followed slowly. We were both silent. What could I say? Where would have been the use of commonplace words of pity or consolation? Fabre never again made any reference to his past life in talking to me, and I was careful not to allude to so sad a theme.

Shortly after this a change was made in the garrison, and Fabre's regiment was ordered to Algeria. A crowd followed the troops as they marched away to the roll of the drum. Fabre waved his hand to me as he passed. Will his weary spirit find rest in a soldier's grave, under the burning sun of Africa, was my thought, or will he live, a superannuated officer, to potter about some provincial town, shouldering "his crutch, to tell how fields were won?" Most probably I shall never know. Such was my conclusion as I sighed over the departure of my pleasant friend and companion.

PART II.

The business that had detained me so long was brought to a successful issue, and it was upwards of three years before I had occasion to revisit *la belle France*. This time my affairs led me to Bordeaux, and afterwards to Marseilles. As time was not pressing, I determined to take holiday for a few weeks, in order to visit the places most worth seeing on my route.

I had heard nothing of Fabre since we parted; but when I arrived at Foix, the place brought him vividly to my recollection, and I determined to ride over to Varilhes, and thence walk to the village Fabre had described to me. I found the castle was connected with some interesting historical associations,—it had been an appanage of the Counts of Foix, and had suffered in the religious wars of the sixteenth century,—so I had a double object in my ride.

It was a lovely day. The vintage had

commenced, and the vineyards were alive with busy groups of men, women, and children. I rode slowly, enjoying to the utmost the gay and animated scene, and it was already afternoon when I came in sight of the little town of Varilhes.

Putting up my horse, I set out for my walk; but after proceeding for about half a mile, I began to feel uncertain whether I had taken the right direction, and looked about for some one of whom I could make the inquiry. There was no one to be seen on the road, but to my right was a small country-house, a "bastide," as it is called there. It stood in the midst of a garden, where fruit and flowers grew together in all the luxuriance of the south; and from a vineyard at the back I heard the sounds of voices. I opened the gate, thinking I would skirt the garden to the vineyard, and there make my inquiry of the first person I met.

I had the gate still in my hand, and was just about to enter, when I was held spell-bound in astonishment, as if I had seen a ghost. A weather-beaten, military-looking man issued from the house at that moment, and at a glance I recognized René Fabre. He perceived me at the same instant, and advanced with open arms.

"*Quel bonheur!* I am overjoyed! Did M'sieu drop from the clouds?"

I returned his hearty greeting, for I was truly rejoiced to see him again.

As for my leaving him that day or the next, it was not to be thought of for a moment. Anything I needed could be sent for to Foix, but stay I must.

"*Toinette!*" he cried. "Come out, then, my child. Here is my good English friend; and come and bid him welcome."

At this summons a pale, dark-eyed, Spanish-looking woman made her appearance, who was introduced to me as Madame Fabre.

"Oh!" cried Fabre, "M'sieu is surprised; and well he may be. But dinner is ready, is it not, ma mie? Afterwards M'sieu shall hear."

I was altogether surprised at such a turn of events, but at nothing more than the change in Fabre himself. The nature that had formerly always been subdued and kept back was now triumphant. He was absolutely radiant.

After an excellent dinner, we strolled

into the vineyard to smoke our cigars, and then I asked Fabre how it had all come about.

"When I last saw you," he said, "I never thought to visit my native place again. But when I returned from Algeria, something seemed to draw me here in spite of myself. On All Souls' Day I said to myself, I will go and hang a wreath of immortelles over father and mother's grave. So I came to the village, thinking just to visit the cemetery, and walk up to the old castle once more.

"There were many people in the cemetery, for it was All Souls' day, you see; and I saw Toinette there amongst the rest. I did not accost her, but when she had hung her wreath and gone away, I went to see whose grave it was she had been visiting, and I found it was Ambrose Cauvin's—that was the name of the man they had married her to.—I can't tell you how I felt at that moment, M'sieu; it seemed suddenly as if all the clouds had rolled away from the sky, and the sun was shining,—as if life were opening afresh. Toinette was free, then! and I had only to resign to be free also. I was no longer poor, for I had shared in prize-money, and I had saved more from habit, and from not having anything I cared to spend money upon, than because I had cared to save. But now I was glad—oh, how glad! I felt like a boy again.

"Well, M'sien, to cut my story short, I got the good Curé to break the news of my being alive and at home to Toinette, gently; for she had suffered much unhappiness, and her health was not strong.

When we first met, we wept in each other's arms,—wept over all we had suffered before we could begin to take joy in being together once more.

"Toinette had been a widow four years—if I had but known sooner! Her husband was killed by the machinery of the oil-mill where he worked. I resigned my commission, and then we were married. I looked about and found this little place that happened to be for sale. I could not quite compass the purchase-money, but the mortgage will be cleared off in a few years, God willing. So you see my dream has come true, after all, M'sieu. If only poor old father and mother could have lived to see the day! But what would you? We cannot have everything, and they are in a better place, I trust," and Fabre reverently lifted his cap.

I heartily congratulated him upon the change that had taken place in his circumstances, and then we talked about the prospects of the vintage, about Algeria, and other subjects.

I spent two pleasant days with Lieutenant Fabre and his gentle wife, and then I took leave, but not before I was made to promise to pay them a long visit at some future time.

"Then I hope M'sieu will not come alone," said Fabre, who is disposed to commiserate my bachelor state.

I shook my head, laughing. His pleasant smile, as he stood on the platform of the railway station at Foix, looking after me, as the train whirled me away, is the last recollection I have of him.

The Student.

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION.*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S "Origin of Civilization" is a very interesting and readable work, but it is impossible to peruse it without coming to the conclusion that he would have produced a much better one if he had not founded it upon a set of popular lectures delivered at the Royal Institution two years ago. The require-

ments of a miscellaneous audience, many of them totally ignorant of the subject, and not easily amused without their customary allowance of electric light, magic-lantern work, and brilliant display, could only be met by a very frequent and considerable sacrifice of the subject, and by a treatment rather verging on the flimsy than penetrating into the profound. In spite of the difficulties created by these circumstances, and by the multitudinous labors and engagements of its undoubtedly able author, the book is well worth

* "The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man. Mental and Social Condition of Savages." By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., author of "Prehistoric Times," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

having as a useful summary of information; and if its arguments are cautiously scanned it will give an important impulse in this country to a study that has many difficulties to contend with, arising from prejudice and old established ideas.

Unfortunately, we are not able to trace the progress of any race or nation from the rudest beginnings to the stage we call civilization; and when we contemplate the lives of the lowest savages, we see no tendencies towards a higher development, and in some cases very little capacity for it can be discerned. Thus we are without a satisfactory basis of history for our research; and when our travellers come into contact with savages, they have great difficulty in appreciating their mental states. Sir John Lubbock alludes to the unwillingness of savages to contradict what is said to them, as a frequent source of error, and he cites a story told by Mr. Oldfield of his asking an Australian, who brought him a specimen of Eucalyptus, whether it was a "tall tree," to which he answered in the affirmative; he was then asked if it was a "low bush," and again the reply was "yes." As tall trees pass through stages of growth, the native might have meant that the Eucalyptus in question was found both tall and as a low bush. If this particular Australian was somewhat confused about the relative tallness of trees, are not civilized authors as much so, when they describe vaguely as "savages" all sorts of races varying greatly in development? Mr. Dalton, cited by Sir John, speaks of wild men in the interior of Borneo, "who neither eat rice nor salt, do not associate with each other, but rove about the woods like wild beasts," and are so regarded by the other Dyaks. Among such persons it would be vain to look for more than a mere possibility of culture above the beasts they imitate.

Contrasting with the wild Borneans, whose ideas must be extremely limited, we may place the natives of Tahiti, believing that "not only all animals, but trees, fruit, and even stones, have souls, which at death, or upon being consumed or broken, ascend to the Divinity, with whom they first mix, and afterwards pass into the mansion allotted to each." Here we have a people arriving at a conception of a general law, and exhibiting in a rude

form the doctrine of the conservation of force.

Sir John Lubbock adduces many interesting cases of curious customs prevailing amongst widely-separated tribes or races, and we think he is quite right in considering that similar ideas and practices may spring up under analogous circumstances without any communication between the people who adopt them. Probably many human actions have the character which in animals we term "instinctive"—that is, of necessarily resulting from the influence of circumstances on physical organization. In his remarks on the marriage customs of savages, Sir John is disposed to believe that marriage was first communal "when every man and woman in a small community were regarded as equally married to one another," and then became changed into individual marriage founded on capture. Marriage by capturing and acquiring a sort of hunter's or warrior's property in the woman caught, is shown to have had a wide prevalence by recent writers, but there does not seem sufficient ground for recognizing its universality, or for attributing that quality to the so-called "communal" arrangement. Many of the customs of savages in relation to marriage are so disgustingly cruel that they scarcely admit description, and in the book before us is a print representing an "Australian marriage," which consists in the would-be husband, assisted by his companions, dragging away the unfortunate woman, and belaboring her with clubs and wooden swords until she is covered with wounds and blood. Are there any wild beasts who treat their females so badly? Is there not in such cases a degradation from a previous state at least as good as that of tigers and wolves?

The peculiar position of the sexes amongst many savage races very naturally gives rise to the practice of tracing relationship on the mother's side only, the uncertainty of the paternity causing the father to be omitted from the calculation, and amongst the Tamils of India "a man's brother's children are reckoned as his children, but his sister's children are his nephews and nieces, while a woman's brother's children are her nephews and nieces, and her sister's children are her children." From tracing all relationship through the mother, to a practice diametrically opposite, is a strange contrast, if not transition;

and Sir J. Lubbock observes "how completely the idea of relationship through the father, when once recognized, might replace that through the mother, we may see in the very curious trial of Orestes. Agamemnon having been murdered by his wife, Clytemnestra, was avenged by their son Orestes, who killed his mother for the murder of his father. For this act he was prosecuted before the tribunal of the gods by the Erynnyes, whose function it was to punish those who shed the blood of relatives. In his defence, Orestes asks them why they did not punish Clytemnestra for the murder of Agamemnon; and when they reply that marriage does not constitute blood relationship—"she has not the kindred of the man she slew," he pleads that by the same rule they cannot touch *him*, because a man is a relation to his father, but not to his mother."

This view, which appears to us so unnatural, was supported by Apollo and Minerva, and, being adopted by the majority of the gods, led to the acquittal of Orestes. Sir John thinks that "at first a child was considered as related to his tribe generally; secondly, to his mother, and not to his father; thirdly, to his father, and not to his mother; and lastly, and lastly only, that he is related to both." The foundation of this view is the opinion that in the "primitive" marriage the woman was the wife of the tribe, and that matrimonial pairing was a later invention. Of this we do not see adequate proof, though the wide prevalence of marriage by capture must be conceded. When parents acquired the notion that their daughters were property, wives would be obtainable by purchase, or by robbery, and it is no wonder that the latter was thought an excellent plan.

We do not think Sir John Lubbock treats the question of the moral and religious sentiments and opinions of savages with sufficient caution, nor should we be disposed to accept without considerable reservation and modification his "stages" of religious thought, which are as follows:—"Atheism; understanding by this term not a denial of the existence of a deity, but an absence of any definite ideas on the subject; *Fetichism*, the stage in which man supposes he can force the deity to comply with his desires: *Nature Worship*, or *Totemism*, in which natural objects—trees, lakes, stones, animals, etc.—

are worshipped: *Shamanism*; in which the superior deities are far more powerful than men, and of a different nature, their place of abode is also far away, and accessible only to Shamans: *Idolatry*, or *Anthropomorphism*; in which the gods took still more completely the form of men, being, however, more powerful. They are still amenable to persuasion; they are a part of nature and not creators; they are represented by images or idols. In the next stage the deity is regarded as the author, not merely a part, of nature; he becomes for the first time a really supernatural being. The last stage to which I will refer is that in which morality is associated with religion." Scarcely one of these "stages" is free from objection. Let us take the first, *Atheism*, and we ask, why should vagueness (absence of definitiveness, as the author explains) be sufficient to justify the use of this term? In tracing growth we must pay due attention to embryonic forms, and if any "vague notions" can be discovered that can make a step towards Theism, we should not use the term Atheism in such a case. Again, *Fetichism* is by no means the only stage of religious thought in which man supposes he can force the deity to comply with his desires. Men who take low views of the highest religions are not free from this error, and suppose that by rites, ceremonies, and penances, they can exercise a constraining power.

Sir John's "Shamanism" is scarcely more satisfactory. It may be doubted whether any savage race ever believed in deities quite of a different nature from themselves, and Anthropomorphism meets us at every step when we investigate modern varieties of faith. Accessibility only to "Shamans" is not peculiar to the religion of savages, for in a great variety of the religions of civilized men, we find the intervention of a particular class of persons deemed essential to the propitiation of supernal powers. If the Egyptians and the Hindoos are to be reckoned amongst idolaters, there is much to be found in their belief that will not fit Sir John's definition. Isis, Osiris, Vishnu, and Siva, are not mere parts of nature, or specially amenable to persuasion, and with regard to nature worship, we must not forget the difference between worshipping a particular object as a symbol, or as an actual deity, and the worship of natural

powers—generation, etc.—which existed amongst nations who had made great progress in metaphysical thought. The idolatry of a savage is no doubt enormously lower than that of a learned Brahmin or an Egyptian priest, but wherever idols are employed as objects of adoration, the many will, in fact, be genuine idolaters, though the few may regard the images from a purely symbolical point of view.

What a civilized man accustomed to hard thinking calls “religion,” is a highly complex compound of opinions and sentiments, and if we seek to find the earliest roots of such religion in the most barbarous and undeveloped races, we should only expect very simple germs. No creature can think of a deity from whom all things proceed, or by whom all things are fashioned, unless he is able to conceive the idea expressed by “all things.” The reference of dissimilar phenomena to one common cause can only take place when considerable powers of generalization and abstraction have been reached. The discovery of savages who have “no idea of a Supreme Being,” and “no rites of religious worship,” is no proof whatever that germs of religion do not exist amongst them. A savage would not be likely to get at the notion of a Supreme Being until long after he had recognized forces in nature to which he would give names, and more or less distinctly personify. Sir J. Lubbock himself observes, “It seems *a priori* very difficult to suppose that a people so backward as to be unable to count their own fingers should be sufficiently advanced in their intellectual conception as to have any system of belief worthy of the name of a religion.” This we can all agree with, but if religion is natural to man, as we contend, we should think it probable that a careful examination of savages who cannot count as far as their fingers, would lead to the detection of some rudimentary capacities which, if developed, would evolve religious thought. If the question were put, “is it natural to man to form general conceptions, and abstract ideas,” the reply would be “yes,” as soon as the requisite development takes place, and the same answer seems applicable to the inquiry whether religion is natural to man.

In attempts to estimate the religion and morals of savages we must avoid the error of treating as peculiar to them sentiments

that with more or less modification may be found in quite different states of society; and when the opinions of a whole tribe or race are described by a traveller, who with imperfect knowledge of their language, has spoken only to a few upon difficult subjects, we may well hesitate to accept any general statement as correct. In our own country, so long the seat of highly developed religious feelings and ideas, it would be easy to find thousands of persons to whom the whole subject is a blank. When Captain Burton, strangely denominated by Sir J. Lubbock, “as one of our keenest observers,” says, “The negroes believe in a ghost, but not in a spirit; in a present immaterial but not in a future immaterial,” the evidence is upon the face of it worth little. It is highly improbable that the negroes in question have any notion of the metaphysical distinction of the “material” and the “immaterial.” Captain Burton’s preponderating perceptions of himself, and his want of the power of appreciating any character different from his own, make him a bad witness in any but a purely objective matter, while his deplorably bad style of writing indicates an inability to distinguish delicate shades of meaning in words.

M. Du Chaillu, speaking of the negro, says, “Ask him where is the spirit of his great-grandfather, he says he does not know: it is done; ask him about the spirit of his father or brother who died yesterday, then he is full of fear and terror: he believes it to be generally near the place where the body has been buried.” Although M. Du Chaillu may possess many qualifications superior to those of Captain Burton, we should not select him as the fittest person for an inquiry of this description. Those who believe ghost phenomena, when not imposture, to be entirely subjective, will readily understand why the majority of such alleged appearances should be of human beings recently dead, and who left a strong impression behind them on the memories of the ghost seers. When legendary tales acquire a powerful hold over the imagination, and a story has grown up of a particular sort of appearance, we find that reproduced for just the same reason that the form of a recently deceased person haunts a survivor. The mind is in each case strongly impressed with an image which its excitement invests with objective reality. That

savages should not see ghosts of their great-grandfathers, and should see, or fancy they see, ghosts of their deceased father or brothers, is easily explained by the fact that if they ever knew the former they may have passed out of their memory, while it has retained the more recent pictures vivid and distinct. It would be absurd, without further inquiry, to assume that when the negro said "it is done," or something equivalent to it, he meant that the great-grandfather's ghost had suffered extinction; and no such negro as Captain Burton describes is at all likely to have pondered over the distinction between "immaterials," "present," and "future."

If Sir John Lubbock should at some future date publish a more elaborate work on this subject, we recommend him to pay more attention to the comparative aspects of his inquiry, and not treat opinions of savages without reference to analogous opinions of more advanced races. When he says, "Some races believe in ghosts of the living as well as of the dead," we cannot forget that many, conspicuous of reputation for scholarship and research, have done the same, and fortified themselves with the text, "whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." As an illustration of his assertion that when ideas of a soul and future life are more developed, they are "far from taking the direction of our belief," he tells us that "the Caribs and Redskins believe that a man has more than one soul;" and he adds, "to this they are probably led by the pulsation of the heart and arteries, which they regard as evidences of independent life." Sir John is a man of too much real learning not to be perfectly well aware that various schools of philosophers have ascribed a complex soul or spirit to man; and if the Caribs and Redskins have thought the matter out as he supposes, they will have arrived at a conclusion bearing analogy to the distinction now very commonly recognized between organic and mental life. Nothing that he states warrants the conclusion that the "belief in ghosts" entertained by savages is *essentially different* from our notions of a future life. Their "ghosts," he says, "are mortal," but no precise evidence is adduced of the assertion; and then we are told, even when a higher stage has been gained, the place of departed souls is not a heaven, but merely a better world. What of that? Was the

Hades of the Homeric Greeks as good as earth? Did the Hindoos or Mohammedans ever give a picture of heaven that was not, in many respects, worse than modern civilization has made earth for its most fortunate individuals; and do not the great majority of uneducated Roman Catholics and Protestants picture the heaven of their aspiration in a very earthly shape?

Sir John Lubbock traces the worship of stones through many races and many ages, and with a little more pains he might find that all the leading points of superstition or belief amongst savage tribes reappear, with modifications, in more developed conditions of society.

The discussion as to the moral character of savages is very unsatisfactory, and the conclusion that "the lower races of men may be said to be quite deficient in any idea of right, though quite familiar with that of law," seems to have been arrived at without due consideration. It is no peculiarity of savages to have "a moral code which permits them to rob and murder." Civilized man, making a war of conquest, acts upon the same sort of code. As soon as savages live in associated groups, they do not think it right to take all opportunities of robbing and murdering each other, though they may direct attention of that description to outsiders. If at Jenna, "When a town is deprived of its chief, the inhabitants acknowledge no law," and anarchy begins. The same thing has occurred in Europe, and even in England, when the Crown was temporarily vacant; and if "the Fijees consider offences grave or light, according to the rank of the offender," so did the Anglo-Saxons, in arranging their schemes of pecuniary compensation, reckon them according to the rank of the person against whom they were committed; and our own law provides at this day much better means of punishing the petty pilferings of the poor than the wholesale swindlings of the rich. If we suppose ideas of morality to have grown with the advance of society, we shall perceive that honesty and other qualities beneficially affecting others would have a very limited range of operation in very early conditions, and would extend in area as improvements took place. A man would be honest to his family, to some extent at least, while he might think it praiseworthy to be suc-

cessfully dishonest to any other within his reach.

Fidelity to his own tribe might easily consist with gross treachery towards another tribe, and those who praised Ulysses for cunning did not expect him to make an evil use of that property against his wife or his friends. When it helped the destruction of the suitors, it advanced what would be deemed the cause of moral justice; but had it been wrongfully turned to the injury of Penelope, it would have met with no commendation from the old Greeks.

To ascertain and correctly describe the mental and moral condition of rude races, is a task that would be extremely difficult to a skilful observer well acquainted with their language and customs. It is quite

beyond the reach of the bold sportsmen, the fearless hunters, and men of physical rather than intellectual qualifications, who constitute the majority of travellers in unexplored regions. We have only to read the ordinary books of men who have courageously fought their way amongst barbarous tribes, treating them pretty much as the wild game they pursue, to see how little reliance can be placed upon what they tell us when they leave the ordinary details of adventure and sport. Sir John Lubbock places all sorts of travellers upon an equality as to evidence of matters difficult to ascertain. We cannot say he has done his best to elucidate his subject, but we hope to see him again entering upon it with more leisure and more thought.

The Spectator.

THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE.

THERE is an idea rapidly gaining ground among our own people, in Germany, and in America, which ought to be discussed. Is it not possible, ask grave men, astounded by the events of the war, that France is something more than defeated,—that she is in decadence, that her history is over, and that she will never revive? The question, though only uttered in Germany, is whispered in a great many households in England, and it is well worth a serious discussion. If France is to cease to be, the history of the human race is modified forever, and the world has lost one of its first advantages, the existence in Europe of an effective and propagandist intellect radically different from the Teuton. Not only the dominion of the world, though that is much, but the dominion of the thoughts of the world will have passed to a single branch of the human race, for the Anglo-Saxon is but the Teuton modified by centuries of freedom. This may be the best, as it is clearly the strongest branch of the human stock, but still a branch with no right and no capacity to supersede humanity. *Primâ facie*, many of the events of the war justify those who apprehend so frightful a calamity. Fighting power, if not a high form of power in a race, is an essential form if the race is to keep its independence, and France appears to superficial observers to have lost its fighting power. We all, friends and

enemies alike, ask with General Blumenthal, in simple amazement, what change has come over the French? Why do they run away? The linesmen who in one place—Metz—fight to the death, everywhere else run, or capitulate, or mutiny, or do something or other for which explanation seems as difficult as apology. The citizens in many places give themselves up on mere rumors of a German advance. The departments seem utterly unable to organize anything, not only an army, but a regiment, a company, anything of any value for defence. No leaders, it is said, turn up even in civil matters, and not only no leaders, but no policies, nothing even like the vague but triumphant thought expressed in Lincoln's rude formula, "We must keep on pegging away." Vast regions full of men and wealth and spirit sit apparently inert, doing nothing, while in the occupied districts Frenchmen seem cowed to such a point that they dare not even attempt to cut a railway. What can it all mean, if it be not that France is in decay, that the attack has not made ruin, but only revealed it?

It is horribly true, all that, and yet we believe we may absolutely reject the deduction pessimists are inclined to draw. We should reject it even if all the facts were unfavorable, believing that a people, like an individual, may be temporarily

paralyzed, that no conclusion can fairly be formed as to the condition of a nation from an experience of only six weeks; but many of the facts are favorable to France in a high degree. Take those, first of all, which affect the question of military spirit. The army, as a whole, has shown want of discipline, want of staying power, and want of self-reliance; but, till disheartened by the revelation of the incompetence of its chiefs, it fought fairly well, and one section of it, exactly like the rest in all but discipline, has displayed a courage, tenacity, and carelessness of life worthy of the best days of France. It may be said that the soldiery ought to be more stubborn even if badly led, but the answer to that is that they never have been, that all the triumphs of France have been accomplished with armies of highly nervous, excitable men, of not very high physique, who make good leadership their condition of victory. That is not the English condition, and may not be the German; but it has always been the French, at least since the Revolution allowed the rank and file to form an opinion on their commanders. Outside the line, again, the people have revealed in the majority of instances a very high degree of spirit. Trochu has with him a hundred thousand men who in reality, if not in appearance, are volunteers, power to coerce them having disappeared; and they behave, even according to hostile accounts, very well indeed, holding their ground after the linesmen have retreated,—a dreadful trial to raw recruits. These men are provincials, and at least two hundred thousand more of them are in arms “behind the Loire” and in the South, and seem by all accounts determined men. The stories about the fall of Orleans, which, by the way, are absurdly misconceived, both at Versailles and in England, do not affect the Mobiles, who stand as long as their Generals will let them, or their want of artillery renders standing possible. The citizens of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles have shown equal readiness, the Lyonnese in particular having faced an insurrection with the utmost determination, and have organized themselves so fairly, that France may be said in six weeks to have produced a hundred infantry regiments of 3,000 men each by voluntary enlistment. They are badly armed, equipped, and drilled; they have

new and therefore ignorant officers, and they are deficient in subordination off parade; but those lamentable facts only show how strong the spirit must be which brings them in such masses to the front. One victory, one sound piece of evidence that they can beat Germans, that the latter are fighting men and not geni, and these men will be formidable soldiers,—unable, it may be, to defeat Prussians—who are clearly the most tenacious fighters in the world—but able to make victory worthless to them. The French, be it remembered, are *not* fighting for home and hearth. They can have peace to-morrow by surrendering a strip of territory of which they have scarcely heard, but that surrender involves humiliation for France, and they fight on, not very confidently, for they see the regulars run, and not very ably, for they have no leader, but still with resolute pluck. So far from thinking that France shows signs of martial decadence, we think she shows signs that her people have improved, that they are more ready to fight than they have ever been, much more ready than in 1713 or 1815.

Then, as to civil capacity, look to the whole record, instead of part of it. Look how swiftly and strongly the National Guard of Paris—not the Mobiles, who were outside—poured to the assistance of the Government when threatened by the Reds,—poured in an instant, with clear determination to put disorder down. Or read the really wonderful account, by a most hostile critic, of the way in which the Battalion Croix Rousse at Lyons, 3,000 workmen—silk-weavers who, two months ago, never saw a rifle—swept Cluseret and his followers into space on behalf of a Prefect whom they disliked, but who represented order. Could Colonel T. Hughes's regiment have done better? Even these dangerous Reds are most dangerous because of the revolutionary energy with which they desire to defend France, and take for their leader a man wild enough no doubt in his ideas about property, but with some brains. Cluseret's plan for forming an army by a conscription under penalty of death, and the substitution of the non-commissioned officers for the distrusted caste, was, as a revolutionary scheme, the ablest yet propounded, and has, in part, been accepted by Gambetta. Men say every day there are no leaders, but let us just look at that.

Natural leaders, of course, there are none, for Senators, Deputies, officials, Generals, were all Imperialists, and the aristocracy has apparently ducked under, but where but in France could civil chiefs be so rapidly improvised, or so readily obeyed? Here is a Marseillaise lawyer, of Genoese extraction, who drops out of a balloon, remarks that he is going to save France if he can, and from Tours to Marseilles accumulates all authority into his own hands. Who is "pronouncing" against Gambetta? The leader has not yet appeared—whenever did the Man of Destiny turn up in six weeks?—but what other country ever improvised a Government so well out of such materials, built a working machine by such a device as entrusting a Dictatorship to the members for the Capital? Just imagine the sort of obedience English counties would pay to self elected Secretaries of State, representing London vestries, and supposed to be of dangerous, though uncertain political tendencies! We do not know all or much that this Government is doing, but we do know that it finds money to go on, that it has fortified Paris, that it has established two centres of government; that it is improvising armies, one of which—the Parisian one—impresses Baron von Moltke—not a bad judge of such things—with evident respect; that it is creating an artillery; that it does somehow carry on the official life of France. *How* it does it we

do not know; for no correspondent so much as alludes to such matters; but it does it somehow, and that in the teeth of gigantic difficulties,—such, for example, as the "League of the Fifteen Departments," that is, of a virtual declaration of independence on the part of Southern France. That very declaration shows a power of local action which, badly managed as it is everywhere, is a sign of life, of political vigour and capacity we had scarcely expected in the provinces of France. That the old machinery did not work, that France did not, as the Germans at first expected, fight from department to department, raising ever new levies in regular fashion as the Hohenzollerns would have done, is true, the failure being the necessary consequence of the Revolution; but the Republicans show everywhere that the old creative power still exists, and is stimulated by one of the greatest safeguards of States, a strong, indeed an almost overweening sense of patriotism. It may be very silly, as some Englishmen may think, for France not to yield and confess herself beaten; but the refusal itself, the certainty expressed by all travellers that any Government which agreed to cede territory would be destroyed, is of itself a proof that the national spirit has not decayed, that revival is not far off, and may be very near at hand. The State organization of France has perished, but not France.

CORNEILLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PIERRE CORNEILLE, who has been called the "father of the classical drama in France," and who takes the first rank among French tragic poets, was born at Rouen, June 6, 1606. Like Molière and Racine, he received his education at the hands of the priests, and like Molière, commenced professional life as an advocate. After practising for a time, however, in the parliament of Normandy, with small success, he became disgusted with his profession and left it. His first tendency toward poetry seems to have arisen from a love adventure with a young lady of Rouen, which formed the subject of his first dramatic piece, *Mélite*. *Mélite* was produced in 1629, and forms an epoch in the history of the drama in France.

Though written in accordance with the crude standard of the time, it was yet superior to anything that had yet appeared, and contained unmistakable evidences of the splendid genius which was destined to take French dramatic art out of its cradle and give it a form and a vitality which will last as long as the language which enshrines it. It was followed by six or seven other plays (among them *Médée* and *L'illusion comique*), which attained sufficient success to make the author known at court. Here CORNEILLE plied his art for a time upon plots dictated by Cardinal Richelieu, but his success incurred the jealousy of his master; and at the age of thirty, "having meditated on the resources of the dramatic art, studied

the ancients, and derived experience from his own productions," he returned to Rouen. There he devoted himself for a time to the study of the Spanish language and literature, the fruit of which was the tragedy of the *Cid*, founded on a play of Guilhelm de Castro, and published in 1638. This beautiful and splendid tragedy is the first French dramatic masterpiece. Its popularity was such that it was translated into nearly every language of Europe, and in France "As beautiful as the *Cid*" passed into a proverb. The subject of CORNEILLE's next play was taken from Roman history, and this choice, says a writer in the *American Cyclopædia*, "decided the character of French tragedy during the next century. Modern and mediæval ideas and history were from this time deemed unsuited to dramatic purposes; the forms of the classical tragedies were copied; and the stage, instead of illustrating Christian ideas and contemporary life, was occupied chiefly by Greeks, Romans, Assyrians, Persians, Egyptians, and even Turks." In 1639 appeared the tragedy of *Horace*, which surpassed its predecessor in the force and grandeur which characterized alike the situations, personages, and dialogues. *Horace* was followed in the same year by *Cinna*, esteemed by Voltaire the most finished of the author's pieces, and in 1640 by *Polyeucte*, which French critics pronounce the greatest of CORNEILLE's works. In 1641 and 1642 *Pompée* and *Le Menteur* were produced, the former of which showed that the author's genius had passed its culmination and entered upon its decline. After this he wrote a long series of plays designed to depict the darker workings of the human heart, and to illustrate "the doctrine of the murderous Machiaveli." The decided failure of *Pertharite* in 1653 caused him to renounce dramatic composition for six years; but in 1659 he was induced to take up his pen again—only to exhibit, unfortunately, the utter decadence of his powers. We have spoken in our notice of Racine of the lamentable failure which CORNEILLE made

when on the subject of *Tite et Bérénice* his aged pen was brought into competition with Racine's young and vigorous genius. After that he wrote two feeble plays, and assisted Molière and Quinault in a third, and then, in 1674, dropped his pen forever. He died in Paris, October 1st, 1684.

Socially, CORNEILLE was less successful than almost any of the great writers of his time. He was a poor conversationalist, a bad reader even of his own plays, and led a rather solitary and secluded life.

Of the characteristics of his genius the great German critic Schlegel says:—It was by no means so much the object of CORNEILLE to excite our terror and compassion, as our admiration for the characters and astonishment at the situations of his heroes. Not content with exciting our admiration for the heroism of virtue, he claims it also for the heroism of vice, by the boldness, strength of soul, presence of mind, and elevation above all human weakness, with which he endows his criminals of both sexes. He has delineated the conflict of passions and motives; but for the most part not immediately as such, but as already transformed into a contest of principles. It is in love that he has been found coldest; seldom does he paint it as a power which imperceptibly steals upon us, and gains an involuntary and irresistible dominion over us; but as a homage freely chosen at first, to the exclusion of duty, but afterward maintaining its place along with it. He often arranges his situations in defiance of probability, in such a way that they might with great propriety be called tragical antitheses, and it becomes almost natural when his personages express themselves in a series of epigrammatical maxims. He is fond of exhibiting perfectly symmetrical oppositions. His eloquence, often remarkable for strength and compression, sometimes becomes pompous declamation, amid which a few simple words interspersed here and there have been extravagantly praised. Instances of this are the *Qu'il mourût* of the old Horace, the *Soyons amis* of Cinna, and the *Moi* of *Médée*."

POETRY.

JUNE MEMORIES.

THE leaves drift down in forest ways ;
The wind moans with a voice of pain ;
But through the dim September days,
Like chords of some sweet haunting tune,
The memories of a happy June
Come back to me again—

A June for evermore that lies,
A pearl of purest, rarest bliss,
Shrined in delicious memories :
Sweet words and sweeter silence blent
With dewy twilights, and the scent
Of thick-flowered clematis ;

Long cloudless morning hours that pass
Under oak-shadows cool and dark ;
The drone of insects in the grass,
Through the hot noon-day hushed and still,
Pierced only by the sudden trill
Of one up-soaring lark ;

The plash of oars at eventide ;
The low clear rippling of the stream
Against the boat. Faint breezes glide
With lisping rustle in the reeds,
And slowly from the bank recedes
The sunset's violet gleam—

Lingering in mossy lanes to hear
The nightingale's first liquid notes
Pour rich and full. From meadows near,
Mown newly, fragrant breaths arise ;
The moon across the tranquil skies
A globe of silver floats ;

And all through the long summer days
My heart thrills to the fervent tones
Of one loved voice ; a tender gaze
Follows me ever. Strangely bright
Life lies beneath love's mystic light.—
But now the wild wind moans :

From their dead stalks the flowers are gone,
The leaves are swept by autumn rain ;
I watch in silence and alone ;
And by the wood-fire's reddening blaze,
The memories of the sweet June days
Come back to me again.

JOHN ANDERSON'S ANSWER.

I CANNOT kiss thee as I used to kiss ;
Time who is lord of love must answer this.
Shall I believe thine eyes are grown less sweet ?
Nay, but my life-blood fails on heavier feet.
Time goes, old girl, time goes.

I cannot hold as once I held thy hand ;
Youth is a tree whose leaves fall light as sand.
Hast thou known many trees that shed them so ?
Ay me, sweetheart, I know, ay me, I know.
Time goes, my bird, time goes.

I cannot love thee as I used to love.
Age comes, and little Love takes flight above.
If our eyes fail, have his the deeper glow ?
I do not know, sweetheart, I do not know.
Time goes, old girl, time goes.

Why, the gold cloud grows leaden as the eve
Deepens, and one by one its glories leave :
And, if you press me, dear, why this is so,
That this is worth a tear is all I know.
Time flows and rows and goes.

In that old day the subtle child-god came ;
Meek were his eyelids, but his eyeballs flame,
With sandals of desire his light feet shod,
With eyes and breath of fire a perfect god
He rose, my girl, he rose.

He went, my girl, and raised your hand and
sighed,
“ Would that my spirit always could abide ! ”
And whispered “ Go your ways, and play your
day,
Would I were god of time ! but my brief sway
Is briefer than a rose.”

Old wife, old love, there is a something yet
That makes amends, tho' all the glory set :
The after-love that holds thee trebly mine,
Tho' thy lips fade, my dove, and we decline,
And time, dear heart, still goes.

BUBBLES.

A BUBBLE rises on the stream,
And dances down the tide ;
Beneath the sun bright colors gleam,
And glisten on its side.
What though, before a moment's past,
It all must burst in air—
The little while that it may last,
The sunshine makes it fair.

I will not care although my dream
Be what I ne'er may see ;
My hope at least can make it seem
As though it yet might be.
A little longer, and I know
It all may pass away ;
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,
But keep it while I may.

NIGHTFALL OFF HATTERAS.

A SONNET.

WE marked a beacon lift its ruddy hand,
From a far height of tide-beleaguered land,
As round the blowing North at eve we sailed.
Then a lone cape, about whose crags of stone
The shifting robes of rainy sea were blown,
And shrouds of cold sea-fogs were lapped and
trailed.
The Day dropped down the windy marge, white-
fleece
The billows fled the way the day had flown,
The night came drifting from the surfy east,

Belated winds went hailing down the main ;
Then sight and sound were drowned in jarring sea,
Save where a glory ringed the lantern-pane
Blown through with surge, and tumult on the lee
Of sea-fowl beating through the dusk of rain.

WILLIAM WALLACE YOUNG.

SONNET.

NOT that Disease his cruel hand has raised,
And clutched away thy beauty and thy strength,
Threatening to hold them all thy 'sad days'
length ;—

It is not this which made the eyes that gazed
Falter, and fill with trembling tears that dazed
My inward vision, like my outward view,
Till hope and courage faded, and I knew
A bitter dread, which left me dumb, amazed.
No, it was this : that fell disease should gain
Over thy virtues and thy steadfast mind
A hold, which through long years of health to
find,

All sins, and all temptations sought in vain.
Ay, 'tis this dread which sometimes makes me
dumb ;
Death, tho' I love him, ere this comes, oh come !

LUCY KNOX.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A grammar of the Siamese language is to be published at Bangkok, by J. T. Jones.

A weekly edition of the Waverley Novels, price one penny, is the latest English novelty in cheap literature.

* *Swinburne* is engaged upon a new poem founded on the old mediæval romance of "Tristan and Yseult."

A new story by Björnson, with the attractive title, *The Newly Married Couple*, has been published in London.

Among the new books announced is a metrical version of the *Arabian Nights*. It is to appear under the title of *The Pearls of the Orient*.

Messrs. Longman & Co. are preparing to issue in London a uniform edition of Disraeli's novels, to which the author will prefix a new general preface.

An English critic, with more wit than wisdom, describes Hawthorne's English Note-Books as "two volumes of prejudice tempered by a love of antiquity."

An English writer, Mr. J. C. Earle, is engaged upon a work which ought to be both interesting and valuable—"The Lives of the English Premiers, from Sir Robert Walpole to Sir Robert Peel."

George Eliot's new work is said to be not a novel after all, but a long poem. This is sincerely to be regretted, for she will certainly never do as good work out of the field of her early efforts as she has done in it.

It is announced that Mr. W. W. Story, our sculptor in Rome, has in hand a work on the history of the Castle of St. Angelo, and in contemplation a tragedy on a Roman mediæval subject—the loves of Otho and Stephania.

Already is the attempt being made to put the literature of the present war into permanent shape. Mr. Elihu Rich has undertaken to compile a popular history of the war between France and Germany, for issue in monthly parts.

A new work in preparation in England, on the History of Hindoo Poetry, will give names and specimens of twenty-eight poetesses. This is

worthy of note, as the Hindoo women have hitherto been regarded as *nil* intellectually.

The Rev. Mr. Cummings (whose gift of prophecy seems hard to distinguish from secular idiocy) has in preparation another work on "The Seventh Vial ; or, the Time of Trouble Begun, as shown in the Great War, the Dethronement of the Pope, and other Collateral Events."

Among *Messrs. Chapman & Hall's* forthcoming scientific publications are included "A History of Animal Plagues," by Mr. G. Fleming, R.E. ; "The Earth : being a Description of the Globe," by M. Elisée Reclus, and "The Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals," by Mrs. G. Leroy.

A series of papers on that ethnological mystery, the barbarous hill-tribes of China, the Miao-tse, has been commenced by the Rev. J. Edkins, in the *Chinese Recorder*. The notes and queries department of that celestial magazine is largely occupied with the binding and unbinding of girls' feet.

The largest Bible in the world, that of J. G. Bell, a Manchester collector, was sold at auction in London recently for £165. It was a fine copy of Macklin's beautiful folio, with eleven thousand engravings and cuts illustrative of the text, and gathered from every possible source, the whole handsomely bound in sixty-three thick volumes.

In the "*Studi di Storia Siciliana*," by Isidoro La Lumia, published in two volumes at Palermo, the author has made a valuable contribution to Sicilian history, which he investigates in four special treatises—Sicily under William the Good ; Matteo Polizzi, or the Latins and the Catalans ; Sicilian Jews ; and Sicily under Charles the Fifth.

A very curious and unique book is announced for the holidays in London. It will consist of a series of twelve brief poems by Tennyson, which are connected by a love-story, and which will be illustrated by as many designs by Mr. Arthur Hughes. The verses will be accompanied by music, the composition of Mr. Sullivan, the celebrated English composer.

We hear from Oxford that Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, is writing a set of shilling histories for a well-known publisher. If the writer can abstain from his usual violent partisanship, the books will supply an often and much felt want. But the task needs

more heads than one. Why not let each of the leading historians of England select his own field and work it up?

Under the title of "Tarekh-i-Kitabet ve tesbile Tebiat," Hassoun Effendi, the Turkish ambassador in London, has printed for private circulation a short philological tract in Turkish and Arabic, on the printing of those languages, as also of Persian and Hindostanee. At present, at Constantinople, a compositor has to pick out from 650 characters, though there are no capitals. These Hassoun Effendi reduces to 110.

The first volume is now ready, in England, of the authorized Church of England Commentary on the Bible. Strangely enough, the text of 1611, and not the new version, is used. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, with bishops and eminent laymen, acted as a committee to apportion the work, of which Canon Cook has the general editorial charge. This first volume, now published by Murray, includes the Pentateuch only.

Mr. William Morris will have the fourth and concluding part of his poem, "The Earthly Paradise," ready before Christmas; a considerable portion is already in type. The titles of the six tales of which it will consist are: "The Golden Apples," "The Fostering of Aslang," "Bellerophon in Argos," "The King given to Venus," "Bellerophon in Lycia," and "The Hill of Venus." An epilogue will, of course, conclude the work, but it will not be a long one—nothing like the prologue in length.

Abbé Peyron, the celebrated Coptic scholar, has died at Turin, in his eighty-fifth year. Besides laboring as an Orientalist, the Abbé was distinguished as a discoverer of Greek and Latin palimpsests. He discovered at Turin, in 1824, the fragments of the Theodosian Codex; and also published fragments of Parmenides and of some of Cicero's Speeches. His translation of Thucydides into Italian is much esteemed. Abbé Peyron was a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

Dr. Franz Hüffer is writing a series of critical articles on living English poets, in the *Ergänzungsblätter*, a quarterly review of large circulation in Germany. The articles hitherto published have been on Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Dante Rossetti. They are to be followed by others on Mr. Browning, Mr. William Morris, George Eliot, &c. On many of these poets nothing has as yet been written in Germany. Mr. Rossetti has declared that no one has so well interpreted his meaning in the poem "Jenny," as his German critic.

The Bodleian Library has just acquired two important MSS. from Sana'a in Yemen, the region of the Himyaritic inscriptions. One is a prayer-book written in the 15th century. The liturgical directions are in Arabic, the prayers in Hebrew, with the so-called Assyrian punctuation, which has been found only in a MS. of the prophets at St. Petersburg, and a single leaf of Deuteronomy in the Bodleian. The other is a MS. of the Pentateuch, preceded by a grammar in 52 leaves, hitherto quite unknown, in which the chapter on the accents is much more complete than in any

other grammatical work. The great Massora in the margin differs considerably from that printed in the common editions.

An English paper says:—"So very little attention has hitherto been vouchsafed in England to the Slavonic languages, that we are almost as much surprised as pleased at hearing that Oxford is about to pay them special honor. A lectureship, which it is to be hoped will expand into a professorship, has just been founded in the University, for the purpose of encouraging Slavonic studies, and a competent scholar has been appointed to hold it, Mr. W. R. Morfill, of Oriel. As very few Englishmen have even so much as glanced at the literatures of Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Servia, &c., the University may well be congratulated upon having been able to find among its own members a scholar who is likely to do justice both to those literatures and to the languages in which they are embodied. The stipend attached to the lectureship will be paid out of the interest of the money bequeathed to the University some little time ago by Lord Ilchester, for the purpose of founding a Slavonic chair."

Modifications of Language.—A Testament was once published, in a West Indian negro jargon, which was withdrawn on account of the ridicule it provoked; but the publication of grammars of what are called "Creole" dialects is of some scientific utility. These essays illustrate the influence of a foreign grammar on a living language, for the modifications in such dialects result from the application of African grammar. There is a widely-spread but little-known dialect of English, called the Levantine, and spoken in the Levant, the peculiarities of which are derived from the modern, or, as it is more properly called, "Bad" or vernacular Greek, to distinguish it from the classic. Mr. Thomas has treated of the Creole French of Trinidad, and Mr. Van Name, librarian of Yale College, of the like dialects of Louisiana and Hayti. This department of Comparative Grammar will enable us in time to understand the influences exerted under the same circumstances on ancient languages: influences that are to be traced in modern Armenian from Turkish, in Gipsy from the local languages, in Albanian from Greek. Dialects of one language are modified by the surrounding languages with which it is severally brought in contact.

The Rules of Rhyme.—Mr. Tom Hood has published a book with the foregoing title, in which he lays down very fully the laws of versification and elucidates the principles of poetic composition so far as those principles are amenable to "rules."

Mr. Hood knows well enough the difference between a mere versifier and a poet, and in his modest and well-written preface has very clearly stated the distinction. He does not pretend that he can make poets, but is content with teaching how to construct verse, and this he does with good taste and scholarship. We think Mr. Hood hardly does Tennyson justice. Some most apt illustrations of sound being the echo of sense, are to be found in Tennyson's works. "In Memoriam," indeed, abounds with lines as good in that respect as the almost perfect one in "Virgil":—

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

And the line from his "Northern Farmer," just published, is hardly inferior—

"Proputty, proputty, proputty, canter and canter awaÿ."

One suggestion of Mr. Hood's deserves serious attention. He says: "Were English versification taught at our schools, the boys would acquire a better understanding and appreciation of their own tongue. With such a training a lad would shrink from a mispronunciation as he does from a false quantity in Latin or Greek. . . . The purging of our pronunciation would be of general benefit.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Glance at some Books of the Month.—The number of good books at present upon our table is larger than for any month since the beginning of the year, but the space devoted to our Foreign Literary Notes and the encroachments of the Long Primer, prevent our doing more than enumerating a few of them.

Commencing with Messrs. Appleton & Co., we find their imprint upon the "*Origin of Civilization*," by SIR JOHN LUBBOCK (New York, D. Appleton & Co.), a work of great research and bristling with facts gathered from the whole field of peripatetic literature, but which is subjected to criticism elsewhere in our pages. Also upon the "*Origin and Development of Religious Belief*," by S. BARING-GOULD, and "*Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews*," by PROF. HUXLEY. The latter contains the best of PROF. HUXLEY'S miscellaneous writings during the past ten years, and is indispensable to whoever would understand the attitude in which modern science stands toward philosophy on the one hand, and religion on the other. Some of the best of these papers have already appeared in the ECLECTIC. The *Origin and Development of Religious Belief* is brought to the second and concluding volume, and treats of "Christianity" as the first did of "Heathenism." It is a work of great interest, and a valuable contribution to the religious literature of the time. It will scarcely stay the tide of modern skepticism, but it ought to be read by every man who feels the bases of his old beliefs breaking up.

The leading book from Boston this month is "*The Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil*," by PROF. HART, of Cornell University (Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co.), and is one of the many good results of Prof. Agassiz's expedition up the Amazon several years ago. It forms a thick volume, and is by far the best and most comprehensive treatise on South American Geology and Geography that has yet appeared. It is handsomely and copiously illustrated, and contains some valuable maps and charts. *Vagabond Adventures*, by RALPH KEELER (Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co.), is a sprightly record of a singularly adventurous career—extending from the age of eleven to twenty-two, and tells how a boy who entered life by running away from home, "Lived Six Months on Five Cents;" how he "Spent Three Years as a Negro Minstrel;" and how he made the "Tour of Europe on \$181, in currency."

At present it is shifting and uncertain, because it it is never taught." All this is very true, and middle-class education, when it includes thorough instruction in this art, will, we believe, be found much more serviceable than the higher public school teaching; more especially now that French grammar has been so scientifically elaborated that it may very well take the place of the classical languages for teaching essential principles of grammar. Mr. Hood has added a dictionary of rhymes, in which all allowable rhymes may readily be turned up, and some sensible and useful comments upon burlesque, comic verse, and song-writing.

All of which, we believe, has before appeared in one or more of the magazines.

Messrs. Roberts Bros. (Boston) have issued another volume of their neat edition of George Sand's novels,—*Monsieur Sylvestre*, translated by Miss Vaughn. Also, "*Companions of My Solitude*," by ARTHUR HELPS; another collection of those quaint, part philosophical, part moral, and part literary essays which characterize this most genial of writers; and *Ten Times One is Ten*, a Story, by EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Coming back to New York, *The Early Years of Christianity*, by the great French Protestant writer, M. de Pressensé (New York, Scribner & Co.), is a work of much more than ordinary value to those who are interested in theology, or in Christian history. This volume is the first of a series of four, and treats of "The Apostolic Era." We ought also to mention as an event of literary interest, that Messrs. Scribner & Co. have this month brought their editions of *Mommsen's History of Rome*, and the *Popular Edition of Froude's History of England* to a close, by the publication of the fourth volume of the former, and the eleventh and twelfth of the latter.

New Facts and Remarks concerning Idiocy (New York, Wm. Wood & Co.) is a republication, in pamphlet form, of a Lecture delivered by Doctor Edward Seguin, before the New York Medical Journal Association. It gives, in a popular and untechnical shape, "the minimum of what a general practitioner must know about Idiocy," and ought to be carefully read by every one who either professionally or otherwise must be brought in contact with this lamentable phase of human life. Dr. Seguin is considered, both here and in France, as one of the highest authorities on this special subject; and his large physiological knowledge and dealing with the organic principles of life and health, commend whatever he writes to a larger audience than that of merely professional readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.]

Harpers' School History of the United States. By DAVID B. SCOTT. Illustrated with maps and

engravings. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 425.

The Bercan's Casket. By J. C. WELLCOME. Boston: *W. H. Piper & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 469.

The Juno Stories. III. Juno on a Journey. IV. Hubert. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: *Dodd & Mead.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 300. Illustrated.

The Castaways. By Capt. MAYNE REID. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

Nelly's Dark Days. New York: *Dodd & Mead.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 144.

The Vivian Romance. By MORTIMER COLLINS. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, paper, pp. 144.

Which is the Heroine? A Novel. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, paper, pp. 148.

The Heir Expectant. By the author of "Raymond's Heroine," etc. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, paper, pp. 167.

Mental Arithmetic. By JOHN H. FRENCH, LL.D. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 16mo, boards, pp. 180.

Words and their Uses. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York: *Sheldon & Co.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 437.

Geoffrey, the Lollard. By FRANCIS EASTWOOD. New York: *Dodd & Mead.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 342. Illustrated.

SCIENCE.

A New Notion about Dreams.—The *Lancet* publishes a paper by Dr. Henry Maudsley, who has devoted himself to the study of the reciprocal action between mind and body. He attributes to disease certain psychological as well as physical effects, and believes that the consequences of a disordered liver and a disordered heart will be mentally different. In suggesting a mode of ascertaining this difference he remarks that a scientific observation of the phenomena of dreams would be of help. "The ground tone of feeling in a dream, the background on which the phantoms move, is often determined by the state of the internal organ, the irritation of which awakens into some degree of activity that part of the brain with which the organ is in specific sympathy; accordingly sympathetic ideas spring out of the feeling, and unite in a more or less coherent dream drama." He then goes on to say that dreams ought to furnish us with a fruitful means of studying the specific effects of organs on the mind, because, while dreaming impressions from the external senses are shut out by sleep. "As the stars are not visible, although they still shine in the daytime, so the effects of an internal organ may not be perceptible during the waking state, while the whole consciousness is actively engaged; but just as when the sun goes down the stars shine visibly which before were invisible, veiled by his greater light, so when active consciousness is suspended organic sympathies which before were insensible declare themselves to

the mind." Dr. Maudsley then propounds the view that a certain class of dreams, comprehending those in which people imagine they would be seized with a peculiar kind of disease, may be explained by supposing that the organ which would be attacked in this complaint prematurely discloses its weakness under the above conditions. A person to whom this occurs will afterwards wonder to find, if, as the saying is, his dream come true, so much in advance of the wakening conscious symptoms has been the revelation made while active and vigilant consciousness was out of the way during sleep. Of the truth or inaccuracy of Dr. Maudsley's theory, or rather suggestion, we shall not stop to inquire. No doubt the subject will meet with the attention which any proposition coming from such an authority ought to receive. But here, at least, we find, not merely an effort to discover the nature of the stuff of which our dreams are made, but an attempt to render serviceable to humanity the vagaries of the mind which have hitherto been regarded as so fantastic or so dim as to elude their being made serviceable, either absolutely or relatively. The future physician would, if Dr. Maudsley be correct in his inferences, possess another method of diagnosing the ills to which flesh is heir. What a singular work the note-book of a doctor would be after a large experience of dreams gathered for therapeutic purposes. He would have, we suspect, no little difficulty in sorting and differentiating his records. Suppose a poet and a ploughman both to be afflicted with disease of the heart. The physician must find something in common between the visions of the bard and the visions of Hodge. The same cause for the dream drama in both cases must produce an effect in a degree consonant. There are people who dream but very seldom, or, to write more correctly, who never remember their dreams. The doctor would have a good deal of trouble with them; the source of knowledge would be closed against him. It is a fortunate and merciful provision of nature at any rate that the dreams such as Dr. Maudsley refers to, where a diseased organ is promoting the phantasmagoria, are not very common.

Weather Reports.—We mentioned in our October number the preparations which were making at the War Department for heralding the approach of storms, "for the benefit of commerce on our Northern lakes and seaboard." These preparations are now completed, and weather reports are received in Washington, by telegraph, three times a day from twenty stations, and are published in all the daily papers, besides being posted in conspicuous places. The telegraph arrangements for their collection and distribution work so satisfactorily, that they are all received in Washington, and distributed throughout the country in less than one hour's time, although the points of observation range from Key West to Cheyenne. The system promises most valuable results, and its further development will be watched with interest by the scientific world.

Velocity of Nervous Transmission.—Helmholtz and Baxt, in the course of their investigation on the velocity of transmission of nervous impulses, found, by producing an irritation at a remote spot and then at a point nearer to the con-

tracting muscle, the rate in question to be between 31.53 and 37.49 mètres per second. Comparatively recent experiments, of which the details have now been published, led to the discovery of what was at first believed to be an experimental error, but has since received an approximate explanation as a systematic phenomenon. It is found that the rate already mentioned applies to a cold winter, whereas a mean value of 64.56 mètres is the number obtained in a hot summer. As this result evidently pointed to temperature as the determining cause of the change, special and varied experiments were made on the same day at very different temperatures. These fully establish the rule, that the velocity of (motor) nervous transmission is about twice as great in winter as in summer.

The Electricity of Clouds.—The electricity of clouds has been the subject of an attentive and laborious inquiry by Dellmann. He employed a Thomson's electroscope, with subsidiary arrangements enabling him to determine the intensity of every part of a passing cloud. Dellmann's conclusions will be of much interest to meteorologists. All clouds are electrical, and oppositely so in different parts; they are negative at the centre, which is begirt with positive zones. The intensity of the electricity increases from the outside to the interior; but its maximum is not at the centre of the cloud. A sudden decrease of the one kind of electricity corresponds to an equally abrupt increase of the proximate opposite kind. *A cloud can only rain by virtue of a loud or silent electrical discharge.*

Alcohol from Air and Water.—Amongst the most remarkable of recent discoveries relating to minute organism, is that of M. Béchamp, and of a mould capable of producing alcohol from air and water. He thus describes the process:—"I took very pure distilled water, and exposed it to contact of air in a phial closed with paper. Colorless moulds appeared, formed of microzymas, very small bacteria, and an extremely fine mycelium. The apparatus was put on a stove, and at the end of six months I obtained enough alcohol to give a large flame. At the same time a good quantity of volatile and ammonia were formed. . . . Shall we say that distilled water, carbonic acid, and the elements of air have fermented? Evidently not; but we may say that the moulds grew and effected the synthesis of the materials composing their own substance, as all vegetables do, and that they then gave off the alcohol which they formed by aid of this substance."

An Ancient Sun-dial.—When M. Renan accompanied the French army in Syria in 1860, he discovered, amongst other things, a fragment of a sun-dial at Oum-el-Awuvonid, some leagues south of Tyre. M. Laussedat restored the pattern of this dial, and exhibited a model to the French Academy, and confirmed what M. Berrand had previously said about it. It belongs to the class of conical dials, and M. Laussedat noticed that one of the horary lines was straight, and that the two others entering the base of the cone and the arcs of the circle parallel to it, at centre angles, were not so. The straight line was undoubtedly the meridian; and the size of the arcs cut by the horary

line, showed they were not intended to indicate equal hours, such as we use, but *temporary hours*, employed by most of the ancient nations. A "temporary hour" is a twenty-fourth part of the interval between sun-rise and sun-set, whatever may be the season.

The Ague Poison.—M. P. Bolestra has communicated to the French Academy some observations on ague poison. He says, that in examining marsh water he always finds, in proportion to its degree of putrefaction, a granular microphyte, somewhat resembling in form the *Cactus Peruvianus*. It is always accompanied by a considerable quantity of small spores $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a millimetre in diameter, greenish yellow and transparent, and also by sporangia or vesicles containing spores from $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{3}{300}$ of a millimetre in diameter, and of very characteristic form. This plant grows on the surface of the water; when young, it is rainbow-like in tints, and looks like spots of oil. At the low temperature of cellars and in water containing no vegetation, it develops slowly, but in contact with air and exposed to solar rays in the presence of decomposing vegetation, it grows fast, disengaging small gas bubbles. A few drops of arsenious acid, sulphite of soda, or, still better, neutral sulphate of quinine, stops its vegetation at the surface of the water, the spores become thin and transparent, and the sporangia alter so that they would not be recognized. These changes may be seen under the microscope. M. Bolestra states that these spores can be found in marsh air. He caught agues twice during his researches—once after having been exposed to air from water in fermentation covered with fresh algae in full vegetation, mixed with an extraordinary quantity of spores. He thinks these spores constitute the ague poison.

Preserving Bread.—Bread becomes mouldy and sour from the action of the moisture it contains. When carefully dried, bread will keep sweet for a very long time. Any process by which fermented bread can be preserved for an indefinite length of time would be a great boon to travellers in countries where bread cannot be procured, and to sailors, who would find it a very agreeable change from ordinary ship biscuits. The following process for effecting this object has been lately patented, and it possesses this advantage, that the bread being compressed can be packed in a smaller compass, and is therefore very portable. Well-made and well-baked bread is exposed to a current of dry air; the evaporation of the moisture should be slow, in order that the bread may not crack. The duration of this drying process varies from eight to fifteen days, and depends on the size of the loaves and the form of drying apparatus adopted. If the bread were compressed in the state in which it is left by the desiccation it would break; and to prevent this it must, before being pressed, be submitted during four or five minutes to a heat of from 150° to 200° C., in a stove filled with steam. To effect this operation the bread is arranged in layers, separated by iron plates, which form moulds in which the bread will assume the shape and size previously determined upon. These layers are loaded upon a cast-iron carriage running upon rails, and thus introduced into a stove which is immediately closed; in a few minutes the bread

becomes soft, although it will have absorbed but a very small quantity of water; the load or batch is then withdrawn and pushed by means of a carriage between two pressing plates, in order to be compressed. Any press will serve, but as the pressure should be rapid and powerful the hydraulic press is best. The bread should remain in the press for twenty-four hours; it may then be removed, is dry and cold, and will preserve the shape which has been impressed upon it. Bread thus prepared should be put in cases to preserve it from the attacks of insects, and should be stored in places free from damp; it may thus be preserved for several years. This compressed bread has a nice color, the teeth masticate it without effort, the fluids of the mouth penetrate it rapidly, it has an agreeable taste and digests readily; a piece three ounces in weight, thrown into broth, will absorb, in three or four minutes, fifteen ounces of liquid and swell considerably.

Paint.—A very desirable paint has been invented, which has no disagreeable smell like that in ordinary use, and will for this reason no doubt become popular. Instead of using ordinary linseed oil and turpentine, to which the unpleasant smell of ordinary paint is owing, it is proposed to employ as a vehicle a composition made by combining alcohol, shellac, and a vegetable oil (castor oil is preferred). This vehicle is then mixed with white lead or other pigments to form paint. The proportions in which the several ingredients are mixed is as follows: Eight parts of alcohol, two parts of shellac, and one part of vegetable oil. They are gently heated together, and stirred until the shellac is dissolved. This paint is inodorous, dries very quickly, and is not liable to crack or blister by exposure to heat.

Confirmation of Jupiter's Colors: Dr. Mayer's Observations.—We mentioned in our last number the strange, and not very creditable conduct of Mr. Airy, in attempting to get rid of the facts of the remarkable color changes noticed by Mr. Browning, and others, in the planet Jupiter, by a foolish, because scarcely relevant statement he inserted in the annual report of the Greenwich Observatory, to the effect that on some occasion they were not seen by one of his assistants, and that the idea of change was therefore negatived. Now we have before us Dr. Mayer's "Observations on the Planet Jupiter," made at Lehigh University, U. S. He commences by saying, "Every astronomer, who during this fall and winter (1869-70) has made careful observations of Jupiter, must have remarked the unusual color of his disk and belts, and the remarkable forms and mutations which the latter have frequently presented." These remarks were founded upon seeing: Mr. Airy's *not seeing*, which appeared to negative the idea of any change in the color of Jupiter's belts, is so discreditable to our national observatory, that we trust the Board of Visitors in the Admiralty will take such special notice of it, as may prevent anything of the sort in future.

Dr. Mayer's observations were made with a six-inch refractor by Alvan Clark and Sons, and on January 5, 1870, when the sky was astronomically perfect, and definition so clear and steady that the six stars of the trapezium of Orion and the companion of Sirius were readily and continu-

ously seen. At this time Dr. Mayer noticed "a ruddy elliptical line lying just below the south equatorial belt." He saw it first when it had advanced about half the major axis from the east limb. The ellipse became more distinct as it progressed to the centre, and Dr. Mayer followed it till it was almost bisected on the west line, when it gradually faded from view. He considered that the irregular nearly detached masses forming the south equatorial dark belt, with their streamers pointing in the opposite direction to that of the planet's rotation, presented appearances which incline one to imagine them distinct masses of cloud or colored vapor instead of openings in a cloudy stratum, disclosing the ruddy body of the planet, and this view, held by Mr. Browning and Mr. Proctor, was favored by the elliptical form already described, and concerning which he says: "Can we be so bold as to regard it as a great gaseous mass, having its origin in the equatorial region, and sweeping south (as with the terrestrial cyclones of the southern atmosphere), and flattened with the rapid rotation of the planet with an equatorial velocity of 450 miles a minute." In another passage Dr. Mayer speaks of the irregular and violent changes in the southern equatorial belts which took place last winter. On January 8 he entered in his note-book, "The south border of the southern equatorial belt was evidently divided into two," and on the 9th, "The division of the belt has increased rapidly." On the 21st, "the southern division of this belt had drifted 8' in latitude to the south of the band which gave it birth," and "the south equatorial belt at this date presented the appearance of irregularly massed cumulus clouds, forming three distinct aggregations with blunted summits." In drawing the unusual colors, Dr. Mayer used pure yellow, yellow with crimson lake, and a very thin wash of light lead tint over the paler shadings.—*The Student.*

Chambers's Journal says:—Among the many interesting communications read at the meetings of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Shaw's account of his travel to Yarkand and Kashgar merits particular attention. The common idea of Tartary is an expanse of great plains, over which wander barbarous hordes with cattle and tents; but it will surprise many readers to learn that Mr. Shaw found a remarkably mountainous country, full of settled habitations, with flourishing cities of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, where numerous arts are practised, and a considerable amount of civilization exists. Life and property are secure; commerce is protected; light carts drawn by horses frequent the roads; and markets are held on a fixed day of the week even in the smallest villages. In Yarkand alone there are sixty colleges, with endowments in land, for the education of students in Mussulman law and divinity; and in every street is a well-attended school attached to a mosque. Merchandise is abundant; in one street are displayed the silks of China; in another, the cotton goods and prints of Russia; and elsewhere, tea, spices, and all kinds of foreign produce. Horse-flesh, camel, beef, and mutton are found in the butchers' quarter; the bakers offer excellent light loaves made by a process of steaming; and shops for the sale of iced sherbet and of tea are everywhere to be seen. The esti-

mates formed of the number of the population are from twenty to sixty millions. Their industry is remarkable; for as no rain falls, the fields and gardens are everywhere watered by canals and water-courses, great and small. If the system of artificial irrigation were cut off, the whole country would become a howling desert. Yakoob Beg, the ruler, is a man of intelligence and energy, under whom the extension of irrigation, road-making, bridge-building, and sinking wells in the desert for the use of travellers are actively carried on. This interesting country was visited by Marco Polo five hundred years ago; but it is so cut off from the rest of the world by high mountains and deserts, as to be lost in the vast and unknown regions described as Tartary. Mr. Shaw may therefore be regarded as having made a wonderful discovery. And now he, and Mr. Hayward, who has also travelled in those parts for the Geographical Society, and the explorers employed by the Trigonometrical Survey of India, will have to find the easiest passes by which Yakoob Beg's dominion may be reached from Upper India.

New Way of Making Magic Lanterns.—At a meeting of the Franklin Institute, a method was described of preparing magic-lantern pictures in a new way, thus: Get a sheet of gelatine such as is used by engravers for tracing purposes; fix it over the engraving or drawing which is to be shown in the lantern, and, with a style or steel point, trace the lines of the picture pretty deeply on the transparent substance. Then rub in black lead or crayon dust lightly with the finger, and the slide is ready for use. Any one acquainted with the magic-lantern will know how to frame or mount it for use. In this way any number of pictures may be easily prepared, which, when shown in the lantern, have a satisfactory effect.

Number of Farms in the United States.—To those persons who take pleasure in comparing the condition of different countries, the following statement of the number of farms throughout the United States may be interesting. Beginning with the smallest, there are 52,642 farms of 3 acres and under 10 acres; 157,810 of 10 acres and under 20 acres; 612,245 of 20 acres and under 50 acres; 607,668 of 50 acres and under 100 acres; 486,239 of 100 acres and under 500 acres; 20,289 of 500 acres and under 1000 acres; and 5,348 of 1000 acres and upwards. The total number of farms is 1,942,241.

The Silk-Worm Disease.—Pasteur, one of the ablest of French chemists, has been engaged for the past two years in investigating the silk-worm disease, which has prevailed so fatally on the continent, and brought down large districts in France from prosperity to adversity. In 1853, the revenue from silk-culture among the French amounted to one hundred and thirty million francs; the effects of the disease may be judged of by the fact that in 1865 the amount was not more than thirty millions. In the same time the weight of cocoons produced had fallen from twenty-six million kilogrammes to four millions. Here was, indeed, a case of sufficient gravity to justify the employment of the very best means in a search for the causes and for a remedy. Owing to the black spots by which it manifests its existence, the disease has been named

pebrine; and this disease consists in the presence of an infinite number of living corpuscles, which take possession of the whole interior of the worm. They swarm to such an extent as to leave no room for the secretion of the fluid from which the silk is spun. The worms die by thousands; but it has been remarked that many of them, prompted by instinct, go through the movements of spinning although they have not a particle of silk to produce. Pasteur's inquiry led him to be able to predict what would take place with certain parcels of eggs of which he knew the history; he showed how the disease could be propagated either by inoculation, by food, or by placing infected worms among healthy ones. Having gained a thorough knowledge of the disease, he showed what methods should be adopted to prevent its further spread, and pointed out the remedy. By careful observation it is possible to detect the healthy moths: if these are kept by themselves, there will be a stock of healthy eggs, and thus in course of time a new breed of healthy silk-worms may be introduced. In concluding the book which he has published on this subject, M. Pasteur mentions that in some colonies the mulberry-tree would flourish, and the cultivation of silk might there be taken up with advantage.

ART.

A Painting by Correggio rescued.—In the palaces of the kings of Spain there was only one copy of Correggio, and there was therefore nothing in them to give up to the Museo del Rey. But the Escorial was able to supply this deficiency, as it had done in the works of Leonardo da Vinci. It has given to the museum one of the most beautiful as well as least known works of Correggio. This precious picture had been hidden under a cover of paint, with which it had been outrageously smudged, under pretence of veiling some very innocent nudities. Happily some one guessed what was concealed under this sacrilegious covering; it was removed skilfully, and now the picture of Correggio, which had been thus protected from the ravages of time, has assumed the fresh and brilliant coloring which three centuries would necessarily have injured. The figures are half the size of life, and there is a landscape background; the subject is that usually known as the *Noli me tangere*, and represents the appearance of Jesus after His resurrection to Mary Magdalen. On her knees, her hands joined, her head cast down, the Magdalen drags her rich garments in the dust. The attitude of the Saviour, in whose hands the painter has placed a spade, is truly admirable, as also is the expression of His countenance. Nothing in the work of the pencil can surpass the execution of that fine figure, the soft tints and harmonious colors which stand out against the deep blue of the sky and the dark green of a thick foliage. This is a true and complete Correggio, a charming picture, which without possessing through its proportions and subject the importance of his great compositions in Parma or Dresden, yet yields in charm and value to none of the rare works of its immortal author.—*From the Wonders of Italian Art.*

The *Athenæum* says: Mr. Watts will probably contribute to the forthcoming exhibition in the

Dudley Gallery three works: 1, "Love repelling Death," which shows Death, a gigantic female figure, veiled in white, the back of which is towards us, pressing irresistibly but gently through the doorway of a house where lies a sick person. Love, a beautiful youth, naked, the shadow of the Indomitable falling on his form, struggles in vain, and with outstretched arms and many-tinted wings strives to bar the entrance against the intruder. 2, "Paolo and Francesca in the Infernal Regions," a new version of the subject, or rather a new treatment of it. 3, A Landscape, consisting principally of a tall pine, the grace and grandeur of which are rendered most admirably. Besides the sculptures by this artist to which we referred last week, he has a very important design in course of execution, being a colossal figure of Venus, as a type of perfect womanhood, gravely unveiling herself. We shall return to this work. Mr. Watts has likewise in hand a model for an equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, to be executed for the Marquis of Westminster, and erected in bronze at Eaton Hall. This statue represents the commander as if startled by the appearance of some of his Welsh foes, and reining in his horse sharply; a fine action, which is admirably supported by the design of the horse and the attitude of the rider, as, shading his eyes from sunlight, he looks fiercely forth, as one might think, along a mountain-side.

Restorations of English Cathedrals.—The enthusiasm for architecture in England does not abate; but it is still scholarly rather than productive, and spends its strength in restorations. Fifty thousand pounds sterling have lately been spent upon Worcester Cathedral, and the sixteen thousand now needed to complete it have just been collected almost without effort. A subscription is now circulating for the completion of St. Paul's, in London, after the original plans of Sir Christopher Wren, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand pounds will be enough, or nearly so, for the work. More than one-fourth of the sum is already obtained. Many other cathedrals are now undergoing restoration, among which those of Chester, Canterbury, Salisbury, and Exeter are the best known to American travellers.—*Putnam's Magazine*.

One of the results of the Capture of Toul by the Prussians has been the discovery of the extent of the damage done by their artillery to the Cathedral. A writer, who evidently knows nothing of his subject, states that some of the famous stained-glass windows "have been smashed," and shows his ignorance by adding, that "they can be repaired." The most interesting part of this church is the western front, a superb example of delicate, though late, Gothic architecture, dating from the fifteenth century; the towers have been much injured in the delicate carvings of the octagonal lanterns, which characterize their summits. One of the most interesting parts of the church is its cloister: this appears to have suffered most of all.

An account of the present state of glass-making in Venice is to be found in the "Relazione dell' Industria Vetraria nel 1869," by Prof. Alberto Errera. At the Exhibition of Murano the experiment was tried of giving prizes, where it was possible, to individual workmen, and not to

the firms for whom they worked. This attempt to give greater emulation and independence to each artisan has been carried out in England in the present International Exhibition of Workingmen.

The Column of the Place Vendôme, in Paris, is daily bombarded by indignant patriots, who demand that it shall be razed to the ground, and the metal of its statue and bas-reliefs melted down into cannon. The statue of Napoleon I., in the cocked-hat and great-coat, which used to be on its summit, and which was removed a few years ago to a pedestal at the end of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, has been concealed to preserve it.

A Lottery of Works of Art has been established by the Munich Artists' Union, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the German "Invaliden-Stiftung," or Invalids' Association. Circulars have been issued to the artists of Germany, requesting contributions of works of art as prizes, and the Artists' Union of Hamburg has already promised to give a number of valuable paintings, estimated at \$5,000. The Munich Committee intend issuing one hundred thousand tickets, at seventy-five cents each.

It is announced that in Rome a commission has been appointed for the preservation of the libraries and museums of the Eternal City. Contrary to the experience of unfortunate Strasbourg, no harm is reported to have befallen the buildings and other works of art in Rome. Former accounts of ravage and destruction in Strasbourg are more than confirmed by those who have entered the desolated city.

M. C. Daly's Revue Générale de l'Architecture states that a new museum, to be called the Decaen Museum, has been endowed with 120,000*l.* by the Comtesse Decaen, of Paris. The endowment comprises prizes for the students of the Académie, and scholarships, tenable for three years, and amounting to 160*l.* per annum, for painters and sculptors, and for architects 120*l.* per annum.

The Government Contributions to the six great theatres of Paris have been discontinued, and all the theatres have been closed by order of the police. The six theatres heretofore receiving Government aid were the Opera, the Comédie Française, the Opera Comique, the Théâtre Lyrique, the Odéon, and the Théâtre Italien.

The famous Painting of "Bathsheba at the Bath," by Paris Bordone, formerly a chief ornament of the Fesch Gallery in Rome, has been bought for the Museum of Cologne.

A monument is to be erected to Ivan Fedovitch, the first Russian printer.

VARIETIES.

The Play at a Chinese Theatre.—I visited the Chinese Theatre, and was fortunate in being present on a benefit night, when the entertainment was wholly for Chinese. I was the only white man present, with the exception of a policeman in plain clothes. The play was so far intelligible in that it involved love and jealousy. The theatre was crammed, the actors who did not play in the piece

sitting on either side of the stage. There appeared to be an Emperor and his Queen, who quarrelled because of some attentions paid by the former to a young lady, who sang a song accompanied by a gong, bones, and a sort of fiddle. The Queen pulled the Emperor's beard, whereupon he beat her. Then came, gorgeously dressed, the Council of State, who drank tea from tiny cups with his Majesty. But something went amiss, for the Queen enlisted their services in her favor, and they pulled the Emperor about the stage by his hind legs. Then he sang a comic song, and the mandarins played at leap-frog. The play was followed by a tumbling performance, in which the chief feat of the tumblers was to jump off two tables, set one upon another, and fall flat upon their backs with a thud which ought to have broken their ribs. But they got up and did it again. The whole business was a caricature of a pantomime, in which all in turn were clowns and pantaloons. The audience appeared to be gratified, for they laughed much. The price for the whole theatre, exclusive of two boxes tenanted by Chinese aristocrats, was the same—half a dollar, and barbarous music was kept up throughout the performance.

Rejected Suitors.—No one can be infidel enough to doubt that ladies whose unlucky lot it is to reject the affections they have won, feel all the sympathy they profess for the sufferings of which they have been the cause. Yet, with its regrets and remorse, it is not in the most angelic feminine nature to be insensible to the glory of involuntary triumphs; to think, without some thrill of pleasure, on the sorrows of its victims. There are women, of course, who hunt down hearts for the sheer pleasure of the sport, and parade their bruised and bleeding trophies as a veteran Indian carries at his belt the scalps he has torn away in a score of razzias. We suspect there are few of the sex who can resist gratifying a pardonable vanity by taking some one into the secret of the tribute paid their fascinations; who have the strength of kindness to do the best they can for their lover next to accepting him, and consign to oblivion the episode he unpleasantly figured in. Unless an offer be so wild as to amount to an insult, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the gentleman may find comfort in thinking he has left pleasant memories with the lady to whose happiness he would have consecrated his life.—“*Against Time*,” in *Cornhill Magazine*.

City Styles for our Country Cousins.—There seems to be a constant tendency on the part of every kind of business to concentrate in large cities, and to avail itself more and more of mechanical agencies. The American Tea Company, by means of Uncle Sam's mail, has found customers in nearly every household in the land, and probably the larger number of commercial transactions to-day are carried on by telegraph. Even in the matter of clothing, which would seem in a peculiar degree to require personal contact and supervision, the cities bid fair to absorb the country custom, and to cause the rural tailors, like Othello, to find their “occupation gone.” Several years ago Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR, of this city, invented a plan of “self-measurement,” by which persons living anywhere within reach of the

mails can have choice of as large a variety of goods, and have these goods made up in as fashionable style as if they were personally in New York. Profiting by experience, and encouraged by the favor with which the plan was received, Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR have perfected this method, until now the business of this department extends into every State and Territory in the Union, and even beyond the confines of our own land. Scores of orders are received every day, and we know of our own knowledge and from personal experience that the clothes thus made afford uniform satisfaction. So simple is the plan that a mistake can scarcely occur, but should one occur, it is always satisfactorily adjusted by the house.

Thus much for our rural readers. To those who are in the city, or who contemplate a visit, we would suggest, that Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR have as extensive show rooms, and as comprehensive a variety of goods, both ready-made and in the piece, as can be found in the city, while the reputation of their custom department is second to none. Commencing a few years ago in a modest way, the House has steadily risen in public favor, until at present it takes rank among the largest clothing establishments in New York. The warehouses of Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR are at 138 & 140 Fulton street, where those who are beginning to shiver at the approach of winter would do well to call. Besides their large stock of clothing and piece goods, there is always on hand a fine assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, and Gents' Furnishing Goods generally.

The North American Lakes.—The following figures are given as the latest measurements of the great lakes—Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario. The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation above the level of the sea, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 390 miles; greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 270 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; greatest breadth, 8 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; greatest breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation 260 feet; area, 600 square miles. The length of all the five lakes is 1,584 miles, and they cover an area of upwards of 130,000 square miles.

Weather Warnings.—The British Board of Trade has published, for the benefit of seafaring men, the following remarks on the appearance of the sky: A rosy sunset presages fair weather, and a bright yellowish sky in the evening indicates wind, and a pale yellow, wet weather.—A neutral gray is a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. If the forms of the clouds are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; but if the edges are hard, sharp, and well-defined, it will be foul. Any deep unusual lines bounding the clouds betoken wind or rain, while quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

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